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Peace Out of the East

A Clinic in World Politics

By NATHANIEL PEFFER

I WISH to draw a moral from the East. I take recent events in China and Turkey for my text. I want also to be, as we like to call it, constructive. I point a sure and simple way to world peace, one unencumbered by leagues and conferences and ministers and propaganda. Incidentally, I offer a solution for the vexed and perennial problem of the East, confronting us now from Turkey, now from China, now from India, now from Arabia.

I propose: Take China, Turkey, India, Egypt, Persia, Morocco, the Philippines, and any other weak and undeveloped lands populated by non-white and therefore inferior peoples and now ruled or coveted by powerful white empires. Strengthen them. With money, materials, moral support, men if necessary, make them independent, self-sufficient, and able by their own efforts to insure their own security. If necessary, send them our armies, navies, air forces, scientific staffs for research on more murderous gases—send them all that they need to be invincible, impregnable, and capable of effectively chastising those that threaten them.

Then we shall have peace. More: we shall have the will to peace. For the result to ourselves will be not only a greater circumspection in our conduct toward less highly developed nations but an inner conversion with regard to the morality of the relations between great and small in the society of nations. We shall be made to perceive and appreciate moral values of which we are now ignorant or indifferent. For so moral evolution progresses with us—but let me first elaborate in greater detail.

Two truths may be set down dogmatically as unchallengeable. First, those countries whose weakness has been a temptation to competitive aggression by the imperialistic powers must cease to be a temptation or the great powers will destroy themselves in the competition. Second, the history of some hundreds of years in the East is evidence that the great powers will never cease aggression until the countries now weak are so strong that aggression is dangerous. In other words, we must let China and Turkey and Persia and Morocco alone and make them secure, not out of idealism, altruism, or any other moral

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consideration but to save ourselves from suicide. And we never shall let them alone until we are afraid to do otherwise, until they can defy us successfully.

§ 2

Let the two extremes of the East serve for illustration—Turkey and China. Both have been danger-points through modern times, Turkey for centuries and China for more than a hundred years, and both still are. Numberless wars have been fought in the Near East, not only by Christian states against Turkey but between Christian states for preëminence in Turkey and the Near East. In the Far East Japan and Russia have fought within the last twenty-five years; Germany and England have been at swords' points, as have Russia and England, and Japan and the United States.

For the moment the Near East is relatively tranquil, but it is illusory to suppose that any lasting equilibrium has been reached. It is true that Turkey is now sovereign and independent and has had a miraculous delivery from destruction as a nation, but this like most miracles has its explanation in physical causes. Five years after Turkey had been crushed in the World War, left in ruins, and occupied by foreign troops, the Turks expelled their conquerors and compelled Great Britain and France to sign a treaty whereby Turkey gained more than it had lost through the war. The capitulations were abolished and foreigners no longer live on Turkish soil as independent, self-governing colonies, immune from Turkish law and taxation.

The recovery is one of the most astonishing in history, but Turkey could never have recovered by its own efforts. It owes still more to an outside conjunction of events. First, Soviet Russia wanted to strike back at the Allied Powers. As Turkey was a strategic point Moscow concluded a treaty with the Nationalist Turks, who refused to recognize the peace treaty dictated by the Allies. Second and more important was the renewal of Anglo-French rivalry after the war. The military assistance given by the French to the rebellious Turkish Nationalists in pursuance of a secret treaty aimed at the British was chiefly responsible for Turkey's ability to drive out the Greek army sent to Asia Minor to forward Britain's imperial interests. The French acted for the specific purpose of frustrating Britain's imperial ambitions. Had the Entente been maintained in fact as well as in name and a united Anglo-French front presented to Turkey from 1919 to 1922, there would have been a different situation in Turkey to-day.

This is no new phenomenon. On the contrary, it accords with what has become a fixed law of history in the Near East. At any time in the last two hundred years there would have been a different story to tell of Constantinople had it not been for European disunity. If Turkey's enemies had ever been able to unite, Turkey would have been driven out of Europe, deprived of Constantinople, and confined to a small area in Asia Minor. Turkey's enemies have always hated each other more than they have hated Turkey, more even than they have coveted Constantinople. Turkey has therefore adopted the classical Oriental diplomacy of playing one power off against another, always with success.

European ambitions in the Near

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East have not abated. The prizes for which powers contend there, possession of Constantinople and the straits and the ownership or right to exploit railroads, oil, and other natural resources in Asia Minor, still allure. The secret treaties of the Entente and Russia during the war and the manœuverings of the Paris peace conference were eloquent with respect to designs on Constantinople. With respect to natural resources it is necessary only to recall the furor over the Chester concessions awarded to American capitalists in 1923, and the network of intrigue around the Mosul oil-wells, in which America also has figured. If the character of contemporary European diplomacy were not sufficient to justify an a priori conclusion, volumes of evidence could be adduced to prove that Turkey is still looked upon as a fair field for spoil. The theory propounded by Russia in the mid-nineteenth century, that Turkey was falling to pieces in any case and that Europe should expedite the process by dismembering it at once and dividing up the pieces, has never been rejected by official Europe.

It has not been rejected, and it has not been acted upon. To follow either course would at least make for stability, while following neither has kept the Near East in ceaseless turmoil. Obviously it cannot be acted upon. While an effective concert of European states could impose any fate upon Turkey, the possibility of a concert which would not only act against Turkey but accept common aims and agree on a division of Turkey is too fantastic to be discussed in the light of the political conditions of to-day.

What of Constantinople, for instance? On that point alone unity would not survive six months. If England took Constantinople, would Soviet Russia keep its Red Army in leash? If Soviet Russia, which cannot be assumed to have renounced Russia's historic ambition to possess Constantinople, should take the port, could even a Labor Government in England long resist the drive for war? And France? The first portents of British mastery of Constantinople in 1919 were enough to impel France to turn a blind eye to the Entente Cordiale and arm the Turk Nationalists to drive out the Greeks and thus undermine the British. Is there any likelihood that any of the great powers would permit Greece or any other small East-European state to aggrandize itself by seizing Constantinople? Internationalize the port under the League of Nations? Look at the League of Nations. Consider how its joint control operates in the Saar.

For Turkey it might be an advantage to have to give up Constantinople. It could retire into Asia Minor, entrench itself there, and be free of the tangle of European politics in which Constantinople is enmeshed. But for Europe it would be a calamity if the Turks were suddenly to renounce Constantinople and withdraw voluntarily. Within a year half of Europe would be at the throat of the other half. If the Turks were really Machiavellian and had true Oriental patience, they would withdraw. By merely biding their time they would be rid of half of their enemies and would weaken the other half without spending a piaster or losing a man, and they would get Constantinople back into the bargain. To Europe it is a mercy that Turkey is determined to hold Constantinople,

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and it is to be prayed that the Turks may always be victorious. Anything else would mean disaster or destruction to Europe. It is to the interest therefore not only of Turkey but of the rest of us that Constantinople be made secure and that Turkey's strength be husbanded to keep it secure.

It would be superfluous to go through the same analysis with respect to China. The story of foreign concessioneering and rival encroachments in that part of the world is too familiar. There intrigue has been matched with intrigue for this port and that, this railway and that, this special economic privilege and that. Russia got Port Arthur, and so Germany had to get Tsingtau. Germany got the right to build a railway in the north, and so Great Britain got the right to build one in the south. Great Britain got the right to supervise the customs, and so France got the right to control the post-office. In each case "wrest" would be a more accurate word than "get." The result has been general diplomatic warfare for generations, actual warfare at least twice,—Japan and China in 1894, and Japan and Russia in 1904,—with internal chaos in China always. It is customary for foreign diplomats and editors to talk self-righteously about China's ability to maintain an orderly government. It is forgotten that one of the main forces in undermining China's government has been the meddling of foreign powers. First England towered over China, with the other empires arrayed against it; then came Russia, with the other powers arrayed against it, and with the eventual clash with Japan; then Japan, victorious, succeeded as the dominant power, with America challenging and the result still to be determined. So it will be ever until China is free from the menace of domination by any of them.

§ 3

This brings me to the second of what I have called the two absolute truths of the East: neither Turkey nor China nor any other nation similarly placed ever will be secure or cease to endanger the peace of the rest of the world until they are strong enough to instil fear. Here China and Turkey are useful for illustration, because of the contrast between them.

I had come to Turkey with years of experience in the Far East. I was therefore looking for parallels and contrasts between the two extremities of the Asiatic continent. I found both, but the contrasts were the more illuminating. I had not been in Turkey long before I was impressed by the comparative religious liberalism of the missionaries and their tolerance toward the Turks. This is not peculiar to the missionaries. Tolerance toward the Turks is characteristic also of the conduct of all European and American residents of Turkey as compared with their attitude in other Eastern countries. Throughout history there has been a marked difference in degree between the bullying of the great powers in the Far East and in Turkey. They have been rapacious and bullying in both, but they have been far more gingerly and circumspect in Turkey. The contrast, however, is more singular in the case of the missionaries, because missionaries to all non-white, non-Christian countries have what may be called a patent right to intolerance.

Why the difference? Why are the missionaries so much more liberal and

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tolerant in Turkey than in China, for example? They do not cry "heathen" in Turkey. They do not force proselyting on those who are unwilling. They do not proselyte among the Moslems at all, and where they do they are tactful. They are even broad-minded about the right to proselyte. They do not force their way into houses of worship to preach their own doctrines without regard to the religious sensibilities of others. They do not ride roughshod over the feelings of those countries in which they are guests. Where they are bigoted they have learned not to voice their bigotry, and many have been broadened out of bigotry. In Turkey you will not hear missionaries gloat over their exploits as I have heard missionaries in China boast of their invasion of the native village of Confucius over the objections and pleas of his descendants. They could not be evicted because by a treaty with the European powers which the Chinese were compelled to sign missionaries have the right to preach anywhere in the country without regard to Chinese objections. So the missionaries stood on their legal rights, were deaf to Chinese pleas of good taste, and still continue to flaunt their victory. Indeed, they boast of their exploit as a victory for truth.

Missionaries would not be heard boasting of such an episode in Turkey; there would be no such episode in Turkey. Were they to attempt such a thing in a place sacred to Mohammed they would either be flung out of the country outright or impaled on bayonets. And as they know it, they have cultivated a respect for Moslem feelings. It is, then, an interesting commentary that with a gentle, passive, religiously tolerant people like the Chinese, the missionaries are aggressive, arrogant, inconsiderate, crudely indifferent to the feelings of the people among whom they live, and religiously bigoted; with an aggressive, combative, fierce, religiously intolerant people like the Turks, they are considerate, tactful, religiously liberal, and not insistent on the propagation of their own religious beliefs. Their response to contact with the obviously higher and finer civilization of the two is contempt; to contact with the inferior of the two, it is respect.

Why? It is not accident. Nor is it a deliberate policy, nor the result of deliberate selection of personnel. The missionaries sent to Turkey are recruited from the same classes as those sent to China and Japan and India and the South Seas. They are educated in the same way and given the same preparation for their work. They begin with the same ideas, with the same rigid religious certitudes, the same ignorance of other faiths, and the same contempt for other civilizations. If, then, they act in one way toward the Chinese and in another toward the Turks it is because the Chinese are patient and do not resist while the Turks are proud and belligerent. It is the good right arm of the Turk, the broadening influence of force, that gives the missionaries tolerance and liberalism; the tolerance imposed by *force majeure*, the liberalism taught by a knowledge of the consequences of illiberalism. Force; there is the essential difference. Is it not interesting that in the last three years the missionaries in China have moderated? Why? There has been a serious anti-christian movement in China. The missionaries, being frightened, have become broader.

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So it is also with those who are not missionaries. In Peking if I meet on the street a Chinese steeped in the culture of his own country and educated besides at Oxford or Harvard, however well bred he may be, however well born, and however high in his country's service, I cannot take him across the threshold of the Peking Club without bringing expulsion on myself. The fact that he is a Chinese bars him, though it is in the capital of his own country. In Constantinople you see Turks strolling into the reading-room of the Club de Constantinople with fezzes on their heads. They come not as guests but as members on equal footing with the British and Americans.

You do not see Turks kicked off the streets of Constantinople by Englishmen or Americans. (I except the few years after the war when the Allied troops policed Constantinople; now that the occupation has been lifted and the civilized Occidental rule is over, a hamal bent double under a load can no longer be booted because his progress is too slow for the sailor behind him.) You do not see on the streets of Constantinople once a month what you can see five times a day in any Chinese outport inhabited by a handful of foreigners. I have walked along a street in "down-town" Shanghai with an Englishman and seen him elbow an elderly, well-dressed Chinese into the gutter because the Chinese was walking too slowly. The Chinese picked himself up, turned around with a flush of anger, saw that it was a foreigner who had pushed him, swallowed his anger, and added his humiliation to the plenteous store of philosophy his race has had occasion to acquire; the Englishman did not even look back. I have seen raw young American blades fresh from college riding through narrow streets in rickshaws, flourishing tightly rolled magazines, and with them whacking over the head all who came within reach—all Chinese, that is—whether coolies or aged scholars. I have seen uncouth bounders in gusts of passion slap the faces of shopkeepers, hotel proprietors, clerks, or priests. These are common sights. Nerves, you are told by way of explanation, the strain on the nerves from the alien and irritating ways of the Chinese.

I have seen those same men in Tokio and Yokohama and other Japanese cities. How well they control themselves there! They do not dig their toes into the small of a rickshaw coolie's back because he has taken the wrong turn, or shove old men off the walk. Why? Not because they like the Japanese any better, surely, but because a crowd would gather in a twinkling, break their heads, and then turn them over to the police. They learn to control themselves quickly enough. Just four days from Shanghai and they can master their nerves.

They control themselves quickly enough in Turkey, too. Not so effectively as in Japan, because in Turkey there has been extraterritoriality as in China, and foreigners have been answerable only to their own courts. Moreover, Turkey has not so formidable an army and navy as Japan. But the Turk, too, is no non-resister. Too much clouting over the head and shoving off the sidewalk and the Turk, too, will turn and rend. So foreigners control themselves there also. Why? Force. As it has taught tolerance to missionaries, so it has taught decency to business men.

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§ 4

So also in the realm of international relations. Whatever the powers may have done or attempted in Turkey they never have dared to go so far as they have elsewhere in the East. Until a hundred years ago they fought Turkey as an equal and respected enemy. Four hundred years ago they cringed, in fact. Only since Turkey began to lose strength have they adopted a bullying policy, and even then only under the pretext of defending the Christian subject peoples of Turkey, whom they have not hesitated to sacrifice when it served them best to do so. You do not read of foreign fleets shelling ports on the Turkish coast, landing troops, and holding cities until treaties are signed at their dictation. Whole areas are never seized in compensation for the death of a foreigner who ventured where he had no right to be. Concessions to fabulously rich mining regions are not demanded, and under the shadow of naval cannon obtained, because of fancied slights to foreign dignitaries. The worst humiliation put upon Turkey, the Capitulations, was not wrested by conquest. It was granted as a favor by the Sultan Suleiman when Turkey was probably the strongest empire in the world, because he did not want to be burdened with the administration of justice to people with different standards from the Turkish.

As force has taught the missionary to be tolerant and the business man to be decent, so it has taught the powers to try to be just. The missionary knows that if he went into a mosque, shouted, "Heathen!" and cried derision on the deity worshiped there, he would get his head broken. So by contemplation of danger he has learned that other religious faiths also have their place. The business man knows that if he beats up his clerks and boots unoffending old men off the street, his throat will be cut. So by contemplation of danger he has learned that bullying is unsportsmanlike and that courtesy is due the natives of the country in which he lives. The governments of the powers know that if they stretch too rapacious a paw over Turkey it will be snapped off. The Anatolian peasant is brave and can fight, and the Turkish army must be respected. So by contemplation of danger they have learned that justice must be shown even to Oriental nations.

Consider the events in China during the last few months. For years the Chinese have pleaded for greater equality with Europe and America. They have asked that the powers relinquish some of the privileges which now make China substantially a subject state. They have asked, not all, but little; not that the powers give up the rich cities and ports they now hold in China, but only that they allow China to determine its own tariff, only that foreigners who live in China and make their money pay some taxes to the Chinese Government, and that if foreigners live in China under the right of extraterritoriality, which makes each a little king unto himself, then the right be progressively diminished, so that ultimately China may come into the position of a sovereign nation. The Chinese have used appeals to reason and generosity. They have encountered politely expressed scorn or indifference. The treaties in which the powers so solemnly bound themselves at the Washington Conference four years ago were allowed to lie un-

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ratified and dead; China's appeals that even so much be granted received the usual response.

A few months ago the Chinese arose in sudden wrath and expressed themselves in violence. They went on strike, declared boycotts against foreigners, and attacked them physically. Within four weeks the same foreign powers suddenly saw the reasonableness of the Chinese appeals.

Within a few days France ratified the Washington treaties, and in accordance with them China is now to be allowed to raise its tariff rates. Now a conference is to be held to discuss the eventual abolition of extra-territoriality and possibly its immediate modification. Why were those appeals so much more cogent in July than in April? Because in the interval they had been backed with force.

§ 5

Whatever may be true of their relations among themselves, the white nations in their relations with those of other races whom they consider beneath them understand, heed, and respect but one quality, force. They respond to but one form of appeal, the club, with a stout right arm behind it. Thus and thus only do you appeal to their reason, their morals, and their instincts. Hold the club ready and show that you can swing it to effect, and they will see the claims of justice and deal justly. Adopt any more decent and more civilized means of communication, and they will plunder and prey. This is not speculation in the realm of abstraction; it is a résumé of a long, long history.

Understand this and you understand why the Eastern peoples have become so intractable, why there is the so-called Revolt of Islam, of the non-white against the white. These peoples have had long experience and know their world. Let them weaken themselves by an ounce of their strength, let them yield an inch or relax in firmness by the smallest compromise, and they will be leaped on and destroyed. The necessity of survival compels them to be aggressive, militant, and unreasonable. The Turks have been so since they first came out of Asia. They have survived. The Chinese have not been so. They have been conquered. They are becoming so now and are at last to be treated with some dignity.

What is there in this to deplore? Is it not promise that we shall be rid of one of the main causes of war? And shall we not, then, expedite the process? Shall we not give to China of our superfluous battle-ships and our submarines and our airplanes as insurance for ourselves? And to Turkey and to Morocco? Shall we not thus save ourselves? And more than ourselves—our souls? For then we shall have become moral in our foreign relations, and it shall be accounted unto us for righteousness.

I repeat, then: Let us seek out all the weak and prized places on the earth. Let us arm them and equip them with every resource of modern warfare, arm them more particularly against ourselves. We shall have peace.

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The Futility of Sermons

A Posthumous Paper

By Maurice Francis Egan

A very young friend of mine who was devoted to the sight of animals in the zoölogical garden, a taste which I always found reprehensible, stood riveted one Sunday afternoon before the cages that contained the most treacherous animals of the feline tribe. He was reminded in vain that the monkeys were more amusing than ever, that the peacocks were resplendent, and that the flamingoes were more brilliant than usual. He stood watching the cages of the panthers and leopards with a most perturbed and serious expression. This seemed strange and unaccountable. Finally he confessed in a low tone that he was looking for "a moral leopard." He seemed to know no signs by which he could find a moral leopard if he saw it, but he "rather thought" he would recognize one if it should glide within his ken. Every one knows how silent a child can be when for some reason or other he wants to be silent. Silence with him then is not only a matter of inclination, but a sacred duty; more than that, an instinct.

After some adroit questions and suggestions and insinuations, he confessed that his search for "a moral leopard" was connected closely with religion. In church that morning he had been warned against "a moral leopard" as the most dangerous of creatures, and he felt that he could never avoid one unless he saw one. All kinds of guesses were made as to what he meant or what he had heard.

"Do you think I 'm a boob?" he asked indignantly. "The preacher said over and over again, 'A moral leopard is the worst monster in the world!'" There was apparent contradiction in this. It seemed to the ignorant grown-up as if morality in a leopard ought to be encouraged, if such a thing could exist, and to reproach a leopard for morality was to turn things upside down, after the manner of the fantasies of "Alice in Wonderland."

Suddenly the remembrance of the morning sermon, almost forgotten by the grown-up, but well remembered by the child, dawned. The preacher had almost pounded the pulpit cushion in his denunciation of "a moral leper," against whom he had warned the congregation over and over again.

The futility of the sermon was evident as far as the child mind was concerned; the eminent clergyman regarded his sermon on moral leprosy as worth taking out of its barrel at least twice a year. The fact is that many of the preachers of sermons to-day judge

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the effect of their sacred eloquence on themselves rather than on the persons that listen to them. Molière had the right idea when he made a practice of reading all doubtful passages in his peerless comedies to a servant in his kitchen; probably to his cook, as cooks are proverbially no respecter of persons, and she would not hesitate to give an honest opinion to her master.

§ 2

It is not necessarily an act of irreverence to take a critical attitude toward most of the sermons that are hurled at us, though it is an act of irreverence and mental ill breeding to assume a critical attitude before the sermon has begun. In fact, so thoroughly aware of this were the older French preachers—and no sermons in modern times have surpassed those of Bossuet and Bourdaloue and the glorious company of preachers in the reign of Louis XIV—that the scene was perfectly set before they entered the pulpit, and they saw that the spiritual sense was properly cultivated.

It is folly to imagine that the great preacher, simple-hearted as he may be, may be willing to risk his opportunity by opening his mouth at the wrong moment. We can easily believe that when St. Francis d'Assisi made his sermon to the birds he did not address them in stormy weather, when he could not be heard, or before a storm, when they were restless, or in cool weather, when they were thinking of going farther south. He did not choose their molting time when he reminded them that they were clothed by the Creator so much better than mankind; and we are quite sure that when he reproached the Wolf of Gubbio with his habit of eating small children in the streets of that town, after the manner in which a dainty lady swallows an oyster, he was careful to choose his time. And we all know how effective his sermon was.

So let us not imagine that the really good preacher, if he is wise as well as good, leaves anything to chance. He sees that the steam-radiators are not likely to interrupt him in the supreme moment of his appeal, that the church is neither too warm nor too cold; and one may be sure, though he banishes all mirrors from his room, that there is a looking-glass hidden away somewhere before which he can practise those spontaneous and moving gestures which point his moral. Whose cadences were more carefully modulated than those of Fénelon, the guileless, the loving, and the fervent? Whose periods more carefully rounded than those of Bourdaloue or Bossuet? And nobody who knows human nature, and who has, besides, studied the psychology of the greatest letter-writer that ever existed, and no doubt one of the greatest orators, St. Paul, can think for a moment that he did not practise very carefully his pronunciation and enunciation and all the rhetorical graces when he made his famous sermons to the Athenians. You may be sure that he left nothing to chance. The hyperbolical appeal of St. John would not have done at all, nor the honest and rude words of St. Peter, nor the mere accuracy of St. Luke.

Real eloquence, like real acting, the testimony of the writers of fiction notwithstanding, is never spontaneous. Consider how unlike the lilies of the field, who neither toil nor spin, was the famous cross of gold of the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, and as to the greatest of all American preachers,

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Henry Ward Beecher, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, I am sure that when he intended to make a simile or a metaphor or to describe the jeweled splendors of paradise, he borrowed handfuls of rubies and sapphires and opals and diamonds from the jewelers in Brooklyn, and studied them carefully for the gorgeous effect he intended to make with a tender air of spontaneous simplicity. It was not that he placed his expression above the thought within him; but he knew that if he wanted to drive a sentiment home, he must incase this sentiment in the sharpest steel or silver, so carefully pointed that it would go straight home.

I knew another preacher almost as eloquent as Mr. Beecher, much more learned, much more fervent, and much more determined on the oneness of his faith, who always regarded his annual sermon on Good Friday night as a failure if one or two of the women in the auditorium did not faint and be carried limply out at the end of one of his climaxes. The sexton, who was an enraptured admirer of his clergyman, would recall with pride that on one occasion a dozen ladies burst into loud sobs, several men groaned, and four of the female sex and a half—this half the conscientious sexton always named as a girl of fourteen—were taken out into the foyer of the church to be revived by the fresh air. I do not presume to say that St. Paul hoped for such occurrences as this on the Areopagus, but knowing him as I do after almost twenty years of hard study of his most admirable character, I am sure that he would not have been displeased if certain of the acute and philosophical Athenians had keeled over, rolled down the famous hill, and begun to prophesy.

If people who are not preachers would endeavor to turn their mind's eye into themselves and visualize their own feelings, if they would suddenly be turned into great preachers, they would come to the conclusion that there was nothing undignified nor unworthy nor affected in St. Paul's point of view, when he tried over a successful period with the view of using it again. There is no record that he ever chewed pebbles, as Demosthenes did; but we may be sure that during his tribulations and his shipwreck he discovered many excellent metaphors to be used when occasion demanded.

St. Paul was a great preacher; he tried to understand his audiences, and if his admonition was ever wasted, it was not his fault. He was always dramatic, you may be sure, but never theatrical. There are no preachers to-day like St. Paul, and no master of sacred eloquence in any country, if we can trust veracious reports, to be compared with the pulpit orators of the middle of the nineteenth century, and few of them were really great. There was Lacordaire in France, Phillips Brooks in the United States, Spurgeon in England, and Padre Montefeltro in Italy, to make a hasty generalization. But to-day the spoken word of the pulpit seems to be as comparatively barren as its written word is, and so futile have become the efforts of the clergy, as a rule, when they attempt to preach, that they dare not be true to that mysticism which dwells more or less in the teachings of all Christian denominations.

§ 3

If it is the duty of every citizen to kill flies and mosquitos at a certain season, the preacher seizes the op-

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portunity to be hygienic. Sins are typified by the flies and mosquitos in a gentle manner; but the main object of the preacher is to prove his practical sense and to draw his audiences by playing on the harp of current opinion. In fact, how lonely and unhappy the average preacher would be in his study on Tuesday morning—he is obliged to rest on Monday, after the labors of the previous day—if the kindly newspaper men did not supply headings which could be used to suggest the subjects for the coming oratorical benison and edification of the coming Sunday!

This, no doubt, has its value, since the average church-goer is prepared for the kind of coating, very mundane and practical, to the religious pill which he is expected to swallow; but it is becoming plainer and plainer that the great number of preachers will have to do something to elevate themselves above the position of merely attractive speakers who address their hearers without authority, and who must be dependent not on their message, but on the attitude which their hearers assume toward them. We are quite sure that St. Paul never aimed to please, and despite the fact that the elegant Louis XVI occupied his gilded place in the chapel at Versailles, none of the great court preachers made the essentials of his message pleasant to the king. The modulations of the preacher pleased his ear, for he knew good French and good eloquence. And he was doubtless of the opinion of a Duchesse d'Orléans that the Almighty, being a Grand Seigneur, and consequently knowing something of the literary decisions of the Academy, preferred that prayers and sermons should be in the best possible French.

Nevertheless, splendid as they were, denunciatory of evil as they were, mystical as they were, even in those splendid eulogies of departed royalties the great court preachers were never servile, though they felt that royal blood had value. Was not Christ, through His Mother, descended in the line of David? They never permitted the ceremonials due to the presence of a king to induce them to lapse into a position which would be a genuflection to his very liberal point of view of life. And it must be admitted that when Mme. de Montespan or Mlle. de la Vallière listened to the court preacher, as etiquette required her presence in the chapel, none of the royal preachers verbally condoned the fact that she was the *maîtresse en titre* of the outwardly pious Sun King. There is no record of any sermon being preached where the episode of Paolo and Francesca was quoted with tears. Nevertheless, when we know, from the memoirs of the time, something of the state of mind of the persons who listened to these splendid sermons, we can hardly help feeling how futile they were.

To-day, when we leave an ornate church, with its well dressed congregation, its mellifluous choir, and the exhortation of an earnest preacher to be good citizens, to study civics, and to imitate the good centurion if a war should come, we feel somehow or other that the talkers of the Salvation Army on the street corners, with their crude hymns, are nearer to that mystical quality which is the essential of Christianity.

It is a fortunate thing that the appeal of the Catholic Church does not depend on the sermons of its preachers. In fact, it is one of the signs of the

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wisdom of this great spiritual force, which both Carlyle and Macaulay found very real, that the preacher in its services is rather a negligible quantity. If the Catholic churches in this country depended on their preachers to fill them, there would be an extraordinary number of empty pews.

In truth, the oratorical success of the line of Bossuet and Bourdaloue does not exist to-day among us. And in England one hears only of the Reverend Father Vaughan, who formerly sent cold thrills down the spines of the aristocratic devotees in the Farm Street Church in London. The Catholic Church in the United States instituted many years ago the five-minute sermon, which is often looked upon by the congregations as an appendix which must be tolerated. The late Cardinal Gibbons understood the futility of long sermons so well that, after a decent interval, he would cough for the benefit of the preacher; and if that did not receive the proper response, there was a buzzing arrangement connected with the pulpit that speedily brought on his peroration.

A flagrant example of the inutility of the average sermon is shown whenever the parable of the unjust steward is read. As I remember, there was only one preacher, the Reverend Father Mathurin, who perished in the wreck of the *Titanic*, who seemed to be able to apply this very interesting gospel—intended, evidently, for the use of business men only—to the edification of his hearers. He was reasonable enough; he showed us that in order to get on in this world one must not neglect the ordinary rules of common sense and every-day economics, but that if Mammon solely were sought and the gains of Mammon, only the rewards of Mammon would be given. But, as a rule, the kind of mind that mistook a moral leper for "a moral leopard"—the literal mind—is inclined to take this very interesting and admirably told story rather seriously. I am quite convinced that while no small boy has been led to theft by the example of Jack of the Bean-stalk, who stole the jewels and other properties of the giant, many small boys and girls—that is, the few that ever listen to sermons with attention—have been led to believe that it was quite proper for them to follow the example of the unjust steward and to get what one can while the getting is good.

This may seem like original discovery, but it is not. It is only a discovery that has just been frankly discovered. The prodigal son is generally very well explained, or, rather, he explains himself; but to the literal mind the parable of the unjust steward explains itself only too well.

Then, again, how badly the pagans are casually treated in the average sermon! In older days evolution and geology were almost as badly treated in the sermons intended for the average laity. The difficulty with the preacher is that he can never be sure whether his auditors are average or not. It was an auditor whom, I was certain, the preacher of the day looked on as average, who said to me, coming out of church:

"What did the clergyman mean by saying that it was probable that the elder, whose son had been cured by Our Lord, had deserved it by building a church? He meant a synagogue, of course, but he ought to have known better than to call a synagogue a

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church." And there you are! You can never depend on how the average intellect will work, or, rather, the average intelligence.

It is a platitude to say that novels are mirrors of life. This, outside of their amusing qualities,—for, despite the pretentiousness of romances, one cannot help feeling that Stevenson was not altogether wrong when he called them *"filles de joie,"*—is their principal reason for existence. It is only the exceptional novel that is inspiring, that uplifts in a pure sense, that opens new vistas. One of these exceptional novels is "When Winter Comes." It has also that quality which we find in nearly every novel to-day not frankly amusing, a longing for more light. The novels of to-day call out for "the sun!" and again "the sun!" in a different sense from the one in which the hero of Ibsen's "Ghosts" asks for it. But nowhere do any of these novelists tell us where the light is to be found. They have given up the sermon as a source of inspiration, and organized churches seem to them to be, as a rule, negligible quantities. If sermons are referred to at all, they are made to point an illustration of the manner in which Philistines distort life.

In the middle of the nineteenth century a rousing sermon was often made to be a tremendous influence on the current of a hero or heroine's life in fiction; but all that is changed. There is, it is true, sometimes an amiable clergyman introduced who makes beautiful appeals to humanity; or a god in the machine, like the charming cardinal in the "Cardinal's Snuff Box," who benevolently unites two hearts, and who follows the type introduced by Halévy in his "Abbé Constantin." Nevertheless, there is running through all modern English fiction a rather hopeless longing for something beyond that which preaching gives. It was not always so. Even Chaucer appropriates a whole sermon as one of the famous tales in the records of the Canterbury Pilgrimage. Is, then, the inutility of the sermon to affect literature, which is the expression of certain important angles of the time, the fault of the people or the fault of the sermon?

§ 4

It seems to me that, while certain currents of thought must have something to do with it, fashion, perhaps, has almost as much to do with it; that the negation of a sense of duty to any acknowledgment, ceremonially, of a Supreme Being has even more. Yet the sermon is failing because it has ceased to be either human, fervently expressed, modeled after a good literary form, or mystical. The last defect is the most important of all.

Again, the preachers of sermons do not see life as a whole. During the Renaissance, when the new learning brought in Greek and excited superstitious reverence for the pagan Latins, it was a matter of protest among the pious in Rome that distinguished preachers took their texts from Plato or Aristotle, from Vergil or even from Catullus. So long did this tradition of discontent remain that, even when the illustrious Leo XIII came to take the pagan throne, there were among the very pious many who feared the worst for him, because, following an elegant custom, he applied a line of Catullus to a sacred subject. But our modern preachers care nothing for the pagans; probably because they know little about them. Or, no doubt, they

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feel that any reference to gods or goddesses may be received as the college boy lately received a reference to Judas Iscariot in a moving-picture caption: he artlessly said that it sounded like a Dago name!

Whatever may be the reason for it, the modern preacher seems to consider that paganism is altogether bad; and as to the Jews, he does not give their contributions to the mystical quality of our religion half a chance. He tells us occasionally that they have done great things for art and music and literature, and bursts into lyrics on their contribution to modern life; he is on sure ground when he traces the geography of Palestine. But when it comes to that quality of mysticism which makes the perpetuation of the Jewish creed possible, without which Christianity would not exist, he ripples into impotent silence. All his quotations from the Song of Solomon, which he finds appropriate to a spring sermon, are unconvincing, as a rule, because he does not define the quality of mysticism which underlies the Canticle of Canticles. And this lack of insight, this fear of taking humanity as it is, of examining the sources of life as presented in the highest poetry and the finest religion, make many of the sermons, easily heard and soon forgotten, of no value to anybody. They do not touch the head or the heart; they do not excite fear of our own weaknesses, or make us understand what the divine quality of love is. And this is the most important thing that a sermon can do.

Love is, after all, the center of life. Dante understood that thoroughly, and hence his eternal attraction. To inveigh against sin is easy enough; to appeal to Marcus Aurelius or to Plato or to Emerson or to any other example of sweetness and light was formerly the fashion, and in some churches it still remains the fashion; but the preacher of to-day ought to know that if the modern point of view prevents him from flinging the thunders of hell at his hearers in order to convince them of the hideousness of the breaking of divine laws, he must give them some incentive for obedience to these laws by explaining the omnipotence of love.

The essence of mysticism is the desire to be united with the perfect one. And it is a mystical quality which exists more or less, not always for long periods, in each human soul that the modern preacher fails to consider. Whether he is afraid of it, whether he hesitates to talk above the heads and the hearts of his flock, or whether he has ceased to regard the love of that Christ who died for love as a reality is a question. There ought to be some answer to this; and until the modern preacher finds an answer, his sermons will continue to be inutile.

It seems strange that, looked upon as a literary production, the modern sermon should have become so unliterary that the very mention of a book of sermons implies great dullness; since custom has made us believe—custom not unfounded on experience—that very little consolation and no assuaging of the longings of our hearts will be found in it. It is easy to say that sermons are neglected because they are "good." The truth is they are generally neglected because they are known to be dull. Now, dullness is not necessarily the quality of the teacher, nor does dullness consist in the absence of a vivid style. A sermon which is a masterpiece of close reading and excellent expression may be dull

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simply because the results of wide reading and exactness of style are not what we most want in a sermon. What we do need in a sermon, and we sometimes find this need satisfied in the simplest of sermons, is some reason that will convince us that there is a great perfection to which we must strive, even if we fail, by following the footsteps of that divine love, which is the light which shineth on every man that comes into the world.

The old mystics, especially those Spanish mystics, like St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross, have been accused by cold-hearted moderns, who do not dare be audacious in love, of being too sensuous, and of not making their conception of love sufficiently abstract. And it is this point of view, this fear, that is at the bottom of the powerlessness of the modern preacher to stimulate that desire for union with divinity which is the root of religion.

We constantly hear from the pulpit that Christianity means progress, in science, in the application of the means of obtaining prosperity, and that the backward nations are those nations which are deficient in the material means of making this existence comfortable. In a phrase, much of the pulpit exhortation to be good and to be really Christian is not far beyond the practical, common-sense advice of Benjamin Franklin, which had nothing whatever to do with Christianity; for if the average man merely wants to succeed, and at the same time not to be too rigidly ascetic, he has only to read, and to follow, the advice of this distinguished American. But the sermon must go much beyond the teaching of Franklin, or beyond those exhortations to be good Samaritans which are heard and read every Sunday. The American, as a rule, whether he is a Christian or not, will follow the rôle of the good Samaritan. The practical side of Christianity is in his blood. He understands how to be benevolent. He has brought the practical alleviation of sickness and physical affliction to a fine point. He showed this, to the admiration of the world, during the war.

A Savonarola, a Jeremy Taylor, a Cardinal Newman, a Phillips Brooks, could not have made him more practically sympathetic with all kinds of suffering than he is. But it does not follow from this that he is satisfied with his spiritual state; it does not follow that because he likes golf and is expert in the various methods of driving and judging motor-cars, and is interested deeply in the competition for money, he is satisfied with his spiritual state.

Let us take that great mass of people who prefer the movie to the church. It does not follow either that they are content merely with the excitement of the movie and the day's news, the scandal of their neighborhood, or the incidents of many monotonous days. They have left the preacher alone on his little island because, frankly, they find him tiresome. He has not learned to make that synthesis between their lives and that ideal expressed by St. John when he said that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us."

The preacher who explains this to the ear of the multitude, as the divine voice would have it explained, need not fear that his sermon will be useless.

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Two Towns That Are One

A Picturesque Bit of Americana

By Frank Tannenbaum

I WAS talking to the teacher, a nice, friendly, smiling, and gracious teacher, who gently, as a matter of pride, almost of indulgence, strove to point the many things of interest in the community. It was more than professional exhibitionism. There was a tone of honest boasting and friendly initiation into the excellence of Terre Haute. This is no mere city. It is no mere collection of drab structures, with a main street, a cigar store, a drug store, a "movie," and a church. Terre Haute is an old center of civilization in Indiana. It began long ago and has heroic traditions. It was settled by a sturdy, liberty-loving, adventurous folk, who found the Wabash attractive and pleasing and cast their fortunes along its beautiful banks and turbulent current. The city is one of wide streets, of old impressive residences, of neatly kept lawns, of stately trees, of long, clean thoroughfares and a busy populace. There is a little of flourishing self-conscious display about Terre Haute. Its citizens know that they live in the "Capital of the Wabash Valley Empire, one of the richest agricultural districts in America."

Terre Haute is a virtuous, God-fearing city. It is church-going and dutiful. There is the simple fact of its seventy-five churches. Each church has its Sunday-schools, endeavor societies, men's clubs, women's socials. Not only that but at least three of these churches are liberal and forward-looking, progressive and abreast of the newer things in the world. It is a city of much public spirit. There are three country clubs in Terre Haute, a Protestant country club, a Catholic country club, and a Jewish country club. Each country club has its own golf-links. These are havens of rest and enjoyment, of play and friendly rivalry for the prosperous and well-to-do citizens of Terre Haute—places of refuge from the weightier and more burdensome affairs of life. In addition there are municipal golf-links for those who do not "belong."

This stress of civic interest and civic pride is fundamental to Terre Haute. It has the largest women's club in the State of Indiana—more than a thousand members. They are serious, socially minded, and busy with plans and programs to do the better and the more useful thing for Terre Haute. They spend much time and money, they bring out-of-town lecturers, they participate actively in the life of the community, they are a power to be reckoned with. To this force for the making of public opinion is to be added the Forum, one of the few public

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forums in the Middle West. It invites distinguished men from varied spheres of society, and the citizens in considerable number avail themselves of the opportunities for information and inspiration that the Forum provides; and it is worth registering that it is one of the very few of such public rostrums in that part of the country.

One must of course add to the above the simple statement that Terre Haute has a Chamber of Commerce, a busy and wide-awake Chamber of Commerce that does its proper duty by the city. And then too there is the Rotary Club, the Kiwanis Club, the Lions' Club, the Exchange Club, and the Business Women's Club. A thousand other social clubs add their varied and colorful shades of popular life and activity, of busy conjecture and happy program. One can only mention a few of these—the more is the pity—for a mere naming of them all would be an impressive thing. We shall have to be content, however, with the Blazing Stump Club, the Montrose Club, the College Hill Club, etc. But even so we are not through with the varied and organized social groupings of Terre Haute. One cannot omit the fact that Terre Haute is a strong center of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, who as in other places make themselves felt in a weird and mysterious fashion, always adding a bit of glamour, a bit of romance, a bit of thrill, a bit of the promise of freedom for the imagination, a bit of terror and folly, a bit of nonsense to even so sensible a city as Terre Haute. And then, last but not least, there are one hundred branches of the more prominent of the sacred and secret orders, there is a sufficiency of mystery and adventure, a sufficiency of titles and honors, of colored robes and elaborate whispers, there is a sufficiency of pretense and self-conceit to startle the dullard and satiate the mystic.

Terre Haute is an educational center of no mean importance. It possesses a school system that compares favorably with any city of its size in the Middle West. There is a cultural flavor, an interest in things intellectual, a love of books and learning, an eagerness for adventure in things of the spirit, that is strangely full of conscious striving toward a higher level—strangely because it stands out from other cities in its own environment. One of its Thursday evening clubs is an important and recognized institution. For many years there has accumulated a tradition of intellectual achievement in connection with this organization that is a creditable record and might well be emulated by other communities. The papers read at this club are preserved in the public library, and the range of interests exhibited as well as the thorough scholarship which some of these literary undertakings display would do credit to doctoral dissertations in our ordinary universities, and stand well above a large percentage of the masters' theses that are usually found acceptable in institutions of higher learning. This undertaking singled out for mention here is but one of the many aspects of Terre Haute's intellectual life. It has two schools for higher education. It is the proud home of the Indiana State Normal School, an establishment of fine reputation, and the Rose Polytechnic Institute. Then there is St. Mary of the Woods and the King Classical School. Two business colleges contribute scholarly interests to the general atmosphere, and of course there is the public

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school system, one that any city might well boast of. Three high schools, three junior high schools, twenty-six grade schools, and five parochial schools, all together making an impressive list of houses dedicated to schooling. To complete the record one must add a finely organized, well equipped, and much used modern library, with more than seventy-two thousand volumes. This library is like a busy workshop for the serious-minded and earnest souls that inhabit Terre Haute, not to mention the fact that the lighter spirits, those that read the less arduous fiction and the more entertaining modern magazines, find there the things that fill idle hours with fancy and dreams.

Terre Haute is not only intellectual. It is charitable. Its activities for the worthy poor are wide and varied, it gives itself without stint, it gives until it hurts and even beyond that. There is an atmosphere of kindly supervision, of generous interest, of courteous indulgence with the weaker in spirit, with the poorer in health, with the lesser in ability, with those who have either failed to arrive or have fallen by the wayside, that fills Terre Haute with activities of a charitable character which last from one year to another. It would be impossible to enumerate all the balls, dances, card-parties, sociables, country-club affairs, Kiwanis and Rotary activities, church festivities which are organized for the purpose of charity, for the purpose of brightening the hours, the days, the years, the very lives of the needy and the poor. There are classes for under-privileged children; there are Y.M.C.A. activities, Y.W.C.A. activities; there is a day nursery, a Welfare League, a Light House Mission, a Salvation Army to add its ready tune in the name of charity and salvation. Terre Haute has many things worthy of mention, but the following will be enough: the Friendly Inn, the Florence Crittenden Home, the Gibault Home, Glenn Orphans' Home, Rose Orphans' Home, and the Fairbanks Home for Aged Women. There are, in addition, two well organized and equipped hospitals.

I nearly overlooked the city's bathing-pool. "The best people in town" are using it. There have been innumerable parties at the pool. Thursday there were two couples from Chicago, and they said that the pool "beat anything which Chicago had." Then of course there are the city's athletic activities, sports for the old and the young, for the rich and the poor. As one of the editors of Terre Haute gracefully puts it, "As we look backward through the winter and allow our thoughts to dwell on the many interesting entertainments which we have enjoyed, we fail to find any reason why we should be sorry that our home is in Terre Haute, a city of clean amusement and sport . . . and invite those who are less fortunate than ourselves, in that they do not live amongst us, to come to Terre Haute with their industries, their business interests, and their families."

Important and significant also is the fact that Terre Haute has a strong and well led trade-union movement. This is especially true among the miners. Here is a force for social-mindedness and creative interest in community life that helps give Terre Haute much of its liberalism. Terre Haute has in addition been the home of Eugene V. Debs, a veteran in the cause of social justice, a man who has done yeomanly

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service in stirring America to a sense of social deficiency and to awaken the imaginative interest in a better ordered world.

Terre Haute is prosperous, even rich. It is fortunate in its natural resources. Not only has it a world-famous river (and Terre Haute is fully conscious of all it owes to the Wabash), a rich agricultural valley, but it has coal, three billion tons of workable coal.

Terre Haute is not only prosperous, but, as already suggested, it is rich. The ten banks in Terre Haute have combined resources of thirty-seven million dollars and deposits of more than twenty-seven millions. Its people are a saving, careful, industrious people. There are fifteen building and loan associations in the city serving the needs of the citizens, and they alone have assets valued at fifteen million dollars. One hundred and seventy different industries give employment to fourteen thousand workers who receive an annual income of fourteen million dollars. There are a hundred miles of sewerage within the city limits, a five-cent fare and thirty miles of street-car tracks, as well as eighty miles of interurban railroads that tie the city to its rich and picturesque neighborhood. The city has fifteen parks, which added together make five hundred and twenty acres; and adding to its beauty, cleanliness, and pride are sixty miles of paved streets within the city limits as well as two hundred and fifty miles of concrete sidewalks. These are but a few of the many things about Terre Haute; they are taken from a modest list sent out by the Terre Haute Chamber of Commerce.

Nor is this all. Terre Haute is at the very core of things American. It is only forty miles from the center of population. It combines the older, duller East and the lighter, fresher, more picturesque West. Two national highways, the National Old Trail and the Dixie Bee Highway, cross on its main street; what the people of Terre Haute fondly call the "Cross-roads of the World" are at the crossing of Seventh and Wabash streets. "The Tall Sycamore," who runs a column in the leading paper of Terre Haute under the caption of "On the Banks of the Wabash," notes that "10,000 people drive through this crossing per day and the cars come from all the States of the Union, one day alone having seen license-plates from 38 different States," and insists that "the need of the Cross-roads of the World marker is imperative. It will bring more fame to Terre Haute." This central location of Terre Haute makes a very well served railroad point. It is entered by four railroad trunk-lines, and seventy passenger trains per day leave Terre Haute for all points of the compass. It is at the very heart of America and is striving to be worthy of its fortunate position. A stadium to the soldier dead is now going up, at a cost of four hundred thousand dollars, and even while this civic project is still incomplete a new one on a more ambitious scale is being planned. To properly commemorate the name of Paul Dresser, the author of "On the Banks of the Wabash," a Dresser memorial is to be constructed which will make the entrance to the city "the most beautiful of any in the country." Terre Haute is prepared to welcome all comers; the entrance to the city is the beginning of a reception that lasts while you linger and which is inviting for a return. Twenty-five

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hotels are there at your disposal—good and bad, costly and cheap, for the rich and the poor; a welcome is extended to every passer-by and to every prospective settler.

In a measure also the new American religion is as well under way here as in almost any city of the country. This new American religion, which is foreshadowed flamboyantly, arrogantly, self-assertively, and with advertising display, that this is the best little town in the world, finds discipleship and followers in Terre Haute. I mean not only the arrogance of the boast that this is the best little town,—or rather the greatest little town of the world,—but the new version that we are going to make this the greatest little town is also to be found. The new note of civic interest, of real civic pride, of honest endeavor to plan, to build, to beautify, to prune, and to varnish, to make a home, to build a city, to make the place of one's birth and growth a place of honest endeavor for the nurture of good fruit and gentle spirit,—I mean the interest which the social worker has cultivated, the philanthropist contributed to, the politician rendered lip service to, the revolutionist challenged the world on, the old bitter cry, that is, that we are our brothers' keepers,—this note, even in spite of ourselves, has its disciples here. We must make Terre Haute a place where the under-privileged child will be given special privileges, where the under-nourished will be given special food, where the poor will be fed—or better still where there will be no poor, where the community will organize itself to protect and nurture life and give genius and faith the means wherewith to challenge the evils of the world; the dream of a city beautiful is not entirely absent from Terre Haute. All these aspects of the new religion are to be found here, and there is a liberalism and decency to it all that is well worth detailed enumeration. Terre Haute is a home that expresses much of the beautiful and the true.

§ 2

I was talking to the teacher, a nice, friendly, smiling, and gracious teacher, who gently, as a matter of pride, almost of indulgence, strove to point the many things of interest in the community. It was more than professional exhibitionism. There was a tone of honest boasting and friendly initiation into the excellence of Terre Haute.

"What," asked I, "is the scapegoat of Terre Haute?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, what's the city down on?"

"Oh! Taylorville."

"Then lead me to Taylorville."

Taylorville is on the banks of the beautiful, turbulent Wabash. Its inhabitants are pure Anglo-Saxon stock. The negro is driven from its doors, and the foreigner is frowned out of countenance. There is something exclusive, self-sufficient, and selective about this community. It is old, as old as Terre Haute. Its inhabitants count their descent from the pioneers; its persistent struggle against the turbulent current of the beautiful Wabash bespeaks a heroic strain. For many long years the Wabash has risen and washed the community away—carried off its belongings, wrecked its habitations, endangered its life. Soaked, muddy, cold, stripped of their worldly goods, with nothing but suffering and hope to avail them, they always and inevitably returned to their chosen plot and resurrected such fortune out

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of the débris of their scattered possessions as the receding current left behind it. They rebuilt their homes—homes made out of reeds, tin cans, old sacks, and odd pieces of wood. It is a squatters' community. It does no work, at least not regularly. It has no streets, no lights, no sewerage, no proper water system; it is neglected and frowned upon—but bravely persists in its slender hold upon the shores of the Wabash. Its people are often dirty, unkempt, shaggy, dressed in odd styles. It makes its living in dubious, doubtful ways. One travels its length and breadth and finds little industry. Men, big and strong, are found lying on their backs, their trousers rolled up above their knees, smoking corn-cob pipes. Its main occupation seems to be collecting. It collects everything collectable—tin cans, rags, bottles, pieces of wood, cast-offs, ashes, dirt; its business is to act as the scavenger of Terre Haute. Its greatest point of activity is in the evening when the garbage, dirt, and filth of Terre Haute are cast out on the dumpings. Then Taylorville gets busy and begins collecting—little things—a reed, a piece of leather, a torn dress, an edible morsel, a relishing left-over, a thing of beauty no longer serviceable in the proud city but here useful and coveted. It collects broken dishes and strands of hair, accidental pieces of coal and cracked looking-glasses. Taylorville is the worst, the poorest, the least attractive community I have seen in the United States. It is worse than the poorest negro sections of some of our Southern cities; it is poorer and more neglected than the Mexican section of San Antonio. It is a part of Terre Haute and votes in Terre Haute—and I understand heavily and with a will.

§ 3

In talking to the people of Terre Haute about Taylorville I noticed a most curious and at first mystifying reaction. People shrugged their shoulders and then smiled—rather foolishly—a sort of idiotic grin of sheepish glee and blushing bashfulness. It was disconcerting. Gradually it dawned on me that Terre Haute was proud of Taylorville, that it liked to talk about it, to tell tales about it, to weep over it, to tell funny stories about it, to make a mystery of it, a comedy, an emotional exercise. If Taylorville were to move away, Terre Haute would really feel that it had lost something, something indefinite but real enough. All of the jokes in Terre Haute are about Taylorville, jokes of varied and numerous incidence; the tragedies of Taylorville are half a joke to Terre Haute, a sort of indulgence in emotional exasperation, half hysterical, half jocular. All the tragedy of Terre Haute has its origins in Taylorville. Let something happen in Terre Haute, and Taylorville did it. Not some particular person in Taylorville,—oh, no,—but Taylorville. Terre Haute likes to tell of the terrible things that happen in Taylorville, or, as one man called it, "Our Little Hollywood."

I heard from a dozen different sources that recently a mother and a daughter gave birth to a child each, within one week, and that the father of the daughter was the male parent of both children. Some told it as if it were funny and some as if it were a great scandal and some with a little peevishness, but none so far as I could see with real indignation or with real sorrow. The point is that it is hard to take Taylorville in a normal mood; it is

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either melodramatic or humorous. Another tale was of a daughter and a mother quarreling over a piece of the shroud purchased for the mother's prospective funeral; and the quarrel was over the fact that the daughter wanted a piece of the shroud for a dress so that she could attend the funeral of her mother. Now that "bootlegging" has become a fairly respectable and comparatively safe enterprise, Terre Haute believes that Taylorville has become fabulously wealthy; it is supposed to roll in wealth. People talk about it in wonder. Every little thing grows to great extremes. A fire takes place in Taylorville, and the paper reports the following incident: "The fire had just been extinguished . . . when some man unknown to the firemen ran into the ruins, grabbed up a copper kettle, a coil, and a few other miscellaneous parts of the still and fled into the fields at the south of the village as fast as he could go." Everything about Taylorville is exaggerated. A reporter goes to Taylorville, and this is what appears on the front page of the leading newspaper for May 1, 1924:

"POOR TAYLORVILLE!

"Poor Taylorville!

"Home of the down and out—the under dog; last stand of the unfortunate paupers whom the grinding heel of the city has forced into a poverty as ugly as it is wretched.

"And now it faces oblivion at the hands of the Paul Dresser Memorial association. With a view to beautifying the district, it proposes to wipe out the 'Little Hollywood' of Terre Haute!

* * * *

"With these heart-rending thoughts in mind a reporter for the Post fared forth to commiserate with the over-the-river oppressed. He traveled the length of the village.

"He got an awful shock.

"Evidence of poverty there was to be sure. Squalor abounded. But lo, there also was evidence of wealth than which the downtown district itself affords no better!

"Here are some of the things he saw:

"Twelve large, new, high priced motor cars, parked before various pseudo-residences of the suburb. They were not just 'autos'; they were 'motor cars' with an approximate total value of 25 or 30 thousand dollars. There were two Cadillacs, two Buicks, a Stutz, a Marmon, a Packard, and others of like makes.

"He saw taxi-cabs coming and going with brisk frequency. During his 90-minute survey, no less than five taxis bustled into and out of the village, discharging or picking up cargoes of passengers.

* * * *

"Well dressed men, and in one or two instances, expensively gowned women, went into and out of the houses. At one place the reporter saw a woman emerge from a house and approach a limousine at the street, drinking from a bottle as she went.

"It was surely a revelation to the reporter.

"Poor Taylorville!"

It must be obvious that this appearance on the front page of such an unusual article takes for granted both a common knowledge as well as a half-hilarious, half-tragic attitude toward Taylorville on the part of the citizens of Terre Haute. The reader will note some of the references to Taylorville.

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The reporter fared forth to commiserate.

He got an awful shock.

Evidence of wealth which even the down-town district affords no better.

Motor-cars (not automobiles).

Pseudo residences (he could not say shacks, hovels).

The taxis came with brisk frequency.

Cargoes of passengers.

Expensively gowned women.

It surely was a revelation to the reporter.

Terre Haute is much exercised over Taylorville; at least it indulges itself at the expense of Taylorville. Many of its social functions, much of its emotional and society life, is organized about Taylorville. A large number of the balls, card-parties, country-club affairs, dinners, teas, meetings, resolutions, committees, are about Taylorville. Terre Haute collects money in the summer-time to keep Taylorville from freezing in the winter-time; it occupies its winters in preparing for the emergencies of the spring floods. It is concerned over the health, the morals, the well-being of Taylorville, and Taylorville is not at all grateful. A friend reports the following conversation with one of the substantial citizens of Taylorville: "Terre Haute ain't done nothin' fer Taylorville—why should they ask anything of us? We did n't git none of that money we was supposed to git after the cyclone in 1913. Did you see what the papers called us? They called us dogs! They wus ten dollars' worth of them papers sold in Taylorville every week, and now they don't sell one." So much for gratitude.

This relationship between these two American cities was hard to understand until one day it all became clear and obvious. Taylorville lives physically on Terre Haute, and Terre Haute lives spiritually on Taylorville. Taylorville acts as the scavenger for Terre Haute; Terre Haute finds inspiration in Taylorville. Taylorville feeds on the left-overs from Terre Haute, and Terre Haute feeds on the sorrows, the misery, the shortcomings of Taylorville; they supplement each other and enrich each other's existence. Taylorville would starve if Terre Haute were to move away; Terre Haute would be stripped of much of its emotional interests if Taylorville were to be swept away by the beautiful and turbulent Wabash.

This essay was written to raise a question rather than to point a moral. It was not written to defame Terre Haute. I have said all the nice things that Terre Haute says about itself, and I am willing to take Terre Haute at its word. Does every American town have a Taylorville? Does every American town need a Taylorville? What does such a relationship mean in American religion, politics, philosophy? Must every town in the United States have a scapegoat, and what would it do if it suddenly found itself without one? I am merely asking a question. It is for others to answer it.

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The Age of Uproar

A Final Paper of Midland Memories

By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor

To describe the middle part of a country the pretty word "midland" is a noun in good lexicographical standing; I hope, therefore, that the time may come when the vast and prosperous territory lying in the middle of the United States, and not by any stretch of imagination in the middle of the Western part of it, may call itself the Midland; or, if the memory of days when trails were blazed across it must be conserved at all hazard, at least the Mid-West. This aversion for the illogical and uncultivated term "Middle West" once led, in fact, to my election to an honorable and pleasing office, an event that happened in the fateful year when Europe began to war.

In emulation of a bellicose example, Mr. John M. Stahl, the president of the Writers' Guild of Chicago, turned his type-writer at that time upon the authors of Illinois, and, by a rapid fire of letters, subdued them completely. But when in triumph he had them gathered as his prisoners in a banquet-hall and was on the point of forcing them to constitute themselves a state society of authors, Hamlin Garland arose in mutiny. Wresting by his fiery eloquence the command from Mr. Stahl, he stretched the boundaries of the territory in which all authors were to be mobilized until it included not one State only but all those of the so-called "Middle West."

Silent until then, I denounced this expression with such vehemence that I succeeded in having "Midland" accepted as a pleasing and fitting substitute with which to qualify the authors residing in the twelve Central States that lie between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, north of Mason and Dixon's line.

"They was some contendin'—yit
We broke up in harmony."

Such harmony, in fact, that James Whitcomb Riley, whose words these are and who, alas, was too ill for active service, became the honorary president of the Society of Midland Authors; while I—because of Hamlin Garland's intention of migrating to an effete part of the land, and my own triumph in the selection of a name, rather than of my deserts—emerged from the first meeting of that "literary" as its president.

It is not my intention to chronicle the history of the Society of Midland Authors, but merely to tell of its name and origin in order that I may say that at a dinner once tendered me as its first president a speech was made that has caused me to reflect many a time while writing these pages.

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Miss Alice Gerstenberg, the dramatist, presided upon that occasion, and I suspect her of having been also the inspirer of an event which, until she called upon me for a speech, was as gratifying as any of my life. In fact, before that trying moment came, I had been listening to the affectionate words with which Wallace Rice, Anna Morgan, Edwin Balmer, Harriet Monroe, Donald Robertson, Clara Laughlin, and other dear friends had welcomed me after an absence of years, the warmth of their greeting having filled my heart with a gratitude I longed to signify. Indeed, I wished to make each one at that table know the depth of my love for Chicago; yet when I tried to express it I found myself praising the city's past, at the expense of her present, just as I have been doing in these pages.

So strongly did I dwell upon a decorous Chicago with churches and homes and ambling family nags, as preferable to a turbulent one of giant buildings out of which tired humanity gushes at dusk into a torrent of on-rushing wheels, that Lorado Taft, the sculptor, when called upon to speak, took me to task in his kindly way for not appreciating the city's bigness and greatness, or the wonderful things it is accomplishing.

I am aware that Chicago is the distributing center of the nation, and, in the words of Carl Sandburg, its "hog butcher and stacker of wheat"; aware, too, that it has the lowest death-rate and the lowest bonded indebtedness of any great city of the land, and that in building construction, manufacturing, and post-office receipts it is exceeded only by New York. Furthermore, as one who loves Chicago for her idealism rather than for her materialism, I point with a pride far greater than I take in any of these things to the fact that both in church attendance and in the percentage of homes owned by those who dwell in them, Chicago excels the metropolis. But when I read in a report of the city's crime commission that during a recent period of six months' duration 127 murders, or virtually one a day, were committed in Chicago, I blush with shame, a blush that grows still deeper when Mr. John Hays Hammond tells me that within the city of my birth, during a single year, "16,915 charges of felony were brought and only 4224 convictions were had."

Still, Chicago's murder-rate per thousand inhabitants is exceeded by that of several American cities, while in Greater New York, with a population approximate to that of the British metropolis, there are said to be "ten murders to London's one." Moreover, according to the American Bar Association, "there are annually now in the United States between nine and ten thousand homicides"; a blush therefore should tinge the cheek, not of the Chicagoan alone, but of every American.

"During the last ten years," exclaims Senator Borah, "eighty-five thousand people, from poison, the pistol, the knife, or other unlawful means, have suffered death!" More Americans, he might have added, than were killed in all the battles in which our armies were engaged during the World War.

Two years ago I happened to arrive in London on the day when a murder was committed. When I left that city six weeks later, not only had the murderer been apprehended, but he had also been convicted and hanged.

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"I like the English way best," says former Vice-President Marshall, apropos of our concomitant national vices of law-making and law-breaking. "The English don't make laws," he continues, "until they know the people want them. I 'd like to repeal all the federal and state laws and reënact the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule."

§ 2

In lamenting a national disgrace, I am failing to answer the charge of my friend Lorado Taft that in dreaming of a bygone Chicago I overlook the marvels that have come to pass within that city. Chicago is more beautiful, certainly, in many of its aspects than in other years, and day by day it grows more beautiful still, as one by one the elements of a far-seeing plan become realities. No one man, moreover, has done more to beautify it than has Mr. Taft himself.

When gazing at majestic buildings with towers that pierce the very skies, I do not forget the rookeries of other days on the site of which they stand. And when in a motor-car I speed over a monumental bridge, I recall but too vividly the jumble of trucks and drays through which—the reins of four horses in hand—I used to drive with temerity while burly teamsters jeered at me, or maliciously blocked my progress. Nor have I forgotten the skids over which I hurdled when afoot, while grocerymen in leather aprons rolled creaking barrels into cavernous depths from which arose the stenches of cheeses, hams, and other ill-smelling edibles.

Still, even when recalling these forbidding aspects of a primitive Chicago, I yearn for stately mansions in tree-lined streets; yearn, too, for the sight of little wooden cottages owned by the artisans who dwell in them, the home that is ever so humble being no longer on "a spot of earth supremely blessed" but on the sanitary tiles of a two-roomed flat with kitchenette, or else upon the fetid floor of a tenement with fire-escapes outside its grimy windows.

In his enthusiasm for the present, Lorado Taft might picture for me a leaky shanty with an unpaid mortgage upon it, and a lean goat browsing on refuse beside it; likewise a corner saloon in which a drunken father leans, glass in hand, against a mirrored bar, while a barefooted child in rags tugs tearfully yet vainly at his sleeve.

There are fewer unpaid mortgages in the land, I am told, and more money is to be found in the savings-banks since the corner saloon was eliminated; yet the murder-rate has not been reduced, nor would it seem that the morals of the young have been bettered, else in my morning paper I should not read of a speech made at a meeting of De Molay chapters, in which Mr. Roy E. Dickinson of Kansas City declared that "crime among boys between the ages of nineteen and twenty-one has increased fifty per cent. within the last two years." I read in that paper, too, that Mr. Everett Hill, president of the Rotary International, said in another speech that "the automobile has corrupted more youth than any other agency."

By putting two and two together hastily and jumping at a conclusion in the manner of extremists, I might readily declare the time ripe for the organization of an Anti-automobile League, with a view to amending the Constitution in a way to prohibit the use of a conveyance that during last

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year killed nineteen thousand Americans, wounded four hundred and fifty thousand, and, at the same time, undermined the morals of our youth. Were it not that I believe in the justice as well as in the wisdom of tolerance, gladly would I attempt the organization of such a league, the automobile having wrought, I believe, more havoc to the morals of the nation than did the corner saloon. But I pray that I may avoid fanaticism and ever be as tolerant as was Abraham Lincoln when he declared that "taken as a class, drunkards compare favorably in head or heart with any other."

Having wandered once more away from the argument with Mr. Taft, let me close it by assuring him that he is right in declaring Chicago to be more beautiful now than in other days, and doubly right in admiring the fine men and women who work so unselfishly and ardently for her moral and physical betterment; for, as a New-Yorker has truly said, "Chicagoans love their city, not as though it were a city at all, but as though it were their actual flesh and blood."

Nevertheless, when I try to accommodate myself to Chicago's nerve-racking present, I sigh for the days when the loudest sound in State Street was the tinkle of the street-car horse's bell, a tenable reason for this preference being found, I think, in this editorial from the columns of the "Chicago Tribune":

"Five died Wednesday, and Death's paying teller jotted down 657 killed this year by motor cars in Cook County. It was pay day Wednesday on the streets—every day is pay day—and the teller over at the window adds a long column—two, five, three, four, six, two, five, day by day without rest. It is a long pay roll, and no one knows whose name is written there.

"These things go on. Guns took 332; moonshine took 218; motor cars took 657 lives this year, in what we call a civilized community. There is cynicism, indifference, and wild answers, and things go on. The police go on for duty seven days a week, ten hours a day, against the odds of graft, corruption, and indifference to law, and nothing much results. It is our city, exhibit one, and not unlike the other cities of America. These things go on in all of them. . . ."

§ 3

What a contrast this picture presents to that of a Sunday when for a mile or more I walked through the streets of Chicago in broad daylight without meeting a single automobile! It was in war-time, and men had other thoughts than of gain and pleasure or of robbing and murdering their neighbors, love of country being in their hearts, or else desires so craven that they strove to hide them from their fellow-men. So, except upon an errand of mercy or necessity, not a wheel in the city was turning unless it was drawn by a horse.

My memory of that "gasless Sunday" is especially vivid because the walk I took through silent streets was to a railway station where I was to meet a soldier son upon his arrival to enjoy a last leave of absence before, on a platform at dead of night, he was to entrain his company in darkened cars, while lights flashed here and there.

A dilapidated hansom drawn by a lean horse whose ribs were discernible drove up to the station at the time I reached it. It was hailed by many a traveler frantically, but once upon a

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time its cabman had worn boots and breeches, and in me he recognized a fellow-horseman of other and better days. When I drove away in his rickety cab a son sat beside me who but a year before had been an undergraduate. In place of the slouching manner of a college boy was the erect carriage of a soldier, and instead of the heedlessness of youth a realization of the responsibility imposed by the wearing of two little silver bars upon each shoulder.

Within a few short months, as it seemed to me, my son had acquired a new body, and a new heart as well, the heart of a man. It was hard, indeed, to believe that he was the same carefree lad whose fondest wish, when last I knew him, had been to carry a pigskin ball across a goal-line; harder still to realize that soon he would be shivering in a soggy trench only a few yards away from fellow-men who were awaiting the chance to take his life. How mercifully war dulls the heart with the anodyne called duty! As Stephen Crane has sung:

"Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.
Because your lover threw wild hands
toward the sky
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,
Do not weep.
War is kind.
Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment,
Little souls who thirst for fight.
These men were born to drill and die.
The unexplained glory flies above
them.
Great is the battle-god, great, and his
kingdom—
A field where a thousand corpses
lie. . . ."

§ 4

One may doubt that war is kind but not that it is fine, its "unexplained glory" being found, not in the "little souls who thirst for fight,"—they are thirsting in peace as well as in war,—but rather in the big souls that war nourishes. Never, so it seems to me, have the men and women of Chicago—or of the nation either—been so splendid as during the merciless days of war. Merciless, I call them, for so they appeared; yet more mercy was abroad in the land, more love of man for his fellows, more belief in God and country, than ever I have seen in days of peace.

Have you forgotten the time when at sight of a uniform you stopped your car and beckoned to the wearer? How often do you stop now to give a ride to a man trudging beside the road with a bundle on his back? Do you remember the Thanksgiving day when you carved a turkey at the head of your table for a dozen young fellows in khaki,—your gardener's or your chauffeur's son among them, mayhap,—or the time when at a canteen you poured coffee for men drawn from every class in life, and even with your own hand washed the cups from which they had drunk? Do you recall furthermore the alacrity with which you put that hand in your pocket for the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, or the Y. M. C. A., and the avidity with which you went from house to house in an effort to sell Liberty bonds?

Only in war is true democracy found, and only in war are men so Christian as to love their neighbors, even while hating their enemies, in a manner akin to that with which in times of peace they are disposed to love themselves.

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Yet only in war is murder legalized and hate a consecrated passion; for war is a state of tragic contrasts. It debauches the soul, while freeing it, and, at the same time, fills it with the spirit of adventure.

You leave the humdrum office or the shop of monotonous toil, your heart thrilling to cheers and the waving of flags. You march proudly away while drums throb and bugles blare to endure inscrutable hardships, and to lie, perhaps, in "a field where a thousand corpses lie." Yet for the moment you are a person of consequence, admired for your courage and your readiness to serve. Even should you be but a humble mother or father of a son at the front, you are a somebody nevertheless, whose fears are tempered by pride in the service-flag that hangs in your window, for, even in the sacrifices it demands, war is kind.

In all my life I have never beheld a sight so inspiring as that of the young men from the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan marching in Michigan Avenue, three thousand strong, their step as soldierly as that of veterans. It was at the end of their three months of training, and they had been ordered into the city to impress the representative of the short-lived Kerensky government of Russia with the seriousness of America's preparation for war. As a committeeman charged with the arrangements for his visit, my place upon the reviewing-stand was near this ambassador of a vacillating ally when he stood beside General Barry to receive the salutes of these young soldiers. To my dying day I shall remember the grim look of duty to be done, the courage, and the love of country that illumined the sunburnt faces of those splendid young men of the land as platoon after platoon of them swept by, their heads turning in unison to the command, "Eyes right!"

Nor shall I ever forget the thinned battalion of regulars I saw march into Buffalo long years ago, a battalion that had fought in Cuban jungles and had sweat in thick woolen shirts in a venomous climate until the few that were still alive had barely the strength left in their fever-stricken bodies with which to totter, after burnished arms were stacked, into a room banked with flowers, and there be fed by tearful women with the very goodies of which they had dreamed while lying delirious in reeking tents.

§ 5

Although War is kind, he rides, nevertheless, sword in hand, upon a red horse side by side with Conquest mounted on a snow-white charger. They are escorted by Famine with balance in hand, crying "a measure of wheat for a penny," and by Death on a pale horse; but invisible in the smoke of battle Faith, Hope, and Charity are riding, too, on winged steeds.

In Nuremberg, more than four hundred years ago, Albert Dürer, master painter and engraver, pictured the four riders who come forth in lightnings and thunderings in a way as subtle as it was masterly, Famine, the third of these evil horsemen, being represented not as a gaunt and naked figure, like Death who rides beside him, but as a well fed trader wearing rich clothes and mounted on a fat palfrey; in a word, as a profiteer who is offering a penny for a measure of wheat in order that he may sell it, while the world is starving, for a shilling, or mayhap a pound.

The time when Albert Dürer drew his masterpiece was one of restless

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change and progress such as ours. Printing, like the radio, had just come into the world, and the use of gunpowder, like that of aërial bombs and poison gas, was revolutionizing war. "But it was an age especially marked," as Lord Bryce has said, "by an event to which the world offers no parallel before or since,—the discovery of America."

While Columbus was sailing uncharted seas, while Niccolo Machiavelli was entering public life and Albert Dürer was engraving the four horsemen of the Apocalypse upon a block of wood, a somewhat general war in which France, Spain, Milan, Florence, Naples, the Papacy, Venice, Genoa, Switzerland, Albania, and the Holy Roman Empire were involved was being fought. When the peace that ended this one of many general wars in Europe had come to pass, a kaiser, who, unlike his ilk, was an altruist at heart, outlawed by imperial decree "private wars" between the cities or the fiefs of his vast but disjointed domain, and foreshadowed still further the events that were to follow another general war by establishing a "supreme court of judicature" the function of which was to deal with "all and every business which might flow in from the Empire, Christendom, or the king's hereditary principalities."

Upon the shores of the Adriatic there existed then a great republic but little less remote, in point of the time required to reach it from this kaiser's capital, than is another great republic now. By its control of a vast commerce and of trade-routes, as well as by the wealth it had amassed, this republic excited the envy not only of the Vicar of Christ on earth, and of the monarchs by divine right of France and Spain, but likewise that of the altruistic ruler I have had in mind. Barely more than a decade, therefore, after he had outlawed private war and established an arbitration tribunal, this imperial visionary had joined a league composed of these "Christian rulers" and himself, not for the purpose of enforcing peace but of crushing an arrogant republic that had grown abnormally rich by building a tariff wall around its territories, by granting monopolies to its citizens, and by excluding foreigners from trading within its dominions. To-day through its deserted palaces hordes of rich tourists from another republic wander, guidebook in hand, to view the relics of its glory long departed.

Eight years after a pope, a kaiser, and some "Christian" kings had despoiled Venice, Sir Thomas More, who died eventually upon a scaffold, published his "Utopia," in order to denounce the vices of power. Then a monk of Wittenberg nailed ninety-five theses upon a church door. May the day come when priest or pastor will nail upon another church door, not ninety-five theses—there are far too many of these on the doors of churches already—but the eight beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount! And may the world accept them whole-heartedly! But until that time arrives the most desirable citizens of a certain rich and sometimes arrogant republic will be, I suspect, not those whose consciences forbid them to serve her, or those who are given to the passing of resolutions for the outlawing of war, but rather the thirty-five thousand young men who spend their hard-earned vacations upon one of the tented fields of the Military Training Camps Association, and the hundred and eighty thousand

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other young men who refrain from jazzing or attendance at the "movies" upon one evening a week, in order to drill in an armory.

Lest I appear to be glorifying war unduly, let me say forthwith that while in its finest aspects it appears to me to be finer than any peace I have known, war, in its worst, is so cruel, so wasteful, so illogical, and so hateful that the wonder is it was not outlawed long ago, as were ordeal by fire and by battle, feuds between hill barons and dueling between Anglo-Saxons. So long, in fact, as disputes between peoples are settled by war, the term "civilization" is a misnomer and that of "Christian nation" but an irony.

§ 6

So long, however, as the peoples of the world worship the national gods that are symbolized by flags instead of worshiping Christ, war will obtain, I fear, and the fulfilment of Washington's injunction to prepare for it in time of peace be wisdom on the part of a republic which during the century and a half of its national life has fought seven wars with foreign nations and the bloodiest civil strife in history.

Even when War is resting on his arms his dire companions ride on, the spirit of conquest being abroad at all times, and the desire to buy a measure of wheat for a penny in order to sell it for a shilling, or a pound, being ever in men's hearts. Death, moreover, rides his pale horse every hour of the twenty-four. "It is not the dying that makes war horrible," says Dr. Edward A. Steiner, the sociologist, "but the lying and the hating." Yet do these cease in time of peace?

Only the other day I saw the emblem of love outlined in fire upon an American hillside as the emblem of hate. At a time when hate of the same unreasoning kind was in American hearts and a political party had been formed to foster it, Abraham Lincoln said that if the ideas that party professed should ever control, he would "emigrate to some country, like Russia, where despotism could be taken pure, with no hypocritical talk about freedom and equality." While still a young man in his twenties, this same wise and tolerant American declared that "as a nation of freemen we must live through all time, or die by suicide."

Perhaps the weapon of self-destruction is already pointed at the nation's heart. At least, during the aftermath of war, with its heritage of hate, it is not bleeding France or disillusioned Germany, but the happiest and most prosperous of peoples, that has become "the most lawless nation in the world"; an accusation made not by me, but by Judge Alfred J. Talley, of the Court of General Sessions of New York, at the solemn moment of inducting a new jurist into office. The reason the United States is the leader in lawlessness among the nations of the earth Judge Talley finds in "the apathetic attitude of the people toward the strict enforcement of the law," and their "unwillingness to respect and obey the law," or train their children "in obedience and respect for lawfully constituted authority."

But is not "the American malady" law-making rather than law-breaking? "No human being knows," declares ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, "how many statutes are hidden behind the forbidding covers of thousands of volumes that contain the acts of Congress and the legislatures." "The administration of the laws," he adds,

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is so "peremptory, insolent, and autocratic" that "officials have become vexatious tyrants and citizens have become cringing subjects."

These words of one of Indiana's finest citizens bring to mind one of Machiavelli's cynicisms. "Of all hard forms of servitude," this Italian said, "the hardest is to be subjected to a republic." Ah, but there was once an idealist in Italy, who was a statesman greater by far than this materialistic son of hers whose very name has become a synonym for duplicity; Count Cavour, I mean, the builder of the Italian nation. "The worst chamber," he declared, "is better than the best antechamber"; and therein lies my political faith.

It is a time of pessimism, this aftermath of war, and I have been seized, no doubt, by the malady that has entered most hearts; yet within the most lawless country in the world there seems to be need for young men who will fight, not in khaki uniforms, while bugles blare, to make the world safe for democracy, but quietly and persistently in every-day clothes, in order that their country may be made safe for honest men. Tolerance should be their aim, not hate nor fanaticism; their weapon should be fair-mindedness, not propaganda; and their war should be waged in a spirit of modesty rather than of braggadocio. Indeed, there have been but two men who were qualified, it seems to me, to acclaim themselves one hundred per cent. Americans—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

The ideal of these warriors of a younger generation than mine should be not the bringing about of the millennium by the passing of resolutions, but rather the instilling within their own hearts of what Lord Moulton called "obedience to the unenforceable." "This," said he, "is the obedience of a man to what he cannot be forced to obey. He is the enforcer of the law upon himself." "Law and Manners," this English jurist and statesman called the address in which these words occur; "and it must be evident," he said, "that Manners must include all things which a man should impose upon himself, from duty to good taste."

Alas, after a life of but little profit spent in wandering through "the cities of many men," I sit beside the sea today, like King Canute the weary-hearted, and, at the age of twice thirty, vainly bid the oncoming waves of the times to stand still. And like my friend Hugh Walpole, I am saddened by the thought that "something, at any rate, has gone from the world, that the world will never see again." Many things have gone from it, I fear; but those that I miss most are the respect of youth for age, home ties, and the gentility that in other days was born of faith and tradition.

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The Lithuanians in the United States

An Old Race on New Shores

By Konrad Bercovici

EARLY in the year 1777 General Tadeusz Kosciuszko, a Lithuanian military man imbued with a spirit of liberty, came to help America in its struggle for independence. America was not then known as a haven of freedom but as a small colony that fought for its independence.

As a Lithuanian, Kosciuszko knew the value of independence. His own people had had little of it for any length of time in the last five or six centuries. Kosciuszko, spoiling for a fight in the cause of independence, came to America to help save the country for democracy.

A handful of followers from his country had come with him. And when these followers returned to their homeland they spread tales among the people of vast fertile fields that lay on the other side of the ocean waiting for the plow. Ere long, as soon as that independence in which the Lithuanians prided themselves in having played an important rôle had been gained, they began to arrive in larger numbers. As if this were another Lithuania. A free Lithuania; which had gained its independence while the mother-country was still under the yoke and on the leash of its oppressing neighbors. We always fight better for our neighbors than for ourselves.

Soon large groups of Lithuanians had settled on the farms about New York and within the present confines of the city; and hundreds, later on, had been drawn into the construction work of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, to complete the road-bed from Shamokin to Sunbury, and to lay the tracks of the line of the Bloomsburg Division. And so diligent were they as workers and so steady that there developed a strong competition between different companies to obtain them for work in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania. Timid, small groups arrived at first at Mount Carmel, Shenandoah, Pottsville, Hazelton, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, and the other mining-towns of Pennsylvania. The Dutch came out of their huts and the women stuck their heads out of the windows to watch the procession of tall, broad-shouldered, high-cheek-boned men arriving daily in groups of twenty and more, and walking calmly along the roadway, looking right and left, and taking intelligent cognizance of their surroundings. These men still wore their home-made jackets of olive green and the pink or gray trousers tucked inside high boots, and *shapkas* of cloth drawn well over the eyes. The women wore striped skirts of great amplitude, and about their heads and throats hung

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numerous cords of muslin and silk, the ends trailing down the back. Their white blouses were braided with black, and the enormous sleeves came to a tight end at the wrist.

The sober Dutch were at first unwilling to think that these people dressed so gaily for work, as they looked as if they had just prepared themselves for some masquerade ball. Were they the good workers that they had been praised for being? But it was not long before it was realized that these men were good workers because they did their work gaily, happy in the accomplishment of the smallest task, as if it were of the greatest importance. Before long, whenever it was possible in field, factory, or mine, the employers were satisfied to replace other workers with a higher paid Lithuanian. It was the first case of immigrants obtaining larger pay than natives.

The flood of Lithuanian immigrants coming from the Zemaidi, from the lowlands of the River Niemen, was so big that it seemed as if the whole country was being invaded by them.

The men who had preceded these large groups had sent home glorious stories about the paradise of freedom, and it happened just then that Lithuania, which was suffering the inquisitorial rule of the czars, had also suffered a bad economic reverse. Lithuania had till then been a large producer of rye and wheat. Its flax had been in great demand in Holland and elsewhere. And suddenly the three staple products became a drug on the market. A restlessness took hold of the whole Lithuanian population. The migratory instinct, long dormant, showed itself. Emigration from Lithuania was not all directed toward America. Large groups went to England and Scotland, others to South Africa and New Zealand, to the Canadian Northwest and to South America. There are traces of them everywhere in different parts of the world. Wherever they have settled they have taken root and have remained to stay forever, staying near other peoples but only slowly and reluctantly mingling with them. Once a Lithuanian always a Lithuanian.

§ 2

By 1896 the "land of opportunity" had a dozen and more newspapers and magazines published in the Lithuanian language, which is one of the oldest Indo-European languages in the world. Some forty years before, the group of Lithuanian immigrants, including a few women and children, which had taken possession of the little village of Hamburg, now part of Chicago's Fourth Ward, published a small newspaper which was intended to give information about the laws and economic conditions in this country to the people abroad. Magazines and newspapers published in 1896 were an enlargement both in size and in scope of the little sheet published by the Dzuks and the Kapsas, the tribes that had come to the village of Hamburg; and these magazines and newspapers, which were distributed and handed on from man to man among the villagers and peasants in Lithuania, and among the newly arrived immigrants here, interested the new-comers and hastened the exodus toward America. Peasants at home threw away everything they possessed for just enough money to enable them to pay their passage on the horrible boats which were then making the trip from Riga to New York. The conditions under

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which these people traveled were little better than the conditions on the slave-ships. There were no regulations as to how many passengers a boat might hold. No one had thought of sanitation and other such new-fangled things. One shudders with horror to think of the price paid by the youngest and oldest elements on these trips, for only the strongest could survive them. And yet Lithuanians are such a hardy people!

Before the end of the nineteenth century statistics show there were two hundred and seventy-five thousand Lithuanian immigrants in this country. They had spread out among the mining-camps and the road-construction enterprises, and many of them after having saved enough from their wages had gone back to farm work. There were Lithuanians engaged in tobacco-farming in Connecticut, Lithuanians working cotton plantations in Tennessee. There were Lithuanians in Ohio, Lithuanians in California, Lithuanians north, east, south, west, spread in small groups all over the country. The census registered them mostly as Poles or as Russians. There was no Lithuania then. It is because of this that there is a wide discrepancy between the census figures of the Federal Government and the figures furnished by the Lithuanian organizations. The census fixed the total number at about one hundred and thirty-five thousand. The Lithuanian Convention of March, 1918, which has the best information because it has the figures of all the hundreds of societies, associations, and lodges of the Lithuanians in this country, fixed upon seven hundred and fifty thousand as a minimum estimate. It is safe to say that one per cent. of the blood of this country is now of Lithuanian source.

As a people the Lithuanians are known in Europe to be one of the handiest people with tools. Even the Russians, who have never had any great love for their turbulent and intelligent vassals, have proverbs about the Lithuanian aptitude. There is one especially which says, "A Lithuanian goes into a forest riding his horse bareback and comes out of the forest afterward with a carriage and a beautiful harness." The Lithuanians can put their hands on whatever tools they please and can acquire the knack of a trade or skilled occupation quicker than almost any other human being. I have known Lithuanians who belonged to three different unions, to the cigarmakers', carpenters', and iron-workers' unions, so that when there was no work at one trade they could immediately jump into another one. And there were many trades they could have worked at if the union dues had not been so high.

Among the inhabitants of this country, the Lithuanians are the most prone to become fixed settlers wherever they go. They dislike moving from place to place. Many of the descendants of the original settlers of the Fourth Ward of Chicago, when it was the village of Hamburg, are still living there.

It is presumed that the Lithuanian is the oldest living nation in Europe. Unlike other nationalities who arrived long after them, the Lithuanians remained fixed almost in the same spot for thousands of years, spreading only very slowly as they multiplied from within. So much were they isolated in Europe from the other nationalities about them that their language was but little influenced by the flux and the currents of the languages in Europe.

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It is to-day what it was hundreds of years ago. The Sanskrit roots are still as clear and traceable as they were a thousand years ago.

The Lithuanians were the last people of Europe to accept Christianity, having become Christian only about four hundred years ago. And that not because they were more backward than the others but because they had their own civilization, their own traditions, their own mythology and religion. In the deep forests of Lithuania there are numerous groups which even to-day are devotees of their own hereditary code rather than the code that has been more recently accepted. Fire-worship is still practised by many of the people in Lithuania.

§ 3

Once settled here, they immediately began to organize their social life on the same lines it has followed for many centuries in their country. The expression of their social life here is through social, literary, religious, beneficial, and coöperative societies. The spiritual and the economic are not separated as with other nations, but are combined together. In Chicago the Lithuanians have twelve very beautiful churches, from which all culture radiates, and which were also the center of the propaganda in the struggle that liberated Lithuania from the yoke of Russia and Poland during the recent war. There are five churches in Pittsburg, four in New York, three in Detroit. There are about 325 Lithuanian churches throughout the country. There is hardly a mining-camp, whether in the Mesaba Range, in Pennsylvania, in Iowa, or in Montana, without a Lithuanian center.

There is hardly a weaving-center without a Lithuanian group of its own. The Lithuanians are foundrymen in western Pennsylvania. They are textile workers in New England, silk-weavers in Paterson. The packing-houses in Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha are filled with them. They are tanners in Philadelphia, hat-workers in Newark, dock-workers in Cleveland; and the needle-trade of New York, Rochester, and Chicago, as well as the sugar-refineries in outlying localities of New York City, and the shoe factories in Binghamton, New York, and Brockton, Massachusetts, are anything but strangers to the Lithuanians; everywhere they are preferred workers.

If one were to expect brilliant coups from the Lithuanians one would be sorely disappointed. As workers as well as thinkers and artists they are of a slow, plodding nature, getting there by the minimum nervous effort, but getting there in time because of the rhythmic persistency with which they drive forward. They are a very long-lived race. It is perhaps because of that that their efforts lack spontaneity. They have a subconscious reliance on their longevity. While men and women of a shorter-lived race would hurry to get to a conclusion in the shortest possible time, the Lithuanian, taking for granted the longer span of life that is his, gets there long after the other one has arrived, but gets there fresher and younger, with still more ahead of him.

Needless to say, such virtues have as concomitants a number of unpleasant and uncivilized attitudes which very frequently cause friction between the Lithuanians and other nationalities with which they come into contact. The Lithuanian considers himself superior to most other

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immigrant nationalities in this country. Not only because he regards his as the oldest surviving civilized European nation, but also because their literature and story-telling have inculcated into them a feeling of superiority. They point out that they have not become submerged by the more powerful nations in Europe. They have preserved their language. They have conserved their traditions. Racially they have remained comparatively pure. They will point out to you that Lithuanian blood is the bluest blood because it has not mixed with the blood of inferior nationalities, while all other nationalities are inferior. Conversation with a Lithuanian will quickly bring that feeling of superiority to the fore. The Lithuanian tailors assert that they are the best tailors in the world. The Lithuanian miners proclaim they are the best miners in the world. And when the needlework of their women, the beautiful woven cloth of the most charmingly harmonious color-combination, is exhibited publicly, the Lithuanians expect you to tell them that there is no more beautiful home product in the whole world. And as to the *melies risiai*, the love-bands worn by Lithuanian girls around the waist and in their hand-woven scarfs, the Lithuanians contend that there is no such thing elsewhere in the world. And there never has been.

In New York, different Lithuanians settlements are wherever there are Polish and Russian settlements, their neighbors and oppressors in their homeland, between Fifth Street and Twelfth Street, below Second Avenue down to the East River. There still were some old women a few years ago on the East Side who, with thread and spool, dyed by themselves, wove cloth on their hand-made looms, singing folk-songs as they worked, or listening to stories told them by the older men, sitting on the floors with their backs to the wall. There are lovely bits of fabric produced by the interlacing of the warp and woof that one can still see hanging about the rooms of Lithuanian families, in New York, in Chicago, in Cleveland and St. Louis.

§ 4

There was an old harness-maker on Sixth Street, the last of that trade to hold out in the lower East Side, whose work was such as to attract the lovers of leather-work from all parts of the country, some coming many miles to admire the work of his hands. I remember particularly a saddle and a bridle on which the old man had been working for fifteen years. Every day, after he finished work on his regular things, which he did in the most minute way, he would take down his saddle from a nail in the wall and would work for an hour or so at it. It was his recreation. The seams done by hand were so finely purled along, it was uncanny to watch him do it. He had inlaid bits of colored leather in such a harmonious combination of color, such harmonious and primitive lines, that it was a great joy to look at the things he had engraved.

I asked him one day how much he expected to get for it. He looked at me with big, astonished eyes, and his soft voice suddenly became raucous as he yelled at me:

"No sell! No sell!"

"Why, then, have you made it?" I asked him.

He looked at me with contempt. I

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realized immediately the *faux pas* I had committed. After a while he added:

"You like everybody. Everybody buy, sell! Everybody buy, sell! I make this for me, for myself, like child for me. What you mean me sell this, eh?"

There was a Lithuanian tailor where I used to have my clothes made, when I was in money, for he was one of the most expensive tailors down town. Moreover he had another drawback. One had to wait, and wait long. Not because the tailor had too much work, and not because the tailor was lazy. But one had to go to half a dozen fittings before he would consent to release the coat from his shop. He wanted everything perfect. He saw defects that I would never have detected.

This love of good clothes is characteristic of all the Lithuanians. Even among the track-workers and the miners and the farmers the Lithuanians are undoubtedly the best dressed of our immigrant population in this country.

Associations are almost a passion with the Lithuanians. They are undoubtedly the best organized population. There is a Lithuanian Medical Association in Chicago. There is a Lithuanian Pharmaceutical Association. There is a Lithuanian-American University Association. A Lithuanian Roman Catholic Alliance. A Lithuanian Roman Catholic Federation. A Lithuanian Alliance of America. A Labor Association. Women's Associations. Knights of the Lithuanians. Literary Associations. And there is a Lithuanian Federation which includes them all, to which all these societies send representatives at the yearly conventions.

The nineteen different national societies in the United States have 1405 branches scattered throughout the country, with a membership of 475,000. Yet even this large number of branches of societies gives only a faint idea of the number of associations in this country; for a number of other clubs, dramatic and coöperative societies have not yet joined the federation whose figures I quote.

In coöperative work the Lithuanians are as strong as the Danes. There is hardly a Lithuanian colony without one or more coöperative stores. And all these coöperative stores have also a cultural side-show. Each coöperative store is also a literary, dramatic, and musical club. In Chicago and elsewhere operas and operettas like "Traviata" and the "Bells of Corneville" have been translated into Lithuanian and sung there. Besides, the Lithuanians have their own composers like Pelrauskas and Simkus, who have composed numerous operas and operettas as well as songs, which the Lithuanians in this country have repeatedly produced and performed in their own language.

A good deal of the revival of Lithuanian culture was started and financed in this country. The Lithuanians living here have contributed largely to the funds which have been necessary to win the independence of the homeland, and thousands of them returned home as soon as independence was won. They returned not because they expected better economic conditions there than they had here. Quite the contrary. Each one of them was prepared to begin life anew. But they longed to go home, longed to live, even under poor circumstances, in their homeland, longed to begin a new life such as they had always

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hoped to live in their home country without interference from czars and other oppressors.

During the war I had been engaged in gathering material for the work done by the Lithuanian Association in America. I came in contact with a good many of the most cultured element of the Lithuanians. Like most people I was more or less ignorant of the true history of the Lithuanians, and had confused them with the Poles. In one of my conversations with a leading spirit of the association, a priest and doctor of divinity, I mentioned in a very tactless way the kinship of the Lithuanians and the Poles. The gentleman left the table without another word, as if I had insulted him in a most unpardonable way.

A few days later I received at my home a little map showing me where Lithuania was in Europe. It was hand-drawn and of course comprised the dream of Lithuania not as it was but as it should be, encircled by Latvia, White Russia, Poland, and Germany, and spreading along a large part of the coast-line on the Baltic Sea. I could not help looking at it a long time, it was so unusual and so beautifully drawn. Every surrounding country was indicated in a different color; Lithuania was in gold.

A few days later I received another card, which told me that the ancestors of the Lithuanians were the Hittites, whose civilization was much older than that of Greece, and that the Thracians, Lydians, and Cappadocians, who were absorbed by the Greeks, were the nearest blood-relations of the Lithuanians.

And on a later day I received another note telling me that the Lithuanians were a peaceful people long before Christianity had been introduced on the Baltic coast, that the reason they had not made themselves known through history was because they had not been a warlike nation, that they had never been a conquering people and had not shed blood as the peoples who had won for themselves the attention of the rest of Europe. In short, the Lithuanians were "the people."

Some days later I was given information as to the mythology of these Brahmans. And so every other day bits of information about the Lithuanians arrived by mail.

A month later in the course of my work I met the priest again. After a few words of conversation he concluded that I had absorbed all that he had sent me, and only then he began to talk to me as an equal. I wondered at the great erudition of the man, but what amazed me afterward was to find that every Lithuanian, no matter what his station in life, is conversant with the details of his country's history, can speak about his noble ancestry and his mythology in as thorough a manner as a professor of a university would.

If one were to ask me whether the Lithuanians are an easily assimilable material, I would point to Lithuania. To their history. To their language. To their traditions. To their separatist quality. A people that has withstood floods of so many colors and speeds without being engulfed is not easily assimilated. There is no reason to believe that they would suddenly become otherwise than they are. You can bend a sapling and train it to grow in any fashion you want. But a full-grown trunk may become stunted, crack, die, but does not bend freely.

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French Impressions

By Charles E. Clark

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In Rouen. Near here Joan of Arc was burned at the stake

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The Rise and Fall of Greenwich Village

II—Its Fall

By Floyd Dell

I—Death Devours All Lovely Things. If Greenwich Village was not quite a myth, it may yet become one. It needs, like Troy, only a poet to sing its fall:

"How many a strength hath fallen since thy fall,
Ah, Troy! yet still must men remember thee,
Though none doth weep o'er Corinth's funeral,
Nor Carthage left forsaken by the sea,
Orchomenos, nor Thebes, nor Nineveh!
All these have been and are not, but the fate
Of Troy, that never was, how wondrously
It moves the heart in these swift years and late!"

Greenwich Village, doubtless, was nothing much to sing of; but neither, perhaps, was Troy!

"A castle built in cloud-land; or at most
A crumbling clay-fort on a windy hill,
Where needy men might flee a robber host,
This, this was Troy! and yet she holds us still;
And I that rhyme, right sore against my will
And lingering long before the words of woe,
This ending of my task must I fulfil
And tell the tale of Ilios' overthrow."

So sang one of Troy's poets; and so, in prosier words, say I. This Greenwich Village, this dingy slum where "needy men might flee" for peace from the victorious hosts of a huge robber-civilization too ready to enslave them to its dull tasks,—this tiny refuge for desperate young lovers of beauty, in the midst of the rushing metropolis,—this fragile respite of theirs was already doomed. Greenwich Village could not remain forever islanded amid the roaring tides of commerce. Already the barriers were being broken down; Seventh Avenue was being extended southward, the new subway was being laid; in a little while the magic isolation of the village would be ended. The tangle of crooked streets would be pierced by a great straight road, the beautiful crumbling houses of great rooms and high ceilings and deep-embrasured windows would be ruthlessly torn down to make room for modern apartment-buildings; the place would become like all the rest of New York City—its gay, proud life would be extinguished. This was inevitable. But a worse and swifter doom than we

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could guess was to fall upon Greenwich Village. It was to become a side-show for tourists, a peep-show for vulgarians, a commercial exhibit of tawdry Bohemianism.

Let me briefly set forth the causes of that catastrophe.

II—"The Purple Purp." Little restaurants, of which Polly's had been the first, sprang up to minister to our comforts, tucked away in basements and garrets, gay with varicolored furniture, named with odd, childish, playful names. Here did the serpent enter Eden, demonstrating again the dear old doctrine of economic determinism. Restaurants can scarcely cater exclusively to the impecunious élite—though an honorable few bravely did so, till overtaken by the Day of Reckoning; a quixotic example that was not widely imitated. These little restaurants served to advertise the village to the people from up town, who presently began to come on sight-seeing tours, with their pockets full of money and their hearts full of a pathetic eagerness to participate in the celebrated joys of Bohemian life. The restaurants responded by laying on villagy quaintness in thick daubs, to tickle the fancy of the visiting bourgeoisie; and every day new restaurants and tea-shops sprang up underfoot and overhead to meet the demands of this new clientele.

As for the Villagers, they left these restaurants as fast as they were invaded by the up-town crowds; they found new eating-places, as yet unknown to the invaders—only to be forced sooner or later to flee from these in turn! It was partly a question of finances; good food at a cheap price was not what the up-towners desired —they wanted atmosphere; and the restaurateurs concentrated on atmosphere to the neglect of cuisine, in deference to their whim.

But it was not merely a matter of food; a certain village snobbishness was also involved. These up-towners, like all foreigners, were judged inevitably by their worst representatives —and some of them were pretty bad. Too many of them had no manners: they flocked in to stare and giggle and make loud remarks; and they tried, half enviously and half contemptuously, to buy their way into village companionship. They thought nothing of intruding upon a private party, introducing themselves, asking to be shown about, and offering genially to pay for everything! It was rather pitiful, this anxious desire, on the part of people who had worked respectably all their lives, to be shown how to play; but it was very tiresome. And what could we do about it? There they were; we could not put them out of our village! We could only, if it came to that desperate pass, go away ourselves.

III—The "Pagan Rout." We had left one thing out of our calculations: the fact that we had something which it seemed all bourgeois America—sick to death of its machine-made efficiency and scared respectability—wistfully desired to share with us: we had freedom and happiness. And these fellow-citizens of ours had the money with which to buy, as they fondly hoped, freedom and happiness. And with that golden key they did, indeed, open the door to our citadel.

Confession is good for the soul. I was one of those who, with the best of intentions, assisted in that betrayal;

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for I was one of a committee which went about looking for a place to hold the first Greenwich Village ball, and discovered Webster Hall. Those balls finished the process which the restaurants had begun. Yes, and it was I who furnished, out of my Roget's "Thesaurus," that name, "Pagan Rout," so potent in its appeal to the fevered imaginations of the bourgeoisie! The first of these village balls were, perhaps, all that the credulous up-towner could have dreamed; they were spontaneously joyous and deliberately beautiful—focusing in a mood of playfulness that passion for loveliness which had after all brought us to the village; but the later balls were likely to be dreadful, being given merely to make money. It pays to advertise some things, but not freedom and happiness; it is too easy for the ignorant purchaser to accept a cheap substitute. We had, in fact, shown the more commercially enterprising among us another way to make money out of the bourgeoisie.

IV—Professional "Villagers." The Villagers were beginning to leave the village for the suburbs; and those that still remained were hard to find, so closely did they secrete themselves. And now, to fill the gap left by their disappearance from their old haunts, appeared a kind of professional "Villager," playing his antics in public for pay or profit. Doubtless it is necessary for people to make a living; and perhaps this method was as honest as most others; still, there was something shocking about it—to a Villager. It was a bitter thing to have to look at these professionals, and realize that this was the sort of person oneself was supposed to be! Perhaps the imitation, like a malicious caricature, was too close for comfort; and the foundations of a future settled respectability may have been laid in the heart of many a careless inhabitant of the village by seeing just some such mawkish counterfeit, and having to ask himself, "Do I really seem like that?"

There was one—I will call him Willy the Wisp. He went about from table to table, in the village restaurants, selling his candies—"psychic candies," he called them, in the line of patter which accompanied the sale. "They are the color of your psyche," he would say gently. "Yes, dear lady, I have looked into your subconsciousness, and seen its secret need, and these are especially for you!" The visiting bourgeoisie, vastly entertained, sat attentively listening to his whole speech from beginning to end—flattering themselves perhaps that they were being inducted into the mysteries of village psychology. It pleased them, too—looking at his frail slip of a body, so utterly useless in the mills of industry from which they drew the profits they were out spending to-night—it pleased them, no doubt, to pay him a quarter for a handful of sweets. Perhaps they had a sense of patronizing the arts! Perhaps, in finding somebody in the village to patronize, they were triumphing over it, asserting the final superiority of their own respectable virtues over its wayward freedoms. . . . But why did I suffer when I saw Willy the Wisp come into a restaurant?—why did I writhe in my chair as he delivered his pretty little speeches?—why did I turn away, and wish I was n't there, and try not to hear or see him? Was it, indeed, as some cynical person might say, that he was too much a symbolic figure nakedly

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revealing the state of all the arts today, of all the artists, and even of my haughty and scornful self?—offering the bourgeoisie, in our poems and pictures and plays and stories, "psychic candies," and saying gently, "Yes, dear lady, I have looked into your subconsciousness, and seen its secret need, and these are especially for you!"—then pocketing the reward with a shameless smirk. Oh, I have no doubt Willy the Wisp despised the bourgeoisie as much as ever I did! I applaud his enterprise in selling bonbons for top prices; and perhaps bonbons were the very utmost of his creative capacities. Yet he was to me a half-tragic and utterly painful figure, filling me with a sense of shame and futile rage. I suppose I wanted Willy the Wisp, for the honor of Greenwich Village, to bang that fat gentleman over the head with his tray, and go, free and happy, off to jail! The idea must have occurred to him more than once, but no doubt he dismissed it as absurd. And Greenwich Village was no longer as absurd as it used to be—it was becoming more practical every day; even in its apparent madnesses there was good sound business method. That was perhaps the trouble with it.

V—The Shaming of the Snob. And there was another thing, which I will touch upon but lightly. It was impossible to escape some association with those barbarians from up town. Sooner or later one got to know them. The most chauvinistic and prejudiced Villager was sooner or later caught speaking to them. And, of course, it was then discovered that all uptowners were by no means such impossible folk! In fact, the more one saw of them, the more one felt them to be not so different after all from one's precious self. Some of them, indeed, were very nice.

Could this be because oneself was becoming bourgeois? Perhaps! For one could hardly possess a talent and exercise it in the village for several years without attracting some notice from the outside world and beginning to reap some worldly rewards from it. And gradually one discovered in oneself certain bourgeois traits—the desire for, say, a house in the country, and children, and a settled life—for one becomes tired even of freedom! Then let the bourgeoisie take Greenwich Village, by all means! We would move to the country, and be respectable!

And yet—not all of us moved to the country, and settled down, and became respectable. Concerning these different fates which might befall a Villager, let me tell a story, which I shall change only enough to avoid giving pain.

VI—Four Men at a Table. In those days when our village, though doomed, still brightly lived—in the latter days of that time of dreams which now seems like a dream—four young men sat at a table in the Purple Purp. At ten in the morning on that winter day, the Purple Purp was a leisurely place—so leisurely that the young man who brought us our ham and eggs and coffee paused to join with us in an argument about *vers libre;* and the blue-smocked, bobbed-haired girl in charge had time to dance with us in turn, to the music of the phonograph. We were the only patrons of the Purple Purp at that untimely hour.

We were breakfasting after a long night of talk and a few hours' sleep in some one's studio. There had been a

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party, and much drinking of hot mulled wine; and of the dozen who still lingered after the rest had departed, nobody wanted to go home in the snow; so the obliging host and hostess pulled mattresses from various couches and made one vast divan across one end of the studio floor, upon which the exhausted revelers might fall and sleep. The party danced and played and quarreled and made up about us unheeded, rose to its climax of friendly racket and hullabaloo, and died down at last into the peace of stupor—except for us in our corner, who still raised our voices noisily in the silence, shouting eager speech to each other. And then, toward dawn, weariness suddenly came upon us; and after briefly considering going out through the snowy streets to our own beds, we flung ourselves down wherever we could find room.

Our argument had become rather maudlin toward the last, not from drink but from sleepiness. Heaven knows how, we had got on to the subject of children, and their relation to the artistic life. Julian had said an artist had no right to have children; Ben remarked impatiently that in the future the community would take care of children and not leave them to the private enterprise of parents; and Paul suggested that children might enjoy and profit by the candor of a Bohemian home. I remember that discussion, because just as I was dropping off to sleep a few moments later, a door off the studio opened, and two children entered, a boy and a girl, about three and four years old, clad in their nightgowns and very wide awake. They did not seem to be surprised at seeing the sleepers on the floor; they wandered curiously about, looking at our sleeping figures by the pale light of city dawn that filtered in through the skylight. They were regarding us with that air of respectful deference with which children view the proceedings of adult life.

"That 's Mrs. Doe, and here 's Mr. Doe," said the little boy. It was odd to hear these two friends of mine described as Mr. and Mrs.—as though they were grown-up people, and not the most delightful and irresponsible artist-children in the world! So they went about, identifying us, calling us by the titles of our adulthood. "That 's father over there," said the little boy, pointing to our gay and whimsical host. I became more sharply aware of the identity of the lovely madcap on the divan to my right, whose tangled curls fell all about her sleeping head—and I waited for these children to give her presently her due rank and title in the world in which, according to them, she belonged. The little girl paused thoughtfully in front of her. "And here 's mother!" she said.

Somehow it seemed both sad and funny that she should be *that!* There was an incongruous and pathetic dignity in the term. I smiled with close-shut eyes, and her son and daughter passed on, tiptoeing so as not to wake these men and women whose privilege it was, as rulers of the great world, to stay up all night and go to bed at dawn. And then I slept, and awakened in broad daylight in the disheveled studio, and went with my three friends to the Purple Purp for breakfast. And now the discussion that had gone on all night was resumed again—to last all day, until late in the evening.

I had known these three others for

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some time, but it so happened that yesterday was the first time we had all met together. To-day, as we sat at the table, drinking our endless cups of coffee and smoking cigarettes, the differences that had made us clash all night in argument began to seem less interesting than the fundamental likeness beneath those differences; and we began to talk of that, and to celebrate it, jestingly and yet with a kind of wonder.

We were different enough in our histories. Julian had been the spoiled and tyrannized son of rich parents; they had tried to make a business man and a respectable citizen out of him. He wanted to be a poet; and he had just mustered up the courage to leave his business—and his wife—and come to Greenwich Village to write poetry and starve. Of course, no one ever did quite starve in Greenwich Village; it was one of the beautiful things about the place that no one who thought he could write or paint or make music need ever go hungry if he were not too proud to share the hospitable poverty of his friends. Here Julian was; and the path which had led him to us was strewn with ruins.

Paul there, leaning back in his chair and flicking his ashes to the floor with a nervous gesture, was a young reporter who had rashly thrown up a good newspaper job and come to New York to write short stories full of a brutal and uncompromising realism. He had been here a year and had yet to sell his first story. But he wrote on. There was no discouragement in his face; and if there seemed to be a brooding melancholy in his dark eyes, it may have been over the difficulty which, even in Greenwich Village, attends upon the having of too many love-affairs at one time. He made a precarious and uncertain living, just enough to keep him going; I remember his telling me afterward that a loaf of bread left in his room, after a party we had had there one evening, had been his food for the next three days. And his emotional life was by far the most irregular, at this period, of all our lives; while the mood of the village was now lapsing into domesticity of a sort, he still maintained a fierce and complicated freedom. And yet, in spite of all this economic and emotional wretchedness, he had an air of earnestly pursuing some deliberated course of action; there was, I remember Paul saying laughingly, a kind of perverse puritanism in Paul's Bohemian habits.

Ben, my third friend, had been a tramp, and was now involved in revolutionary politics. He looked a little of the vagabond still, a kind of Gipsy-man, with his thin muscular body decked out in corduroys and flaming necktie and flannel shirt, and his queer-shaped laughing face and rumpled hair. It was an accident, of a career diversified by many accidents, that had brought him here. He laughed at Greenwich Village, he despised it—he regarded us as idlers, triflers, butterflies of a summer's day; or, as he liked to put it, children playing on the edge of a volcano. He lived in a world of violent realities—of strikes and jails and the untold atrocities of the continual vendetta between militant capitalism and the militant proletariat—and, beyond that, in a world of violent hopes and fears, of world wars, of famine, pestilence, and class massacre. But, though he scorned us as the butterflies of a day, the thought of our impending extinction in the world cataclysm moved him, I think, to love

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us all the more and make the best of our society while yet he might.

In a sense I was the bond between the three, for I could understand them all. In our long night of splendid and useless argument, in which they had come no nearer agreement than a mere friendly contempt for each other's illusions, I had agreed with each of them in turn. Julian believed that the world needed beauty, Paul that it needed candor, and Ben that it needed the cleansing flame of revolution. And meanwhile the world remained deeply indifferent to all our efforts on behalf of beauty, truth, and the future. That neglect was the bond which drew us together. In howsoever different ways, we all scorned the world we lived in.

But, as it seemed at this moment, the strange thing about our companionship was not that we had by devious individual paths come together at last, nor that, coming together, we had been able to recognize beneath these surface differences of opinion the same deep disdain of the accustomed ways of the world; no, the strange thing was that it should have taken us so long to find each other.

Oddly enough, Paul had once worked as a reporter in the town in which Julian grew up; and they had met and despised each other. That was more astonishing now than complete unawareness of each other's existence would have been. It was not circumstances merely that had kept them apart; it was ignorance and fear. And, as if to complete the irony, Ben had chanced to be in that same town, years ago, for a few days, as a tramp. "I remember," he said, "that some kind gent gave me a dime on Christmas day—and maybe that kind gent was one of you two boys! Anyway, I was about starving, and that dime helped me to the biggest free lunch in town."

They began to orient their memories with reference to Ben's sojourn in that town. They fixed the time, seven years ago, and reckoned up their ages at that date. What were they all doing that Christmas eve?

"I had just come home from college for the holidays," said Julian.

"I was covering a story for the 'Record,' " said Paul.

"And I," said Ben, "was sleeping under a railway trestle."

"I might have been spared years of misery if I had known you boys then," said Julian wistfully. "I thought I was all alone in that town."

"I, too," said Paul. "I had n't a friend in the world—except Flaubert. With a live man to talk to, I might have made the break sooner."

"I was lonely enough," said Ben.

And they had none of them, in their loneliness, suspected that the town might hold friends—friends that were to be—and yet never now, perhaps, such friends as they might have been then when most they needed each other.

They played for a while with the fancy of what would have happened if they had all met that Christmas eve—say down town in a bar-room; would they have had a true word to say to one another?

"If you think I 'd have told the truth, in the presence of an enterprising young reporter," said Julian, "you are very deeply ignorant of the psychology of protective coloration! I 'd have been afraid to open my mouth."

"And I 'd not have failed to remember," said Paul, "that your father was

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one of the stockholders of the dirty sheet I worked for. Give myself away in front of you—no, thank you!"

"You were pretty scared of each other!" said Ben.

"That's how America managed to keep us apart so long," said Julian; "by making sure we 'd never know each other if we did chance to meet. And a pretty good job it was, too. It 's taken us a good many years to find each other. But we fooled 'em, after all. Here we are—safe in Greenwich Village!"

Yes, here we were; and it seemed as though something ought to be done about it—something adequate to mark the occasion. But—after all, we had not triumphed over the hostile world; we had merely escaped from it with our lives. We were still to perform those deeds which would justify our revolt. But we were still young; give us seven years more!

We began to talk of those next seven years—not quite as noisily as we had talked of the seven gone before. For all our bravado, the mystery of an unknown future oppressed us. What would happen to our lives in those seven years? What would we have accomplished, in our chosen realms of the Beautiful, the True, and the Utopian—what found or failed to find—what "of despair, of rapture, of derision"?

Ah, well! When those seven years were over—then we would know. And we could tell each other then.

So it was that, lingering late in the evening at that table, we planned to meet again in seven years. We fixed the date in our minds. It would be in December of the year 1924.

At the same place—at the same hour—at the same table.

VII—Life's Dusty Answers. That evening in December, 1924, came.

I went to the Purple Purp—now under another name; things had changed in Greenwich Village, as all over the world.

I went, though I knew the meeting we had planned could not be held.

Paul might be there—if he remembered, and if he cared to come. Fortune had changed for Paul in the meantime; and perhaps Paul himself had changed. I did not know; I had not seen him for a long time. But I knew he was very successful, very prosperous. He might not care to attend so melancholy a memorial as this.

For Julian was dead, by his own hand.

And Ben, for the sake of his opinions, was in prison.

I had been dulled to tragedy, I thought. So many had died—more nobly, doubtless, than Julian—but the death of one's friend is different. It strikes into one's own personal life, throwing its shadow into every little corner of one's daily thoughts. It afflicts with the poignant ache of unanswerable questionings. And yet it was not the dead I mourned; Julian was at peace; it was his living and suffering self of yesterday that had, as a debt paid too late, my praise and pity. Must one's friend die before one can know how much one loved him?

Nor, perhaps, need I mourn for my friend in prison. He knew well enough what prison meant, and he need not have gone; he might have been out in the sunshine to-day. But prison was a part of the career he had deliberately chosen for himself. His mind was braced to meet it. And yet—can any one be so utterly prepared as to face without regret the loss of liberty, of

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friends and love? These things were as dear to him as to any man alive; and I must wish them for him, even though he had heroically put them by. Ten years?—I told myself it would not be so long. But it had been nearly a year already that Ben had been in prison. How many years, I wondered, would it be before I saw him free? Another year? Two more years? These things were not agreeable to think about; and therefore I had to think about them. The pain of these thoughts was a debt I owed, if to nothing else, at least to friendship.

Julian and Ben—I had seen them both many times since that day when we talked so gaily together. I had bidden Ben good-by on his way to prison, And I had seen Julian only a few days before his self-willed death. I had reproached myself afterward for not having somehow saved him; if only I had been with him that day! For it was a mood; and (who should know better than I!) such moods pass. Yet some men—and Julian was one of them—are ruled by their moods. Who was I to have hoped to stand between my friend and his dark wish? I knew something, and could guess more, of the motives which had irresistibly impelled him to his act. And, as I thought of his life, it seemed to me that I ought to have known all along to what end it was shaping itself.

The determination of events is so clear in retrospect! Seen so, his death was as inevitable—had been as inevitable that day when we sat so gaily talking at the little table—as plain for a prophetic eye to read, as the fate of Ben. And perhaps (I began to think) those other fates, Paul's and mine, had been on the cards, too!

I found, when I came into the restaurant, that I had done Paul an injustice in doubting that he would come. He was there, waiting for me at the little table.

We found it at first hard to talk to one another. It seemed absurd to carry out our old promise and tell what had happened in those seven years to *us*. It would have been too smug a mockery of those two friends of ours, for whom destiny had no sweeter gift than the prison and the grave.

So I was thinking when presently Paul leaned back in his chair, flicked with that nervous gesture of his a tiny cigarette-ash to the floor, and, with the old look of brooding in his eyes, began to speak.

"I suppose," he said, "under the circumstances, I ought to be ashamed of being so—successful. Well, I 'm not. The truth is, I don't care.

"I tried," he went on, "to do the thing I wanted to do—tell the truth. People don't want to hear it. They may, some day—in that future Ben was always talking about. They may; but I doubt it. They prefer lying dreams—and probably they always will. I 've learned, you see—and it 's taken me long enough—what the human mind is really like. And it 's nothing to cry about. I 've always been clever enough at telling lies; and I might as well lie for the magazines at twenty cents a word as for the newspapers at space-rates."

I said something, but he paid no attention, and went on.

"The other night Bilkins gave a party. Bilkins," he explained, "is a suburban neighbor of ours, a commonplace and unimportant cog in the machine of big business, whose income is nevertheless considerably larger than that of the President of the

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United States. We were invited, my wife and I; and we went. I have been working hard, lately, and not going to any suburban parties, so my impressions were fairly sharp. I remember that I contrasted this party with the one that time here in the village, you remember, when we talked all night with Julian and Ben. The great difference, of course, was that at this party there was n't any talk, and there was all the booze in the world. In Greenwich Village, as I remember it, we were all young idealists. If we kissed the girls, we did it on principle; we did n't have to get drunk to do it, so that we would n't remember it next morning and be ashamed of ourselves. In fact, if we ever did get drunk, it was an accident; we did n't do it on purpose—we did n't need to get drunk, because we were never ashamed of anything we did. The more I associate with the bourgeoisie, the more I marvel at our young innocence here in Greenwich Village. We were all so damned noble! Even the cruel things we did, were done as—as Shelley might have done them. But I think we of the bourgeoisie—for I count myself one of them, now—are wiser. We know it is n't any use to be noble. There 's nothing to be noble for. We are n't fooling ourselves about Art or Revolution or Truth. We know that we 're out to have a good time. Well, I drank champagne that night, which left me clear-headed. I did n't particularly enjoy kissing the girls in corners—that 's a relic of my Greenwich Village training; I am disgusted at people's doing things they think are wrong. Nevertheless, I had a good time. And that 's what I want to tell you about."

He lighted another cigarette. "I had just been reading in the papers about another famine somewhere in the world. I 've come near enough to starving, myself, to know what it must feel like. I thought about those starving people while I was eating Bilkins's dinner. I thought also of Ben, in his prison stripes; I was wearing a very jaunty suit of evening-clothes. I thought about Julian; I was drinking champagne, and dancing with some lovely girls. And those thoughts did n't interfere with my enjoyment. Any one would say that thinking about such things would make me miserable. But I was n't at all miserable. Because life is like that.

"Ben in prison, for telling the truth. People don't like the truth; no wonder they put him in prison! But why should Ben be in prison for such people? Why not here at Bilkins's party, drinking champagne and dancing with some lovely girl?

"And Julian—he thought the world wanted beauty: he found out that it did n't. But why commit suicide because of that? Julian was too sensitive. He should have kept his beauty here—" Paul struck his breast lightly — "as I keep my truth.

"No—I danced, and felt that it made very little difference where one was—in the grave like Julian, or in prison like Ben, or here at Bilkins's party. It was all the same. I was n't sorry for Ben, or for Julian. I was n't even sorry for myself.

"Life goes on, you know. And we go on with it. And in a very real sort of way, we enjoy ourselves. I had a very good time at that party. I have a very good time, all round. It 's a mistake to suppose that one can't be happy in a meaningless world. Because at the end of all one's thinking is the question, 'Well, what of it?'

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And there is n't any answer, and there 's nothing to do but live and enjoy life. After all, that 's what we 're built for."

His talk shook me more than I wished to show. It seemed to me that Paul's doom was more akin to Ben's and Julian's than I had realized. Success like his was an extreme like the prison or the grave. And yet—I could understand how Paul felt. And I respected him, in some odd way, for feeling as he did. Whoever has once lived for unreal things, such as without any disrespect one may call Beauty or Truth or the Future, can never in an utterly simple way be at home among life's realities, however good and innocent these realities may be. He can only try to—and remain an alien.

Paul put out his cigarette. "You 've never been out to my place, have you? Come, and bring your wife. Helen will be delighted to show off her two lovely babies."

We shook hands, and he went away.

VIII—Finis. I sat alone at the table for a long time—and then went out to wander about the village.

Perhaps I was seeking for something to assuage my loneliness.

I went into the old places. I saw no one I had ever known, and all was changed.

The village—our village—was dead and gone.

Here were young people, as young as we once had been, as gay and eager. They were the new Greenwich-Villagers. They did not mind the changes, because they had never seen our village. And perhaps they had a healthy insensitiveness to all this uglification and pretense. Under the ægis of our legendary gaiety, they were enjoying themselves, in their fashion. Perhaps they were more robust than we had been. Doubtless they knew already all the things we had so painfully learned. For them the world would never suddenly go blank of meaning. They were accustomed to its not having any meaning. I saw ourselves, in retrospect, as touched with a miraculous naïveté, a Late-Victorian credulousness, a faith, happy and absurd, in the goodness and beauty of this chaotic universe. These young people knew better. Well, it was their village now; let them have it, and make of it what they chose!

I went out from the noise and smoke into the crisp December air, feeling old. Presently I felt older than that—I felt dead. A ghost, I walked about the midnight streets, meeting other ghosts—friends and comrades and sweethearts of those lost, happy years. Together we revisited those glimpses of the moon.

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Catherine the Great

III—Potiomkin

By Katharine Anthony

In middle age Catherine the Great grew enormously stout. Some of the clothes which she wore at fifty and thereabouts are still preserved in the Kremlin Museum. A skirt of blue velvet, her favorite wear, testifies to the ungraceful breadth of beam which detracted from her appearance and afflicted her pride. She had always taken pains to look her best, and as she grew older and stouter and more toothless her cheeks grew brighter and brighter with rouge. She made up every day as if for a dress rehearsal.

The stout old lady never lost the dignity of her carriage nor the uprightness of her posture. Her bearing was extremely proud. It was one of the things for which her aunt, the empress, and her husband, the czar, had hated her. Her blue-gray eyes had a commanding, open gaze. She had a long chin and a firm jaw. In short, she had the features which are supposed to go with a commanding personality and which in her Majesty's case fulfilled the tradition. Her eyes, however, were friendly and smiling.

The empress loved flattery. Her letters from Grimm, from Voltaire, from Frederick the Great, are full of it. Best of all, she liked to be praised to her face. Diplomats arriving at the Russian Court were warned by their well-wishers to indulge the empress in this respect. It was said that there was no limit to either the amount or the crudity of what she could enjoy. This was an exaggeration. She wanted the tributes to sound convincing, the flowers to seem real. The empress could be cynical if the flatterer allowed her to catch him red-handed.

"I do not like flattery," she wrote to Prince Viazemsky, "and I expect none from you." But the prince would not have risen to be one of the chief advisers of his sovereign if he had taken her instructions too literally. "Sie hatte die Eitelkeit eines *parvenu*, eines *self-made man*," says Brückner. The German princess, whose native language has no word to express exactly the kind of person that she was, became as Russian empress every inch a parvenu, if not exactly a self-made man, and she had the psychology of the type. Certainly she loved flattery, an art in which the eighteenth century excelled. There were giants in those days, magnificent egoists who knew how to drink their flattery like gentlemen.

The qualities of this complex Catherine scatter themselves before us like the pictures in a scrap-book. She was this and she was that, and in every instance she was also the opposite.

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Perhaps the simplest way to organize the variegated picture of her complex personality is to say at the start that she was a despot, in private relations and in public life. No temperament more dominating, not even that of Peter the Great, ever ruled over all the Russias. Catherine was a successful tyrant because she knew how to command and also how to yield. She had extraordinary insight into human nature with not too many prejudices to block the view. In all directions not so blocked, she was extremely clairvoyant. She was easy on her servants, allowing them to sleep late while she made her own fire, and passing over petty thieving with a jest. Laughter she adored. One of her scientific essays discussed the different ways of laughing. She loved Voltaire as much for his gaiety as for his wisdom. "Since Voltaire died," she wrote, "it seems to me that honor no longer attaches to good humor; he was the divinity of gaiety." Voltaire once compared her to St. Catherine, but she repudiated the title of saint. She prided herself on being a child of nature, and one of the rowdier children of that careless mother besides.

History has said of Catherine that she was a woman with a masculine disposition. She had brains, she was ambitious, she kept favorites. All this is implied by the fact that she was one of the absolute monarchs of her time; she followed a trade to which women were not ordinarily admitted and got herself into it by her own efforts. She said of herself that she had a masculine disposition, and we know that she loved to play the part of "Monsieur" in her correspondence and in her horseback riding, and that she named herself Colonel of the Guards. As she grew older and stouter, the rôle of "Matushka" blotted out that of "Monsieur" and "Colonel"; but the change to Little Mother betokened no lessening of the aggressive element in her personality. It was her tendency to dominate, and she could always find a rôle, either masculine or feminine, in which she could play out her natural disposition.

Catherine's estimates of her own character are the best that have been written. It was a great loss to students of human nature when, in a moment of political danger, she destroyed all her papers, including a sketch of herself written at the age of fifteen. We should like to compare it with one which she wrote at the age of sixty-two and addressed to Senac de Meilhan. Her pen, it seems, moved best when her thoughts were directed toward another person as if in conversation.

"I have never believed that I had the creative spirit," she wrote. "I have known many people in whom I have recognized, without envy or jealousy, considerably more genius than I have. It was always easy to influence me, because in order to do that it was only necessary to have really better and actually worthier ideas than my own. Then I was as teachable as a lamb. . . . I have never tried to force people's views but I have also in any particular case held my own opinion. I do not love strife, because I have always found that in the end each remains of the same opinion. Besides I have never learned to lift my voice. I have never been resentful, because providence has given me a position in which I could not be so toward individuals, and because, in order to be just, I could not regard the circumstances as equal. In general I

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love justice but I am of the opinion that there is no unconditional justice and that moderation alone corresponds to human weakness. . . . When old people preached severity to me, I confessed my weakness to them with tears in my eyes, and it sometimes happened that many of them, also with tears in their eyes, came over to my opinion. I am by nature cheerful and open-hearted, but I have lived too long in the world not to know that there are bitter natures which do not love cheerfulness and that it is not everybody who can endure candor and truth."

§ 2

Catherine the Great loved to picture herself in heaven conversing with Confucius and Cæsar and Alexander the Great. If she could have seen herself as the subject of all the suggestive anecdotes which are told about her in Russia to-day, or as the heroine with three hundred lovers who sparkles so wickedly on so many modern stages, she would, without the least shadow of a doubt, have been extremely happy and delighted. That posterity should think of her as a Russian Messalina would be exactly to her taste.

The number of her favorites was not three hundred but merely twelve. They were openly acknowledged, and no royal consort in any country ever enjoyed a brighter glow of publicity. Nothing is more surprising than the recognition which she accorded them or the respect and formality with which she surrounded them, except perhaps the curious indifference and matter-of-factness with which they were accepted by society in Russia. Most of the romancing came afterward when Catherine and her twelve lovers had gone the way of all flesh.

The empress was, in this aspect of her life as well as others, a woman of few explanations. But she wrote a confession for Gregory Potiomkin, who was Orlov's first real and genuine successor. It appears that Potiomkin had heard stories which show that gossip had already begun to exaggerate the number of Catherine's intimates. To reassure him, the empress told him all the facts.

Her list begins with Sergei Saltikov and tells how she accepted him on the advice of Madame Choglokov and Madame Saltikov, "Sergei's Mama." The next person named in Catherine's confession is Poniatovsky, whom she made King of Poland. "He was amiable," she writes, "and was loved from 1755 to 1761. After he had been away three years . . . and because Prince Gregory Gregorevich [Orlov], to whom well-meaning people called my attention, took pains for me, I changed my way of thinking. He would have stayed forever if he had not grown tired. I learned this on the exact day of his departure from Tsarskoye Selo for the Congress [of Fokshani] and drew from it the simple conclusion that with this knowledge I could no longer have any confidence. The thought tortured me cruelly and led me to make from desperation a choice by chance." This desperate choice referred to Vasilchikov, the only one of Catherine's favorites who had royal blood in his veins and the least of them all in her eyes. Her confession ends with Potiomkin, to whom it is addressed. The favorites who followed him were Zavadovsky, Zoritch, Korsakov, Lanskoy, Yermalov, Mamonov, and Zubov. Except for Lanskoy, who died, and Mamonov, who married, Potiomkin dismissed all of

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them or believed that he dismissed them. When he could no longer do that he realized that his lady had discarded him for good. He became, as Gregory Orlov had become fifteen years before, an exile from the warm nest that had long sheltered him, and, like Gregory Orlov, he could not endure his loneliness.

Potiomkin was loved by Catherine for fifteen years. Previously she had loved Orlov for ten years before she cast him off. She had a degree of faithfulness with which she has never been credited. Not that Potiomkin lingered in Petersburg all this time. As official favorite and public escort he lasted only two years. He was too restless for captivity, and he could not bear to be stared at, a part which the handsome Orlov had played to perfection. Potiomkin went away to Novgorod, to the Turkish wars, to the Crimea; he was driven hither and thither across the endless plains of Russia by his craving, restless spirit. The empress, left alone, something she could never bear, took one favorite after the other in his place. But always Potiomkin returned and compelled her to dispose of them. At a word from him, she turned them out.

Potiomkin had a fascinating personality. He was not liked, but he captured the imagination. Legend has pictured him as a great Russian brute who drank heavily and swore outrageously. Doubtless he swore; every Russian swears as naturally as he breathes. But he was not a drunkard and he was not a brute. He was a frightened, timid hare, with a wild creative genius which came through here and there without ever developing much power of expression. He could be a real poet on occasion although he is known as the author of only one song, and also a real general on occasion although he trembled at the sound of guns. The most contradictory things have been said about him because the most contradictory things were true about him.

He had the tall, well built figure which Catherine admired, but otherwise his appearance was not prepossessing. He had lost an eye, and nobody knew when or how the accident had happened. Potiomkin himself never spoke of it, but his feelings on the subject may be imagined from the fact that when a one-eyed man was sent to him with a message Potiomkin struck him down. It is doubtful whether Catherine herself knew the true cause of the accident. In writing about Potiomkin, she ignored his handicap entirely. Another peculiarity of Potiomkin's which she passed over in silence was a nervous jerking of his face. One trait, however, she did refer to sometimes in a jesting tone and that was the way he constantly gnawed his finger-nails.

Potiomkin was cynical, morose, and silent; a wistful, tortured creature who was obliged to make people afraid of him in order to conceal his timidity toward others. They called him "Cyclops," and his imposing figure did not belie the reference to the one-eyed giant. Perhaps the original Cyclops also was as sensitive and fearful at the core as was the awe-inspiring Potiomkin. Legend has made a great deal of the middle syllable of his name, "tiom," meaning dark, which has served to accentuate the romantic picture of Potiomkin as a villain and a hero.

Potiomkin was a Southerner, a Ukrainian. The men of his family had followed either a military or a

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cloistered life. His father was an obscure captain, and an uncle had entered a monastery after rising to the rank of colonel in the army. Gregory Potiomkin reversed his uncle's course. He first became a monk or almost became one, having spent several years in preparation traveling from one monastery to the other. He was well versed in the theology of the Greek Church and was extremely superstitious. His orthodoxy was another aspect of Potiomkin's life which Catherine, who prided herself on being a free-thinker, did not like to expose.

Up to the age of thirty-five, when he became the favorite of the empress, Potiomkin seems to have had no idea of marriage. He was deeply attached to his sister, whom with her five daughters Catherine kept about the court. With one of his nieces, Countess Branicky, Potiomkin was especially intimate. After he left the empress, this niece accompanied him everywhere. It was as if, like Catherine, he was morbidly afraid of being left alone, and Sashinka Branicky was obliged to be always with him. One of the stories about General Potiomkin was that, instead of galloping over the battlefield on a war-horse like General Suvarov, he usually appeared driving in a kibitka with Sashinka at his side. Nevertheless, in this state, he managed to cover a great deal of ground, for few Russians traveled farther or more swiftly than did General Potiomkin. And always his devoted niece was near at hand. How Sashinka found time to marry and have children, as she did, is hard to explain. She not only reared a family but was a successful moneylender, earning for herself thereby the nickname of the banker to the court of Russia.

Potiomkin was a semi-Tatar in his habits. Slovenly and indolent, he would lie on his couch for days clad only in a *khalat*. In this same informal habit he would visit the empress, to the horror of the Europeans and the astonishment even of the Russians. Potiomkin fancied himself in this informal costume, over and beyond the fact that the lazy undress suited the inertia of his temperament. The loose *khalat* was not unlike the monastic robe which he had once planned to wear and which, whenever things went wrong between him and his imperial mistress, he thought of putting on again. He was friendly with all priests, with whom he spent much time, not, it appears, so much in theological discussion, though he is said to have excelled in this, as in card-playing and betting. His devotion to the church is seen in the way he could stand motionless and decorous all day while mass was being said. He was not physically too lazy for this effort although otherwise so indolent that the simplest formalities of Russian court life were too arduous for him.

Many vindictive portraits of Catherine's lover were drawn for posterity. Most of them were made by French writers that could not understand a man who, notwithstanding all the riches that his mistress placed at his disposal, preferred to live as a Byzantine when he might have lived as a Parisian. To the sophisticated French Potiomkin was scarcely a Russian; he was almost an Asiatic. The big one-eyed man who sprawled on a couch all day in a bright dressing-gown, playing with a handful of unset jewels or listening to Plutarch's "Lives" being read aloud, was a strange creature who had turned his back on the civilization of

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France and who yearned only to revive the ancient glory of Alexander the Great. The mere name of Alexander was an inspiration to Catherine and Potiomkin: it had been the name of Potiomkin's father and became that of Catherine's grandson. It symbolized the magnificent dream which united them. Together they would go to Constantinople. One day Potiomkin burst forth, as he lay on his couch and listened to Plutarch's "Lives," "If any one should come to-day and tell me that I should never go thither, I would shoot myself through the head." For many years the empress and her lover drove in perfect unison toward their common dream; and when they no longer believed it they died.

§ 3

Potiomkin, a true son of Ukrainia, was a troubadour. He composed a song to his lady which became a popular lyric. "As soon as I beheld thee, I thought of thee alone; thy lovely eyes captivated me, yet I trembled to say I loved. To thee, love subjects every heart, and enchains them with the same garlands. But, ah, heaven, what a torment to love one to whom I dare not declare it! One who can never be mine. Cruel gods, why have you given her such charms? Or why did you exalt her so high? Why did you destine me to love her and her alone, her whose sacred name will never pass my lips, whose charming image will never quit my heart."

Catherine's churlish lover was not poor in fancy. His tributes to his lady showed imagination of no mean order. As he composed lyrics in her honor, he also composed pageants and other exhibitions of great beauty and impressiveness. The famous journey to the Crimea was a magnificent processional. Potiomkin's arrangement of this trip proved him a poet and a dramatist as well as a politician and a general. It employed all his talents at once.

His contrivance of effects along the way has been misconstrued. Hence the legend of the "Potiomkin villages," which according to his detractors were cardboard houses surrounded by peasants and cattle who had traveled on foot many hundreds of versts in order to complete the picture. That history should have blamed instead of praising Potiomkin for his artistry shows how little his mission in life and his share in Catherine's grandiose schemes have been understood. Both of them believed that the road to Constantinople would one day be lined with prosperous villages and that the temporary settlements thrown up at so much expense along the route would at no great distance in the future become permanent establishments. No one was deceived by the demonstration of prosperity, unless it was Potiomkin himself, who half-way believed in the spectacular growth of population induced by his own invention aided by Catherine's rubles. He was a daring artist who designed and executed grand effects.

All the world crowded into Cherson to see the empress and her prince. A room for the night cost a thousand rubles, and an egg for breakfast cost a florin. Potiomkin was beside himself with joy. He ordered the gates of the city to be moved several versts farther out and told the empress that the throng of visitors had decided to remain as a permanent addition to the population. He believed it himself, and the empress believed it with him. Looking out over the harbor of Cher-

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son toward Constantinople they could believe anything. In a kibitka they drove to the mouth of the Bog, and the empress looked across the narrow water at Turkish land beyond and lusted after it.

Catherine the Great employed the same Machiavellian technic in the acquisition of the Crimea that she had already used in Courland and in Poland. In the art of bribery no monarch has ever excelled her. The credit, or the blame, for Russia's seizure of the Crimea usually goes to Potiomkin. He was at least the flawless negotiator of his lady's scheme. The khan was slowly forced into a corner from which he could only escape by running straight into the arms of the empress. This was where he found himself just five years after Catherine's visit to Cherson, while Potiomkin took possession of the Crimea in the name of Russia.

Catherine had at last won possession of the land of Tauris, where Iphigenia, snatched away from her father's home to live among strangers, once reigned as a priestess. Something like this had happened to the Princess of Stettin when she became Empress of Russia and the head of its church. Catherine and Potiomkin restored the ancient name of Tauris to the peninsula and revived the Greek names of the towns and seaports, hoping to recall the Greeks who had abandoned their homes to the Tatars. To Potiomkin himself the empress gave the title of Prince of Tauris; henceforth he swept magnificently through her correspondence as the Taurian.

During the second Turkish war, Catherine wrote to her lover twice a week. In her letters she showered him with pet names as in public she hung him with orders. He was her beloved-est, her little dove, her gold pheasant, her papa. So she spurred him on to battle with the Turks. It was not easy. The Ukrainian either stormed ahead or collapsed in moods of desperate discouragement. There were days when he was ready to evacuate the Crimea and to resign his generalship in favor of Rumiantsov, his detested rival. "You are as impatient as a five-year-old child," the empress chided, "while the business intrusted to you demands unshakable patience." The general was subject to frequent relapses to his five-year-old impatience, and in this mood he was ready to abandon all to the Turks if the empress's letters had not served to restore his aggressiveness. She had urgent need to write him twice a week. The Prince of Tauris was ready to give up even Tauris itself whenever his pessimistic feelings overcame him.

In the spring of 1791, Potiomkin realized that his relations with the empress were threatened. He was in the same state of mind which had rendered Gregory Orlov incompetent to negotiate terms with the Turks at Fokshani in 1772. "If you wish to roll a stone from my heart," the empress wrote, "if you wish to free me from a heavy nightmare, then send a courier at once to the army with instructions to begin operations immediately by sea and by land." But Potiomkin was unable either to make an attack or conclude a treaty. He felt that it was time for him to go to Petersburg and turn "the little black boy" out, as he seemed to be settling into his place there with an ominous air of permanence. Leaving the command of the army to Prince Repnin, Potiomkin turned his back on the Turks and

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dashed northward, growling his usual thunders in advance.

But the empress was infatuated with her young lover, Plato Zubov, and refused to drive him forth at Potiomkin's bidding. It was the first time that Potiomkin had felt himself wholly powerless, and his disturbance was acute. Since bluster and threats were of no avail, though with all previous rivals they had sufficed, he fell back upon his prowess as an entertainer. The Prince of Tauris would win his lady back with his poetic talent as he had wooed her fifteen years before. He would turn troubadour as he had done in the springtime of their love. At that time Potiomkin had been an impecunious officer who could afford only to write verses to lay at his mistress's feet. Now he was a prince with riches at his command, and the empress loved gaiety and merrymaking. Potiomkin decided to give her such a party as Petersburg had never seen and to stake all on the outcome.

The prince had built a magnificent palace near his empress. He had adorned it with the richest furnishings of the South. His Oriental treasures would have made the great Alexander himself envious. In a vast room strewn with Persian rugs, his guests dined from Persian glass and golden dishes of Russian workmanship. Potiomkin's cook had nothing in common with the botchers whom the empress employed in her kitchen. His cook was a famous artist; he made the best sterlet soup in Russia, and his master had been known to send a military officer two thousand versts to fetch a tureen of it. In short, the prince's table was such a table as had never before been spread in Russia and has probably never been since. He used his military officers to fetch and carry for his cook. They brought oysters from Riga, melons from Astrakhan, and grapes from the Crimea. The first oranges ever brought to Russia were served on Potiomkin's table. Even Frederick the Great, who was one of the chief epicures of his time, might well have envied the dinners of the Prince of Tauris.

The festivities of the desperate suitor surpassed anything he had ever done before. His resources were strained to the uttermost. A series of dinners, balls, pageants, arranged around the empress as the central figure, astonished the court by their grandeur. His food and fireworks were an experience even for the most blasé of the Russian nobility. The magnificence of his effects mounted from day to day, as the strain of his effort also increased. He was fighting for his life.

For the empress also the ordeal was frightful. She endured it as long as she could and then mercifully swung the ax which was to end Potiomkin's struggles. One morning she sent for him to thank him for his entertainment of the evening before. She referred to the occasion as a farewell feast and spoke regretfully of his departure for the front, which she assumed was immediately necessary. Potiomkin understood; he had lost his last throw.

He left for the South in a mood of the blackest depression. He told his friends that he would never return. As soon as he arrived in camp at Jassy, he fell ill with a fever. His niece, the faithful Sashinka Branicky, was with him and nursed him. All that the doctors prescribed, Potiomkin refused to do; all that they forbade, he instantly demanded. He insisted on eating like a gourmand. In every way

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he acted like a man bent on dying. His last meal was like the repast of a condemned man on the morning of his execution. He ate a quantity of salt pork, raw beets, a goose, and still another fowl, all of which he washed down with Crimean wine and Russian *kvass*. He is said to have died from overeating while in a fever, but he had really died before he left Petersburg. He was scarcely a living creature when he arrived at Jassy.

After this orgiastic meal, his bed became intolerable. He demanded to be taken from Jassy to Nikolaev, as he said, for a change of air. With his niece in the kibitka, the dying man drove westward. Gradually his strength faded and the raging temperature subsided. The attendants were obliged to take him from the carriage and lay him on a rug at the roadside. There beside the dusty way, in the arms of Sashinka, he expired. He had gone the way of Gregory Orlov, but had gone more directly. The empress had killed her last man.

§ 4

The empress hated growing old and resisted to the last the infirmities of age. She was obliged to wear glasses and detested them. This was not, she told her secretary, the ordinary process of physical decay but a penalty "because she had worn her eyes out in the service of the state." The loss of her teeth did not worry her half so much, because the loss was so universal and so irremediable. In spite of powder, wigs, and beauty-spots, the teeth of the eighteenth-century lady were at the mercy of her years, and the empress with millions of rubles was no better off than any peasant grandmother in Russia.

Worst of all, she lost the use of her legs. They became so swollen that she could not move about and was obliged to sit in a wheel-chair while she took her airing in the colonnade of her Tsarskoye Selo palace. To reach the garden below, she built of stone and sod an inclined way down which her chair could be gently propelled until it reached the grove of live-oaks. The Petersburg nobles whose invitations she accepted built similar approaches to their palaces in order that the empress need climb no stairs. Leaning on the arm of her beplumed, beribboned, and bestarred escort, the handsome Plato, she would toil slowly up the incline while her host stood bowing to await her successful arrival. In this fashion Catherine the Great made her last public appearances, tottering before the eyes of all beholders like a child learning to take its first steps.

She took to playing cards more assiduously than ever. Her passion for conversation grew less. The change may have come about because she no longer had men like Grimm and Diderot about her to tempt her to conversational orgies lasting seven hours. Madame Vigée Lebrun was in Petersburg during the last years of the empress, but Catherine never spent seven hours at a time conversing with any woman. Even after sixty, she was not reduced to that. Her energy sufficed to the very end to defend her dominant likes and dislikes. She had suffered great physical losses. The use of her legs, all of her teeth, and half of her eyesight were gone, yet the vigor and charm of her personality remained unimpaired. On the arm of the handsome Plato she would brazen it out to the end. She wore him like a decoration.

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Young Zubov had no realization of what had happened at Ropsha in 1762. The murder of the czar was mere history to him. His conscience was virgin, and his youth made him irresponsible and selfish. He was a man without a past; he had nothing to make good. Fortune had suddenly rained treasure upon him out of a clear sky, and he accepted her bounty like a child who forgets to say "thank you." He was arrogant, arbitrary, and grasping, and he became ruthless after his triumph over the redoubtable Potiomkin. The Prince of Tauris had been laid away in an anonymous southern grave because Plato Zubov would not allow the empress to build a tomb for him.

As Catherine grew older, her circle of intimates grew younger. The two Zubovs, Plato and his brother Valerian, and her two grandsons, Alexander and Constantine, now occupied the foreground, while all the middle-aged cavaliers were relegated to the background. Catherine had married her grandsons young, much too young their governors thought. She now considered that her granddaughter, Alexandrina, was of marriageable age, although the princess was but fourteen. The empress had been scarcely older than this when she received a proposal of marriage and accepted it, although her father had feared to send so young a daughter to Russia. Catherine remembered that young girl with a great deal of affection and sympathy. "Tell me truly," she once burst out in a letter to Grimm, "would n't it be charming if an empress could remain all her life long only fifteen years old?" It remained always the most vivid year of her life, the year in which she had told her dear papa good-by and had set out to seek her fortunes in Russia. And now the charming young princess had reached that very age. Her grandmother had already selected a husband for her.

Gustav the Fourth of Sweden was seventeen when he came to the Russian Court at the empress's invitation as a suitor for the hand of the Russian princess. He was a serious young man who had reverted to the piety of his grandmother Ulrica, a sister of Frederick the Great, whom he had married to the Crown Prince of Sweden a few days after Catherine's betrothal to the Grand Duke of Russia. Ulrica's marriage had had one great advantage which Catherine's had lacked; the Queen of Sweden had not been obliged to abandon the religion of her fathers and revert to a pagan church. As Queen of Sweden, she could remain a Lutheran all her life. Gustav was, like his grandmother, an ardent Protestant and a believer in all the mystical cults of the eighteenth century which the empress disliked.

Catherine's entertainment of her Swedish guests was regal past all precedent. The court flowered in a succession of balls and festivities the like of which had not been seen since the first visit to Russia of Prince Henry, brother of Frederick the Great. Gustav was impeccable as to form. The late King of Sweden had been the glass of fashion, and his son, in spite of his solemn piety, bore the mark of Paris. The grand dukes, Alexander and Constantine, seemed uncouth by comparison with this serious young man whose manners were so painfully perfect. Gustav was an assiduous reader of the Bible, to which he was accustomed to turn for counsel whenever he found himself in any difficulty. If the em-

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press had had the advantage of modern psychology she would have known her Swedish prince at once for a repressed youth and a reluctant bridegroom. But not having this advantage, she pressed onward to her goal and plunged headlong into the greatest humiliation of her life. As she said, she was more than half in love with the young man herself.

The marriage contract was all but signed. One point of difference only remained to be settled, the future religion of the princess. Catherine had stipulated that the girl should be allowed to keep her faith, and should be permitted to have her Russian confessor and her Russian chapel in the Swedish palace. The young king demurred. On the surface, all went well. Zubov and Markov, who drew up the contract for the empress, presented an amiable exterior, and the Swedish prince appeared noncommittal.

It is at this point that Zubov is said to have advised the empress badly. He is supposed to have induced her to stand out for impossible terms and to be responsible for the bad diplomacy she exhibited. It is extremely unlikely that this was the case. In the crisis which developed before the eyes of the court, the real contestants were the seventeen-year-old king and the sixty-seven-year-old empress. It was a life and death contest. They had joined battle over an issue supremely precious to both of them and neither could endure to lose.

The empress was extremely romantic about the whole business. She commanded the young couple to kiss each other in her presence and made airy remarks about wishing to capture the handsome bridegroom for herself. In fancy she relived her own betrothal, hoping in Alexandrina's marriage to redeem all the undesirable features of her own. Her granddaughter should have not merely half a dozen chemises but every luxury that a bride could wish, and above all she should be spared the ordeal of conversion. No doubt Alexandrina would just as soon have changed her creed as not, but Catherine could not picture this indifference. She had forgotten for the time being that she and her fifteen-year-old granddaughter were not one.

On the evening when the marriage contract was to be signed, the empress shone like a sun on her throne. She had assembled for the occasion the grand world of Petersburg. Church and state were present in full regalia. The bishops stood about in embroidered robes covered with pearl and smaragd, while military messengers in bright velvet breeches flashed back and forth and princesses in wide satin skirts courtesied before the smiling grandmother on her throne. Thousands of candles shone upon the scene. The hall had been prepared for the bedazzlement of Europe, for the empress in fancy faced not merely the eyes of her own courtiers but the eyes of all the courts of Europe. Whatever happened here was not intended to happen privately.

Slowly there crept into the atmosphere of the room a suggestion of suspense. Conversation ceased, and the company looked around expectantly. But a glance at the imperturbable empress in her purple mantle and diamond crown was sufficient to reassure the company and to restore the atmosphere of ease. The Princess Alexandrina had appeared, but Gustav of Sweden still remained invisible. The

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Russian Court had been accustomed to mysterious delays under the Empress Elisabeth, but Catherine's régime had taught them to expect more promptness and formality. But even the Empress Elisabeth had expected a bridegroom to be prompt. The time dragged slowly along until at last the English clocks showed ten. Still the empress betrayed no anxiety as she faced the question now apparent in all eyes.

At last Zubov appeared and whispered something in her ear. With difficulty she arose, took his arm, and passed through the room to her own chamber. As the door closed behind her, she fell to the floor unconscious. It was said that she had fainted, but more probably she succumbed to a slight stroke of paralysis. What Zubov had whispered to her was the ultimatum of the king. Gustav would not sign the marriage contract as long as it contained the clause which permitted Alexandrina to retain the Russian religion.

The empress could not believe herself defeated. To be beaten by a seventeen-year-old boy was unthinkable. She needed a little time to bring the youth around and to overcome a stubbornness which she had underestimated. She arranged a ball and commanded Alexandrina, who had cried until her eyes were red, to don her finery and appear as if nothing had happened. "Why do you weep?" she wrote on a scrap of paper. "What is put off is not lost. Wash your eyes with ice and your ears too, and take Bestushev's drops. Nothing is lost. It is I who was ill yesterday. You are vexed about the delay. That is all."

Alexandrina obeyed her grandmother. The king also attended the ball. But the two young people no longer met as formerly; the king was punctilious, and the princess was self-conscious, and even grandmama was not so gay and airy as she had been. She insisted on keeping the recalcitrant young man two weeks longer and refused to consider the negotiations closed even when he departed for Stockholm. Her hopes died hard, and even after they were dead she was unable to bury them.

To the empress, unaccustomed to failure of any kind, the shock of defeat was dreadful. Almost apologetically she wrote to her son Paul: "The fact is the king pretended that Alexandrina had promised him to change her religion and take the sacrament in the Lutheran way, and that she had given him her hand on it. . . . She told me with the candor and naïveté natural to her how he had told her that on the coronation day she would have to take the sacrament with him, and that she had replied, 'Certainly, if I can, and if grandmama consents.' And after that he spoke to her about it again, and she always referred him to me. I asked her if she had given her hand to the king by way of promise on this point. At that she cried with a sort of instinctive fright, 'Never in my life.'"

The Princess Alexandrina wilted like any jilted village maiden. After her grandmother's death she was married by her father to a prince of Austria, where after a brief unhappy married life she died in childbirth. She was always morbid, spiritless, complaining. The instinctive fright of which her grandmother spoke never left her. All of the empress's family were lacking in normal aggressiveness. Her lovers, her son, her grandchildren whom she brought up were all in some degree

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afflicted with the same instinctive fear which the Princess Alexandrina showed. Catherine the Great, like others of her kind, did not succeed in imparting greatness to her descendants.

§ 5

After the Swedish king's departure the empress's health grew worse. There were days when her poor swollen legs would not support her at all and she suffered tortures with them. The summer at Tsarskoye Selo, where she was always at her best and happiest, did not help her. When she walked to the audience-chamber, she no longer leaned on Plato Zubov alone but required an attendant on the other side as well. She took the air in her wheel-chair along the blue-walled arcade as far as the agate pavilion and then back again, not an easy journey for a woman who, had she not been herself, would have been bedridden. In the month of August she saw a shooting-star and said that it foretold her death. She had grown suddenly and darkly superstitious.

Returning to Petersburg in the autumn, the empress put herself in the hands of a notorious quack. Her doctors were more astonished than offended. The empress, who had searched Europe for scientific physicians, who had brought men like Rogerson, Weikard, and Dimsdale to Russia, and who had introduced vaccination by offering herself as the first subject, had suddenly reverted to black magic. Pathetically she submitted to all the drastic remedies that her healer recommended. A daily foot-bath of ice-cold sea-water was a part of his régime, and he went himself daily to fetch the water for the patient's use. At first, Catherine actually seemed to improve. She appeared at her soirées again and joined in the gaiety, laughing until her sides ached.

On the morning of November 6 she rose as usual at six o'clock, drank her customary five cups of coffee, and set forth cheerfully on the routine of the day. She sent for her secretaries and gave her usual orders. Then she asked to be left alone for a moment and retired to her dressing-room. The attendants in the antechamber waited more than the usual length of time for their summons, but it never came. When her private secretary finally entered the apartment, he found her lying unconscious on the floor. She had had a stroke of paralysis. They dragged the mattress from the bed and laid the dying woman upon it, for she was too heavy to be lifted. The gasping animal which had once been the empress struggled with death while the hands of the clock went around three times. The following evening she died.

Beginning with Peter the Great, the Romanovs had all been buried in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Although it seems strangely out of keeping with her temperament, Catherine had not wished to be buried beside Peter the Great. Four years before her death, she wrote these instructions concerning her burial-place:

"In case I should die in Tsarskoye Selo, lay my body in the churchyard of Sofia. If in the city of Petersburg, in the cathedral or the burial church of the Nevsky Cloister. If in Pella, bring me along the waterways to the Nevsky Cloister. If in Moscow, bring me to the Donskoy Cloister or to the town churchyard near-by. If in Peterhof, to the Sergei Cloister. If in some other place, to a churchyard near-by.

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"The coffin shall be borne by horse-guards only and no one else. My body shall be clothed in a white dress, with a golden crown on the head on which my name shall be written. Mourning shall be worn for six months but not longer; moderation is best. After the first six weeks, the people's amusements shall be opened. After the burial, betrothals, weddings, and music shall be allowed.

"My library with all my manuscripts and all my papers, I bequeath to my dear grandson, Alexander Pavlovich; likewise my jewels; and I bless him from my heart and from my soul. A copy of this shall be put away in a safe place to insure its fulfilment, so that sooner or later shame and disgrace shall overtake those who do not carry out my will."

The empress was not buried according to her instructions. She was placed in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul beneath a white marble tomb like that which covers all the Czars of Russia who followed Peter the Great. She had prepared an inscription for her gravestone which read:

HERE LIES
CATHERINE THE SECOND
BORN IN STETTIN ON APRIL 21/MAY 2, 1729

In the year 1744 she went to Russia to marry Peter the Third. At the age of fourteen, she made the threefold resolution, to please her consort, Elisabeth, and the nation.

She neglected nothing in order to succeed in this.

Eighteen years of boredom and solitude caused her to read many books.

When she ascended the throne of Russia, she wished to do good and tried to bring happiness, freedom, and prosperity to her subjects.

She forgave easily and hated no one.

She was good-natured, easy-going; was of a cheerful temperament, republican sentiments, and a kind heart.

She had friends.

Work came easy to her; she loved sociability and the arts.

But the instructions of the empress were overlooked, her wishes disregarded. The smooth marble slab which covers her conveys no word of this, her message to posterity.

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The Bitter Bread of Exile

Sketches from a Nomad's Note-Book

By Marguerite E. Harrison

I. Disenchantment

It had been a long, hard day. Since five o'clock that morning we had bumped and jolted in our springless *tarantas* over the old caravan trail, furrowed by the broad tracks of countless bullock teams and pitted by the padded feet of many camels. A thin coating of snow made it impossible to choose the smooth places. A fine sleet was falling, and the wind was against us.

Kosakov, my *yamschik*, was in a taciturn mood that morning. Things had not gone well with him. The center horse had gone lame, the young colt that pulled at the right was unusually obstreperous, the harness broke three times in succession.

The snow made heavy going, and it was nearly three o'clock when we made the first post station, midway between Khara and Iro. It consisted of two Mongol yurts, round tents of felt stretched over a wattled frame, presided over by a small Buriat boy. They were pitched at the edge of a frozen river, flanked by arid slate-colored hills.

As we stopped in front of the larger of the two yurts, reserved for the accommodation of travelers, I stretched my cramped limbs, climbed out, and went inside to warm myself in front of the fire of dried camel-dung in a brazier in the center. The small boy started the samovar, and Kosakov busied himself unharnessing and feeding our exhausted *troika*.

After I had unpacked our dinner, consisting of black bread and cold mutton, I strolled out to take a look at my surroundings. They were dreary enough in all conscience. Gray landscape, gray sky, not a human habitation in sight except the two lonely yurts. Some distance away was a rounded mass, hardly distinguishable, through the driving snow. At first I took it for a haystack; then looking closer I saw that it was another yurt. I could tell it by the thin stream of smoke that rose from the center opening. Evidently some one was living there.

There was time to spare before the samovar would come to a boil, so I strolled toward it thinking I would find a Mongol family on the move. But as I came nearer I saw that there were no horses tethered outside. Every Mongol, no matter how poor, owns one or more ponies.

Some one was singing inside, and there was something strangely familiar about the melody. I stopped and listened. Across the still, lifeless steppe

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there drifted to me the solemn words and the haunting rhythmic melody of the inspired hymn of the Russian Nihilists, the glorious funeral march:

"Ye victims who fell in the ruthless fight
With boundless love for the people,
You sacrificed all that you could for their sakes,
For their lives, for their glory, their freedom.
The masses arose and awaked from their sleep
Free, great, and mighty.
Farewell, brothers, you nobly trod
The shining path of honor."

The words and melody had always stirred me even when I had heard them sung in Russia by the Marxian dogmatists who had appropriated them for their own, while imprisoning anew the brave men and braver women who had once sung them in czarist prisons. But the unknown singer was giving them a deeper and more poignant meaning.

He had a lovely, rich barytone voice that seemed to vibrate with suppressed emotion. For a few moments I listened spellbound. It sounded like a voice from another world, and gave me a curious sense of unreality. Was I dreaming? Then I came to myself with a start. The explanation was perfectly simple. The yurt was probably occupied by one of the propaganda agents sent out by the Soviet Government to win converts to the great new creed of materialism.

I walked to the door and looked in. A man was sitting on the floor so intently engaged in the work of fashioning a small mud stove with a wooden spoon for a trowel that he did not even look up until I had been standing there for a full minute, and I had ample opportunity to appraise him and his surroundings.

Except for a sheepskin jacket thrown to one side, an old rifle leaning against the wall, a tin cup, a knapsack, and a few wooden bowls, the yurt was absolutely empty.

The man himself was no longer very young. I judged him to be about forty-five. He was dressed in rough frieze breeches, tucked into a pair of *valinki*—high boots of felt; his blouse, buttoned to the throat, was of faded green broadcloth. His head was bent over his work. I saw a mass of dark curls, streaked with gray, a finely chiseled sensitive profile, and a pair of long, slender hands, with tapering fingers that looked as if they were more fitted to handle a sculptor's chisel than a workman's trowel.

"Good morning, *tovarisch* (comrade)," I said.

He started and looked up.

"Good morning," he said tersely, without interrupting his work.

Then silence.

It was discouraging, but I thought I would try again.

"Are you on your way to Urga?" I asked.

"No, I live here," he returned, glancing up.

And then I saw his eyes. They were wonderful eyes, the eyes of a dreamer, an idealist. Eyes that could be marvelously eloquent, I fancied, but at the moment they were devoid of all expression. It was as if their owner had drawn an invisible curtain over them. They reflected the outside landscape like window-panes with the shades pulled down, but gave no hint of what was within. There was some mystery here. So, undismayed by the

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stranger's lack of communicativeness, I squatted down beside him and inspected the stove.

"You 've made a very good job," I said, "but I don't believe you ever made a stove before in your life."

"No," he said. "I have n't. I 'm learning to do many things I never did in my life before. There 's something wonderfully soothing about reducing life to its fundamentals and devoting all one's energies to the struggle for existence."

"But I should hardly call it that," I replied. "It is numbing, rather than soothing."

"Perhaps," he answered. "But sometimes we crave a mental anesthetic."

Then he abruptly changed the subject.

"You 're a stranger," he said, "and you 've been in Russia recently?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I 've come all the way from America, twelve thousand miles, to be among Russians once more."

He gave a short laugh.

"And I," he said, "have gone five thousand miles to get away from them."

My remark had somehow broken down his reticence. He began to talk feverishly, rapidly, the words fairly tumbling over each other.

"Yes," he repeated. "I felt that I would stifle if I could not get away from Russia, the new Russia I helped to create, for which I gave my youth, my life's blood, all that was best in me —the Russia I had dreamed of ever since my student days. We used to plan how it would be when I was a student at the University of Kharkov. We met clandestinely in garrets and cellars to pave the way for the dictatorship of the proletariat and the millennium. Engels, Lassalle, and Bakúnin were the prophets of the new creed and the voices crying in the wilderness. Marx preached the new gospel. We were his disciples. The new gospel, like the old, was to be preached with a sword. But once it became known the time would not be far distant when swords would be beaten into plowshares. All differences of race and class and caste would be wiped out. We would all be free —free in the fullest sense of the word —physically, spiritually, morally!

"I was very young when the Revolution of 1905 broke out, too young to take any active part. Nevertheless, I was arrested on account of my known sympathy with the Nihilist movement, and I spent a year in prison. After my release I became an instructor in the University of Odessa, then professor. I taught there for three years, during which time I was never free from the ceaseless persecution of the police. Finally, I was arrested again. This time I spent six months in prison and was eventually deported with my wife and baby. For six years I lived in Switzerland as an exile, giving Russian lessons and writing articles for the French newspapers for a living— all the while working ceaselessly for the cause.

"I was one of the little group that was with Lenin at Zurich, and I followed him into Russia, going through Austria in disguise. During the intervening months between the March and November revolutions I worked tirelessly as a member of the Bolshevik faction of the Social Democrats. I had become convinced in the early days of the Kerensky régime that the revolution would be lost if it were left in the

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hands of the intellectuals who composed the Kerensky Government. The new Duma was an excellent illustration of the saying that where there are three Russians there are four political parties. They argued and shilly-shallied, unable to formulate a definite program. The peasants were clamoring for legislation assuring them the possession of the land. The army was thoroughly demoralized, poorly supplied with munitions, mutinous and half starving. The western front was on the verge of collapse, and the Allies, while exerting tremendous pressure on Kerensky to keep up the offensive against Germany, gave us nothing but advice, though promising all sorts of material assistance.

"The only party that had a definite program, the organization and discipline necessary if Russia was to be preserved from chaos or reaction, was Lenin's party, the majority faction of the Social Democrats which had gone over to pure communism. I enrolled myself as a party member. I was one of those who helped to form the Provisional Government in 1918. My name does n't matter. It is known all over Russia, and it is a byword in reactionary circles in Paris and Berlin.

"I was a member of the Central Executive Committee, and one of the leaders of the Terror. Two years ago I would have resented the use of that word, but I do not hesitate to use it now. At the time repressive measures were necessary. We were besieged by enemies without and within. It was as Marx had predicted—historically inevitable. It was the only way by which we could establish the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"I am no weak-kneed pacifist, and I did not shrink from even the most extreme measures, but I was always looking forward to the time when the workers and the peasants would come into their own. It never occurred to me that the process would have to be evolutionary, not revolutionary, that the people were unready for the Utopia we had planned for them, or that the possession of power is such an insidious poison.

"I was supremely confident until I began to perceive unwillingly that we were building up a new bureaucracy, creating new class distinctions, substituting dogmatism for altruism. I saw my old friends and comrades, with whom I had lived in exile, arrested and thrown into prison because they refused to subscribe to all the articles in the new creed. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, were absolutely banned, even within the socialist parties. Opportunists, drunk with power, sat in high places and ruled as autocratically as the Romanovs. We had meant to institute the dictatorship of the proletariat, and we had merely substituted a new class dictatorship.

"Something was wrong somewhere. The more I thought about it the less I could make it out. Feeling as I did, it was impossible for me to go on. It was equally impossible for me to repudiate the party because—and here is the tragedy of the whole thing—I still believed in communism. Why has it failed? Where has it failed? I asked myself these questions night and day until I thought I should go mad. Finally I decided that I must be alone somewhere until I could think it out.

"I resigned as a member of the Central Executive Committee, asked for an *otpusk* (relief from party work),

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giving ill health as an excuse, and left for Siberia. But even there I found party agitation. I kept meeting people, running up against problems, that forced me to think against my will, so I came here to Mongolia with nothing but my knapsack, my rifle, and the clothes I have on my back. I have not read a book or seen a newspaper for nearly a year. You are the first European I have met. All summer I helped the Mongols herd cattle on the steppes, leading their nomad life, in the saddle from morning to night, trying to kill thought in sheer physical weariness. I refused to think. As with Omar the Tent-maker, the search had taught me that the search was vain. But like all my countrymen I suppose I am somewhat of a mystic; and, materialist though I am, I am subconsciously waiting for the revelation."

Here he broke off with a short laugh.

"I don't know why I have told you all this," he said. "I was in a state of mental anesthesia. You 've brought me back to consciousness and back to suffering; Diogenes and his tub again —only Diogenes was quite sure of himself. I 'm rather sorry you came. You reminded me of things I wanted to forget."

So saying, he picked up his wooden spoon and applied a dab of mud to a crack in the stove. He bent over it, working meticulously and with utter absorption in his work. There was a long silence.

"Good-by," I said finally, adding the old Russian salutation, *"Vsevo horoshovo* (may all good come to you)."

He made no answer. I lifted the heavy felt flap that hung over the opening of the yurt, went out, and left him to his task.

II. DELIRIUM

The *Admiral Vodkhinsky,* the finest of the line of superannuated rivercraft that navigate the Amur River from Nikolaievsk to Blagovestchensk in the summer-time, had stopped at the little village of Verkhni Tambov to take on wood. These frequent stops were our chief diversion. Tosia, who was going to Khabarovsk where she had been promised a job as a stenographer; Mikhail Ivanovitch, my engineer friend, who was to leave us shortly for a long prospecting trip up the Amgun River; Maria Yekaterinovna, who had been to Nikolaievsk to look for her relatives only to find that they had been massacred in the summer of 1920; and all the rest of us, would otherwise have been terribly bored on the nine-day journey.

We stood on the paddle-box watching the crowd that had come to meet us at the wharf. The scene was very typical. In the background, perched above the high clay bank, was an irregular line of one-story houses, weathered to a soft silver gray by the Siberian winter. Behind them was the church with its faded blue cupola, dotted with gold stars from which the gold was peeling off, and surmounted by a Greek cross perched at a tipsy and most unecclesiastical angle. It had probably been that way for years but nobody in the village cared. *"Neechevo,"* as they say in Russian.

A small group of peasants had gathered to meet us at the wharf. There were blond-bearded muzhiks in high boots, sheepskin coats, and squirrel caps, young Parins with gaily cross-stitched blouses, buttoned to the throat, buxom girls with bright headkerchiefs, shapeless old babushkas

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with shawls over their heads. Here and there was a Giliak suggesting a cross-strain between Mongol and Eskimo, his long twin pigtails and fantastically embroidered Chinese coat topped by a modern straw hat. The women had nearly all brought something to sell—fresh eggs, honey, butter, cucumbers, chickens, little pigs roasted whole. The men were trading wood for flour with the captain, haggling over the bargain, or selling skins for tea and sugar. On the outskirts certain underhand transactions involving an exchange of vodka or opium for small canvas bags of gold-dust were taking place.

"Let 's go down and buy some provisions," I suggested.

The menu on the *Vodkhinsky* was distressingly uniform, consisting mainly of rye bread, tea, boiled mutton, and cabbage soup; and we were soon bargaining for various delicacies.

When I had purchased a pound of honey and a half-dozen cucumbers, after a long and heated parley with an old woman who was squatting behind her basket on the sand, I looked up, started, and looked again. I could hardly believe my eyes.

Facing me was a German soldier in a field-gray uniform. True, it had been patched with varicolored bits of frieze until a large part of the original had disappeared. But the lines of the tunic, the chevrons on the sleeve, the number of the regiment on the collar-band rendered it still unmistakably a uniform. On his head was a German service-cap, with a little red button in front.

There were still many German prisoners of war in Siberia. I had frequently met them in various places, but they had all settled down, adopted civilian dress, and become Russians to all intents and purposes. Numbers had preferred starting life all over again in a new country to repatriation in a changed fatherland. Others had grown tired of waiting for the exchange of prisoners, which did not take place until 1920, and had abandoned all hope of getting back to Germany. But I had never seen one who continued to wear his uniform.

"*Guten Tag, Kamerad,*" I said to him in German.

He looked at me gravely.

"*Guten Tag, Fräulein,*" he returned, evidently taking me for one of his countrywomen. "What internment camp do you come from?"

"Internment camp?" I gasped, not grasping his meaning.

"Yes," he said. "I did n't know there were any civilians interned in this part of Siberia. Most of them were at Vladivostok. I suppose you are being transferred to Khabarovsk."

I stared at him in amazement, as he continued:

"Have you had any news from the front, *Fräulein?* Our troops had just taken Minsk when I escaped. I have been out of it for so long that I don't know what has happened. They took me at Tannenberg in 1914. We were sent to Irkutsk, and then small parties of us were ordered to work in the mines along the river. I ran away with three comrades. We lived in the woods for months. Then," and a puzzled expression crept into the blue eyes, "I don't remember just what happened. And these Russians—*ach, Fräulein,* they just feed you up with lies. You can't believe a word they say. We should be advancing on Moscow, and the Japanese must have gone over to us by this time. They

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were going to arm all the prisoners in Siberia. It 's time I was getting my orders."

"Why, man!" I exclaimed. "Don't you know the war is over?"

He looked at me blankly.

"You 're just like all the rest of them," he said. "They 're always telling me things like that. I may be a prisoner, but I am no deserter. Hans Schmidt, who lives in the next village, took a Russian name and calls himself a civilian. But they 'll court-martial him if they ever catch him. I am going back to my regiment in uniform."

Just then a woman nudged my arm.

"What has Franz been telling you?" she asked in Russian. "He has queer ideas at times."

I told her.

"I suppose it was seeing you that started him all over again," she said. "He married a woman here in the village, and he is quite rational except when you ask him to take off his uniform. Poor Marussia, she spends half her time patching that uniform."

Then I found out that Franz had drifted into the village four years before, apparently from nowhere. Marussia had found him huddled up on the door-step one morning, babbling incoherently with fever. She had nursed him through a bad attack of typhus. After that he had settled down as a member of the household, chopping wood, fetching water, and making himself generally useful.

Marussia was a widow with three small children. In due course of time they were married. Marussia did the proposing and he had acquiesced, promising to take her back to Germany with him when the war was over. News of the peace at Brest-Litovsk reached them only after many months, and Marussia told him.

"*Unsinn*," he remarked contemptously. "Our army is overrunning Russia. They just want to deceive you, Marussia."

Nothing that any one in the village could say or do had ever shaken his conviction that the kaiser's "invincible" gray hordes were sweeping eastward and would eventually reach Siberia.

All this while Franz stood watching us suspiciously. Then he broke in:

"Don't let them deceive you, *Fräulein*. They would n't let you know the truth. When we get back to the Fatherland we 'll both laugh at the lies we heard in Siberia. *Ach*," he continued, "what a wonderful home-coming that will be! Hindenburg himself is sure to review our division, and perhaps the kaiser. He always called us his children. My regiment was part of the garrison at Potsdam."

As he spoke his eyes glowed. His figure, in its tattered gray rags, straightened. He stood instinctively as he might have stood on the parade-ground in the shadow of Sans Souci.

I thought of telling him that I had heard the Russians and the Germans were exchanging prisoners and that he might go to Khabarovsk, give himself up, and be listed for exchange. Then I reconsidered my decision. There was a suspicious hollowness about his chest, his cheeks were unnaturally flushed, and as he talked he was interrupted by a little hacking cough. It seemed kinder to leave him in his world of dreams and to let him answer the last roll-call in his old gray uniform.

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III. DENATIONALIZATION

Personally, I am never so patriotic as when I am in a foreign country. I forget all my grievances against the powers that be. Not being affected by its provisions, I can look charitably on the Volstead Act. The vagaries of Congress do not disturb me. Income-tax returns trouble me not. I am a citizen of the greatest and most powerful nation on earth, and I feel a sense of immeasurable superiority and tolerant benevolence toward less enlightened nations. Also, I am quite certain that there is no country in the world where the officials are so efficient, where the government is so representative, and where there is such personal and civic liberty. I remain in this state of mind until I meet the first immigration officials at Quarantine. The farther away I get from these United States the stronger the feeling grows.

The same is true not only of Americans but of other nationals in foreign parts, and the handful of Europeans in our little colony in Urga, the capital of Outer Mongolia, on the fringe of the great Gobi Desert, was no exception to the rule. We all lived in different parts of the town, but we used to meet frequently at the house of the only permanent American resident, a man whom I shall call Robertson. Mrs. Robertson, who was a Dutchwoman by birth, was the only woman in Urga who knew how to cook a real European meal, and her dinners were so popular that little by little the few unattached foreigners persuaded her to institute a regular mess, and they began to take all their meals there.

It was a very cosmopolitan company in the summer of 1922. Mrs. Robertson and I were the only women. There were Robertson himself, a big, blundering, whole-hearted American boy who, having been inoculated with the germ of unrest during the World War, had never been able to settle down to fixed employment and had finally drifted somehow or other to Mongolia, where he was in the trading business; Olafsen and Ericsen, employees of the Danish Telegraph Company that had in an incredibly short time built up the line between Kalgan and Urga destroyed by the retreating Chinese in 1921; the Sundstrom brothers, Swedes, who combined the fur-trading business with the purchase of swift little Mongolian ponies for racing men in Shanghai and Peking; Sands, an American engineer, with an unratified concession to a fabulously rich gold-mine very much on his mind; and Brenner, an Austrian, agent for a big wool firm in Tientsin. These were the permanent members of our mess. Among our occasional guests were several Russians and an Englishman named Ethridge, who represented a fur-importing house in London.

After dinner, when we did not divide up for bridge or start the phonograph for dancing, we sat around and discussed business, which was bad, the local political situation, which was worse, and the sanitary condition of Urga, which was simply rotten.

We had fairly unbiased judgment on all these matters, but when the conversation turned on our home countries every man present tried to convince his companions that Denmark or Sweden or the United States or England was the finest country in the world. All of us anticipated going back home within the not too distant future, and we used to plan what we

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would do when we struck Copenhagen, Christiania, London, or New York; all —except Brenner.

During these conversations he never opened his mouth but sat absolutely silent with a certain underlying tenseness concealed behind his mask of detachment. One day I began to twit him, laughingly, about his reserve.

"Why don't you stand up for your own country, Mr. Brenner?" I asked. "Tell us what you are going to do when you get back to Vienna."

He took his pipe out of his mouth, laid it down deliberately on the table, and said slowly:

"I 'm not going back there. I don't belong in Austria any more. In fact, it is hard to say where I belong. I 'm a mongrel, as far as nationality is concerned. I wonder if you realize, you neutrals who have been looking on at the whole thing, you Allies who have rearranged the map of Europe to suit yourselves, how many people have been denationalized by your doctrine of self-determination?

"I was born at Bozen in South Tyrol, of an Austrian family that had always been intensely, passionately nationalistic. It was in my blood. There was no monument to my grandfather in Innsbruck, but he was one of the Austrians who fought against the French with Andreas Hofer, and was executed with him at Mantua, in Italy. He died for a united Tyrol.

"As you probably know, there was no particular enthusiasm among the Austrian people over the World War. We had been entangled in an inextricable web of diplomatic intrigue, bound hand and foot to Germany, and we had to take the consequences.

"As an officer in the Austrian reserves I was mobilized at the beginning of hostilities and took part in the Galician campaign. I was taken prisoner in 1916. We were first sent to Perm in Russia, then further into Siberia. For about a year I worked in a clothing factory run by prisoners of war in Ekaterinenburg, where I learned to be an excellent tailor. We were not inhumanely treated, and I think a great many of us accepted the fortune of war with something more than philosophy. We were glad to be out of the whole miserable business.

"It was after the Revolution that our troubles began. A number of us escaped during the general demoralization, but we were later recaptured, and then we began to realize the disadvantages of being bourgeois; the enlisted men, being presumably proletarians, were given all the privileges. We officers got all the knocks and all the hard work. Besides, constant attempts were made by *provocateurs* to implicate us in various plots. I was one of the foremen. Several times spies, stationed in the factory, informed against me, accusing me of sabotage, and I was placed for weeks in solitary confinement on bread and water for the alleged offense.

"When the Czecho-Slovak advance on Ekaterinenburg was imminent we were sent back to Russia. The fact that the Versailles Treaty had been signed and peace restored between the Allies and the Central Powers, and that the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk had been concluded the year before, had not affected our status. There was no exchange of prisoners, and none in prospect.

"In 1920 the repatriation of Germans and Austrians began. At that time I was working on a cotton plantation in Turkestan, where I had been

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sent in 1919 and farmed out to one of the planters, who was operating it as a government enterprise. Food conditions were terrible. I was half starved for months. Besides, I had contracted Oriental malaria, and I was so weak after the long, terrible journey to Moscow that I had to be carried from the train to the motor-truck on which we were all transported to the concentration point for the echelons which were being despatched weekly across the Esthonian border. But nothing mattered. I was going back—back to Austria!

"Of course, we had known about the general terms of the peace treaty, but we were not informed as to its territorial provisions, and it had never occurred to me that Bozen, my native town, could possibly be included in the territory ceded to Italy.

"When we arrived in Reval, however, our papers were examined and checked up at the office of the Repatriation Mission. I handed mine in. The official in charge looked at me.

"'Ah, you were born in Bozen,' he said. 'I suppose you know that Bozen was ceded to Italy. You have the right to choose whether you will remain an Austrian subject or become an Italian. If you remain an Austrian you may return to Bozen, but you will live there as an alien.'

"It was as if I had received a blow full between the eyes. I had looked forward to going back to my beloved Tyrol, to settling there, taking some part in politics, helping toward the rehabilitation and reconstruction of the new Austria on the ruins of the old. If I elected to live in my old home, the place where I was born, that was endeared to me by a thousand ties,—on the soil for which my fathers had fought and died,—I would be an alien, debarred from any activity. If I wished to devote my life to helping Austria I must give up my home, with all its associations and memories. I could not face the issue. Perhaps all I had been through had weakened my moral fiber, but I could not bring myself to make a choice between my physical and my spiritual fatherland. My one thought was to get as far away as possible.

"I went to Berlin and then to Hamburg, where I got a berth as purser on a tramp steamer sailing for the Far East, and arrived in Shanghai some months later. There I obtained a position with a firm of German wool exporters. They sent me here, and here I am, and likely to remain here for some time. I have no country. Some day, perhaps, I may go back; who knows?"

For a few moments there was silence. I think we felt a little conscience-stricken. Then some one started the phonograph. We all began to dance. After that, by tacit mutual consent, we cut out discussions as to the merits of our respective countries when Brenner was around.

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Lanes of Memory

Adventures in a Collector's Luck

By George S. Hellman

As a boy, my fondness for books and pictures had led me, while still in the early teens, to acquire a considerable library and to be intrusted by my father, who had a large collection of engravings, with the purchase of Dürers and other masters of the burin. It was thus in line with my own tastes that, when the time came to earn a living, I entered the book and picture business, first as a clerk, and a month later as a partner. A preponderant interest in manuscripts and drawings made my activities rather specialized, and I devoted myself largely to the acquisition of rarities for a few private collectors, notably J. Pierpont Morgan and W. K. Bixby. Fortunate in obtaining from the heirs of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry D. Thoreau, John Fiske, and others the manuscripts of these authors en masse, and fortunate also in finding in little out-of-the-way shops, or at insignificant auctions, such treasure-trove as drawings by Tintoretto and Watteau, paintings by Wyant and Inness, purchased for a song, I had yet more than one occasion to become aware that the greater expert can fool the lesser student.

An interesting case in point has to do with a portrait of Whistler's mother that many years ago was brought into my office by another dealer who suggested our buying it for joint account. It had been given by Whistler to an American woman of whom both the artist and his mother were fond, and after this woman's death it had passed into the possession of her heirs, who had no reason to doubt that it was a work of Whistler. Nor, I believe, would any question have risen in the minds of most persons concerning its authenticity. At any rate, when I saw the painting I decided on its purchase, so characteristic was the brush-work in this sketchy portrait of old Mrs. Whistler's head—a study, it would seem, made in connection with the famous painting of Whistler's mother that is one of the proudest possessions of the Luxembourg. Still, there was at that time in New York an English artist who probably knew more about Whistler's painting than any other living person. Had he not been here, I should have definitely bought the canvas; but with him so close at hand, the decision was reached to ask his opinion; more, indeed, with the thought of his establishing the date of its painting than with any idea that he would reject its authenticity.

So I telephoned to the Brevoort House where Harper Pennington was staying, and an hour later the English

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artist, who had shared with Whistler the studio at Chelsea, came up.

"What do you think of it?" I asked, expecting some admiring comment. But I caught only an amused expression in the other's eyes, an expression which led to the question, "Why, is n't it a Whistler?"

"No," answered Mr. Pennington.

His decided monosyllable denoted a conviction that was disturbing.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Well, if Whistler did n't paint it," I went on, "who in the world did?"

"I did," answered Mr. Pennington.

Then Pennington went on to relate how one day at their studio when Whistler was in one of his especially assertive and conceited moods, Pennington had suggested that Whistler's art was really not such a unique affair and that any one could paint a Whistler—a Whistler that every one would believe to be a Whistler. Of course, Pennington said this mainly to annoy his friend.

"I suppose," said Whistler, "that *you*, then, could paint a Whistler that every one would consider the work of the master?"

"Of course I could," Pennington replied lightly.

While this conversation was taking place, Whistler's mother had entered the room.

"Paint my mother," said the American.

The Englishman took up his brushes, and made a sketch of her head, so absolutely with Whistler's technic, so consummately with his brush-work in every stroke, that when it was finished Whistler, after standing before it in profound and amused admiration, asked Pennington to let him keep it.

Whether, when in later years he presented the picture to his American friend, Whistler at the same time gave away the joke, one cannot be sure. Presumably he did; but then again, with his sardonic sense of humor, he might have felt inclined to let the picture go forth as a kind of joke on the world at large. In any event, the heirs of the picture's recipient never became aware of the circumstances surrounding the origin of the canvas, and but for the chance of Mr. Pennington's visit to New York this portrait of Whistler's mother would probably have passed, in good faith all around, into the possession of some American collector, proud of his acquisition.

§ 2

In another episode illustrating the fallibility of, in this case, unquestioned experts, I came off rather better. I was at the time collecting manuscripts for the library of Pierpont Morgan, who had an especial enthusiasm for the autographs of Abraham Lincoln. An unsuccessful attempt had been made to obtain from the family of John Hay the draft of the Gettysburg Address which Lincoln had given to his young secretary who was later to become the distinguished American statesman. A sum going far into the tens of thousands of dollars has subsequently been refused for this single sheet of paper on which is inscribed perhaps the most consummate oration since the days of Demosthenes, and the manuscript still remains in the Hay family. But the Second Inaugural Address was, certainly in its peroration, the fitting compeer of its predecessor at the Gettysburg cemetery, and

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few books relating to Lincoln could be more desirable than a volume entitled "Lincoln at the White House," and containing on the fly-leaf in Lincoln's autograph the closing passage of the Second Inaugural. Such purported to be the volume that, many years ago, was offered to me by Ernest Dressel North, a New York book-dealer of high reputation.

I looked at the lines in Lincoln's autograph, and then asked the price of the book. Mr. North named it; and I said, "I 'll take it." But before leaving, and with that gloating elation which the important association of this item seemed justifiably to arouse, I scrutinized once more the noble words from Lincoln's pen, "With malice towards none, with charity for all . . . let us . . . bind up the nation's wounds." And on doing so my sensations passed from elation into a strange and questioning feeling. In every characteristic the inked lines showed the autograph of Lincoln; and yet, were they Lincoln? I turned to Mr. North.

"North, I want to ask just one favor. May I return this book without prejudice, within a day or two?"

"What 's the matter with it?"

"I don't know, but all of a sudden I have had a strange feeling about it."

Mr. North had at hand the correspondence with the heirs of the man to whom Lincoln had presented the volume; but with his customary courtesy he assented to my request. A little later, after having taken it to my office, I again studied the inscription and now became convinced that it was not Lincoln's. I immediately sent it with a note to Luther E. Livingston, who was then the expert for Dodd, Mead and Company. Mr. Livingston returned it with a note of congratulation on the importance of the volume. Thereupon I sent it to A. J. Bowden, the right-hand man of the noted book-dealer, George H. Richmond. Similar confirmation came from Mr. Bowden, who, however, half an hour later, came in person to my office. This English expert, most of whose life was spent in America, had on that particular day gone further into international associations through the medium of Scotch, which may account both for the vehemence and the flattery of his immediate remark on entering.

"Damn it, Hellman," he said, "why should you ask my opinion on Lincoln's autograph? You know manuscripts too well to need an opinion."

"I wanted to hear what you had to say. I thought perhaps you could tell me why it is n't Lincoln," I answered.

"Of course it 's Lincoln," said Bowden.

"North says so, Livingston says so, and you say so. I say it is n't, and I 'm sure I 'm right. The only thing is, I want to know why I 'm right."

The confidence in my tone—and my friends and acquaintances have always been candid witnesses to the fact that excessive modesty is not one of my virtues, or failings, as the case may be—made an impression on Bowden.

"Let me see the book again," he asked.

He studied the inscription intensely for a few moments, and then, with an oath, said: "You 're right. It 's not Lincoln. I 've got the feeling now myself, but I can't explain it."

The situation certainly was an interesting one. What should be the next step?

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The great legal expert on autographs in New York at the time was—as indeed he still is—David N. Carvalho, who had figured in many famous trials, as for instance, the Molyneux murder case. Carvalho's *expertise* went beyond the immediate recognition of autographs into the substantial fields of ink and paper. He seemed the one person who might throw definite light on this mysterious sheet of handwriting. Accordingly I got Mr. North on the telephone, told him of what had happened during the past hour, and requested permission to have Mr. Carvalho make a physical test. When Mr. North was assured that the flourish of a letter, or perhaps merely a semicolon, would suffice for this examination, thus leaving the Lincoln lines practically intact, he agreed. Whereupon, that same afternoon, I presented myself at Mr. Carvalho's residence.

On showing the volume to the scholar I asked, "Do you think this is Lincoln?"

Without a moment's hesitation the answer came, "Certainly it is Lincoln."

I smiled.

"That makes four of you. North said it was Lincoln, and so did Livingston and Bowden. I say it is n't, and I hoped that you could tell me why."

"Young man," said Mr. Carvalho, "I know Lincoln's autograph very well, and I 'm sure it 's Lincoln; but if you wish me to, I 'll make a physical test."

While this was proceeding I had opportunity to realize how thoroughly Mr. Carvalho had collected the material for his research. On one side of the room there were shelves upon shelves containing documents, whether of parchment or vellum or paper, and representing many hundreds of years. With the exception of perhaps a year, here and there, letters and documents belonging to each year of more than four centuries showed not alone the characteristics of contemporary handwriting but also, of course, the quality of ink and skin or paper during that long stretch of time. The collection formed the documentation of a student thoroughly equipped in his field.

Mr. Carvalho rose from his chair and made me a bow.

"If I had my hat on," he said, "I would take it off to you. You are right; it is not Lincoln. And the reason why I say this absolutely is because the ink has shown a chemical reaction possible only in inks manufactured after the year 1872."

How, then, shall we seek to explain the mystery of this inscription? It was, of course, not a facsimile, always easy of detection by the trained eye. The obvious theory of a forgery is hardly tenable, for any forger who could have so perfectly imitated Lincoln would have made a fortune in false autographs, although America has never had such gullible collectors as the Frenchman who, after spending hundreds of thousands of francs for faked manuscripts, is said finally to have given a large sum for a letter from Cleopatra to Julius Cæsar, written in French! It is quite inconceivable that a forgery could have so perfectly approximated the characteristics of Lincoln's handwriting as to deceive the experts who figured in this case, for the forger who ventures beyond the mere signature of a great man into a series of lines somewhere reveals the lack of original freedom, the carefulness of his process of imitation, which betrays him. There remains my sug-

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gestion—not altogether convincing even to myself—that in this instance Lincoln wrote the inscription in pencil, and, when the words began to fade, perhaps some ten or more years after his death, the penciled words were inked over. Yet if this theory is not accepted, there seems to be no way to solve the riddle.

§ 3

During the twenty years of my business life, I was at the same time engaged in literary work—as a staff reviewer for "The Bookman" and for the "New York Times"; as editor of numerous volumes in the fields of literature, history, and art; and as contributor to magazines and encyclopedias. I was thus, both through vocation and avocation, brought in various ways in touch with many men of genius or talent. Of these the greatest two were Swinburne and Rodin, the foremost poet and sculptor of their time.

It was in 1905 that I met these Titans of art, although it was only the Frenchman who, in his ways and his bearing, gave the impression of a giant. Swinburne was a feeble old man, mild in manner, and very hard of hearing. He lived at Putney, in the outskirts of London, with Watts-Dunton, the critic and poet whose main claim to remembrance rests, apart from his association with Swinburne, on his novel of Welsh life entitled "Aylwin." These two old men resided in the house where Rossetti had also lived; and some of Rossetti's wonderful drawings enriched the walls of the room where, on two occasions, I had tea with the greatest, in sheer beauty of words, of Victorian poets and with his devoted friend and guardian. Some five or six years previously I had written an essay on Swinburne that was printed in "East and West," a monthly magazine of letters edited and published by my classmate and dear friend, William Aspenwall Bradley, and myself during the year that we were studying for our masters' degrees at Columbia. Presumably that essay had not come to the attention of Swinburne, and perhaps fortunately so; for, notwithstanding its recognition of the English poet's mastery as a melodist, and of his originality in various forms of verse, emphasis had been laid on the comparative narrowness of his subject-matter. But certainly in these talks at his own home, conducted though they were under the handicap of his deafness, Swinburne revealed a depth of vision showing how greatly he understood life in, at least, some of its darker aspects. I have in mind his answer when I asked him to amplify his statement made in writing on "Othello," where Swinburne suggested that the greatest line in Shakspere was:

"From this time forth I never will speak word."

This sentence, it will be remembered, is *Iago's* reply when, just as the officers of the law are about to lead him away, he is asked why he had committed all his terrible deeds. He had involved in seeming dishonor the fair and pure *Desdemona;* he had, knowing the intensity of *Othello's* jealousy, cunningly forced him into murder; and he had thus, in encompassing the moral and material destruction of his chieftain, not alone repaid *Othello's* generosity toward him with shameful betrayal, but had also destroyed his own career.

Swinburne's interpretation of what was, in its final analysis, a suicidal

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plot on *Iago's* part made both lucid and pregnant this reply to the officers. *Iago* represented for Swinburne that ineluctable evil in human destiny which, for many of us, has no explanation. If *Iago* had passionately loved an unresponsive *Desdemona* the tragedy might be regarded as a sublimated triangle play. But he did not so love her, and his own interests were intimately interwoven with the continued power and influence of the general whose favorite lieutenant he was. For his crime there was, apart from the essential evil in his own nature, as little rational explanation as there is for the great catastrophes of Fate—war, that has always remained beyond the control of man; famine, that destroys the lives of innocent children. "The tears of things" are as inherent, alike in the individual and in the race life, as they are inevitable; and all this, as Swinburne saw it, Shakspere had suggested when he had put into *Iago's* mouth the words which not alone connoted the futility of any attempt at explanation, but also with such cruelty postulated the eternal silence which is the baffling wall wherefrom our deepest queries rebound.

§ 4

When, a month later, I was the guest of Rodin, at his villa at Meudon, just outside of Paris, I found it interesting to contrast the old sculptor with the old poet. A more vital figure than Rodin it would be hard to imagine. His was no withdrawal from life, whether for physical or intellectual reasons. Almost every day he went to his studio in Paris, on the *rive gauche*, where workmen were busy with marbles in the garden or in the studio, and visitors were frequent. He was laboring actively on his sculptures, despite his advanced age, and keenly alive to all the discussions and controversies in the world of art. During the walk at Meudon he had, with the freedom that for a moment startled him into the request that his views should not be quoted for publication in the newspapers, expressed himself with vehement candor concerning some of his contemporaries, both instructors and creative artists. This confidential mood was perhaps the result of an hour's discussion concerning the significance of original drawings which seemed to both of us, intellectually as well as esthetically, ideally the most pregnant documents in the record of art. His own drawings—hundreds upon hundreds of them—we had looked at together as, seated on the floor, we slid along to avoid the constant bending in taking these drawings from the shelves on which they were laid. To some of them I had, at Rodin's request, given titles; and in subsequent books and catalogues on Rodin some of this nomenclature appears. Not that either of us laid any stress on the titles of drawings or paintings, but we continued for a while, somewhat as an amusing game, and partially for the satisfaction of collectors who are more content when a picture is titled. And during this hour, as later in the walk, the master showed his great hold on the fundamentals of both life and art. The workaday simplicities were sympathetic to him as well as those more recondite emotions and aspirations with which one associates Swinburne; and he had, Heaven be praised, that vision which sees beauty not as of any one age alone or any one school,

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but as dependent solely upon the genius of the artist himself. Thus in his villa there were Greek sculptures and Roman bronzes and Renaissance paintings; but there were also the canvases of later times, even down to such modernistic works as those of Cézanne.

§ 5

For music I never had any talent whatsoever. Operas tend to bore me, and though at times I react keenly to the works of the great classical composers, orchestral music usually starts up thoughts on death and the littleness of life; so that, at a concert, when my mind, stimulated by the music, does not wander off into philosophical or literary fields, its eye often conjures up long rows of coffins into which all of the surrounding auditors shall eventually find their places, when the strains of the music that they listen to will still be flowing down the years for the delectation of audiences yet unborn. But despite these obvious limitations of my own emotional response to music, I have, from early youth, known many distinguished artists—instrumentalists, composers, singers, and conductors. At the home of my parents, where my father, on many an evening after returning from Wall Street, would sit at the piano improvising, de Reszke, Paderewski, Hans von Bülow, Damrosch, d'Albert, and many others were welcome guests.

Of these the most unusual personality was von Bülow's. Small and slender in stature, he gave, with his flashing wit and his darting irritability, the feeling of quicksilver. He hated stupidity; he had a deep reverence for all achievement in the realm of art; and he held his own talents in unabashed regard. On one occasion when he had dropped in for a cup of tea with my mother, who was not yet at home, he found me practising at the piano. Seating himself beside me, von Bülow made me go through my scales, and then played with me some little piece of music, criticizing and instructing. This over, the famed musician, without a smile, and in the most serious manner, said, "Now you can tell your children that von Bülow was your teacher."

Many of the sparkling and sometimes acidulous comments and reflections of that nervous, ironic little man of genius having passed beyond my recollection, I yet recall one anecdote which is notable for its fine defense of the dignity of art.

Bülow, it will be remembered, had married Cosima, the daughter of Franz Liszt. Even after she had left him for Richard Wagner, whose wife she became, Bülow continued to conduct the Wagnerian operas and spread their vogue. Whatever his feelings toward the friend who had been disloyal, his devotion to great music did not, in his mind, admit of personal considerations. And much as von Bülow, both as orchestral conductor and as pianist, played a great rôle in increasing recognition of Wagner's genius, Franz Liszt was the herald and interpreter of other composers. At a concert in St. Petersburg, before a brilliant assemblage which included the czar and many members of his court, Liszt was conducting a symphony he much admired. During the course of the music the czar began to converse in audible tones with one of his fair neighbors in the imperial box. In the very midst of a movement Liszt gave with his baton a signal for the music to cease, and at the com-

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mand of their leader the players stopped short. The abrupt silence filled the audience with surprise, and the czar at once sent down an equery to ask for the explanation of this unusual procedure. Whereupon Liszt sent back word, "When the czar speaks, all the rest must be silent."

As this was a court regulation, the czar could make no reply unless he wished autocratically to punish the foreign musician who had rebuked him under the guise of obedience to court etiquette. This course, however, the czar did not pursue; and von Bülow, in relating his father-in-law's unprecedented act of courage, said that he would have given a year of his life to have such an opportunity to teach an emperor that art must be respected. And indeed, in its insistence on the dignity of great music, Liszt's act is even more memorable than the famous reply of Rubens to the haughty English nobleman who, desiring to discuss affairs of state with the Flemish ambassador, found him at work on a canvas.

"I see," said the Englishman, "that you sometimes amuse yourself with painting."

"My lord," answered Rubens, "I sometimes amuse myself with diplomacy."

§ 6

Both Liszt and Rubens, in these rebukes, thought of themselves solely as exponents of two of the great arts to which they would brook no slight. And it was much in the same way, one fancies, that the most famous actress of modern times, who has so recently in noble fashion made her entrance into the realm of Death, replied to an American friend who had made some committee duties in connection with the reception of Marshal Joffre the excuse for a three days' neglect in visiting the sick actress: "Joffre, who is he?"

Not that Sarah Bernhardt, a patriot to the finger-tips, did not hold the distinguished military commander in high regard; but art, to her idea, achieved on so lofty an eternal plane that no war hero was entitled to take precedence over the world's protagonist on the stage of dramatic art.

A similar illustration of her attitude in this respect came within my personal experience during the period of the armistice. On Mother's day (May 10, 1919) there was held at the Trocadéro in Paris a gala performance, the audience consisting preponderantly of thousands of American soldiers. I had been invited to make a brief prefatory address and to introduce the artists who were to take part; but it seemed to me that, although I was one of the directors in the Army Educational Corps, a person who had not shared in the actual fighting was not entitled to so conspicuous a position on an occasion of this nature. I did, however, after witnessing the first half of the performance from the box of my gracious friend, Clemenceau's daughter, Mme. Jacquemaire, accept the invitation to go behind the scenes and meet Sarah Bernhardt, who had just finished reading the letter of the mothers of France to the mothers of America. On entering the room in which the aged actress was seated, I found her in a towering rage. While various persons were standing about in embarrassed silence she was reprimanding the director of the theater and members of the committee in charge because no one had met her at

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the door when she had driven up and no flowers had been presented to her on her arrival. Perhaps the management had expected the committee to meet Mme. Bernhardt, and perhaps the committee had thought the management would attend to the deserved welcome; or, again, it might have been a total oversight.

Bernhardt's indignant mood was not immediately dispelled; but, gradually, during the few minutes' conversation with her American visitor, who told her of recalling her performance of "Phèdre" as one of the memorable events of his life, the actress came into a happier frame of mind; and finally, when she was borne away from the room in a sedan-chair carried by four attendants, she departed with a gracious wave of her hand. But during the preceding conversation she pointedly refrained from addressing any remark to any one else. Nor did her anger, theatrical though to some extent it might have been, give the impression of personal vanity; it seemed rather an object-lesson for remissness in full deference to one who had become a symbol of art; and the intensity of the scene was accentuated by the looks of that wonderful old woman who, for all her hag-like face at close range, still gestured with the grace and fire of youth, still spoke with that marvelous voice which, for half a century, had stirred the emotions of men and women the world over.

§ 7

Sarah Bernhardt was, of course, the greatest Frenchwoman of our day in the realm of the arts. Who is entitled to be called the greatest American woman is a question which, in recent years, has been discussed at length, and widely voted upon in the public print. To my way of thinking the palm belongs to Edith Wharton, whose stories and novels, uneven though they be in quality, so often show the consummate mastery of the stylist. During these same weeks in Paris I had the good fortune to meet her twice.

On May 7, 1919, as all the world knows, the German envoys received the terms of peace. How far away that day seems, and how many high hopes that the world then held, now wear, for many, the sad gray robe of illusions! And those of us who were at Versailles recall how, of all the representatives of foreign nations, the American President was the only one to be cheered by the multitudes who lined the Avenue de la Reine as the motors of the participating statesmen drove by. Memorable and significant also it is that Mr. Wilson drove up alone. How different the course of events would have been if this great idealist had been less the individualist and Charles E. Hughes, let us say, or Elihu Root had been seated beside him at Paris and at Versailles!

It was the day thereafter that Lloyd Warren, my chief associate in the work of instruction of the American Expeditionary Forces in the sphere of the fine and applied arts, suggested our taking tea with Edith Wharton in her attractive apartment on the rue de Varennes. Mrs. Wharton was an old-time friend of Warren, that fine-souled gentleman whose recent death brought such sincere grief to all who knew his qualities as a man and his rare achievement in furthering the development of American architec-

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ture. Mrs. Wharton received her guests with the charm of a hostess to the manner born. After the lighter social pleasantries were interchanged, the conversation ran into literary channels. Mrs. Wharton told of the book on which she was then at work. Its action took place, for the most part, at Paris, the time being that of the war. "The back of the front, so to speak," she said. She herself seemed especially interested in my comment to the effect that "Ethan Frome" was not only her masterpiece, but the most perfect piece of writing of its kind in American fiction since Hawthorne. This praise she was kind enough to call especially gratifying as, at the time of the appearance of her wonderful short novel of New England life, some critics had spoken adversely of the way she handled the plot; and, Mrs. Wharton added, "poor Ethan is one of my favorites."

While the tricornered discussion concerning the art of writing was taking place, Captain Gibson, of the English army, who acted as an interpreter for Lloyd George at the peace conference, came in with Mrs. Gibson. Among the many interesting things he had to say concerning the historic meeting at Versailles, he had to do with what he termed the disappointing moment of the affair when the terms of peace were handed to the chief of the German group. This should have been in a way the most dramatic, as it was the culminating, moment of the Great War—the climax symbolic of the victory achieved by the Allies. Instead of this, the document, according to Captain Gibson, was handed to the German envoy during an instant when some remarks of Clemenceau were being translated into English. The German seized his opportunity, signed the document quickly, and handed it to the attendant while the attention of the surrounding statesmen was directed toward the speech of Clemenceau. Mme. Jacquemaire gave me a slightly different version of the episode, but the fact remains that the signing itself took place unostentatiously and undramatically.

The felicity of diction and the keenness of mind and wit that enlighten and enrich Mrs. Wharton's writings are as quickly apparent in her art as a conversationalist. At a dinner the evening of the day when Sarah Bernhardt had given me a few moments of her time, Mrs. Wharton was one of a small company that met at the Tour d'Argent, the hostelry famous for its ducks. The other women at this dinner were Mlle. Jenny Serruys (now Mrs. William Aspenwall Bradley) and the Marquise de Ganot—both of them brilliant examples of the cultured Frenchwoman; and the five men included, with Warren and myself, three Frenchmen of distinction in Paris art circles. Mrs. Wharton sat at the head of the table and kept her finger on the pulse of the talk, which roamed from art to literature and then to politics, and back and forth along these characteristic routes of French conversation. Epigrams flowed forth, and comments on literature and diplomacy possible only to persons who were behind the scenes in many interesting events. It was the kind of talk that Mme. de Sévigné would have delighted in; but for me the most remarkable phase was the comparative silence of Mlle. Serruys—the one woman among my Parisian friends who, I thought, could, in con-

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structive criticism and in quick play of mind, have held her own even with an Edith Wharton. Why was she, who had initiated and headed important French-American activities, who had so exquisitely translated the poems of Poe, whose home was the meeting-place of diplomats and artists and men of letters, so silent? When, in an aside, I twitted her in friendly manner for letting Mrs. Wharton and the Marquise de Ganot run away with the conversational laurels at the dinner, Mlle. Serruys replied that she would explain later on. At about half after ten the company broke up, and Mrs. Wharton offered to drive Mlle. Serruys to her home, a short distance off, on the Quai de Béthune, one of the old mansions of Paris. But as it was a mild and lovely spring evening Mlle. Serruys fell in with my suggestion to walk. After we had set forth she told me why she had participated so little in the general talk. This had been the first dinner of its kind she had attended since the inception of the war; and while the brilliant conversation, of a nature to which she was so well accustomed, flowed on, she had been caught up with the feeling that for those present the four terrible years had been, in a manner, bridged over. Here were men and women in evening-dress (save for the two Americans in khaki), talking wittily, and even wisely, on just those subjects which had absorbed them before the catastrophe that had swept over the world, while she could not get away from the vision of the unnumbered dead lying beneath far-off fields of battle. She did not pretend that her mood might not connote some unfairness to the rest of us; she merely stated the emotions that had made it virtually impossible for her to take the part for which she was qualified in the talk of the evening.

As we walked along the Seine, I asked my companion whether she had ever seen Notre Dame from under the Pont des Archevêques, and when, to my surprise,—for Mlle. Serruys knows her Paris well,—the answer was in the negative, I suggested our descending the steps that led to the foot of this bridge. There is no more beautiful sight in any city in the world. On the right side of the river a wall rises to the square on which the cathedral stands. Vines flow over this wall, while above it are the trees in the square, trees whose vernal foliage was bathed in light whose electric source was hidden by the trees themselves. This light played also on the façade of the church, its Gothic carvings taking on an almost fairy-like aspect. Notre Dame, impressive as ever in its centuried strength, thus became at the same time a structure of infinitely graceful beauty. And wall and vines and trees and church were all reflected in the quiet waters of the Seine, while the curve of the bridge arched and framed the incomparable picture. It was in such surroundings that, seated on a parapet of the river's bank, these two friends stayed, late into the night, exchanging their views on the deeper things of life, and then for long moments silent under the spell of beauty that endures.

§ 8

The early effect of the war as a gigantic factor leading sensitive and high-minded natures to a readjustment of values in the individual life was again strikingly made manifest to me a few weeks later in Burgundy.

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Some twenty miles away from Dijon, in the charming old town of Beaune, the A.E.F. University, with its allied agricultural college at Allerey, was conducting courses for about fourteen thousand soldiers. Distinguished visitors frequently came down to study this unprecedented experiment in education, this university which had, so to speak, sprung up overnight on the site of an army hospital. There I was the director of the College of Fine and Applied Arts, and the chairman of the Army Committee on French and American Relations; but it was presumably because I had always been a great lover of poetry and the drama that I was asked to take partial charge of Lord Dunsany when the famous Irish playwright, at that time a captain in the British army, came down to Beaune, a tall fellow, looking, despite his officer's uniform and his monocle, very much the dreamer. He talked of the experiences during his four years of warfare, and told of regions whose devastation was for him most emphasized by the entire absence of women and children and song-birds; of cattle, sheep, and poultry. The absence of poultry seemed to him especially symbolic. His most pregnant remark, however, concerning the war was made during a drive from Beaune to Dijon while he and I, in the commandant's car, were enjoying the loveliness of the vine-covered hills stretching under the perfect skies of June.

"How can I think of so many good chaps lying under the ground, while here, by chance, I am, without feeling that I have got to do something bigger than I ever have done before, to justify my life?"

Such, at least, was the gist of his words, and even after this lapse of time, there recurs in detail one of his phrases.

"This war," said Dunsany, "is like a great brick which one has to adjust to the building of his life. The only trouble is that the brick is bigger than the building."

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Johan Bojer

The Story-Teller of Norway

By André Bellessort

EVERY time I open a novel of Johan Bojer my mind reverts to the opening lines of a "Norwegian Hymn" which Björnstjerne Björnson wrote in a moment of inspiration: "Yes, we love this land, torn and bitten by the winds, with its thousands of little cottages." No one, probably, has ever done so much as Bojer to make this landscape familiar, not to say popular, throughout Europe; not even Ibsen, whose very genius seems somehow to detach him from his native soil and place him among the great artists who belong to the world rather than to any one nation. For that matter, I think we have tended to under-stress the national element in Ibsen's dramas, too often discovering symbolism in what was only a bold adaptation of Norwegian life to the demands of the stage. From Ibsen's plays one could, I am sure, construct one of the deepest, completest, and most realistic pictures of Norway. Circumstances have favored Bojer. Outside his own country and particularly in France he has won a place such as his predecessors in the novel—Kielland and Jonas Lie, to keep to authors no longer living—never enjoyed. Of Jonas Lie, especially, one can think only with a touch of sadness. He was a man of the keenest powers of psychological analysis, and his imagination reeked with the wild poetry of the Northland. Yet, despite translations of two or three of his most beautiful things, he lived long years in Paris, neglected, obscure, secluded. The time had not yet come. The work of Jonas Lie, and of the other novelists of his time,—the time of Ibsen,—lacked perhaps the value as "documents" which the books of Johan Bojer so notably possess. At any rate they failed to establish themselves by a sensation such as attended the appearance of "The Power of a Lie."

Bojer takes me back to my first impressions of Norway, gathered, at a time when he was just emerging among his countrymen at home, from the deck of a coastwise mail-steamer that plied between Christiania and Hammerfest. A towering façade of rock, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, broken, caverned, sectioned, at times fantastically engraved, by the waves of the sea! Fiords with placid surfaces barely flecked with ripples, though the heaving ocean was only a matter of yards away. Little cottages, painted blood-red, or pale green, or pitch-colored, nestling in the crevices of the rocks, hanging, who could say how, over the brinks of black gorges, or crowded along narrow

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beaches at the foot of gigantic cliffs! And how many windows! A cottage, which with us would have two or three, there at least had five or six! Thousands of watchful eyes opened for the return of the fishing-boats or for signs of storm! A whole human existence with face forever turned toward the ocean, toward adventure, toward emigration abroad! Towns, all of frame buildings, seeming ever new, built, as it were, the day before! Streets running either uphill or downhill! Steep gables! Pointed church steeples, rising from clumps of pine! Shops spotlessly clean, centering on the bank in its hewn stone structure! Bergen, the queen of all these towns, with her ancient Hanseatic quarter, and a forest of masts that rise as high as the chimney-tops of the old black houses! Behind this jagged line of cliffs to which men have clung one knows not how, hills and more hills stretching lower and rounder to the east, a peasant life sprouting here and there through the valleys in so many little kingdoms! All the rest, hard and bald plateau, with brown, rocky wastes, one stretch of rubble following on another, over which one can travel the length of a long June day without passing more than one peat-roofed cabin girt with its wall of dry cobblestones!

Two traits in this landscape impressed me, I remember, above all else. First, the incredible silence. I can still hear the chock of a single pair of oars that came to us from a boat we could not see, far away at the end of a deep fiord at the very foot of mountains whose peaks were blue in the distance. And then the contrast between this crushing monotony of sound and the fantastic variety of the light-effects! Everything doubtless has been said of the glory of Norway's summer nights. But nowhere else have I seen such winter skies, with tints so delicate and so subtle coloring the piles of rock!

All this silence, all this light, all this water, give to Norwegian landscapes oftentimes a strangely dramatic value. Among my memories there is one which my mind always associates with Bojer, perhaps because on that same day I heard his name for the first time; but also, I suppose, because of the secret affinity that obtains between the scene I witnessed and the pathos of some of his novels. I was on the way back from the Lofoten Islands; and from Moskenesö, the farthermost isle in a stretch of sea where islets seem to be strewn around like chips from the carving of a giant poem in stone, my attention had been called to a line of white foam. It was the Maelström, and the captain had said to me:

"To-morrow you will be at Bodö. Don't fail to see the Saltström. It is more terrible still."

I took his advice. Across farm lands, which to one accustomed to the bald rocks of Lofoten seemed a luxuriant paradise from the acres of white potato blossoms, we drove by carriage to the edge of a great fiord some thirty miles in width. What we could see was really only part, separated from the rest by two islands, so close together and to the mainland that they looked like one peninsula. At any rate, through the narrow openings (*sunds*) between the islands the sea pours in a torrent—it teems with fish—which they have named the Saltström. Some fishermen carried us across the fiord to a point of rock

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which bore a monument recalling a visit thither of King Oscar, and a wretched church, with a black and white steeple, dedicated to those lost at sea. There we were on the very edge of the most violent of the *sunds*, which could not have been a hundred yards wide directly before us, though farther along it broadened as it disappeared in a rounded elbow turn. In that calm and transparent atmosphere one had the mingled sense of a vast scene and yet of incredibly near horizons. Over the islands and over the shore which we had left, little houses were scattered, the roofs of sod, where grass was growing, crammed down like hats over their blinking eyes. And below us was the water, a water that may bring more wealth in an hour than a large farm in a whole season, as exciting therefore to the dwellers along the shore as the green cloth is to gamblers. It was the turn to the flood tide. The water was dark, streaked here and there with sateen wavelets. Gradually whirlpools began to form, small at first, like the rings of a dragonfly, then chasing each other and joining into larger ones, or, indeed, growing smaller and smaller till they suddenly eddied down into funnels. Not one of the drops of that water but seemed in torment! It was as though mighty mouths were sucking it in around the islands, which it did not bathe but rather assailed as if to lift them, to tear them loose from their foundations. Soon a definite current could be discerned in the middle of the *sund;* and finally there was nothing but a galloping flood, a mad rush of water down a steep incline, with boiling whirlpools, rearing crests of foam, and here and there great waves leaping like fish.

The late afternoon, gilded with a gentle sunlight, was peacefully serene Not a breath of air stirred the tufts of grass that rose erect from the roofs of the houses. The only sound was the twitter of the sea-fowl scattered in play over that silent and foreboding flood like numberless feathers shaken from a bed: gulls, eider-ducks, sea-mews, loons, and those birds that come down from the Polar North, with red beaks, red claws, gray coats, and black topknots. Down the stream they floated, abandoned to the violence of the current like toboggan-sliders on icy runways. Then suddenly they would stop, and come back up the gut to begin another ride, paddling their way through the air with powerful strokes of their wings. The eider-ducks seemed to prefer the eddies which would spin them round and round like tops; but just as they were about to be sucked down into the vortices, they would rise to safety, joyously wheeling above those hungry funnels which even on a day of calm neither skiffs nor heavy sailing-craft could brave with impunity. Only at certain times may this *sund* be crossed, the periods of slack water at the turns of the tides. When a storm-wind is blowing the *sund* is a monster run amuck. The foam is lashed over the very tops of the islands and may be seen miles away at sea. How the pots and pans in those frail cottages must rattle at such times! But probably the *sund* is most impressive, after all, on the silence of peaceful days, when it seems to be just a dangerous torrent. At any rate it gathers most of its victims in its more innocent moods. The fishermen along the shore know the monster only too well, but they cannot resist a run of herring. The old sailor who was guiding us was afraid to go

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too close to the shore, for the bank was slippery, and once in that water a man would be lost. But let a crow from its perch on the cliff make known by its behavior that fish were coming in, and that same sailor would have been ready to launch his skiff "for just one try" with the net. It is on the way home that most tragedies occur. Having survived the battle in the raging gut, and now with the lighted windows of his cabin before him, a man grows careless for a moment. Fatigue overcomes watchfulness. Thus a few days before my visit a father and a son were overturned and swept off just as they were landing on the shore.

This vast and melancholy nature bathed in warm light and taking on at evening the relief of a water-color, these little homesteads perched in solitude on the brink of the chasm between fortune and death, this lonely church which had witnessed so many shipwrecks and drownings, this whir of graceful wings as fleeting as dream pictures, as restless as tormented souls, these cramped, impetuous, over-bursting waters, have endured in my memory as details of a drama played before my eyes. And I have sketched, in describing them, the background of most of the scenes pictured to us by Norway's novelists. I might add, perhaps, the splendid glacier of Sulitjelma, which we had seen at a distance from our steamer. There is a rock in the middle of its snows which suggests quite adequately the figure of a man bent under a burden he is carrying. When the suns of summer are warmest and more of the snow is melted away, his charge seems heavier. The year I was there, people were saying, "The old man on Sulitjelma has a good load this season; we may expect a fine crop." And it occurred to me that it must have been much the same with the people I saw around me. The vastness, the solitude, the silence in which they live give their lives a monotonous tone of resignation and apathy. But then passion seethes, and the burdens they bear are more clearly visible; heavy burdens, sometimes, heavy indeed!

§ 2

Norwegian society is essentially a society of peasants. Some of its novelists, such as Jonas Lie and Kielland, came from old and wealthy families more or less far removed from their origins. Others, like Knut Hamsun and Johan Bojer, made the transition for themselves; they are peasants who have broken away from the soil. To be sure, their peasant nature has been polished by the habits of thought and meditation which solitude, silence, and especially the Bible gave their ancestors. They approached literature with a patrimony of unexpressed sensations and with nerves vibrant with the now gay, now melancholy, music of ancient yearnings. And the approach was not direct. They both followed strange and devious paths as students. Both earned their livelihood in occupations which tend to strip the peasant of his individuality as a peasant and submerge him in the colorless conformity of the towns.

Bojer, as a farm boy, drove the cows to pasture on the hills of the Norrland. He had a taste of the sea as a fisherman around the Lofotens. He has been, at one time or another, a cadet at the Trondhjem Academy, a general's orderly, a traveling salesman, a grocer's delivery boy, a bookkeeper in a fish-market. He is the young man in

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"The Great Hunger" who, in a denim suit and with a cap cocked on his tow head, finds himself alone in a strange town, answers the call of a benefactor he does not know, and, as is the custom of country people, goes into the house by the back door. He is the shepherd boy of "God and Woman" who dreams of being an officer, or roaming about the world among the countries that are at war, and of becoming a general and "spending all day in the king's company." He is the *Arnt* of "The Last of the Vikings," who sets foot for the first time on a great steamer and stands there all abashed in his heavy fisherman's clothes, not knowing what to do with his hands. Like the hero of his "Prisoner Who Sang," he has been a canvasser for sewing-machines. I doubt if there is a book of Bojer which does not bear some trace of this harsh experience with the world.

The apprenticeships of these Norwegian novelists were difficult ones. To get an education from their books they had to steal hours from their employers and especially hours from their sleep. As their minds grew richer, their interest in their daily manual tasks diminished, and they came to have ambitions which their native country encouraged with the boundless sweep of its horizons but which were cramped by the pettiness of the little towns in which they lived. Once they had something to say and the opportunity to say it with a hearing, they usually found themselves involved, and in danger of being permanently caught, in the political and religious quarrels, in the narrow-minded hagglings, of a life ever oppressively provincial. Such more or less was the experience of Ibsen at Grimstad. But let a windfall come,—a traveling scholarship, a state endowment, or, as happened to Bojer, a little inheritance,—and they would be off on the first steamer toward Copenhagen or Paris. Always, however, they took the native substance of their writings with them. Of foreign scenes they asked nothing save such stimulants as they could not find at home, and the healthy perspective which distance throws over things we have left behind us. The inspiration they derived from Scandinavia flourished in homesickness. They ever turned in their dreams to the little towns of the Northland where they had painfully learned to know humanity. Ibsen is in the Rome of the popes, but he continues to live in Norway. In the clangor of Paris Jonas Lie has ears only for the deep silences of the fiords and goes on unfolding page by page the perplexities of moody souls who pass their lives on little points of wave-beaten rock. These writers read, they study, they assail the strongholds of knowledge, they cast their nets into the flood of our ancient civilizations to ensnare the new ideas that are being swept along. But their eyes see only the sleeping fiords of Norway, low-studded cottages with chimneys dreamily smoking from peat fires, the slow-moving, long-faced life of the Norwegian valleys which the peasant tales of Björnson, "Synnöve Solbakken" and "Arne," have revealed as a fund of art. I do not know of any literature where the peasant has been more exalted, or which has devoted more style to the dairymaid with her milk-pail, erect on the threshold of her humble cabin and dressed like a princess in a child's fairy-land.

Their money gone, they came home

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again. What thrills of tearful emotion as their steamers entered the groups of Norwegian islands and the first red-painted cottages came into view! How eager they would be to get back into the quiet and solitude of the hills! For some time Bojer lived in a hut all by himself, and on what he could make by hunting and fishing, working on a book that would earn enough for him to leave again. But Solitude does not always forgive her unfaithful lovers. The young farmer whom she was wont to favor, and whose idle hours in the pastures she beguiled with pleasant dreams, does not always find her so hospitable when he returns to her with head full of tumultuous thoughts and soaring literary ambitions. As the hero of "The Great Hunger" says of himself, he is now "only a tourist in his native town."

I remember having read, years ago, a curious little book by Arne Garborg, one of the most representative novelists of the Norwegian nineteenth century, and one of the most furiously travailed souls. Arne Garborg, a peasant boy,—about the time when Barrès was writing his "Déracinés" he dealt in one of his best novels with the country lad who quits the farm for the university,—was dismissed from his post in the tax office on political grounds; the theaters at Christiania refused his plays on social grounds; and a goodly portion of the press was assailing him on moral grounds. He resolved to break away from this unkind society and seek refuge in nature. His "Letters from Kolbotn" relate his experience in doing so.

Kolbotn was the name of a cabin he had rented on the shore of a lake; the word means, I believe, a place where charcoal is burned. And he rejoiced at having found, at last, a house of his own, where he could plant his own garden, prepare his own meals, go fishing and hunting, walk proudly, his ax on his shoulder, through the woods, the breath of freedom filling his nostrils. He could not understand how he had ever endured the life of the towns. One day some people from Christiania came on vacation to that lake which should have been rigorously forbidden to all except trolls, cabin girls, squirrels, an occasional poet, or a stray bear. Among them was a young girl, Huilda. She fell in love with him and was willing to share his solitude.

"I can make fourteen balls," said she, "of the meat other girls would use in seven."

"Then you are the wife for me! Shake!"

"I won't die of the cold?"

"Of course you won't! Besides, as you know very well, you have to be sick, to die!"

They went to Christiania, got married, and returned to Kolbotn. And their fun began. Unquestionably, on those highlands, the scenery was magnificent. They had sunlight, while the valleys were dark. The sky was infinitely high in an air so clear and so pure that the pine-trees stood out for miles and miles in a marvelous filigree. But by Christmas-time it was cold enough to crack a stone. They stuffed the crevices in their walls with moss, and the fire smoked and hurt their eyes. "Cold drafts brushed their foreheads like the caresses of dead hands." Eventually they were obliged to cook their own bread in a frying-pan over an open fire; the nearest bakery was a day's journey away.

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And a terrible day's journey it was! A step off the path threw one into snow a yard deep. A stream had to be crossed on a bridge of ice. Evening fell early and very dark. One stumbled along under a bag of flour or a sack of potatoes, in fear every moment of being scented by a pack of wolves or of seeing just ahead a piece of night blacker than the rest—a bear, in other words. And winter there lasted eight months.

The arrival of a baby complicated their case. Where can a nurse be found? All the girls of the region are going off to America! At last they find one: a big muscular dairymaid, of sixteen.

"You know how to cook?"

"I never tried, but I am sure I can." At any rate she did not know the use of a handkerchief. She left after a few days. The child does not do very well. The mother is overworked. The father cannot sleep at night. And here is autumn back again! The birches are turning yellow. Down from the high pastures come the flocks. The birds are headed south. The first gales begin to break on the corners of the cabin. The lake is taking on its coat of ice, which cracks and groans like distant thunder. A whole flock of unhealthy ideas crowds into the head of this unhappy man of letters, who cannot finish his book. He goes for weeks without speaking a word. A pale moon sheds a ghostly light over the ice on the lake. Mad visions obsess him. He thinks of himself as now in a poorhouse and now in a lunatic asylum. "I rouse my wife. She gets up, lights the fire, and reads Voltaire aloud to me all night long."

It was time, assuredly, to go back to civilization. They started south—and they did not stop till they arrived at Munich.

Thus the *fjells* reject their children, whose minds, nevertheless, remain full of them and delight in repicturing them to us in tones now sad, now beautiful, but always enchanting. These Norwegians cannot endure the solitude of their wild landscape. Once they have learned to express its charm and to clothe with a precise form the disordered dreams that haunt its shadowy fastnesses, it treats them as strangers. It is tolerable, it is kind, only to speechless spirits, to closed hearts, to beings in whom, to use the phrase the mother of Ibsen's *Brand* uses, "thought, that poisonous plant whose fragrance brings bewilderment, has not broken the bud." But we must not overlook that final thrust in Arne Garborg. Unable to sleep and threatened by ghosts, he calls to the rescue the clear-headed genius of France.

Without going as far back as Holberg, the imitator of Molière,—a Dane, to be sure, but born in Norway at Bergen,—one may say that French influence has affected the Norwegians more profoundly than the other Scandinavian peoples. Jules Lemaître noted the same thing in connection with Ibsen, though he did not locate the influence where it is really to be found; in technic that is, rather than in ideas. Can it be that temperament inclines the Norwegians, as it does the French, toward the dramatic form? They, at any rate, are the only people in the Far North who have produced an original theater. One must give due weight, of course, to the English elements in the work of Kielland, and to the Russian elements that are prominent in all of Norway's outstanding novelists. Nevertheless her story-tellers,

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in the clarity and in the sobriety of their composition, resemble the French more than any others. Bojer himself is a remarkable example of this; and in the overt sympathy he has always shown for France some part is surely played by gratitude for the models French literature has purveyed to his art.

§ 3

On the day of our visit to the Saltström, one of the people in my party had spoken admiringly of "The Power of a Lie," his eyes coursing, as he spoke, along the black shudders of the *sund*, as though that cruel water were associated in his thought with this novel of Bojer. The book, in fact, on its appearance made an immediate conquest of the intelligent public and took its place among novels "really worth while." For our part, let us make no reservations whatever; "The Power of a Lie" is a masterpiece. Bojer leaves to others the picturesque description of his country and the morbid states of passion in which Knut Hamsun becomes absorbed. He plunges straight into a subject which has attracted moralists of all places and of all times. How does the seed of evil develop in us? How does it grow to such mighty proportions? How is it that from some infinitely small thing—from a fleeting thought, an unconfessed desire, a word, a gesture, worse than that, from silence itself—such consequences may arise that if the man who harbored that thought, uttered that word, made that gesture, preserved that silence, could foresee the whole fatal chain of events that would ensue from it, he would quail in horror? How is it that a man, once caught in that fatal chain, not only succeeds in stifling his remorse but comes to justify himself and even to glory in all that he has done? Those who have read the rather florid "Romola" of George Eliot will remember the astonishing personage named *Tito Melema*, who from a merely evasive answer to a commonplace question is carried from weakness to weakness and from crime to crime. "The Power of a Lie" presents an analysis just as keen, just as dramatic, and ever so much more rapid. I believed that Bojer had been inspired by this story of George Eliot till he himself assured me one day that he had never opened that book.

Another story written by him afterward, "Treacherous Ground," is also the history of a falsehood, of the lie we tell ourselves when we disguise selfishness as love of humanity and seek in philanthropy only the satisfaction and the repose of our souls. A young man named *Erik*, out of weakness and carelessness, has been a cause of misfortune to a young girl and of serious error in a friend. Desperate, his faith in everything destroyed, he decides to abandon the city and go back to the landed estate of which his mother has long been urging him to take charge. Among these lands is a strip of clearing on the high cliffs bordering a fiord. What if he should give this land to certain worthy farm-hands of the family in reward for their devotion to him and his house? This idea comes as a sail to a shipwrecked mariner. His mother tries to prevent such a revolutionary generosity, but he rides roughshod over her objections and founds his little agricultural colony. Now his conscience can find its peace. But his neighbor, a civil engineer, returns to town and warns him that the lands he has given away have only a

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foundation of clay, that any heavy rain of spring or autumn may cause a landslide and dash them into the fiord, that indeed such a danger is very real, since the new proprietors have cut the forests which hitherto have been protecting the soil, that *Erik's* plain duty is to urge his colonists to move at the earliest possible moment. *Erik* is in dismay. He must convince himself somehow that the danger has been exaggerated, and he seeks from the engineer a word that will ease his mind. His faith, his honor, his ideals are at stake! The engineer very reasonably remarks that honor or no honor, ideals or no ideals, the cliffs in question are made of clay. Voices are raised against the engineer. He is a hard-hearted man, a conservative opposed to all acts of social reform. *Erik* listens willingly to such accusations; but his life is poisoned; he cannot escape the sense of his own responsibility. At the insistance of his young wife, he finally resolves to warn his colonists of the dangers to which they are exposed, but he does so hoping that his admonitions will not be heeded. The catastrophe occurs. Only one of the colonists escapes with his life. *Erik's* father was a hard man; he sacrificed men to fatten his purse. *Erik* is a tender-hearted soul; he will sacrifice human lives only for an ideal and for the peace of his conscience!

This novel, however, was something more than a drama of the inner life. Bojer set out to describe a little settlement in its infancy, and a new resource of his talent came to light. Few novelists possess to the same extent his gift for assembling numbers of humble characters in a common venture and for so individualizing them that we are interested in each one without losing interest in the whole. In his first novels Bojer applied himself to special cases. Now he essays much larger canvases. "The Last of the Vikings" is the richest and most affecting picture we possess of the life Norwegian fishermen used to lead a quarter of a century ago before trawlers and motor-boats came to replace sailing-vessels and before the motor fisherman had, in turn, become just a wage-earner at sea smoking cigarettes and joining labor-unions. In pages redolent with salt air Kielland had beautifully described the little towns of the Norwegian coast as they were roused at night to the clank of chains and the flapping of sails on the boats making fast to the landings while the cry, "The herring is in," rose from the throats of men in sou'westers and slickers whose big boots left mastodon tracks on the fresh-fallen snow. And he shows us the dealers leaping from their beds, the stores opening, the coffee-pots steaming, the women and children, little knives in hand, catching the silvery fish as they are tossed from the boats to the tables. But what is all this but a miniature in comparison with the fresco of wind and storm splashed by Bojer with great strokes of the brush? Kielland, furthermore, had never been a fisherman on the Lofoten shoals; nor had he passed his boyhood on a valley farm. To this latter we are brought in "God and Woman," in which Bojer introduces us to the sturdy georgic of the North, stripping it, however, of the romantic charm with which Björnson and his school had clothed it, the better to emphasize the strenuousness of the effort that is made on the Norwegian homestead, and the passions that lie smothered under wearily dragging

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days. From Dyrendal, upon which "God and Woman" turns, we are to set sail for America with Bojer's "Emigrants," who carry in their baggage the old adventurous spirit of the vikings, their traditions, their love of the soil, their homesick yearnings, their stubbornness of will. This epic of emigration is the most comprehensive and probably the most beautiful portion of Bojer's work.

But however wide the scope of his subject, however numerous the characters with which he deals, Bojer is always and conspicuously the moralist of "The Power of a Lie" and of "Treacherous Ground." In the movement of any mass of people, he never loses sight of the individual soul, its inner torments, its secret struggles, all, in short, that makes it a distinct individuality. His novel of manners is a swarming of original people brought together in time and in space by a few controlling ideas. How many invisible and conflicting currents underlie those little wavelets of the Saltström? Each ripple seems to have a life of its own. And it does have. But foam and eddy, eddy and foam, down the torrent it is carried with all the others.

§ 4

To try to identify a psychology of the Norwegian people in the novels of Bojer might prove too ambitious a task. Let us observe simply that its principal traits are clearly discernible in them all. The race is at bottom proud, independent, free. The Norwegian takes a stalwart pride in his country; but his pride in his locality is just as strong, and his individual pride yields at no point and in no respect to the other two. Pride must be a wonderful prop to lean on in those immense solitudes. My first arrival in Norway was in a sleigh through the Swedish forests. I changed teams at the frontier and took a new sled that was to carry me to the little town of Kongsvinger, a station on the railroad to Christiania. My driver, apparently an old soldier on pension, began to question my fellow-voyagers in my regard: "He is a traveler?" "Yes." "He has seen something of the world?" "Yes." "Ever been at Kongsvinger?" he asked, turning to me. "No," I replied. "Never been at Kongsvinger!" he reflected, with a toss of the head. "Well, you 've missed one of the prettiest places on earth." Some moments later he drew in his horses, stopped, and pointed out to me a little cottage that made a red dot on a snow-covered hillside. "There 's where I was born," said he. Had the cold been less biting I would surely have doffed my fur cap to that cradle of a strong Norwegian individuality. I could not help admiring this turn of the imagination toward the grand and the grandiose. Wergeland, a prototype of the legendary Björnson and one of the founders of Norwegian literature, used to complain that he "had to stoop under the stars," so close was the sky to his head. I understand, of course, that that was only the metaphor of a poet, and I remember that Victor Hugo, no less, once threatened "to drag the comets by their forelocks." I also understand that it is their country, and not the sky over it, that is too cramped for Norwegian spirits. But people certainly "see big" in the presence of that grand nature where personality tends always to expand.

If there are amusing sides to the Norwegian's pride, there are also very estimable ones. Taken by and large

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it gives a magnificent intensity to his love of country. The effort for emancipation made over the past hundred years by the Norwegian people is good evidence of this. Romanticism in Norway was less a literary fashion than a process of national reintegration. Norwegian thought has suppressed, one might even say abolished, in itself the centuries when the country was not its own master. It leaps over the years of the Danish domination in resplicing its heartstrings to ancestral traditions. The title of Bojer's novel, "The Last of the Vikings," bears witness to this eminently patriotic turn of mind. He carries the cult of tradition so far that he has created, or at least recreated, a language of his own, a peasant language (the *landsmaal*), without troubling to consider whether it really was wise to ask the new generation to learn two national languages, or whether the blend that doubtless will eventually be made of them will not inflict a premature old age upon the great monuments of Norway's literary renaissance. Bojer is hostile to any such procedure; but, nevertheless, excellent writers, such as Arne Garborg, have already written books which the language of Ibsen and Kielland would have been proud to recognize.

In the country folk, in the peasants, pride often is sufficient unto itself and finds sustenance and support in vaporous dreams. Their thoughts they keep to themselves, rarely communicating them to others. At Bergen I met a Norwegian priest, Father Wang, who talked to me at length of his journeys to the inner reaches of the fiords. He was particularly impressed with the thoughtful, or, who knows? the merely vegetative, deliberateness of his fellow-countrymen. He spoke of walking, one winter's day, into a lonely farm-house. The woman of the house was knitting at the fireplace. The man, as usual, was stretched on the bench, his pipe between his teeth, dozing, and occasionally spitting.

"May I get a glass of milk?" asked the clergyman.

No answer! He took a seat near the farmer, who lay gazing at him through the puffs of smoke. After an interval of silence the man asked, "You 're a peddler?"

"No," answered the priest, and then, after a silence, "Might I have a glass of milk?"

"I guess so. . . . What are you, then?"

"I am a clergyman."

After another interval of silence, "I thought so."

"But I must add that I am a Catholic priest."

Sheer stupor, expressed, however, by a silence much longer! Finally the farmer observed, "You must know a lot of things, you must."

The glass of milk arrived, and the priest drank.

"Tell me, what do you think of all these new-fangled notions? I hear there 's no God any more."

"You know Melancthon," replied the priest. "Remember what he said to his dying mother? 'New fads make life more comfortable, but the old beliefs are surest in the end.'"

Another long silence! Then the farmer, without changing his posture, extended a hand to his visitor. "That 's just what I was thinking myself! Thanks!"

The conversation had lasted three quarters of an hour, and the above is every word that passed!

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In some individuals this silence is the mark, the authentic seal, of personal dignity. In others it is a sort of bashfulness that paralyzes all expansiveness. More often it is downright impotence in expression, product of long periods of utter loneliness. The thoughts of these people, like certain gelatinous plants that grow on river bottoms, never quite reach the surface. But then again it may be the mask of who knows what dreams, of who knows what burning languors, what sadness, what anguish, what dark designs. Sometimes the violent act bursts forth like the thunderclap which no lightning-flash has portended; or again the fixed idea comes abruptly to the fore with its pointed barb slowly and painfully whetted in secret. Bojer has specially examined this impressive travail of the soul that has folded in upon itself and is walled around with silence; but, for that matter, almost all his characters, and especially his women, have about their personalities much that is unexpressed. They are silent creatures. They are silent because they believe that silence is the best means of obtaining from a loved one the rectification of some wrong.

However, one must be careful not to paint Norwegian life in too somber colors and not to exaggerate its dramatic aspects. Sometimes the human being submits passively to nature; then again he rebels. Not always is the deepest sadness to be sought in the wildest solitudes; it may more probably be found in the little church-ridden villages of the southwest. The Norwegian of the Norrland is the wittiest of the Scandinavians, a wit that drifts toward the phlegmatic and the dry.

This country of silent souls is also a country of riotously imaginative people. The adventures they cannot live, they dream; and under that phantasmal sky where night and day are one for months of the year, the real and the visionary are hardly distinguishable. "We have the best lunatics in the world!" a Norwegian once said to me. *Peer Gynt* is Norwegian, just as *Ulysses* is Greek and *Robinson Crusoe* English. *Andreas Berget*, the hero of "The Prisoner Who Sang," is a descendant of *Peer Gynt* come to grief. This bewildering creature is stifled inside his own personality; he must forever be escaping from it. So he assumes, one after another, the most incongruous rôles: to-day he is a grocer, to-morrow a farm-hand, the next day a missionary, then a drummer, a surveyor, an evangelist, and all the while, more or less, a swindler and a thief. For love of swindling? Assuredly not, but just to satisfy a sense of humor! For some time he was an actor and a successful one. But what is a mere stage, with cardboard houses and hand-made weather, to a man like him? His true theater is the world; for only in a real world is an imaginary life worth while.

More enterprising than industrious, the Norwegian loves to take a chance. He has the temperament of a gambler, or, to choose less compromising words, of a fearless fisherman. The happy-go-lucky attitude of the coast dweller —save as there is a run of herring or of cod, when he develops prodigious energy—seems to have spread even to the serious-minded farmer of the valleys. Accustomed as he is to poverty, the Norwegian thinks of money as a means to immediate enjoyment, and rarely as a reserve against a rainy day, as a protection against the future. Meantime his instinctive enterprise

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is thwarted, suppressed, by the sleepy atmosphere of his country. Only around the equator do people work as listlessly as they do on the arctic circle. One of Bojer's "Emigrants" on returning from the United States is astonished at the immobility of everything in his home district: a road the county had decided to build ten years before was still being discussed as a project. It is not strange therefore that America should have such a fascination for Norwegian youth. It was year before last, I believe, that Bojer visited the Norwegian settlements in the United States; and after him, the Archbishop of Upsala and Mrs. Söderblom. All three came back amazed at the treasures of initiative, of spiritual richness, of laborious humanity, that penniless Scandinavia was bestowing upon the opulent republic. And Mrs. Söderblom told me her surprise at finding "The Emigrants" of Bojer so true to life.

For my part, I have never been able to read that book without going back in my mind to the day when—in a barber shop at Bodö—my eyes happened to fall on a Tacoma newspaper in the Norwegian language. Some years before, on my way back from Japan, I had spent a night in that new town of the Pacific which, at the time, was little more than a big road through a desert. What a change had taken place! The third and fourth pages of the newspaper were entirely filled with advertisements and announcements—dressmakers, grocers, butchers, hair-dressers, physicians, surgeons—all Norwegian! Acres of fat land were offered for sale with hundreds of thoroughbred hens thrown in for good measure. I noticed this advertisement: "Are you sending money home? Call immediately at the Norwegian Bank of Tacoma." And this one again: "Andersen's: Spiders and Waffle-irons in the Real Old Country Style. Ours are the only genuine articles on the market. Our prices cannot be beaten." I should add that the first two pages of the same newspaper were taken up with personal polemics as genuinely "old country" as the spiders and waffle-irons at Andersen's. A young man just arrived from Bergen had dared describe some Norwegian missionaries in China as "half-educated louts." The editor of the Tacoma paper was depriving this "callow, ignorant, and perverted youth" of some of his assumed importance. I went to the trouble of copying a paragraph: "You ought to know, young man, that the people you are insulting, and who, as you say, come from a strip of frozen ground in the Norrland, do not come from a strip of frozen ground at all. Don't you know your own country well enough to know that the Norrland comprises almost a third of Norway, that it is one of the most beautiful regions of the world, that it has produced some of the most glorious names in Norwegian history? The days have passed, young man, when the shopkeepers of Bergen traded on the ignorance of us Northerners, and made us work like slaves to fatten their greasy purses. The Norrland is a region of light and of enlightenment. . . ." Blessed love of native land! What a splendid reminiscence of old habits of thought, of Scandinavian separation, of inter-parish jealousies! But the editor was right in one respect. So far as light goes, I have never seen, even in America, a light comparable to the light of the Norrland!

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"You mean you never have more men working?"

"Rarely," he replied. "We get from six to nine million tons of ore out of her every year. It does n't require many men to do that. The steam-shovels do all the work. They get sixteen tons at a bite, you see. It does n't take much labor to fill our quota."

The car wound its way around the bottom of the bowl and began climbing up a shelf to where a crew of men were at work. From a distance there was something powerfully and fascinatingly grotesque about them. Little pygmies they were, playing with huge antediluvian animals. A Thing, —what else could you call it?—looking like a giant caterpillar, lay crouched against the wall of the bowl. Occasionally it would lift its ugly head perched on a thin neck and bite into the side of the slope. Then it turned with a worried movement and spit loudly into what seemed the back of a long segmented worm. We came up to them. The caterpillar, biting and spitting, was the steam-shovel moving on tractors; the worm was a string of ore-cars, coated with red dust, which the shovel was loading. Three bites, and an ore-car was filled. All that the men did was operate the levers that controlled the movements of the caterpillar and worm.

I moved closer to the machinery, half hypnotized by its motion. The resemblance to a prehistoric ground-hugging animal remained. The head consisted entirely of jaw. The huge steel teeth, as long as a tall man, bit into the rocky wall and tore off a mouthful of eight cubic yards of iron ore, two tons to the cubic yard. Then the head on its narrow neck separated itself from the wall, stood poised in the air for an instant, seeming to taste the food it had taken, and, finding it unpleasant, turned with a slow motion to the left, where, by dropping its lower jaw, it vomited forth its red wealth into a car standing ready to receive it. This revolving steam-shovel weighs three hundred tons; the little men who run it have a combined weight of maybe half a ton. And the tons of ore which both in their combined strength and power throw into the long lines of cars which move off like worms to the ore-docks of Duluth or Two Harbors or Superior mount up to millions. The most the Hull-Rust ever employs is about eight hundred men. These consist of two shifts. Four hundred men scattered over two miles of territory do not tend to give a picture of industry working at top speed. It all looks rather slow and leisurely. Yet the caterpillar keeps on biting and vomiting, and the ore-cars keep on moving.

"The men," I asked; "do they resent this huge machinery? Do they feel it is cutting down their industrial value?"

"No," was the answer. "They like it. It gives them a sense of power and control, a satisfaction which the pick or the shovel cannot give. They like to feel that this big monster cannot move unless they give it the word or touch of command. Besides, they work on a tonnage basis. The bigger the machine the better they like it."

As we stood there talking, the sun began to set. Its long rays fell on the huge amphitheater and transformed it into a gigantic bowl of rare beauty. Here the ore stood out a rich crimson; a little below, the shadows turned it into velvet black: further off it shone with a golden light; and blending into that, over it and beyond, it lay like a

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glistening bronze mantle. The pit and the galleries were bathed in a splendor that was breath-taking. Occasionally a little puff of smoke was seen as a red line of trains wound its way around one of the tiers; the rhythmic sound of the biting and spewing went on uninterruptedly, accentuating the hush that had settled upon the mine.

"What happens to these open pits when they are exhausted of all iron?" I wanted to know. My question started us off in another direction. After a short ride we stopped at the side of a small lake, surrounded by bowing trees.

"Very pretty," I said, "but you have n't answered my question."

"This is an exhausted mine," was the startling rejoinder. "When we quit operations we allow the mine to fill with water. Some of the men plant fish in it. Many use it for a swimming-hole. It is quite clean and pure. We test the lakes to make sure of it. No, we leave no yawning holes. Or, rather, nature leaves no yawning holes."

§ 2

Because of climatic conditions the open-pit mines are idle for part of the year. Neither do the ore-freighters work during the winter months; the lakes are not navigable. The waters of Lake Superior are almost at the freezing-point even during the summer months. People in Duluth do not bathe in it. Strange tales are told there about it, tales that rival in ingenuity the yarns that are spun about Paul Bunyan, the mythical hero of the lumbermen.

"People who drown in Lake Superior," one man told me, "never come up. The water is so cold that the body remains at the bottom in a state of perfect preservation." This, I believe, is true. "For a long time," he went on, "we did n't know whether to consider this phenomenon in the light of a curse or a gift. We finally decided it was the latter, especially when one of the men in this city, whose name I do not know, discovered that we could capitalize this condition of the water by building an aquatic cemetery. You smile? There is much to be said for the idea. The plan was to fence off a large expanse of water, from which the fish would be blasted out by dynamite, thus removing all possibility of destruction or disintegration of the body. When a man died his body would be attached to a fairly long waterproof cable, at the other end of which was a buoy. Why a buoy, you ask? For a very good reason, indeed. This buoy was his tombstone, so to speak. On it his heirs and relatives could write the usual things that people write when a man dies. The body would then be dropped into the family plot. I hope you begin to get the drift of the story. The buoy, you see, would keep it suspended in the water; the temperature of the water would keep it in a state of preservation. When a man's relatives were moved to visit him, they 'd row out to the cemetery, stop at his buoy, lift the cable, and gaze upon the untransformed features of the deceased. Having looked their fill, they could again lower the cable. An improvement upon the usual cemetery, you will admit."

He gazed at his listeners in a challenging way and, finding none disposed to argue with him, carefully lit a cigar.

"Too bad they never went ahead

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came the answer, as a wooden wedge was jammed into place; "but this is September 21 and there 's a storm ahead."

As though confirming his statement, a dozen fog-horns wailed their notes across the gray, white-capped waters.

By night a heavy rain was falling. When the mess-bell rang it was difficult and unpleasant walking down the wet sliding decks to the mess-room, two city blocks away from the pilot-house. By ten that night a heavy wind had arisen, and the boat gave evidence of the fact that she was built on long and narrow lines. She swayed from side to side in a motion that might be considered graceful on land but is highly uncomfortable on water. Big men in oilskins bustled about giving or answering orders in short, clipped sentences; the fog-horn on the boat, automatic in its call, sounded continually. Occasionally came an answering call, muffled by the wall of mist and the wind and the rain that surrounded us.

It grew cold, and the thought of bed was pleasant. The rocking motion of the boat was not too annoying, and, tired out from lack of sleep the night before, I was soon sound in slumber. A heavy crash woke me. Dawn was coming through the port-hole, a fearsome dawn that showed the horizon-line moving up and down in long, breathless, rocking intervals, a good pitch and toss that an ocean liner can never hope to equal. The sight of the mad horizon made my head ache, and I buried my face in the pillow to blot it out. A splash of spray came through the port-hole and touched my neck with its icy foam. They who said that the temperature of Lake Superior was at the freezing-point were right. I rose to shut the heavy glass but the movement of the boat, now grown wilder, pushed me back against the bed. The wind on deck laughed wickedly at my discomfiture, and I did not have the spirit within me to laugh back.

I staggered into bed accompanied by the sound of a crash overhead. The water-bottle had fallen off its shelf and went smashing down into a hundred pieces. I heard the water sloshing about my clothes, which had slipped off the chair, and lapping over my shoes, which I could dimly see wandering up and down beside the bed with the bucking motion of the ship.

Seven o'clock was breakfast-time. I had n't the slightest desire or need for any food, but good sportsmanship demanded that I make an appearance at the table. The thought of making the long trip down decks that escaped beneath your feet was fearsome, but it had to be done. I opened the door to the deck, and a boisterous gale pulled it from me. The horizon was still behaving in a very unseemly fashion. Carefully and laboriously, with my eyes half shut, I made my way aft. Half-way down a hearty laugh greeted me.

"So you 're up, are you? Not much good going down to mess. Cook could n't keep anything on the stove. Nothing there but oranges and black coffee."

"Good enough," I answered, sounding braver than I felt, and continued, half staggering, half propelled by the wind behind me.

Coffee and oranges it was, and then the terrible way back! The wind was now against me, and the spray and the rain blinded me. The steel decks running with water were not made for foothold.

"Walk the hatches," I heard some

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one call to me, and I clambered upon them. That was better, for the tarpaulins allowed my feet to get a purchase on them. But even that was difficult. Between the hatches were strips of deck, and I could not stride them. A couple of deck-hands saw my plight and came to me. An arm came under each elbow, and thus fortified I found the way easier.

"Can you yump?" one of them yelled into my ear, and I heard myself answering him as though I were first cousin to his good Swedish soul:

"You bet, I can yump."

So we jumped from hatch to hatch until I had again reached my quarters. That trip opened the door of comradeship between me and the deck-hands. Until noon and after, the seas continued high, the wind heavy, and the fog thick. Then slowly but perceptibly came the lulling of the storm. The water still ran over the decks, the scuppers still sang with full throats, but the wind and the fog seemed disposed to take thought of leaving us. In the observation-room the furniture was righted, clothes replaced on pegs, and broken water-bottles thrown to the sea. A hilarious crew chaffed the cook's helper, a colored boy, who had gone to bed the night before with a life-preserver tied around his middle.

"It 's just as bad to freeze as to drown," they explained to me. "What chance has anybody on Lake Superior in a nor'wester like that? Or at any time for that matter?"

§ 4

Most of the freighters coming from ports on Lake Erie and Huron, headed for Superior, had turned in for shelter at Whitefish Point. That accounted for the fact that during the past twenty-four hours we had met no vessel. At sunset, made golden and colorful by the water in the air, we met them, coming out upon the waters like children released from school. Forty of them were counted—ore-boats, wheat-boats, coal-boats. Their long dark bodies, stretched like dragon-flies across the vast expanse of water which gave no sign of land, went into the colorful horizon at the west and vanished beyond it.

Few people appreciate how really great are the Great Lakes. Take those we crossed on this trip. Superior is 350 miles long and 160 miles wide; Huron 220 miles by 100 miles; Erie 240 by 57. From Duluth on Lake Superior to Conneaut on Lake Erie it is 891 miles. We did n't get into Conneaut Harbor until almost midnight on Wednesday. Some idea of the traffic on the lakes can be gained from the fact that in 1923 more than one hundred and twenty million tons of freight were moved on these waters. About twenty million tons of cargo passed through the Panama Canal during the year ending June, 1923. At that, it should be remembered, lake traffic is open only eight months of the year.

It was about midnight on Monday that we came to Sault Ste. Marie. Because of the storm the day before, there were few vessels outside the locks waiting to be lowered. Slowly, like a blind man being led through a narrow tunnel, the *Cole* moved its way into the slip. On the fringe of the sleeping town a carbide plant shone red and lurid through the darkness. In the slip next to ours a boat coming from Huron was waiting to be lifted to the level of the waters of Lake Superior, a twenty-foot rise.

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"That 's the *Mataafa*," one of the crew said to me, reading her name. "Do you know the story of the *Mataafa?*"

"No."

"It was terrible. It was in the winter of 1915. Winter up here, that is. In November. It was the most terrible snow-storm remembered on the lakes. Fifteen ships or more were lost without trace. The *Mataafa* fought its way through to Duluth but because of terrific wind and blinding snow could not make her way into the slip. People on the piers watched her struggle, and at last she made a motion as though she could nose her way through. But the wind twisted her, and right before the eyes of thousands of people she crashed against the pier-head and broke her side in two. The men at the nearer end were rescued, but those aft perished. They froze to death, with the people on shore powerless to help them. One of the men in the engine-room was found frozen in a smoke-stack where he had gone for shelter. They could not walk the length of the boat, you see, because of the mighty force of the blast that swept them back. Wind and snow—you people back east don't know what they are."

"And that is the same boat?"

"Yes, they put her together again. To-day we have life-lines strung from fore to aft to help us walk in a gale."

Most of the men go back to their homes during the winter months. The pay they get is good, and by an arrangement with the ship company the money is put in a bank for them each month. When they leave they take with them a lump sum of savings. One boy of eighteen, a coal-passer, told me he made seventy-two dollars a month. Inasmuch as he got no chance to spend it, for the movement of the boats is continual, loading and unloading, he saved nearly all. Last year he left the boat with five hundred dollars. He was idle for a month and then got himself a job in a Ford factory. In the spring he signed up again.

"What is it you expect to get out of this?" I asked him.

"An officer in the engine-room, maybe. If I go to school, that is."

Aft, the crew looks to the chief engineer's job as the goal of achievement; fore, it is the captain's job. There is a distinct line between these two groups. Each thinks himself the superior of the other.

Outside Detroit orders were called to the *Cole* to go on to Conneaut. Before that, we had not known our definite destination except that it was to be a port on Lake Erie.

At Conneaut, on Thursday, the work of unloading began. Again it was a spectacle of gigantic power. The hatches were uncovered and pushed back. Huge overhead cranes attached to the piers lowered monster rotating legs into the hold of the vessel. Attached to the bottom of the leg was a fifteen-ton bucket made up of two scooping jaws that opened and shut, their movement controlled by a man who sat in a compartment in the leg above. Looking out from the opening from which he viewed his operations he looked as though he might be a child of the woman who lived in a shoe.

After being weighed, the ore goes into cars which take it to the furnaces at the various plants. I watched a train of cars scheduled to go to Pittsburg, convinced that there would be no Pittsburg if there were no red amphitheaters of ore in the cold West.

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The Wildness of Philadelphia

How Nature Persists in a Metropolis

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

All day long a stifling haze had hung over the city. To me, just down from the cool orchid-haunted hills of Connecticut, there seemed nothing but heat and noise and dust in Philadelphia.

Night fell hot and heavy, and I tossed on a bed at the club seven times heated and listened to the clanging and groaning of the trolley-cars as they passed forever beneath my window. Cornwall, cool, green, and beautiful, with its flower-fields and bird-songs, its dawns and sunsets and moonrises, seemed as far away and long gone as Eden.

Suddenly through the clangor of the cars I heard a sound which at first I thought I must have dreamed. Then it came again, clear and unmistakable through the heavy air like the twanging of a plucked cello string, that mysterious bowstring note of the night-hawk which it makes in the dark with its wings as it swoops through the air after night-flying insects.

A moment later came its call, "Peent, peent," and I saw above the glare of the electric lights a black circling bird which showed a white throat and wing-bars when it turned.

As a boy I used to see those hunters of the night at twilight and in the dawn-dusk, lonely, mysterious birds hawking above the dim meadows. Sometimes I would find their gray-spotted eggs laid on bare rocks in hidden upland pastures. On the far side of the Milk-house Lot, where one could walk from stone to stone across the whole field and never step foot to the ground, was a flat-topped rock hidden in the fragrant grass. There a pair of night-hawks nested year after year and reared strange, sprawling fledglings.

That sweltering night in the city I felt as if the bird had come down from the north country as a special messenger to tell me that the way was still open and the peace still waiting—and I fell asleep to dream of green pastures and cool hilltops.

Since then, however, I have found that the night-hawks have moved to our cities—perhaps the last bird one would expect to find there. I rarely meet them any more in the country, but every summer in Philadelphia and New York at twilight I hear their call and see them zigzagging back and forth through the smoky haze which there takes the place of the sky. In the city they nest on the flat roofs of office buildings and apartment-houses, which are seldom visited and where their gray-speckled eggs blend perfectly with the pebbled surface. There

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their nests are safe from weasels, hawks, and jays; and they are always sure of a plentiful food-supply of flies, mosquitos, and the other insects on which they feed.

The night-hawk is not the only one of our wilder birds which has moved to Philadelphia. A year or so ago I was attending in an equity suit before a master in chancery, one of the most dignified of that grave and reverend breed. His office was in the very center of the city, surrounded by sky-scrapers. As I sat listening to the droning testimony, across a patch of sky which showed through a window I caught a flash of long, narrow wings. Only a falcon could give that arrowy swoop, and I leaned forward and to my utter amazement saw a duck-hawk go past. The duck-hawk is the peregrine falcon of the old hawking days and is the fastest flier of all of our birds. That one passed so near that I could see its black mustaches and hooked bill and the enormous yellow feet which made Audubon give it the name of the "big-footed hawk."

The last time that I had seen a duck-hawk was in a lonely aery among the mountains of northern Pennsylvania, where I had climbed down a cliff and sat in the nest with two white fledglings, while their fierce mother swooped and called through the depths below. Yet to-day there was one of the rarest of our hawks circling in the air before me in the very heart of a great city.

I moved about so much trying to follow its flight through the half-open window that the master kindly ordered it closed, thinking that I was annoyed by the draft.

Later on I found that the duck-hawk had chosen as his aery the hat of the statue of William Penn, which towers 535 feet above the street. There safe above the seethe of the city he lived, feeding comfortably on the colony of pigeons which infests and soils the public buildings of our city. For two winters that hawk was one of the sights of Philadelphia and a joy to all visiting and resident ornithologists. Then some son of Belial, whose grave may pigeons defile, shot him from an office window.

A friend tells me that another duck-hawk has adopted New York City as his winter residence, living in a sheltered nook on the summit of one of the tallest of the office buildings and likewise feeding on pigeons. In connection with the latter he has noted as an interesting fact that the hawk, like a good sportsman, refuses to kill his game sitting. A crafty old cock pigeon who was pursued by that bird was evidently aware of this falcon trait, for he alighted on a window-sill near my friend's office and sat there all day without stirring a feather while the duck-hawk circled around him and finally alighted near-by. When my friend left his office for the day, pigeon and hawk were still there, each waiting for the other to make the first move.

The great horned owl has a similar habit. One has been seen to alight on a limb beside a roosting turkey and gradually push the drowsy fowl off from the branch, seizing it only when it was in the air.

It was in another city that I recently met with two other high fliers. I was crossing the current of traffic which surges along the main street of Newark in company with one of the judges of that city. As we reached the curb my companion stared skyward.

"Aëroplanes!" he exclaimed, pointing toward two black forms swinging

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and veering back and forth in mid-sky. Thereupon he discoursed learnedly and at length upon the progress of the age. Judges are not to be lightly contradicted, yet as I watched those distant figures I became convinced that they were one of the earliest makes of aëroplanes known, being none other than the old reliable buzzard brand. Without a flutter or a flap the two turkey-vultures circled the sky as did their ancestors ages before the first man had even learned to walk erect. Indeed, it was by watching them that after a million years or so mankind has at last learned the secret of the air, which after all is not so much a matter of flying as of soaring.

It was during war-time that I had another high adventure in the suburbs of Philadelphia in which a real aëroplane played a part. I was in the middle of a tennis-match at one of the country clubs when from mid-sky came an ominous droning note. Looking up we saw a military aëroplane with its red, white, and blue badge veering and circling overhead. Even as we watched, a speck showed above it, and a bird swept into sight through the blue, so large and so high that until the light fell on its wings it seemed to be another plane above the first one.

In our latitude a bird of that size could only be one of two, a great blue heron or a bald eagle. Suddenly, as if shining on silver, the sun gleamed on a snowy head and tail, the hall-marks of a bald eagle.

Many times I have met our national bird under impressive circumstances. Once I saw an eagle on the shore of a lake harassed by a black and scurrilous crow. The old monarch never even looked at his assailant but started skyward in magnificent circles followed by his reviler until the height was too much for the crow and he flapped his way down to a lower level. Again beside a lonely bay in Canada I once saw an eagle with outstretched wings scream at the rising sun from the top of a dead tree, and only last March I met a magnificent pair guarding their nest on an island in Delaware Bay. Yet none of my meetings with this king of the upper air have ever seemed to me to be so dramatic as that one back in 1917. It was as if our grim national bird had come down to inspect one of the first of the fighting planes and to help keep the skies of America free.

§ 2

It is not only in the air that we city-dwellers must find our birds. For those who will but look and listen there are bird sights and songs and even nests to be found beside our city streets. The other evening I was walking along a Philadelphia pavement bordering a row of poplars whose green leaves were just beginning to be flecked with the gold of the first frosts. Westering down the sky sank a crescent new moon with blazing Jupiter pursuing close after. Suddenly from the end of the street came a little wailing call, the last, loveliest, and saddest bird-song of any day. I stopped and answered it twice and three times. Then it ceased, and as I watched, on silent, muffled wings a black form circled just over my head and alighted on a limb so close that I could see the erect ear-tufts of a little screech-owl, who with a number of his kin had moved to the city, where he lives for the most part on English sparrows.

One October night I stayed late at my office. Turning out the lights just before I left, I leaned far out of the

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open window to look up at the stars. Hundreds of feet below me the unsleeping city rumbled and clanked and clanged. Above the clamor, above the sky-scrapers, above the clouds, down through the star-shine drifted far-away bird-notes. "Chink, chink, chink," they dropped like silver coins through the still air, and I knew that a band of bobolinks were passing overhead on their way south to become rice-birds. The lilt of their bubbling spring-song, which always makes me think of trout-brooks, was gone along with the velvet black and cream white of their plumage, but they were the same brave, beautiful birds which I look for every spring. After they had passed I heard a fainter "Tseep, tseep," and I recognized the flight-notes of the black-poll warblers heartening each other through the dark on their long journey to Brazil.

It was on October 9, 1915, that I first realized what waves of rare birds pass over Philadelphia every fall. The night before a heavy fog had hung over the city, and the lights on the statue of William Penn had lured hundreds of little birds to their death. Some dashed themselves against the stones; others fluttered around the lights like moths around a candle until they sank exhausted to the ground below. The next morning on a tiny grass-plot in the midst of the court-yard of the City Hall was a group of warblers, hopping about like English sparrows. The two rarest were a bay-breasted warbler, all black, white, and chestnut-brown, whose rare nest I was afterward to find in the depths of New Brunswick, and a Cape May warbler with his sunshine-yellow under parts streaked with black, and his orange-brown eye-patch and black crown. Besides these were Maryland yellowthroats with their black masks; black-throated green warblers with black throats and yellow cheeks; magnolia warblers with ashen heads, yellow breasts, and yellow throats; myrtle warblers with white throats and yellow patches on head, wings, and rump; black-throated blue warblers in fall plumage but still showing the square white patches on their wings; golden-crowned kinglets, the fourth smallest bird in America; and redstarts, all black, white, salmon, and orange with fan-shaped tails. Altogether some twenty-one varieties of birds lingered around that plot of grass for two or three days.

The last test and proof of a bird's confidence is her nest. One would hardly expect that any bird would trust this treasure of her life to the safe-keeping of a city, yet many of them do even of the rarer and shyer varieties. Out at Bridesburg in the center of Philadelphia's manufacturing district is a noisome patch of swamp hemmed in by factories and all reeds and mud and slime, yet there nest every year several pairs of that rare water-bird, the Florida gallinule.

One early morning I was walking along a city street and in a low crotch of a stunted maple-tree saw what I thought was a yellow thorn growing out of a little hollow made where four branches intersected. As I reached up and touched it, with an indignant chirp a mother robin flew off a nest containing four sky-blue eggs. She had hidden her nest so cunningly in this hollow that I doubt whether any of the thousands of people who passed under it every day ever suspected that it was there. What I had taken to be a thorn was her upraised beak as she

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sat brooding her dear-loved eggs.

Another day I was returning from church in one of the suburbs of Philadelphia and saw a deserted robin's nest in a low tree by the sidewalk. One of my children wanted the nest for a collection of old nests which she had suddenly decided to make. I poked it down with my cane and fortunately caught it as it fell, for inside of the nest was the egg of a yellow-billed cuckoo evidently pierced by the robin's bill. Very rarely an American cuckoo has been reported to have followed the example of its European relative and laid in another bird's nest. I had been lucky enough to discover a proof of this much disputed habit.

Some years ago right beside the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia, which is full of stuffed birds and stolen nests, a brave fish-crow built her nest and raised her brood. The fish-crow is the crow which says "car" instead of "caw" and which is slightly smaller than the common crow and shows greenish reflections on its underfeathers, which are a dull black on its larger relative.

I was not fortunate enough to find that fish-crow's nest, but the last common crow's nest which I found was within the city limits of Philadelphia. I was walking across some golf-links in West Philadelphia beside a little stream of sewage, which we Pennsylvanians seem to prefer to the clear brooks one finds in New England. On an open field stood a scrubby pin-oak tree. As I passed it I saw what looked like a stick caught in a crotch of the tree about thirty feet above the ground. Viewed more closely it seemed to be a nest so built that only a stick or so showed from any one point. When I circled the tree, however, I decided that I was wrong and that the crotch was not large enough to shelter anything like a bird's nest. As I started away I threw a stick up into the tree, which happened to strike right under that crotch. Instantly out from the place which did not seem large enough to shelter a robin, slipped a crow. I climbed up and found a beautifully concealed nest lined with bark and holding two eggs. One was long and pointed and sage green, while the other was rounder, bluer, and beautifully marbled and mottled.

My last experience in city birds'-nesting was had in the very heart of that vast city of factories, shipyards, and manufacturing plants—Camden, New Jersey. I had just come back from a spring trip through mountains sweet with apple-blossoms, white with the snow-petals of the shad-blow, and rosy with rhodora. In Camden we followed an oily, sluggish creek which wound its way through factory yards. Everywhere was the reek of smoke and gas, with ashes and slag underfoot. Yet in a clump of goldenrod close to an ash-dump we found the nest of a spotted sandpiper made of reeds and lined with grass and containing four dark-brown eggs spotted with chocolate marks, round at one end and coming to a point at the other. Farther on in a bit of marshy ground in a mass of equisetum, whose ancestors go back beyond the First Ice Age, I found another nest of the same bird. Beyond that one the factory workers had made a base-ball diamond out of a patch of stony ground. In the very center of the diamond not far from second base on the naked ground, we found the nest of a killdeer, that beautiful plover which wears two black

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rings around its white throat and whose wild call from the cold sky is one of the first signs of spring.

The nest was nothing but a hollow scraped in the gravel containing four eggs which so matched the stones that so far they had escaped the notice of the players, who must have run past and over them scores of times. We hoped that the brave bird would be successful in rearing her brood, although it hardly seemed possible.

On the bank of the stagnant ditch we found a song-sparrow's nest, and beyond that in the very last tussock, which bordered a flat of oozy black mud, we discovered the grass nest of a swamp-sparrow. The nest itself was much thicker than that of the song-sparrow, while the four eggs were marbled instead of speckled with reddish brown, as were the eggs of the song-sparrow.

Some of my earliest experiences with the birds of Pennsylvania were had among crowded city streets. When I first came to Philadelphia in 1900, not far from my home near Forty-seventh Street was an acre of waste ground containing some marshy thickets and a few large trees and bounded on all sides by clanging trolley-lines and long rows of houses. In that patch of unused land I made a number of new friends among the birds. It was there that I first met that patriotic bird, the red-headed woodpecker, all red and white and dark blue, the bird which made an ornithologist out of Alexander Wilson. A pair of them nested in a hole in a dead tree, in the top of which were the remains of an old crow's nest. It was in the thicket at the base of that tree, too, that I first heard one winter day a rich, ringing whistle. "Whit, whit, whit," it went; then, "Teu, teu, teu." Then the two notes were mingled: "Whit-teu, whit-teu, whit-teu." At first I thought it was some boy until, blood red against the white and green of a snow-covered cedar, a crested cardinal grosbeak perched and gave his ringing call. I had never before seen or heard that bird, which is not found in New England, and I shall never forget the intense excitement I had in finding him there in the heart of the city.

In that same place for many weeks I heard another unknown singer. From the frozen depths of a thicket would come a liquid, loud note full of rolling r's, which sounded something like "chip'r'r'r'r." This would be repeated two or three times. Then without any other warning there would bubble out from the black bushes a loud ringing, "Thriou, thriou, thriou." As the bird warmed to his song the phrasing would change to "Whee-udel, whee-udel, whee-udel, whee-udel." Look as I would I could never catch a glimpse of the singer, which I supposed from the song was some large bird. At last, on an eventful Sunday afternoon, directly ahead of me an unmistakable wren hopped from the ground to the limb of a spice-bush and before my very eyes sang the song which I had heard for so many weeks. It was my first meeting with the Carolina wren, the largest of our five wrens, who wears a long white line under his eye, and whose nest, made of green moss, I was afterward to find years later beautifully hidden at the base of a bush. Before leaving the subject of Carolina wrens, I must insert at this point a boastful birdnote, for the benefit of any ornithologist who may chance to read this article. On August 3, 1925, on Cream Hill in the

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township of Cornwall, State of Connecticut, near the old farm-house of the Scoville family, I heard again that liquid alarm note, saw a Carolina wren hop upon the top of the wood-pile, and a little later heard his rich, ringing song—the first record of one ever made in that part of Connecticut. Beside that same farm-house I also found a red-headed woodpecker a few springs ago, also a very rare visitant in eastern New England.

Returning to my city swamp, it was there that I first caught a glimpse of that sleek, drab little bird, the tufted titmouse. How often since around Philadelphia have I whistled one up and called him to me by giving his minor double whistle, "Peto, peto"; for like the screech-owl, the tufted titmouse can always be paged successfully if he is anywhere within a half-mile of the caller.

In that same enchanted spot, where one could step from a crowded city street and be safe among the sweet wild folk in another world, I roused my first woodcock, who had dropped in there one March day to rest. There, too, I learned the lovely minor strain of the white-throated sparrow and found my first robin in the spring.

Last year I chanced to be in that part of Philadelphia near my old home and walked a few squares out of my way to view my bird sanctuary. There were no trees left nor thickets nor marsh. In their place were rows and rows and rows of brick houses with asphalt walks. On the spot where the Carolina wren had sung, and the cardinal grosbeak whistled, was a yard paved with cement and a stone lion and an iron fountain which never ran. Undoubtedly those works of art pleased their owner; personally I prefer bird-songs.

§ 3

It was the head of a prominent law-firm in New York City, more years ago than I like to remember, who showed me that there were other possibilities in a great city besides birds. As we were passing City Hall on the way to the bridge he suddenly stopped and, in spite of the protests of a policeman, proceeded to fill a large pocket-handkerchief with a mass of brick-red fungi which were growing in the grass. From their appearance I should have pronounced them absolutely fatal. That night over a chafing-dish I changed my opinion when I tasted for the first time one of the *Hypholoma* (I think it was the *perplexum*), that commonest and least known of our edible mushrooms.

Another day on the way back from church in Brooklyn, that same enthusiast showed me, growing under dry leaves on a bit of waste-land next to a livery-stable, a colony of pale lilac mushrooms with narrow violet gills. These "damn purple toadstools," to quote the language of the liveryman, were none other than the celebrated *Tricholoma personatum*, admitted by all mushroom experts to be one of the very best of the edible fungi. Those two experiences made me a mycologist, which means a man who gets up before dawn in the fall to pick mushrooms before his neighbors, and who is constantly causing his family and his cook pain and perturbation by bringing home from the woods all kinds of red, blue, green, and purple mushrooms to be cooked and eaten.

A thousand times and more I had passed by the southwest corner of

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Thirteenth and Locust Streets in the center of Philadelphia. On the thousand-and-first time, which happened to be in the spring, I saw a tree entirely surrounded by pavements, yet towering above the tops of the houses and all feathery green with tiny soft needles. It took me some time to find that it was a bald cypress, a southern tree which, like our northern tamarack, sheds its needles with the coming of frost and stands apparently gaunt and dead all winter. That day, although hemmed in by brick walls and stone curbs, that strange tree in the heart of the city harked back to the days when Thirteenth Street was a cow-path and the cypress was a part of some long-gone garden. I often wonder who the forgotten tree-lover was who planted it. Perhaps he was dear old John Bartram, who brought so many strange trees to Philadelphia and whose garden still stands as a city park; or indeed he might have been Benjamin Franklin himself, another tree-lover, who, speaking from a wide experience, once wrote that, next to begetting a child, the planting of a tree was one of the pleasantest and most profitable occupations of mankind.

One afternoon in late March through an open window a mourning-cloak butterfly flew into my inner office and alighted on my desk. The mourning-cloak has long been one of my special friends. *Euvanessa antiopa* is his official name, and he wears a wine-red cloak bordered by a line of bright blue spots set in black velvet and edged with cream and lavender. Hibernating first through the winter, he is always the butterfly up at the dawn of the year.

The Japanese believe that a butterfly which comes into one's room is a messenger from some friend who has passed beyond. That one, however, was a real butterfly who had flown across hyla-haunted meadows and woods all rose and green and gold with opening leaves to tell me that spring had come and was waiting.

So everywhere the wild folk message us. Through the smoke of the city we can glimpse them and hear their call above the din of our work. It is only our unseeing eyes and our stopped ears which keep us from knowing them.

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Some New Books We Have Read

Adventures in Criticism

Poet's Prose

The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. George H. Doran Company.

To say that a given piece of prose is poetical generally means, at least among Anglo-Saxons, that it winds along like Sir Thomas Browne's prose, or stalks like Gibbon's, or swells like Ruskin's, or purrs like Cabell's. But this takes for granted that poetry is what it was, for the most part, between Coleridge and Swinburne. There is also, however, to be borne in mind such prose as might be expected from poets like Pope or Austin Dobson, from Emily Dickinson or Elinor Wylie. That could hardly help being edged as well as colored, precise as well as melodious. As a matter of fact, "The Venetian Glass Nephew" has these very qualities in a degree of high excellence. The book is never cosmic or sentimental. It has the wit to have chosen a fantastic story with satirical implications, and to have carried it through with an air of comedy. A certain Venetian cardinal of the eighteenth century desires a nephew. Too unworldly to achieve one in the manner of some of his brother princes, he has a nephew manufactured by a glass-blower of astounding skill. Virginio, the youth thus devised, falls in love with Rosalba, the niece of another cardinal. The marriage proves not quite satisfactory. For all Virginio has been shaped with the most delicate art, he is somewhat too glassy for a mortal bride. He is timid and afraid. As it is impossible to change him, a change has to be wrought in the more human and therefore more adaptable Rosalba. At the suggestion of the ingenious Chastelneuf (who is of course Casanova under a Gallic pseudonym), Rosalba is baked into porcelain at Sèvres. Henceforth the pair live in perfect agreement and happiness.

If it was a poet who chose the gay theme, it is a poet who has executed it. The narrative moves like a minuet. Never once does it drag a heavy heel, nor does it ever forget itself into a romp. Though strong, it is invariably graceful; though exquisite, it is alive and eager. Thus, for instance, it finds an image for the cardinal's longing: "The extreme chastity of his body extended to his spirit, or perhaps it were juster to say that the body and spirit of Peter Innocent was in this eighty-first year of his age a single amalgam, made from two substances of equal purity. This much is probable; that returning at a jocund season to a home of such miraculous loveliness as flowed and floated in the waves and clouds of Venice, he felt within the stiff and sanctified chrysalis of his flesh a lively movement as of uncurling wings

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such exquisite and painted films as a moth hangs down to dry from the under side of a linden leaf. And he would have provided with joyous gratitude an opportunity to any saint to slit him down the back like a locust, if thereby might be freed a younger, fairer, and, to his humility, more perfect being than Peter Innocent Bon, perishing for this mystical offspring with all the fervor of the elder phoenix." Not a page, not a sentence of the "Nephew" but is marked by this felicitous union of wit and sweetness. And if the language is a delight, so is the management of the comedy. There might have been sobs for the inaccurately matched couple; there might have been snickering over the brittle bridegroom; there might have been allegorical suggestions to the effect that a little baking might bring wedded couples closer together everywhere. But none of these dreadful faults appear. The story stands on its own feet; readers themselves will have to find the moral if any is to be found.

C. V. D.

HAWKEYE DE NOS JOURS

Jungle Days. By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Jungle Peace. By William Beebe. The Modern Library.

Seven years after the appearance of "Jungle Peace," which obtained for Mr. Beebe his wider public, the book appears again as the first title added to the Modern Library since its change of ownership. His inclusion in that admirable series further signalizes his succession to the line of American naturalists which comes down from William Bartram through Thoreau and John Muir. As compared, say, with Thoreau, Mr. Beebe is a better naturalist, but a worse poet and a less skilful, less close-knit, less powerful writer. Such a comparison makes clear that Thoreau was after all primarily interested in his own sentiments and his own salvation, and had therefore a unity of subject which Mr. Beebe does not have. For Mr. Beebe, in those various books of which "Jungle Days" is merely the latest in what might profitably prove an endless series, is actually a naturalist, and not primarily an introvert hunting in nature for a peace which he cannot find in society. His curiosity is enormous and his senses so acute as to shame all his dull-eyed fellow-creatures. "The blind spots of our perceptions conceal many phases of delicate beauty in the things around us, aspects which are dulled by the opacity of familiarity, passed over by the unseeing activity of our surface-skimming eyes."

"Jungle Days" is a collection of random papers on things seen during the author's less technical hours in his laboratory in the jungle of British Guiana. Now he reports upon the habits of the tinamous, bobtailed birds which lay wine-colored eggs, the females doing all the courting and the males all the incubating. Now he studies the life which springs out of the death of a fallen tree, the *Etaballi*. Now he listens to the sounds made by the leaves of the jungle and distinguishes among them with affectionate accuracy. Now he lies on the beach at night, with an electric flash, and notes the creatures which range along the tide-marks. He shifts easily from detail to detail, dramatic because he perceives drama in happenings themselves, and not because he forces them into dramatic patterns. The impression

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he gives is of a tireless observer who elects to chronicle the most striking of the countless things which have arrested him. His fascination comes in great measure from his variety. He has also, however, a good deal of comic force, as in his account of a sloth's courtship. "A female was asleep in a low crotch, curled up into a perfect ball deep within which was ensconced a month-old baby. Two yards overhead was a male who had slept for nine hours without interruption. Moved by what, to a sloth, must have been a burst of uncontrollable emotion, he slowly unwound himself and clambered downward. When close to the sleeping beauty he reached out a claw and tentatively touched a shoulder. Even more deliberately she excavated head and long neck and peered in every direction but the right one. At last she perceived her suitor and looked away as if the sight was too much for her. Again he touched her post-like neck, and now there arose all the flaming fury of a mother at the flirtatious advances of this stranger. With incredible slowness and effort she freed an arm, deliberately drew it back and then began a slow forward stroke with arm and claws. Meanwhile her gentleman friend had changed his position so the blow swept, or, more correctly passed, through empty air, the lack of impact almost throwing her out of the crotch. The disdained one left with slowness and dignity—or had he already forgotten why he had descended? —and returned to his perch and slumber, where I am sure, not even such active things as dreams came to disturb his peace." And in the speculations on how thought first found a lodgment in the brain of a monkey and grew till the monkey's race started on the path which made them men, Mr. Beebe becomes geniunely affecting.

C. V. D.

Skin for Skin. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

This is a chapter of autobiography devoted to the period during which Mr. Powys first learned that he had tuberculosis, went to Switzerland, was released from a sanatorium as enough better to visit England, spent a summer there, and returned later to his sanatorium to find he was as badly off as ever. The quiet record has the poignancy which goes with every matter of life and death, but it has more than that. It has a biting frankness which takes it to the length of using ancient common words which have hardly been printed since the eighteenth century; and it has a fine pungent sensitiveness to the beauty which the sick man feared to lose. The charm of the book is difficult to analyze, but it must come somehow from its combination of ruthlessness and loveliness. Here is a man in the face of death who will not comfort himself with one illusion, yet who never for a moment undervalues the earth which he may have to leave. Without the momentum and reverberation of Stevenson, Mr. Powys has more raciness and a finer, though a drier, flavor.

Democracy. By Henry Adams. Henry Holt and Company.

America has produced so few political novels of any interest or importance that the reissue of "Democracy" ought to be an event. This at least is one individual of that scanty species. As a novel, strictly speaking, it leaves

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something to be desired. Adams was by nature neither a creator of characters nor a teller of stories. But he had an intimate knowledge of political life, especially in Washington, was a shrewd analyst of legislative and extra-legislative methods, and felt no inclination to spare the feelings of men who might recognize themselves in his portraits. He wrote a better novel about Washington than any one had ever written before him, if the Washington chapters of "The Gilded Age" may be excepted; and certainly nobody has surpassed him since then.

The Novels of Fielding. By Aurelien Digeon. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Several of the French studies of English or American authors which have been produced during the present century are of first-rate value, both for the new material which they bring to light and for the freshness and completeness of their criticism. The study of Fielding by M. Digeon, however, is not so valuable. Delayed by the war, it saw some of its discoveries anticipated by Professor Cross. Moreover, though sensibly written, it is rarely brilliant. It is chiefly a sound interpretation, brought down to date, of an author about whom there have lately been enough new facts discovered to make such an interpretation useful and important.

The Philosophy of Witchcraft. By Ian Ferguson. D. Appleton and Company.

Mr. Ferguson, who is a Scot and who takes much of his material from Scottish history, deals interestingly, if not always originally, with the rise and fall of witchcraft, but his principal concern is not historical. It is ethical, even prophetic. The witch, as he sees her, is a symbol of the desire of men to get access to the higher powers by magic, without science, discipline, or effort. Through her men aim at a philosophy of comfort, which may find its expression either in utilitarian materialism or in superstition. Against both of these Mr. Ferguson makes war, upholding spiritual energy and solid knowledge. The novelty of his argument regarding witchcraft consists in his bracketing of utilitarianism with superstition. According to him, Henry Ford might properly be classed among witches, because of his preoccupation with machines designed to give comfort without wisdom; so might Conan Doyle, because of his contention that there is a path of hocus-pocus leading to the truth.

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Compliments of the Season

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

WHEN Thackeray was standing for Parliament, he happened to meet his opponent one day, who, after chatting amicably, left the great novelist with the remark, "May the best man win." To which Thackeray returned instantly, "Oh, I hope not." This witty twist can be described only as a complimentary repartee; and yet to characterize any repartee as complimentary is almost a contradiction in terms. The English language needs a specific word to designate this kind of graceful and felicitous rejoinder.

It is a lamentable fact that although our language is believed to have a larger vocabulary than any other modern tongue, it lacks not a few of the words longed for by a writer who is in search of a term of absolute precision of meaning. How unsatisfactory, for example, is the expression "sense of humor" for the invaluable quality which prevents our taking ourselves too seriously! But in this case we have at least a recognized label for the thing, even if this label is inadequate and almost inaccurate. Other cases there are when we are wholly without the word needed to describe the object. *Repartee* is the exact term for the retort discourteous, for the sudden parry and the swift thrust of a person unexpectedly attacked by an assailant wantonly malicious. And there ought to exist a corresponding term for the retort courteous, for the graceful twisting of a remark by the hearer in favor of the utterer. All we can do is to call this a *compliment*. Yet it differs from other compliments as the repartee differs from other smart sayings, in that it is entirely unpremeditated, and spontaneously evoked in the mind of the one who compliments by something said by the one who is complimented. It is a genial spark struck by the flint of casual conversation. It is therefore the exact correlative of repartee. And it is nameless in our unnumbered vocabulary.

Like the repartee, it ought to be instinct with wit. In only too many of the repartees which linger in the collections of ana, what seems like wit is sheer brutality, an indefensible exhibition of the speaker's disregard for his adversary's feelings, and even for the common decencies of civilized society. Not a few unjustifiable retorts of this type are recorded to the discredit of Doctor Johnson, who often used his elephantine bulk to trample on his

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victims. It was as a comment upon a pointless rejoinder of this class that Sheridan is reported to have declared his willingness to "smile at the malice, though not at the wit." Sheridan himself never poisoned the arrow with which he transfixed his adversary. His good things had not only humor, but also good humor; as Tom Moore declared in the stanzas written immediately after the death of the dramatist-orator, Sheridan's

"wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

A more didactic bard than Moore has broadly proclaimed a general principle that even the repartee, as a weapon of self-defense in the hour of need, gains greatly if it confines itself to the retort courteous:

"As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from this offence is seen;
Both pain us less when exquisitely keen."

There is a kind of keen compliment closely akin to the keen repartee, as devoid of fulsome flattery as the retort courteous is devoid of overbearing brutality. Indeed, it is not always possible to declare whether a given speech is an adroit compliment or a true repartee. Thackeray's reply to his opponent is a perfect example of this. And almost equally happy, although a little more obvious, is the dexterous turn Victor Hugo once gave to the flattery of a minor poet. Hugo was so completely aware of his own supremacy that, despite his amazing self-sufficiency, it was never difficult for him to condescend graciously to the lesser lyrists who were forever burning incense before him. Once at his own table, when he was begirt by younger bards, the conversation naturally veered to the topic of poetry. François Coppée expressed his wish for expert opinion.

"Of course there is only one poet here," he declared, looking up at the host. With Olympian benignity, Hugo bowed to Coppée and asked:

"Why leave *me* out?"

This has a certain likeness to a remark of Andrew Lang's. When it was announced that he was collaborating in a novel with Sir Rider Haggard, an American friend said to him that this resembled a literary partnership between Georges Ohnet and Jules Lemaître. To which Lang responded, "I don't see why you should liken me to Ohnet."

Here the compliment is not to the second party in the conversation, but to the absent collaborator. Therefore it lacks something of the savor of the species, as this is displayed, for example, in the gallant speech made by Sydney Smith when he was in a conservatory with a lady who complained that she had been unable to bring one of her plants to perfection, "Then," said the ready dean, taking her by the hand, "permit me to bring perfection to the plant."

With this pleasant compliment to a single specimen of the often-flattered sex may be classed another addressed to the sex as a whole. A lady was once expressing her wonder why there were always more women in England than men. Quin, the famous actor, was one of the company, and he was swift with an explanation of the biological phenomenon which puzzled her.

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He asserted that the surplusage of women was absolutely in accord with the other arrangements of nature, "since we always see more of heaven than of earth."

In a recent British novel may be found another masculine compliment to a woman, a little less obvious, or at least less purely verbal in its wit than the dexterous turn of a phrase accomplished by Sydney Smith. One of the characters in the story is a lady of certain age; that is to say, her age was uncertain. She ventured to call attention to her own advancing years, and one of her admirers was prompt to assure her that whatever her age, she did not look it. Even the leviathan Doctor Johnson, so often surly as well as burly, was capable on occasion of felicitous flattery. When Mrs. Siddons called on him in Bolt Court, the servant was slow in bringing chairs, and the lexicographer, probably hugely tickled by the compliment of her visit to him, twisted his tongue to a pleasant speech:

"You see, madam, wherever you go, there are no seats!" With this may be linked a remark credited to James G. Blaine, who had his full share of the popular politician's ingenuity in flattery. In this case a lady of unusual charm and also of unusual height happened to meet Mr. Blaine for a moment in a crowd; and when they chanced to meet again after a fairly long lapse of time, she was greatly gratified to find that he could call her by name.

"How is it possible that you remember me?" she asked; and the adroit politician responded:

"There are those whom we never forget."

"Yes," said the lady, "I suppose that my unusual tallness makes me conspicuous." To which he immediately returned:

"Ah, but there are other altitudes than physical height."

This may not attain to the summit of wit, but it did achieve the perfection of politeness.

Probably women, individually and collectively, are not more used to speeches of this emollient sweetness than are kings and queens. No collection of compliments could pretend to any approach to completeness that did not include a few specimens of this adroit adulation of royal personages. Not long after Whistler had been elected president of the Royal Society of British Artists—an odd post for an American who had once been a cadet at West Point, even though another American, Benjamin West, had once been president of the Royal Academy—an exhibition of the society was visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales (afterward King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra). Whistler was wont to relate with gusto his own display of quick-wittedness on this occasion.

"I went down-stairs to meet the prince. As we were walking up, I a little in front with the princess, the prince, who always liked to be well informed in these matters, asked what the Society was?—was it an old institution? What was its history? I answered, 'Sir, it has none; its history begins to-day!'"

This is a happy example of the courtly flattery with which royal personages are forever being fed. It lacks a little of the self-defending adroitness of Edmond Waller to one of the predecessors of Edward VII. The poet had written a fulsome panegyric on

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Cromwell, which did not prevent his hailing in lofty verse the happy return of Charles II. But after the merry monarch read the verses addressed to himself, he thought to disconcert the bard by slyly insinuating his knowledge of the fact that the earlier lines to the protector were better than the later verses to the king.

"Please your Majesty," replied the lyrist with a fortunate inspiration, "we poets always excel in fiction."

Occasionally the monarchs themselves reveal an unexpected readiness of retort, although perhaps the explanation of this may be that some compliant courtier has kindly manufactured at leisure the pleasant utterance the sovereign was supposed to have delivered. Yet it may be that William IV of England, the sailor-king as he was called, was actually himself responsible once for a dexterous rejoinder, although he was not generally credited with verbal readiness. When several officers of the navy were dining with him he ordered a servant to remove the bottles which the party had already emptied. In those days in England an empty bottle was termed "a marine"; and the king's command was to "take away those marines!" One of the officers protested at once. "Surely your Majesty does not mean to compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?" And the monarch is reported to have responded, "Yes; what I meant was that the bottles have done their duty once and are ready to do it again."

But even if a monarch or two may have risen to an opportunity now and again, a king is less likely to be the maker of a compliment than the recipient of it. When George III was about to bestride a noble steed, he paused long enough to tell Sir Isaac Heard that the horse's name was Perfection. And as the king raised himself into the saddle the courtier commented, "A most appropriate name, your Majesty, since he now bears the best of characters." This to George III! And yet it ill becomes any American to say a word against this British king, for as George Washington has been called "the father of our liberties" so might George III be termed "the stepfather of our liberties." If he had not been the able and stubborn monarch that he was, we Americans might now be called the subjects of George V. And even George IV once afforded the Duke of Wellington an opportunity for conversational dexterity and for courtly deference. The old king had managed to persuade himself that he had been present in person at the battle of Waterloo. He used to insist on this; and on one occasion when he apparently discovered incredulity on the faces of the courtiers at his table, he turned to Wellington for confirmation. "I *was* at Waterloo," he urged; "was n't I?" And the Iron Duke bowed and responded, "So I have often heard your Majesty say."

In these democratic days the people are as likely to be bespattered with adulation as were the monarchs of old. It is indeed the first duty of a public speaker, stump-orator or parlor lecturer, to suggest to his hearers collectively that he regards them as a group of very unusually gifted fellow-citizens. This of course is to establish contact with the audience so that the speaker may later press the button and fire them with the vital spark. Flattery is always legal tender without act of

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Congress even if it does not always pass current at its face-value. But even though we have to discount it, we are not displeased to receive it. The Authors Club of New York once gave a reception to the late Joseph Jefferson at which the comedian talked for a little while about the delightful art which he adorned. He ended his genial address with his customary declaration that he would be glad to answer any questions his hearers might care to put. An old friend of his took him by surprise by inquiring what had been the most unpleasant experience he had ever undergone in his career on the stage. Jefferson fished through his memory and brought up an amusing description of the sad plight in which he had found himself at the age of five when he had been put forward to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" and suddenly discovered that he had forgotten the words of the second stanza. Then another member of the club rose and asked what had been the actor's pleasantest experience. To which Jefferson with his contagious smile instantly responded, "This reception this evening, of course."

With this may be placed the kindly remark of a New Yorker to a visitor from Burlington, Vermont, who had made a pleasant impression upon the urban circle into which she had been introduced. The New Yorker took occasion to ask her if there were any agreeable people in Burlington. She looked up in surprise, whereupon he explained, "I ask because I have met so many charming visitors from your town that I am wondering whether any could be left at home."

Not only collectively but individually we are greedy for laudation; and we overlook the warning in Lowell's sharp saying, "It is singular how impatient men are with overpraise of others, how patient with overpraise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin." It is, however, this impatience with the overpraise of others which makes any collection of compliments seem more or less insipid. It necessarily lacks that spice of malice which gives zest to a gathering of repartees. The essence of an epigram is the sting in the tail of it, whereas in the compliment all the bee is allowed to do is to reveal its possession of the more useful honey. The French wit, Rivarol, said of a contemporary satirist who was then obscure and who is now hopelessly forgotten that "his epigrams testified to the goodness of his heart." This ironic eulogy is damning, no doubt, when applied to a maker of epigrams, in which we expect spite to wing the shaft that transfixes the unsuspecting victim, often innocent of aught but congenital dullness; and yet what can a compliment testify except that for once at least its maker desired to exhibit "the goodness of his heart." Here we have wit naked and unashamed, stripped of all aid from malice.

§ 2

In more than one of the volumes into which the glittering epigrams of our literature have been gathered, there is a chapter devoted to the verses of compliment; and this chapter is always the least satisfactory. It provides no nourishment for the native ferocity of mankind. Here, for instance, is an ingenious but anodyne quatrain by Sydney Smith on the astronomer Airey, who had a beautiful wife:

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"Airey alone has gained that double prize
Which forced musicians to divide the crown:
His works have raised a mortal to the skies,
His marriage vows have drawn an angel down."

This likening of a woman to an angel is one of the comparatively commonplace compliments, which the poets strive in vain to dress up anew. And another almost equally threadbare is to suggest that the fair mortal who is the subject of the lyrist's lines can withstand a rivalry with Venus. Allan Ramsay once received an orange from a lady, to whom he sent the following grateful quatrain:

"Now Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
For I can blithely boast with thee;
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me."

Yet Moore was able to lend a novel turn to this antiquated idea in the two quatrains he sent to another lady:

"With women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day;—
God be praised that the fate of mankind, my dear madam,
Depends not on us, the same way.

For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee;
Like Adam, I'd gladly take from thee the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it *to* thee."

This is neat enough, as was Moore's wont, yet neater still is another pair of quatrains due to the earlier collaboration of Somerville and Congreve, the first of these having written only four lines, to which the second added another four. It is supposed to be the address of a Yorkist presenting a white rose to a lady of the Lancastrian party:

"If this pale rose offend your sight,
It in your bosom wear;
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
To kiss it should'st thou deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkist turn again."

In that very entertaining book, the "Table-Talk" of the London poet, Samuel Rogers, there is preserved for us a couplet written by Luttrell, about the singer, Miss Tree, the sister of Mrs. Charles Kean:

"On Miss Tree when a nightingale settles and sings,
The Tree will return her as good as she brings."

This is only a pun, that must be admitted, of course; and yet the wit is not merely verbal, as it is in an anonymous quatrain of two score years ago when Adelaide Neilson was the most famous of stage-beauties:

"Miss Neilson's benefit, one says;
I ask to what the phrase refers;
For, sure, when such an artist plays,
The benefit is ours, not hers."

A pun again is the basis of the lines written by James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," to Maria Edgeworth:

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"The everyday bards may anonymous sign;
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
The bad own the edge, and the good own the worth."

And as "the word of the end," as the French call it, *le mot de la fin*, there may be appreciated the record of the sole occasion perhaps when Mark Twain, ordinarily so nimble-witted, found himself without anything to say. A wandering Briton once accosted him in the smoking-room of a foreign hotel, with the abrupt declaration, "Mr. Clemens, I would give ten pounds if I had n't read your 'Huckleberry Finn'!" And when Mark, completely taken aback, asked for an explanation of this strange remark, the Englishman smiled and returned, "So that I could again have the pleasure of reading it for the first time!"

Good Night

BY MARK VAN DOREN

This moonlight lies
  Like a lovely death
On the darkening eyes,
  On the yielded breath

Of the earth, that turns
  So quietly now;
Letting its burns
  Be soothed somehow

In the widening bloom,
  In the tender blight,—
It has entered our room.
  We sleep to-night.

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The United States of India

The Record of a First-Hand Study

By Edward Alsworth Ross

In Delhi in a house of lofty rooms overlooking a venerable garden I talked with Mahatma Gandhi, who had just finished his weekly "twenty-four hours of silence." He looked the perfect ascetic, for only lately he had concluded a three weeks' fast in penance for the riots between Hindus and Mohammedans. (Since then, by the way, there have been no riots.) "I doubt," he said, "if the rule of the Moguls or Mahrattas had much effect on the lives of the common people of India. In their seven hundred thousand rural villages they continued to manage their common affairs through the *panchayat* or elected Council of Elders. But this British *raj* is infinitely more penetrating, searching, and oppressive. The people's initiative is stunted as never before. Still, we have no idea of *forcing out* the British; we hope to gain our end by touching their heart and imagination."

The public men of England have had every opportunity to give us *their* version of what their country is doing in India. Is it not high time that we attend to this ground-swell of Indian Nationalism and learn just what it is that critics of British rule complain of?

Long ago, they assure us, before the Mohammedan conquests, 1200–1600 A.D., before the break-up of empire and the anarchy of the eighteenth century, every Indian village had its school. Even now, in Burma, thanks to the free schools in the Buddhist monasteries, half of those above five years of age can read and write. But in India, after a century—in some parts much more—of British rule, less than a tenth of those above ten years of age are literate. In the Philippines the proportion is a half. The Americans have had only a quarter of a century for leaving their mark on the Filipinos, yet a tenth of them are in school as against a bare thirtieth of the Indian population.

The difference reflects the contrast between British political ideals and American political ideals. The Americans deliberately set out to prepare their brown wards for self-government by means of the public school. The British, however, harbored no such plan for their Indian subjects. Their ideal has been aristocratic, for the fine democracy that has been growing up in Great Britain since the Reform of 1832 left no mark on policy out in the empire. It has been too busy fighting the battles of the masses at home. So the spirit of the Government of India has been that of the old

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noble families of Britain. The arrival of a time when their dark subjects would manage their political affairs was never within the contemplation of the earls and marquises sent out to Hindustan as governors and viceroys. They imagined that on into the dim future, as far as eye could pierce, the peoples of India would be ruled from without. Before 1905 probably no British proconsul dreamed of India's wanting to govern herself. Had the British believed in educating for citizenship, there would be thrice as many literates in India as there actually are. Indeed, in certain native states under enlightened maharajahs, —Travancore, Cochin, and Baroda,— more of the people read and write than in any part of British India. When it is remembered that the chief motive in halting conquest and preserving the native states was that they might serve as dark spots heightening by contrast the brilliancy of the well governed British India all about them, the richness of the joke on the Ruling Race will be appreciated. Yes, the Indian Nationalists may well resent the design of keeping them indefinitely in subjection rather than assisting them to rise and stand on their own feet.

Ever since the Great Mutiny of 1857 the army policy of the Government has reflected mistrust. The proportion of British troops to native is never to fall below one to two and a half; actually it is one to two and a quarter. This requires India to keep 61,000 white troops, although one Tommy costs rather more than four native soldiers. The Indian fighters bear the brunt of holding in check the robber tribes of the Northwest Frontier, but among the garrisons stationed about India to prevent risings there are nearly as many British as Indians.

Mistrust, too, dictates that Indians shall have nothing to do with the more terrific weapons of modern warfare. They are not admitted to the Air Force, the Tank Corps, the Armored Car Companies, the Royal Horse Artillery, the Field Artillery, the Medium Artillery. They fire only those guns which are trained upon the external enemy. Professors of physics in private universities are confidentially requested by the Government not to teach their students anything about wireless telegraphy.

It seems a bit "thick" that the 137,000 native troops should be officered almost exclusively by British. Until lately the only Indian officers have been uneducated men promoted from the ranks, holding the "viceroy's commission" and never rising above subadar major or ressaldar major. Any smooth-cheeked British second lieutenant outranks them because he holds always the "king's commission." The stock excuse is, "The native troops won't follow a native officer, sir!" Queer, is n't it? Turkish troops fight well when led by Turkish officers; Japanese troops fight well when led by Japanese officers; but we are asked to believe that material for the making of good officers does not exist in India. Either the British do not want young Indians to learn the art of war, or else, as an ex-commander-in-chief remarked to the head of the Hindu University of Benares, they "have to provide for their young men."

Of late, qualified Indian cadets, in number up to ten a year, may receive the "king's commission." Inasmuch as the vacancies among the

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4000 white officers commanding Indian soldiers run about 160 a year, at this rate the officer corps will be Indianized when the Greek kalends arrive. The Indian Legislative Assembly votes that a fourth of these vacancies should be thrown open to Indians; but so far its recommendation is unheeded.

There is resentment, too, that an Indian youth who wishes to learn how to defend his country has to spend two years at the War College at Sandhurst in England. The patriots demand that a war college be set up in India to train officers for the Indian Army. They remark with bitterness that when they ask for self-government they are met with, "But you are n't able to defend yourselves." When they reply, "Very well, give us an opportunity to learn the art of defending ourselves," that opportunity is withheld. They infer that it is the policy of their British masters to treat them as a subject people and that all the fine talk about the British Empire having become the "British-Indian Commonwealth of Free Nations" is eye-wash for the onlooking world. So far as India can see, she is still "dependency" rather than "equal partner."

Critics point out that the Indian Army, which eats up two thirds of the income of the Central Government, is far bigger than India needs. It is used as a handy reservoir to draw upon when England suddenly needs force "out there"—fighting men in Burma, Tibet, China, Mesopotamia, Egypt, the Hedjaz. In fact a third of it is there for imperial purposes, not India's security; but it is India that must foot the bill. Whether this charge is true or not is more than we inexpert outsiders can settle.

§ 2

A candid English professor of political economy in a mission college confessed to me:

"India once had very flourishing industries, ship-building and a great carrying-trade. All these were destroyed long ago by the harsh, discriminating policy of the British, and only in our time has an Indian-owned cotton manufacture sprung up. So India came to be an exporter of agricultural produce and an importer of manufactured goods; hence, there was nothing for the people to live by save agriculture. The result has been a continual subdivision of the soil, the growth of peasant indebtedness, and the phenomena of overpopulation. How frightfully overpopulated Japan would be had she been restrained from fostering her manufacturing industries by tariffs and otherwise!"

The trade policy of Parliament and, to a less extent, of its *alter ego*, the Government of India, has been consistently directed to giving British industries the upper hand over their Indian competitors. In the old days no duties were imposed on English goods imported into India, while Indian imports into England were made to pay a high duty. The Government of India was not allowed to levy an export duty on raw materials which the English manufacturer was interested in. By a shrewd use of export duties India's exports to countries other than Britain were forced to flow through Britain and leave a profit with her. Indian products were taxed on crossing frontiers between Indian states, while British goods were exempt from inland transit duties.

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In the teeth of England's commercial ascendancy the United States, Germany, and Japan have built up their industries by a thoroughgoing use of trade restrictions and protective tariff. India's nascent industries were equally in need of shelter, but, no! the purest free-trade doctrine was applied to them. Manchester raged at any duties on her cotton piece-goods imported into India and hypocritically professed fear of "an increase in the cost of articles of clothing to the poorest of the population of India." Between 1875 and 1882 she succeeded in clearing away all such duties, so that the Government of India was the only one in the world which raised no revenue from imports. When, thirty years ago, fiscal necessity obliged that Government to reimpose a general import duty of 5 per cent., the Lancashire manufacturers were so jealous of the bit of protection which thus would come to Indian cotton-mills that they sought and actually obtained the imposition of a "countervailing excise duty" on the product of Indian mills. At a time when other countries were levying duties of 40 or 50 per cent. on foreign goods to protect their infant industries, Indian industries might not enjoy the petty shelter of a 5 per cent. revenue tariff. Such ruthless treatment of India's infant industries was bitterly resented, and not long ago the Legislative Assembly at Delhi by a large majority asked for repeal of the excise. The Fiscal Commission of 1922, composed of eminent economists and business men of both races, declared:

"The existing Cotton Excise Duty should, in view of its history and associations, be unreservedly condemned, and the Government of India should frankly express their desire to clean the slate."

But still it functions!

There are other policies which sacrifice Indian industrial interests. India's gold reserve and other large balances are kept in England and lent to English business men when they might be kept in India and lent to Indian business men. In vain have Indian economists urged the setting up of a state bank. Nor has India an industrial bank such as has benefited German and Japanese industries. Little has been done for industrial education, higher or lower. Save in Bengal and Mysore no attention has been paid to teaching the manual arts and the handicrafts in the government elementary schools. In the fourteen universities the liberal-arts colleges are well cared for, but there is no decent engineering college in India.

Valuable mineral deposits have been leased to foreigners, while Indians have not been incited to exploit their own resources. Only now is a school of mines being established. A British economist in India gives it as his opinion that the Government has come into such relations of dependence and assistance with the steamship lines plying between India and Great Britain that there is now no chance for Indian shipping. He justifies the Nationalists in feeling that the cards are stacked against Indian enterprise.

That the English rule India solely with benevolent intent will do to tell children; on the other hand, only cheap cynics see the English as mere exploiters. The guiding conception of the relations of the two peoples has been that of a *partnership*. Britain's idea is to produce a benefit by selling to the Indians at a price fixed by her-

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self a necessity of life which she is adept at producing, viz., law and order; by hooking up Indian public revenue with British administrative capacity and engineering skill so as to produce profitable public works; by fructifying India's undeveloped natural resources with British technical knowledge; by bringing together in manufacturing enterprises Indian labor and British capital.

In this partnership, to be sure, Britain has the say, India being a sleeping, not to say a comatose, partner. The English have decided what enterprises shall be undertaken and have fixed the terms on which their trained ability, experience, or capital shall work with Indian revenues, natural resources, or labor. It has been theirs to settle how the fruits from their domination or investments in India shall be shared. Naturally, they have seen to it that their share is a goodly one.

Bitter polemic rages over the question whether the lot of the Indian people has been bettered under British rule. The Nationalists picture an overtaxed people sinking into an ever deeper poverty. But the evidence is conflicting, and even the professional economists of both races are in doubt as to the underlying trend. Even if there has been no improvement in the material condition of the masses, it does not follow that the British have hogged the economic benefits from railways, irrigation, mines, and plantations. The Nationalists are excessively loath to recognize the cardinal fact that in the last forty years the Indians *have added a fifth to their numbers.* Here, perhaps, is where most of India's dividends from her partnership with Britain have gone. Instead of living better, she has chosen to plow back her share in order to rear therefrom fifty million more human beings. If she prefers excess of progeny to comfort, that is her affair; but let us not hold the British responsible for Indian poverty without first taking into account the fantastic Indian birth-rate.

Be that as it may, Britain's gain from her dominion over India certainly foots up a tidy sum. Her banking-houses doing business in India net fifty million dollars a year in financial commissions. On their Indian business British shipping concerns collect one hundred and forty millions of dollars. The British capital lent to the Government of India or invested in Indian railways, tramways, canals, mines, mills, plantations, and trade runs well above three billion dollars, the annual return from which can hardly be less than one hundred and eighty million dollars. It is impossible to learn just how many British hold civil or military places under the Government or follow a business or profession in India, but the number cannot be less than 15,000. These men probably have twice the income they could command in England.

Thus, the viceroy costs $270,000 a year without allowing for his personal staff and household charges, which bring the total well above $400,000. A member of his council gets more than twice the pay of a member of our cabinet. The commander-in-chief draws a salary of $32,000. The pay of the governor of a province ranges from $22,000 to $42,000. A member of the governor's council has a salary of $21,000. High Court judges are paid $16,000; political residents of the first class, the same; of the second class, $11,000. The number of offi-

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cials with salaries of from $9000 to $15,000 runs up into the hundreds. Every retiring civil servant gets a liberal pension.

With half an eye one can see that Britain will lose heavily when India ceases to be her close preserve. A self-governing India will not favor her as Canada or New Zealand does. Mining concessions will no longer be given exclusively to British companies. Non-British capital will be made welcome, while a National Government will not sacrifice everything to the regularity of returns to foreign capital. Continental and Yankee capital will shoulder its way into the banking and carrying trade of India. Two thirds of the government posts held by the British will be turned over to Indians, while the remainder, following the historic example of Japan, will go to experts of various nationalities. Since at least a quarter of a billion dollars of annual income is at stake, we may be sure that the governing class in Great Britain will cling to their control over India and relinquish it only in order to avoid catastrophe.

Such are the chief counts in the indictment of British rule. As set-off should be listed such substantial blessings as security, justice, honest and capable administration, impartiality between races, castes, and classes, economic advance, and the introduction of the science and culture of the West. Even the ideals of liberty and representative government to which the Indians appeal when they arraign alien rule have entered the Indian mind by the study of the political masterpieces of Milton and Burke in the high schools and colleges the British set up in India. Casting up the account one sees justification for vigorous protest on the part of the Indians, but not for burning indignation. Wherefore, then, bomb outrages, conspiracies to assassinate British officials and (in 1922) 40,000 political offenders in jail or deported? After copious converse with the Nationalists I could see no sins of contemporary British rule big and black enough to account for the intensity of their feelings. Really their indictment is a rationalization of feelings which have their roots elsewhere.

§ 3

India played a loyal part in the World War, giving myriads of soldiers and half a billion dollars to help England out of a hole. From the high-spirited Punjab in the Northwest some 400,000 men had gone to the war. Naturally, after peace came, the Indians looked for some sign of appreciation of what they had endured in a quarrel not their own. But the bureaucrats were guilty of the amazing folly of bringing in, early in 1919, the repressive Rowlatt Bills designed to clothe the executive with considerable powers not subject to judicial review. The idea of making permanent the oppressive powers exercised during the war was intolerable. Mr. Gandhi organized a passive resistance movement, and agitation against the odious bills became general. In the city of Amritsar the secret deporting of two popular leaders of this agitation caused an excited crowd to approach the deputy commissioner's bungalow to learn what he had done with them. There was a clash with the police, bloodshed, and a sudden unpremeditated outbreak of mob fury in which five English were done to death.

The next day at noon General Dyer

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made proclamation that no public meeting would be allowed. Only a small fraction of the people could have heard the notice, but when, four hours later, the general heard that a public meeting was in progress in the Jalianwala Bagh, a large open space girt with buildings, he went there with fifty men and, without giving a warning to disperse, opened fire upon a crowd of 15,000 unarmed persons listening to a speech along Gandhi lines in support of resolutions condemning the mob outrages of the previous afternoon. Dyer continued firing until his ammunition was exhausted, then marched his troop away, leaving behind him about 400 dead and 1200 wounded.

During the subsequent months of martial law the things that were done to humiliate and terrorize the people were worthy of Prussianism in its flower. Because some students were in the mobs, a thousand students from seven colleges were required for many days to walk sixteen miles a day in the Indian sun. The street in which an Englishwoman had been beaten by the mob was closed to Indians save those who would crawl, and the residents on this street could get to or from their houses only on all fours. Vicarious floggings were many, while armored cars roared about the country shooting offhand into villages and knots of unarmed people. Airplanes bombed or machine-gunned at random without knowing whether the groups massacred were rioters or wedding parties.

These atrocities stand out of line with the British record in India and should be laid to war hysteria. Although O'Dwyer, Governor of the Punjab, and Dyer have been officially exonerated, the British Government curse them for having undone the work of generations of faithful Indian civil servants. They cowed the Punjab, but they set India ablaze and let loose forces which in 1921 nearly stalled the governmental machine. Only as the gray dust of time settles over the blood-stains will the Indians realize how very untypical the Punjab atrocities were.

Another root of bitterness is purely psychological; viz., the galling sense of inferiority begotten by the overbearing ways of some of the British. You come upon no end of cases. An American Y. man told me of traveling second-class with two British Tommies. While they were getting refreshments an Indian professor came into the compartment with his luggage. When the Tommies returned they ordered him out, and when he stood his ground they kicked his baggage out on the platform. The rest of his life that professor will be virulently anti-British. "Only yesterday," the American went on, "I saw two Tommies in the door of a second-class compartment bar entrance to a fine-looking Indian with a ticket. Although such a compartment seats nine persons, they intended to keep it all to themselves!"

A young Indian recounted how years ago he saw a British official try to turn an Indian lady traveling with her maid out of her reserved first-class compartment in the middle of the night. He wanted it for himself! Only the threatening attitude of the native crowd caused him to desist. This young man has met with like cases scores of times. An American bishop told me how, accompanied by an Indian gentleman, he called upon a

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British official as a committee. The official invited the bishop to be seated but let the Indian stand throughout the interview.

An American said of Madras: "The feeling cannot improve here until there is a change of front on the part of the British. They should come down off their high horse and carry on in the spirit of the Reforms."

A rajah very conservative in his politics remarked, "The passion to be rid of British rule comes from the fact that there is not a single Indian who has not several times in his life been insulted or aggrieved by some British official; and they are becoming ever more sensitive to such treatment." This bears out Lionel Curtis, father of "Dyarchy," who, after citing Lord Morley's "India is a country where bad manners are a crime," adds: "Amongst educated Indians with whom I am acquainted there are some who are, as I feel, definitely and finally embittered against the British connection. In every instance this bitterness had its roots in some rankling memory of insult at the hands of a European."

I asked an Indian university student, "What practical difference would *Swaraj* (Home Rule) make?" He replied: "Now, if an Indian has been waiting a long time to see a British official and a European comes in, the latter will be taken in to the official first. With *Swaraj* this would at once disappear."

The British bar Indians from their clubs. In Bombay the Yacht Club boasts that no Asiatic save an independent sovereign, the amir of Afghanistan, has ever entered its precincts. In Madras no Indian can be taken into the Madras Club. An English editor justified to me this practice by the necessity of keeping our race pure. He forgot that the male club affords no opportunity for the sexes to meet.

The leader of the Swarajist party is the Hon. Motilal Nehru of Allahabad, a highly cultivated Kashmiri Brahman. A few years ago he was at the head of the bar and took no interest in politics. His admirers among the High Court judges sought and gained his consent to let them put up his name for membership in the Allahabad Club. Certain young British thought fit to blackball him on racial grounds, and from that day he gave up his practice, threw himself into politics on the side of the Extremists, and now is more of a thorn in the bureaucrats' flesh than any other man in India save Gandhi.

Since the Amritsar massacre and the non-coöperation movement the temper of the Indians has greatly changed. Said an American Y. secretary: "The Indians are the most forgiving people on earth. I have never seen an Indian do a discourteous thing, even under extreme provocation. But since Gandhi inspired self-respect in them, they assert themselves in going after a seat in a car or a place at the ticket-window. They say, 'We 've never been treated with courtesy; why should we be courteous?'"

Half a thousand miles away another American testified: "Ten years ago the Indians stepped back from the ticket-window when the European approached. Now he takes his place in the line, and if he does n't look sharp the Indian will push in front of him. Formerly the Indian shunned a railway compartment occupied by a European if he could possibly squeeze in elsewhere; now he glories in coming

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right in. Formerly when an Indian gentleman gave a big garden-party he would invite all the prominent Europeans in the place, and they would receive most of the attention. Now few of them will be invited, and they will not be keen on coming because they will be made to feel that they play second fiddle."

A British Y. secretary testifies to the change which has come over the spirit of his countrymen:

"Back in 1915 when I would ask an Englishman for a contribution to our work, he would promise so much for this and so much for that, then add, 'But not one anna for the damned natives.' The British have quit talking of 'the damned natives.' The new self-assertiveness and truculence of these natives has rather awed them. They no longer feel themselves so firm in the saddle. It has dawned upon them that they must keep in favor with these same natives; for what are ninety thousand Britishers among three hundred millions? Many read the handwriting on the wall and believe that the days of our *raj* are numbered."

§ 4

As time passes the British supercaste capping the hierarchy of Indian society does not approach the people; rather it recedes. In the old days when India was six months from England by sail round the cape, a double lustrum might elapse before the official revisited his country. So he made friends in his field of labor, and some of them were Indians. He lived with a native woman, begot "Anglo-Indians," identified himself with the country, and became, perhaps, an ardent student of India's great past. For these giants of eld—such as Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir William Wedderburn—the educated Indians feel a warm affection.

But now, thanks to steam and the Suez Canal, London is only sixteen days from Bombay. Many officials run home every other year, while some find an annual round trip by the P. & O. cheaper than a vacation in the hills. With his English family and frequent visits home, the ordinary D.C.'s ties with native life and thought become slight and slack. He pities himself as an "exile," keeps in closest touch with England, and never hobnobs with Indians. After office he hies him to the club, warms up on the tennis-court, then, stretched on the lounge-chair, swaps anti-native myths with confrères until it is time to drive home and dress for a dinner at which bright men with a university degree will circulate their racial prejudices as self-evident truth.

Once at a dinner after patient listening to rash paradoxes I broke out:

"Gentlemen, you can't imagine how queer what you are saying sounds. It is as if you should argue: 'The water is rough; now is a good time to rock the boat'; 'The ice is thin; therefore let us stamp on it.'"

Their cure for Indian disaffection was "firmness," which, being interpreted, means, "Yield nothing and shoot to kill."

"So you think human nature works that way?" I queried.

"Ah, but these are Orientals and Orientals crave a master. The sterner you are with them, the more they will love you!"

The fact is these isolated British, mingling too much with one another, become the prey of the most dangerous

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delusions, for there is nothing you will not believe if it is what everybody you meet is saying. Constant access to the native mind would save them, but that is just the thing the average bureaucrat lacks. On the strength of a few formal or official contacts he imagines he understands native character. "Egad, sir, I have been among these beggars *twenty years*, and *I know!*"

Really the natives he meets wear masks. When a crisis arrives and the masks are dropped he gets stunning surprises. No one who sees what hallucinations infest official circles will retain any faith in that darling maxim of the brass-bound Imperialists, "Trust the man on the spot." Often the judgment of this warped, atrabiliar, bedeviled man on the spot is worth considerably less than nothing at all.

At first the visitor assesses Home Rule in terms of efficiency. Would an Indian Government handle defense, irrigation, railways, telegraphs, forests, famines, and epidemics as well as they are now handled? Surely not. Well, then—

Presently one sees deeper, begins to notice how alien rule saps character. I recalled the high head, squared shoulders, and eye-flash of the Japanese as they pass foreigners in their streets. "We are masters here," their bearing says. Here in India, not so. In our presence most Indians, even the educated, act as if unsure of themselves. They have been sat upon so often! Not, of course, the Swarajists, who have broken with the British; they are sturdy in manner, even defiant. But many others are unmanned by the consciousness that, no matter how able, patriotic, or right they may be, it is always the foreigner who decides. As you note that characteristic droop of the shoulders, that too deferential air, you feel it unnatural that the will which reigns here originates sixty-five hundred miles away.

The Nationalists warn that alien rule is emasculating Indian character, for the British are coming to be more masterful, the Indians more subject. A century ago treaties would be made between British officials and native potentates as equals. But gradually the Indians are sinking into a common subjection. The native princes are but gorgeous puppets who would never dream of lifting a finger against the real lords of the land. The civil population is disarmed as never before. "I doubt," exclaimed an indignant bishop, "if any people should be as helpless as these people have been made." Thanks to the Arms Act, the authorities know the location of every firearm in native hands. While there is nothing for Indians to fight with but sticks and stones, they are menaced with the most terrible engines—tanks, armored cars, machine-guns, airplanes, and aërial bombs. Moreover, thanks to the wireless-masts at every fort, the heads of police and troops all over India communicate as if they sat in one room. No wonder Mohammed Ali said to me with a wry smile:

"With the Mahatma (Mr. Gandhi) non-violence is an article of faith; with me it is a matter of policy."

A noble English educator, who has devoted himself to the Nationalist cause, testified: "The clutch of this Government is all-pervasive. You cannot dream how it really is. A few political crimes by youthful hotheads will bring under suspicion every social worker in Bengal. The police will get

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him or he will be blackmailed. Indians cannot find a place where they can take their own initiative and work out their own salvation. Spies dog one everywhere. I have caught them with their hands in my desk. This is one of the best governments in the world; many officials fairly work their heads off; yet it does n't fit."

Said an Indian professor of economics, "Year by year we are losing in initiative."

"How can that be?" I asked, "for this British dominion has been here a long time."

"The bureaucratic machine constantly touches our lives at more and more points, so that the sphere of matters open to us to settle for ourselves is ever narrower. Unless our bright, ambitious young men pursuing higher studies can look forward to controlling some sections of this huge machine, they will lose initiative and become more and more emasculated."

The Swarajists insist India is ripe for self-government now, but the sociologist shakes his head. India is two thirds as big as the United States and has near thrice our population. Not only is there great diversity of race, but 147 tongues are in use. Ten languages boast from ten to a hundred million speakers apiece, while four others have from five to ten million speakers each. The bulk of the people do not think of themselves as Indians, but as Mahrattas, Bengalis, Punjabis, Madrasis, Rajputs. The modern sentiment of Indian nationality is of recent origin, and it is doubtful if one man in five feels it. At present there is a common aspiration to be rid of foreign rule; but, were that effected, the latent oppositions would become active and threaten the social peace. India has been fitly characterized as "marching in uneven stages through all the centuries from the fifth to the twentieth." There are, say, half a million with the equivalent of a high school or university education; but then there are tracts "where it would be fantasy to dream of representative institutions." Like those ocean depths to which sunlight and air never penetrate, there are in India "soundless deeps through which the cry of the press and the platform never rings."

The Mohammedans are outnumbered three to one by the Hindus but have not forgotten that once they were the masters. Mr. Gandhi characterizes the former as bullies, the latter as cowards. Frequently the antipathy between the communities has flared up—crimson! Lajpat Rai said to me at Lahore, "These bloody Hindu-Moslem riots furnish the British with an argument we hardly know how to reply to." They are so unaccountable that many suspect the hand of England, the *tertium gaudens*, is behind them. Not that the secret service incites Mohammedans to sacrifice a cow in public or the Hindus to make triumphant music while passing a mosque, but that the man who eggs on the excited crowd in a religious procession to resent a hurled brickbat by attacking a temple is probably in the pay of the police. The Punjab and Bengal have a majority of Mohammedans, and, unless their feeling undergoes a wonderful change, it is possible that these great provinces would elect to remain outside an Indian Union just as North Ireland remains outside the Irish Free State.

The Hindus still are split by caste, that foe of patriotism and fellow-

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citizenship. There are sixty-seven main castes, none with less than two thirds of a million members. As for the sub-caste—that group of families into whom you can marry, from whom you can take water and food—there are thousands of them! Caste determines one's religious, social, economic, and domestic life from the cradle to the grave. On trains and in city streets, among the college-bred, in reformed and progressive circles, caste no longer counts for much; but out among the people its retreat is that of a glacier. When a British college president declares, "Caste will be here a million million years hence," one must smile; but it will long be a great obstacle to nationhood. Will voters trust a man of another caste to represent them in the legislature? Until they do, the Hindus cannot be said to be in the *civic* stage of social development.

The non-Brahmans, who outnumber the Brahmans ten to one, resent the prevalence of the latter in the public services and the liberal professions, so that in South India they have insisted upon special representation in the legislature. This concession may yet make no end of trouble. Then there are fifty-five millions—a fourth of all Hindus—below caste, the impure or "untouchables," who dread lest a caste-controlled government should legalize the disabilities they are under. The British of course will never do this.

With such a make-up of population it would not be surprising if, instead of coöperating politically, the discordant elements presently reached for one another's throat—which would quickly bring back personal rule of the familiar Oriental type. When I compare the confusion in China since the Manchu emperor was set aside in 1911 with the rosy hopes the revolutionary leaders confided to me in 1910, I wonder whether *Swaraj* in India might not prove to be as disappointing as the Republic of China is.

The Swarajists point to Japan as a brilliant example of an Oriental people making good politically. They forget that Japan is homogeneous, with a common speech, culture, and history. Then, it inherited an imperial house "descended from the gods." The traditional loyalty to the mikado held things together until the Japanese had gained experience in working representative institutions. Only just now has the franchise been broadened from four million voters to fourteen millions. In India, on the other hand, there is no venerable dynasty to shelter the infant state. The people will have to create their government out of hand and in the open. With only one man in six literate and one in sixty literate in English, is it safe to count on general obedience to the authority of a National Parliament sitting at Delhi? The Indian Moderates believe that but for the British "steel frame" holding discordant elements together, they would fall apart, go to fighting with one another, or be devoured piecemeal by the stronger native states.

I was shocked by the levity with which some Nationalists contemplated the possible recurrence of civil strife. "Oh, no doubt," they would say airily, "rivers of blood will flow, but anything, *anything* rather than this foreign yoke!"

For fifteen miles to the southwest of Delhi the traveler sees the remains of cities, palaces, tombs, and mosques dating from the early centuries of Mohammedan rule. These beautiful edifices have been battered and ruined

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in the course of the fighting which ebbed and flowed about them. Returning to the capital one sees rising the immense and splendid Parliament Buildings of Imperial India. Thirty thousand men are rearing them, and it is said that $125,000,000 of the people's money will be laid out on them. If they are to remain a source of inspiration for generations, like the public buildings of England which has had nearly three centuries of domestic tranquillity, who will begrudge their cost? But what if all this beauty were destined to be smashed to pieces a few years hence in some bootless civil war springing from a premature experiment in self-government?

Thanks to the *pax britannica*, there are at least a hundred millions of people in India who could not live under the old pre-British conditions. Widespread civil disorder would cause them to die like flies. An overpopulated country cannot afford to take political risks any more than an overloaded boat can afford to take a chance on rough water.

§ 5

During the war a group of daring English political thinkers led by Mr. Lionel Curtis, who were trying to convert the British Empire into a partnership, studied the case of India and suggested a plan which came to be known as dyarchy. It formed the basis for the Montagu-Chelmsford Report of 1918, which in turn resulted in the Reforms Act of 1919 under which India has been governed for five years.

The reforms contemplate Home Rule as the goal but propose to arrive at this goal by successive steps. The Delhi Government is made more accessible to criticism and responsive to public opinion by the creation of an elected Legislative Assembly, to which all measures must be submitted, although the Government of India is not bound by its vote. In the provinces dyarchy is realized by sharing the functions of government, leaving some in the hands of the governor and his helpers, while turning over others to ministers responsible to elective councils representing the Indian people. By expanding the powers of these councils and contracting those of the governors, it should be possible to approach self-government in the degree that Parliament gains confidence in the political capacity of the Indian people.

Among the subjects handed over to Indian control are local government, elementary education, public libraries, public health, agriculture, coöperatives, forests, liquor regulation, endowments, and registration. Reserved to the British officials are such matters as police, courts, jails, prisons, taxation, finance, factory legislation, and industrial welfare.

Unhappily the reforms have not worked as intended. They were well conceived, but in steering his proposals through Parliament Mr. Montagu had to make grave concessions. Then it was left to the Government of India to frame regulations for their working. The officials proceeded to lay down regulations which whittled away much of the power granted to the Indians. Gradually the Indian Moderates who served as ministers for the provincial councils came to realize that the governor had the kernel while they had the shell. Hence those who are for "working the councils for all they are worth" are losing ground, while the Swarajists, who wish to follow a policy of

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obstruction until such vital matters as law and order and finance are handed over to Indian control, are every day stronger.

Eminent Indian British recommend pacifying the Nationalists by granting the provinces responsible government. The British would still control the Government of India, and Delhi would manage foreign affairs, relations with the native states, defense, irrigation, railways, posts and telegraphs, currency, public debts, arms, shipping, commerce, opium cultivation, emigration and immigration. Even with full provincial autonomy India would still be a long way from *Swaraj*.

For a country so huge and diverse, the unitary state is unthinkable. What is coming is a "United States of India." Nor will the existing nine provinces make up the future federal system. To give reasonable play to regional peculiarities and interests they will have to be broken up into perhaps two score of states. Then of the 731 native states, comprising more than a fifth of the people of India, most will eventually disappear, but certainly half a score or more will become commonwealths of the Indian Union.

This emerging nation will probably be realized piecemeal. Too much moved to think accurately, both British official and Indian Nationalist misconceive what is most likely to happen. Both imagine a dramatic moment, the embarkation of the last boat-load of English! The Briton foresees them leaving with the grim remark: "Have it your own way, then. Wish you joy of your *Swaraj!*" knowing that already the Pathans are pouring down from the hills, the Afghans streaming through Khyber Pass, the Ghurkas descending from Nepal, upon a rich and defenseless India, while the princes of the native states seize key positions in their vicinity. On the other hand, the Nationalist pictures the withdrawal of the British as the removal of an incubus. He sees myriads of spies and informers losing their jobs, while hosts of released political prisoners are greeted ecstatically by a people rejoicing in their newfound freedom.

Now, barring a successful Indian revolution at some moment of Britain's extremity, *there will never be a last boat-load of British.* The cork helmets will not leave Delhi until some of the provinces have forgotten what a British official looks like. Even after the reins of power are handed over at Delhi, great numbers of British will be kept on as invaluable experts to serve the new Government. Finally, there will be a British governor-general with his staff, such as Canada has, to serve as symbol of the unity of the British-Indian Commonwealth of Free Nations.

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Richard Kane Ponders Education

The Miracle of Transformation of the Young Human Animal

By Irwin Edman

THE newer novelists, I gather, have discovered that the most important actions in a man's life are not his steps that can be measured in inches, nor the essential furniture of his dwelling, tables and cabinets that can be touched and weighed. The true adventures are those of the spirit, and the authentic materials of life are emotions and ideas. The sophisticated fictionists have even found a technic for following the passionate recessive windings of a man's spirit. I wish I could learn their trick. For now that Richard is so securely settled down, his adventures seem completely those of the imagination. If I seem to report rather than to relive his mind, I can, perhaps, ask forgiveness, on the ground that this is an old-fashioned memoir of a friendship, not an experiment in a new-fashioned novel.

Richard's life since he was eighteen has been fairly intelligible, I think, to most of his friends, in terms of his external career. The inner history of his spirit has been at least indexed by the outer story of his life. As in the case of so many other fair but unspectacular flowers of the middle class, when one has told of his adjustments to jobs, to marriage, to children, and to those social circles which constitute his world, one has told about all that there is to tell. I have watched Richard closely, and have in him seen the word become flesh. He is more and more bounded by his work, his family, and his commutation schedule. His spirit has not been crushed completely by them; but after twenty-eight, for one in Richard's station, any flights he takes are fairly certain to be flights of the spirit only.

There are friends of Richard's, of course, whose lives have not thus early fallen into the accepted and comfortable pattern. There are members of that college group of his—I have known them—who, in the words of one of them, "have not made the great renunciation." There is Tommy Keenan, who, as Richard predicted, went into a monastery, and found there, out of an innocence he had never lost, a peace that he had always had. There is Stephen Raith, who has at twenty-seven burned himself into spiritual cinders with a phosphorescence of Bohemian decay that with him passes for the divine flame. There is Alfred Delavan, working on some trade publication in Paris, hoping, if he stays long enough in the shadows of St.-Germain-des-Prés, to find what little he has of a soul below his lovely manners. There is David Saunders, who

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seems actually determined to starve in the interests of a slender vein of verse. Or Ferdinand Dunn, who fled to work in the orange-groves of California to escape his father's hosiery business, and who had become, when last heard from, a contented and contemplative fruit farmer.

Most puzzling, perhaps, is Jack Booth, whom I remember as a fresh-looking, curiously grave and deliberate undergraduate. For years he has been troubling his by no means wealthy family by steadily refusing to work. They took some one's advice and sent him to a psychiatrist, whom Jack cheerfully told that he was all right and so were his glands, but that there was nothing, on reflection, that seemed to him worth doing. He meant it, and he sticks to it, and he spends his days now walking miles and miles by himself, or mooning for hours by the river. There is Firth, once a really witty sophomore, making quite a swath now with routine manufactured squibs for the smart magazines, in the hope of saving enough money to take time for the strange and passionate novel whose theme has been haunting him since he was a student of mine in Philosophy A. Weirdest of all is the case of Kwitko, the shrewd young Russian, who, when last heard from, had become something equivalent to a successful ward-heeler among the foreign colony in Shanghai, where, he writes, he has been living like a lord.

§ 2

But this is the memoir of Richard, twenty-eight, father of two children, holder of a genteel job in a publishing house that keeps him regularized from nine to five during fifty weeks a year. As Richard has never had delusions of creative grandeur, I do not think he frets at the sense of genius crushed; as he is blessed with the modest materials of contentment, I do not fear that he sobs quietly to himself at two in the morning, to think that ecstasy has passed him by. I think he is learning to be resigned, indeed to be happy in spiritual explorations, though they be conducted from a city apartment or from the porch of a standard little summer home. Oddly enough, I think Richard has arrived at an equilibrium and clarity of thought that is impossible for many of his friends who think of him as having capitulated to Mammon, and as having abandoned the loveliest of lost causes and been stifled by bourgeois contentment. For Richard views the world now from a fixed if not from an altitudinous point of view. From the security of a responsible and not unhappy citizen, he looks out upon events now with a detached sovereign eye, or in upon himself without fear to look steadily on what he finds there.

Richard has been looking in and out lately a good deal. A good part of his thinking these last few months has revolved around what, save that the word has become so institutional in its flavor, one might call education. It is Richard Junior who has made the theme exciting to him. Often as he listens to his three-year-old son asking him half-articulate questions, Richard finds himself renewing a somewhat shaken faith in the miracle of transformation that may be performed on the young human animal. He has already watched a mass of crying chaos become a grave, stammering, tottering little parody of an adult. He has watched Richard Junior make himself the gradual master of an exciting

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world of objects to handle, of colors to see, of flavors to taste, of sounds to hear.

Richard is determined, to begin with, that his son shall not be robbed of that vivid education of the senses that he so completely missed being given as a child. It was not until he got to Europe that Richard discovered the use of his eyes at all. It is still a shock to him to discover how little he knows about actual colors and the flowers and birds. Helen, so much more simple in the realm of ideas, was so much more the master here. And doubtless his own ideas would have been sharpened and freshened for being touched with the tang of the senses.

The senses! How much more peace he might have had if he could have learned to rest his eyes in quiet, beautiful absorption on the living surfaces of things! What increased precision there might have been in his thought if he could have learned to be exact with his fingers on actual and tangible things!

Richard's mind went back over his own education, and, considering it on its sensuous side, like the hero of a Russian novel, at the ripe age of twenty-eight, he bemoaned his wasted life. One week-end in the spring, he and Helen had gone to the Connecticut farm where he had been used to go when he was a child. It was glamourous and fresh; the hills had been washed clean by the rain. Everything was a glistening green, but it was all to him a miscellaneous and indiscriminate loveliness. He got from nature, as he once told Helen, a vague Wordsworthian sense of goodness. But that was hardly what one could decently call seeing with a knowing eye natural things each in its discriminated and immediate loveliness.

It was the same with doing things. It humiliated him often to think how little he could do with his hands. He could not whittle a stick into a whistle, or sharpen a pencil properly. And as for cooking for himself on a camping trip, he could think of choosing more direct ways to die. He amused Helen by having a little workshop fitted up in the basement of their summer cottage; he would learn enough about tools eventually so that Richard Junior should not think his father a fool with his hands. He was indeed beginning to have the urbanite's sentimental atavism, racial nostalgia for the soil. The townsman, Richard reflected, is half educated; he never comes in contact through sharpened sight or through the pressure of manual doings with that compulsive ambient world of physical things among the shadows and after-images of which ideas are spun.

§ 3

Much of this I heard from Richard at various times over a number of months. These days one would find his desk in his study cluttered with catalogues of experimental schools. Finally Richard told me with some pride that he had decided to send Richard Junior the following year to the Forest School, a modern experimental establishment conducted under the inspiration of the latest psychologies. It was staffed by the most expensive teachers, some of whom returned their salaries to the school, and all of whom had been psychoanalyzed. It was attended by the tiny scions of the most notoriously intellectual families in New York. A

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roster of the school would have sounded like a children's performance of the city's most advanced intellectual life. Richard invited me one evening to dinner in order to meet a young woman who taught at the school.

Miss Prendergast was, save for her absence of beauty and for her dogmatism, hardly the conventional schoolmistress. In some heavy-handed way she felt it was the job of the school to waken children to the freshness and glamour and to the freedom of joy that might lie open to sure senses and uncorrupted hearts. Her conversation was certainly not compounded of those timid reticences and respectabilities which make up the table talk of the traditional schoolma'am. Her acquaintance with the more esoteric works of Havelock Ellis was intimately and publicly displayed. Her heretical observations on everything from birth to burial were as vigorous as her own towering and muscular person. It was clear she was genuinely devoted to her school and her educational creed; she could not think, or at least talk, of anything else.

"You will see, professor," she said, "what effect these experimental schools are going to have. Instead of the repressed, self-conscious adolescent who now walks into your college classes, you will be meeting sure, clear young intelligences frankly at home among other people and among things. Come to the school sometime with Mr. or Mrs. Kane, and we will show you what a free school, a children's school, is like."

Richard went soon after, with misgivings (such as he would have had with the best of schools), for schools appeared to him always a painful remedy for the original sin of human ignorance and savagery. He had not, as a child, balked at school particularly. But he had never quite got over the separation between the class-room and life which prevailed from the kindergarten to the college. As he and Helen walked together toward the Forest School, they talked a little reminiscently and a little sadly of their own school-days. But shining images still lingered of those first days in that typical old-fashioned rigid school that he had now come to detest. He remembered those long, fidgeting eternities for five hours a day on the benches of the class of the suburban public school he had attended. There had been the dreary old maids talking in thin strident tones to him and forty others of the rules for long division, or the conditions for the use of shall and will. There had been the hours upon hours of listening to other boys stammer through a reader that he had finished the first week of the term. But there had been, too, that initial radiant day of exciting loneliness when he had been left for the first time in a room filled with other children and presided over by a strange, prim lady whose name he did not know. How he had wondered whether twelve o'clock would ever come, and whether he would ever see his mother again! What an agony of isolation had been that first noisy recess in the yard! There came to his nostrils still the smell of the freshly washed floors in that new suburban building. Odd that that should of all the multitude of impressions of his first day linger chiefly in his memory!

What a formal world children of his generation had been compelled to live in from nine to three, with a brief

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escape that was no escape into the school yard at recess, or to the quietude, but the easy and jolly quietude, of luncheon at home! How completely separate had been those hardware benches, those stiff postures and stuffy rooms of the school, from the fresh life of the streets and hills, of coasting, of snow-piles, of baseball, and of stamp collecting, in which the real life of his preadolescent years had been spent! Well, Miss Prendergast talked a little too dramatically, and a little too dogmatically, but these newer educators might indeed have discovered some way to make of the school a complete and living world in which the pupil might learn to live and flower instead of being pressed to death among the leaves of a book.

They were in the school building. Miss Prendergast greeted them. "You don't check life at the door," she was saying. She appeared for all her modernist boosting and propaganda to be right. If the school appeared, especially among the younger children, to be a little noisy, it lacked almost completely that regimental atmosphere which was to Richard's mind indelibly associated with education. Children were not here stiffly sitting in compulsory attention to teachers who told them wearily of things about which they did not care to hear or understand. Here was a lively group of youngsters planning and preparing their luncheon, with the not too obtrusive guidance of a teacher. There was one group that Richard saw learning history by a kind of miniature research, and actually writing their own text-book. In the higher grades Richard saw them printing their own newspaper, and holding a little court for their own discipline. Miss Prendergast was obviously pleased at his and Helen's interest and astonishment. These children certainly seemed to be learning something, but—perhaps because they were genuinely learning—they also seemed to be alert and radiant and happy. To Richard not the least of the miracle was the fact that even so formidable a person as Miss Prendergast was no ogre to these children, but a friendly, guiding presence whom they called without self-consciousness by her first name. Richard Junior was registered for the following year in the Forest School.

The picture and the practice pleased him indeed a little more than the theory, though he had a few doubts and scruples as to both. As for the theory, there was a little too much talk, Richard thought, about freedom, about letting children follow their own impulses and lead, from the age of two, their own lives. He wondered just what would happen if some little savage, say that exuberant little son of a sociologist who had been pointed out to him at the school, should wantonly take his drawing-board and hit his neighbor, as Richard Junior had recently hit a little playmate, over the head.

He had, moreover, never been able to make out from Miss Prendergast, or from any one else, just what it meant to say that the children were to learn only what they wanted. Was it not one of the lessons of experience, one, by the way, that the grown-up children of the world never learned to care for or cared to learn, that there were many things it was necessary and useful to know that it was troublesome to acquire? It was all very well

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to talk about letting a child obey its impulses, but Richard was by this time conservative enough to feel that obeying one's own impulses and mastering algebra or a language were two different things that frequently collided with each other. It was inspiriting to talk about freedom, but what was the hard-earned experience of the race worth if it were not to be utilized in turning the random energies of the young into something like effective discipline? Well, doubtless all these things were understood by these new experts, and Richard was not going to permit himself at twenty-eight to share the doubts and prejudices of middle age.

The important thing was that these new educators were, for the first time in the history of education, apparently, taking the child's point of view. Richard knew well what it meant, in the old sense, to speak of a good child. It meant good from the standpoint of an adult. A good child was one who did not bother its elders. A statue would not have bothered them at all. The schools had been for so long a conspiracy of regimentation in smoothing noisy little barbarians into a mold and a routine. It was worth any amount of effort, patience, and experiment to keep unspoiled and undulled that curiosity and wonder out of which come all science and all art, and which education, as Bertrand Russell somewhere suggests, does everything to kill. Richard could see that it required patience. Helen's was endless. Two hours with Junior and his questions taxed Richard sometimes beyond all bearing.

"The sense of mental adventure." Was not that, after all, the chief good that education, if it were education at all, could give its victims? And how quickly Richard had watched it evaporate in himself and among his friends! It was natural enough that curiosity about the physical world should become a little frayed, when all things had become an ambient physical habit. It was not to be expected that the flavor of physical sensation should remain the free and novel rapture that it was to a small child. But was it necessary, was it inevitable, that that large and wakened curiosity about men and women and affairs that came with adolescence should also fade and vanish with maturity? At least it seemed so. There was even a premium put on abandoning curiosity as soon and as completely as possible. Take the case of Albert Mantz, who had had at college, more than any other student Richard had known, the temper and motives of the scientist. There was almost nothing in books or in life that had not been food to the unflagging alertness of that nervous, bright-eyed scholar. How often Richard had met him on the campus to listen to his endless and accurate chatter about ancient religions, or obscure Flemish painters, or discoveries in negro sculpture, or the lucid acquaintance he seemed to have with the new doctrine of relativity! But Richard had watched him settle down into the precise routine of the archæologist, and, now, outside of Etruscan tombs which he had studied for a year in Italy, there was nothing that this youth seemed to care to know.

The field of knowledge had, in any case, become so vast that even a man with no obligation except to his own enlightenment could no longer hope to compass it. And the moment he entered a business or a profession, society

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virtually paid him to burrow deep into his own little hole and to forget the landscape outside it. As for curiosity as to the rationale, the origin and function of the religions, the customs, the economic arrangements by which men lived—Richard was no fossil, but he was beginning to realize already how the years piled up one convention and one assumption after another by which one felt oneself obliged unquestioningly to live.

Candor seems to die at about the same time as curiosity; one could not ask too many questions whose answers one vaguely felt in advance would be perturbing. What education could teach people to take the risk of being uncomfortable?

§ 4

What would he do, if he were to start over again? Richard was asking himself the purely academic question that many young men suddenly put to themselves at about the age of twenty-eight. And Richard had another object-lesson than Junior about whom, after all, it was as yet difficult to tell. He had become profoundly interested and more than casually attached to Paul, a young cousin of theirs aged fourteen who was staying with them for the summer. Paul was in spirit not unlike, I imagine, what Richard must have been at his age. He was a tall, thin boy with a pleasant Southern drawl and a habit of saying precisely what came into his head. Of this there was a good deal. I suppose what amused and attracted Richard to him chiefly was that he seemed to have no scruple or self-consciousness whatsoever about saying whatever he felt provoked to. He had been ill a good part of his life. His slender frame made him look a little too wraith-like and spiritual not to carry a hint of ominous frailty and possible disease. But Paul's reactions were perfectly healthy if his fine pale face was not. And the long leisure of a sick-bed had given him more time and more impulse for contemplation than was possible with active children.

Paul's responses to life were, so far as Richard could make out, all first-hand. He had not, though one had an intuition it would come later, any passion for reading. Such books as he read at present were confined principally and oddly to history. Richard tried to interest him in poetry, but he thought those poets "ought to say what they had to say more plain." Just at present he had a positive prejudice against books. "All they do is to spoil your disposition," he said. "Mother takes a book and sits down and spends the afternoon asking people not to bother her." All his generalizations, and he was prone to generalize, came from people and things. And his boyish logic had the unusual untechnical virtue of honesty.

There were several little legends Richard was collecting about young Paul's conversation. There was that conversation they had one afternoon when Paul had come home from church. "What did the rector talk about, Paul?"

"Oh, God 'n' things," Paul responded briefly. And later in the day he casually shot bullets into the assumptions about an ordered and purposeful universe, and raised dialectical objections, though he did not know the word "dialectical," to the belief that God had existed forever.

During the past winter he had been quite ill. At first the doctor thought

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he had typhoid and gave him a blood-test. "Please go ahead 'n' treat me for typhoid," Paul said on the doctor's return; "this diagnosis is killing me."

Mingled with his always half-conscious irony was an affection that at fourteen, the pitiless age, he tried to conceal. He was living with a lonely divorced mother, his brother Walter being at college, and his shrewd young eyes had learned to follow the vicissitudes of his mother's emotion. "Well, Mother," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, "you 're lonely and sick of life again, are n't you? Well, don't depend on Walter; he 'll be married soon; he 's the marrying kind. But don't worry, Mother; I 'm not; nothing in it. You and I 'll jes' keep this ol' house for years 'n' years. There now, you feel better, don't you? You should, anyway, after all this lovin' I 'm giving you." And he put an affectionate arm on his mother's shoulder.

It was Paul's candor and curiosity that made Paul so attractive to Richard, and it was candor that education always killed along with an inquiring spirit. The two were perhaps indissociable. Paul was soon going off to a very correct and quite Gothic English-type boarding-school in Connecticut, where he was to be prepared for one of the big Eastern colleges. What would become of his drawling and idiosyncratic solitude, his engaging first-hand responses to what people said, his honesty and irony and spiritual freshness and exuberance? Richard shuddered to think of it all gradually crushed out in the elegant molds of the conventional boarding-school, and smothered into the silly, sleek urbanities of the standard collegiate world. Richard would hate to see Paul's so personal mistakes in grammar, his long New Orleans drawl disappear; he would not want Paul to ape the mannered speech of the collegiate East, and learn, like his older brother, to speak Northern. It would be horrible to see this "original" ironed into one of the sleek-haired, golf-clothed, yellow-snickered nonentities who passed for the fine flower of the best college traditions. Or would Paul resist it, and become one of those strange, promising solitaries at college who find on a campus, as its one redeeming feature, a chance to browse for four years with a few congenial spirits; who find for four years, even in a regiment of standardized sillies, a chance for a companionable freedom?

Richard talked Paul's future over with Paul's family. Paul's older brother wanted him to go to his own college, Yale. Richard sighed a little. Almost Richard felt it were better that Paul should not go to college at all. It might be worth the experiment with a boy like him to try something totally different for four years. What might not be done with the time and money conventionally spent at a university, if it were spent on books and experience and travel? There was obviously so much lost motion at college—on the one hand, the folderol of the fraternities and college life; the stagnation and red tape of college life on the other. We boasted so much of the number of people who went to college in America. It was hardly better than boasting about the number of cheap cars. The results were analogous: standardization, and a dull, antiseptic mediocrity.

He knew, of course, the traditional reason for going to college. There

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was the liberal culture, the fundamental disciplines, the essence of contemporary civilization; they were at his own college giving that all now in one freshman course, and the background of contemporary culture. How well it always read in the catalogues! How poor it actually was in the practice and in the product!

How small a universe professors talked about to how small and privileged and essentially corrupted a class! For the class of people that generally speaking went to the big Eastern colleges was corrupted, if not by wealth, then by security, by an absurd sense that there was something separate and distinguished about college men, something special and miraculous about college education. The three things that Richard had come to believe genuinely enlightened a man about his place in life and men's conditions in the world were a sense of the realities of sex, an appreciation of the beauties of nature and art, and a knowledge of the actual physical and economic conditions by which men of necessity lived. He had at college got none of the first. Those furtive little lectures on social hygiene, given in the freshman physical education course, could hardly be called an education in sex. Nor had the talkfests at his fraternity taught him anything but a guilty feeling of possessing a sophistication that he did not have. The actual education in sex had come from Havelock Ellis, from older men of the world, and, so far as practical and literal experience was concerned, from certain quite unacademic girls in America and Europe. At college he had, in his fine arts courses, only got a bare formal scratch on the surface of beauty; in an esthetics course, only a futile young professor's rhapsodical twaddle as to what beauty meant. American universities seemed to have found a compartment for education in everything but beauty, and latterly a place even for that. But one could not learn on a campus to make beauty at home in the soul, nor could it, through lectures, become native and at home in the world. So far as understanding those actual conditions of life, and the pressures of necessity which made the matrix of life for 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of the planet, the economics text-books had taught him worse than nothing. He had picked up far more from three months in a furniture warehouse, and from half an hour's conversation with a German farmer who had eked out a miserable existence for twenty years on one of the infertile Connecticut hills.

A year in Europe had, perhaps, when he counted it up, been his chief education. Why should Paul not have more, to wander not alone among cathedrals and museums, but to move freely among the haunts and homes of literally all sorts and conditions of men? Would not a year on a ranch, or on a farm, or in a factory, be for Paul, or for any one, a more real serious way of learning among men how men actually lived?

Two things, of course, that one was supposed to get chiefly and exclusively at universities were science and philosophy. Richard knew how little about the spirit or the scope of science even the average bright undergraduate got from pottering for a year around a laboratory. But certainly if college gave nothing more than a consistent philosophy, it would be worth going for. Surely that was the least that should be given to those who came

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with the eagerness and unfrayed candor of youth. The business of education was certainly ultimately that of giving a meaning to life. If men were not to move through existence as mere blind automata, sleeping, eating, and breeding machines, they were entitled to some coherence, some pattern that would give a rationale to their lives. But that was precisely what the philosophers of our generation seemed unable to give; it was certainly not to be looked for among the professors of philosophy, chiefly bloodless archæologists roving among petrified ideas.

Nor was it helping young men out of the ruts of mechanism and animality to assure them, on the best of laboratory evidence, that they were merely animate machines. To read a meaning into life, teachers would themselves have to be gods. By merely denying the existence of God, they did not thereby prove that they partook of the divine nature. Philosophies, Richard still retained his original undergraduate conception, were merely picturesque notions and guesses as to the nature of things. One guess was as good as another, or as bad, since all guesses were bad that did not even hope or pretend to be correct.

It was absurd to speak of education at all, when the whole process was one vast anacoluthon, a sentence without a meaning, a highly systematized talk about what was basically and cosmically nonsense. Science showed the accidental nature of things and placed man coolly where he belonged, a nervous speck on a casual clod of stardust. In what sense, then, could a man be educated at all; what meaning could a teacher find or dare to give students as a stabilizer through life?

Possibly there was none. But Richard retained the clear, sweet hope that patterns might be made even in chaos, and that in a meaningless world some things might be beautiful as purposeless, like wine and music and love.

Of old, people had come to the magisters at the universities looking for the truth, known by Aristotle, and revealed in Christ. And now the only truth left was that there was none to learn. Or they had come to learn and live according to the established ideals of goodness. And now the old ideals of goodness seemed cancerous with evil.

Perhaps it was time now that one gave up looking in education for anything but a training in sensitiveness to beauty, the large and lovely domain of the free. Such a sensitiveness outlasted and stilled ambitions, and was possible as a retrieving solace even in the restricted contours of a limited and disappointing life. Even at twenty-eight there was room still for those flashes of liberation that came with a sonata heard in a concert-room, or with a line of poetry that revealed with a strange persistent vitality the colors of a glamourous world Richard had often felt he should not see or meet in ecstasy again. At twenty-eight the pattern of action had become limited, and the hard logic of reflection led only down blind alleys to walls of disillusion blank and absolute. But it might still be possible to find, in a polished sensuousness, some sustaining music, if not some sustaining faith by which one might live.

But to be sensitive to life demanded an education of the individual, not the regimentation of a mob. If Richard had any powers of persuasion, or if he could think of a substitute, Paul would not go to college.

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Clothes and Other Things

Woman Has Developed an Adjustable Soul

By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby

"THESE things won't do. Try to write an article on clothes."

It was the local editor of the "Ladies' Housekeeping Review" speaking. My rejected manuscripts lay on the table between us. I had brought them to her with the high hopes of a mother showing off her children. She could not fail to see their polished exterior and a certain decorum of manner. Their resemblances were obvious —but would she give me a connoisseur's word on their differences?

Would she know the soaring chases after the impalpable that had only been brought to earth by just the right word of magic, and would she see those hosts of foolish fancies, holding out their hands for recognition, behind their cipher of admittance?

Beneath the business propriety of our relationship I was pleading for sympathy from the editor. I was not only looking out of my window; I had my nose flattened against the window-pane. Was there no pride or fastidiousness in creative vanity?

Her next remark proved the futility of the relative attitude in literary interviews. She was not looking for quality, but for appropriateness.

"You will have to write for your *readers*, not for yourself," she said, taking up my ruffled pages. "I asked you to write on moths, because every woman in town is thinking about them. Mrs. Bassett told me Deacon Bassett's wedding-trousers looked like embroidery, but this sounds positively friendly to the vermin." Her voice had a shearing quality. "You write of him with wings like hands, lifting a cup of fire—to what—to the thirst of creation."

"All moths are not pant-eaters," I said feebly.

"They are—to our readers," she said, shutting up the subject in her editorial box.

For a moment there was the silence of her complete victory between us. When a person is all heel of Achilles, the victor wavers before the resistance of desolation.

She reached across the table and took up a loose sheet, much as a speaker clears his throat. I did not want to hear her talk about that sheet: it was my silver-point sketch on babies. I had gone in search of moths, but this baby had come to me on a shaft of moonlight, sleeping under the trees—come as a small link in the chain stretching from creation back to creation's clasp again, and it had held out its hand and drawn me into the magic circle. It was an experience, not a narrative. Suddenly she softened

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and handed me back the sketches, but only to deliver another blow.

"I should like to help you," she said, "because I knew your mother." To be edited because of one's parents is disheartening. Literary capacity cannot be sustained by tradition, and to ride into fame on the efforts of a past generation is not the entry one would choose. But crowns have made kings, and if I were once *in* the "Review," the environment might soften me into conformity. "Write about clothes, and *keep* to clothes," she finished severely.

§ 2

There is nothing so deadening to the imagination as to harness it topically; to lead it to a hurdle and to tell it to jump is to deprive it of the impetus of the leap.

I sat down at my desk, before a large sheet of foolscap, on which I wrote the word "Clothes" for an unmistakable sign-post; and I waited for my imagination to come that way.

How simple clothes would be, if one could treat them as Ruskin did architecture, from the angle of utility, just as warmth and covering! My uncle had given me that version of the subject when he had handed me a check in the morning, with the words, "Go and get yourself a coat to keep warm in." I took it and said for thanks, "Yes, I will get myself a coat to look pretty in." The dialogue died there. It could only develop as an interference with the code for woman that he had invented for his own convenience. It has ministering qualities that he does not want interfered with. He gave me the arresting look of a boy whose house of blocks is not to be tampered with.

His philosophy has some commercial support. There is a shop on Fifth Avenue that imports his theories, incasing its customers from head to foot in seamless woolen garments; and there are shoe-shops that sell shoes for wear and comfort, where the French high heel would be an adventuress note. I had visited those shops in moments when I had flattened out my instinct and leveled life to a reasonable basis. But I had swung in the door and out again. The clothes were too warm, too shapeless, too secure; they might keep away the cold—and other things.

No, reason has nothing to do with woman's clothes. Eugenic dresses, heavy flannels, square-toed shoes, are the livery of the thwarted.

"The women, God dress them!" toasted a clever speaker at dinner the other night. I was only asked to laugh, but I longed to stand on my feet and say: "Oh, foolish, clever man! You are toasting your own undoing. Raise your cup to the dress-reform movement or to savage nudity if you want peace and quiet. The papers may toss you up a little, but you are safely edited in the Book of Genesis, where Adam sat placidly by the side of Eve in paradise until the reticence of her first dress made him restless and drove him out of the garden."

Men and women, labeled over and over again into peaceful partnership, and yet in eternal conflict lighting up the world!

The great panorama of restlessness can be seen every night from the heights of New Jersey, where New York flames up across the river, aglow with the incandescence of human friction; spires with stars in the clouds, and, below, the ferry-boats, shining like diamond bracelets on the river.

Clothes are a woman's adjustable

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soul. Clumsy ancestral fingers may have spoiled her lines, ruffled her hair, but she can still interpret her "innermost" in gossamer and iridescent spangles. Her dressmaker is the high priestess of the art; she is the fairy who can present Cinderella as she wants to be, which, after all, is what she really is.

"Mlle. Marie made Mrs. de B——," said a man to me, handing me an opera-glass last week. I leveled it at the box where she sat with two other women, but separated from them by an air of professional finish. She had been through mysterious processes, with a definite aim. She sat, sheathed to an outline, courageous in front, indomitable in the back, as secure in her art as the leader of the orchestra.

It was a lovely back! Looking at it, I wondered if, after all, it was the back that confused the issue between woman as pursuer and pursued. If one ran away from a man with a back like that, there would be uncertainty about the quarry.

For there is an inherent subterfuge about this subject; I have seen a Paris hat conducting a deliberate courtship in an obvious retreat.

There was once a philosopher who said: "Smile, and you expand your soul. Open your arms wide, and love will dawn in your heart." I think his name was Delsarte. We were drilled in his philosophy of curves and grimaces at school. At the time I rebelled. I liked to feel that impulses came from inspiration and not from gesture. But I think I was unjust to him. Now, through the current magazines, his philosophy comes back to me. Is it fashion that has melted the human figure into to-day's lines of Preraphaelite asceticism? It is frightful to think of the *dwindling* menace to the race.

The woman of to-day reminds me of "The Story of Suzanne" that flavored my nursery porridge. Suzanne dwindled until she was lost in a bowl of soup, but she had an indifference to outline. She just did not want to eat porridge; she was naughty, not vain. There was hope for Suzanne. When she finally confronted her parents in a soup-spoon she repented, and ultimately she settled down to a life of contentment and porridge. *"Vous ne pouvez vous faire une idée comme elle en mangeait!"* my nurse used to say as she scraped the dish.

Shylock is tame beside the menace of the modern dressmaker, who says with a voice sharper than an Oriental knife, "No hips, madam, are to be worn this year."

§ 3

There is an eternal renewal in the magazine topic. For centuries clothes have been woman's chief weapons in the contest of selection, and yet the question whether women dress for women or for men has an immortal effect on circulation. No one would think of debating whether a man hunts to bring down game or to distance his competitors. Of course women dress for men; that is their privilege. The mistake they make is in undressing for men; that is their stupidity. Men love mystery. Veil a plain woman as a Carmelite nun, and armies of laborers will walk wistfully past her grilled window.

A few years ago legs had the charm and the illusion of the mermaid's fin, shining in and out of the foam. Now they hang like fringe over the seats of public places. Fat fringe, thin fringe,

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they have become part of the upholstery of life.

There is a profound philosophy in the story of the little boy who complained to his mother that he could n't tell which was Eve and which was Adam in the Sunday-school book, because they had n't any clothes on!

For clothes accentuate differences, and the moment woman came out of the cave man dressed her up in the furs of the chase, knowing that concealment is a greater stimulus than revelation.

From that moment each sex was at cross-purposes, for woman does not want to be blindly chased; she wants to be quietly understood; hating the game of eternal tag. She would like to face her hunter, and yet she knows that if she were to pause, her magic would vanish in revelation.

There is only one safety for her —that of perfect stupidity. That is why stupid women are so comfortable, because they have nothing to reveal; and so fascinating, because their silence is so suggestive.

It is hard for a woman of imagination to limit her speech to a rose in her hair or a pair of red heels on her slippers. And yet so imperative is the need for expression that she has developed a language of her own—of delicate adornment, of challenge and appeal.

No man ought to interfere in these impressionist effects, but only to interpret them as he can. He may deceive his competitors, but other women shudder when they see their poor sister smothered in her husband's schemes, converted into a shop-window, to glitter as an assurance of his stability.

"Poor wife! not even allowed the indiscretion of simplicity!"

§ 4

How eloquent clothes are when they run around in and out of the mind, alluring and gay in a dance of wavy colors!

Marshaling them into the trim square of a printed column is another matter. The empty foolscap still confronted me, white and free, uncaged by words.

It was too vast for the spanning of a tired mind. I drew another line under the title, and with this light covering I put it away for the night, to be taken out with the high hopes of the next morning.

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Frau Nolte

By Elsie Singmaster

When the train stopped at South Bethlehem Frau Nolte stepped down heavily and stood looking about with eager, searching eyes. An express which would have arrived in ample time for the Bach Festival was at this instant leaving New York, but she had preferred to come early, so that she might have the long hours of the journey on a way-train entirely to herself, to rest, to brood, or even to change her mind and return.

Having carried out her intention, she had at the least two hours to spare. In the grounds round the Mosavian Church in the heart of the city where the festival was to be held were ancient stone-floored buildings in which lonely or bereaved women were spending their last days, and a cemetery, carpeted with thick turf, roofed by soaring elm-trees, and set with flat gravestones in long ranks. She wished to walk about there, to feel the thick grass under her tired feet, to lift her eyes to the vaulted tracery of leaves, so incredibly near the sky, to hear the first thin notes of the summoning trombones from the church tower, to prepare her soul for that which she hoped to find.

For the crowd she cared nothing; it she could ignore, forget, look through or over. Twenty years ago she had come here with a party of musicians, herself a soloist, and they had not walked in the graveyard, or thought of it except in sentimental appreciation of its romantic quietness; they had stood in front of the church, watching the arriving throng, hailing persons whom they knew, prosperous, happy, and deeply amused at this American ambition to sing Bach. The ambition was laudable, but it was funny none the less. However, though the orchestra was uneven and the conductor used what she called "tricks," the mass had been "not so bad," assisted as the chorus was by Lange's bass and her alto. She had told the conductor so with the passion which enlivened all her utterances about music. She spoke in German, her deep voice vibrating, her bosom heaving.

"It is not he! He is stiller, quieter, more spiritual, less robust, more perfect, thinner; one might say, less emotional. You put yourself in. He never put himself in even in his own music; that we may be sure of. You are going the wrong way!"

She would have liked to sing again, though from the increasing patronage of the festival she was certain that the director had kept on in the wrong way. But the pay was small and her price was large, and in May she usually went to Germany to visit her family.

Now she had ceased to sing. War had almost ruined her; had she been in the fatherland she could have

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suffered little more. Her sisters with whom she had expected eventually to live were dead, literally of the deaths of their sons on the battle-field. Her savings, sent back to help them, were swallowed up. She had given lavishly, certain of being able to earn more. A singer of German songs, a teacher of German methods, an exponent of German traditions, she had always retained her German name, even her German title; she had wished to be called "Frau" rather than "Madame." She had remained Germanic without realizing how expertly she had been "used," how royal honors had been not so much a tribute to her music as a reward for a more subtle, half-unconscious service.

Naturally, her concertizing days ended abruptly, her pupils dropped away; no other eventuality could, she understood perfectly, be expected. She had been a few years ago famous, sought after by managers, her name printed on the programs of débutantes, "pupil of Nolte," her purse full. Now she was forgotten or avoided, and she had barely enough to live on.

Her hatred of her enemies was no less keen than her resentment toward her fellow-countrymen, and sharper than both was her bitterness against the cruelty of mere existence. Her joy in life had been intense, her good spirits unfailing, but now joy was unknown, and depression unbroken. She had had a robust religion which allowed for human defections and provided for their forgiveness, but it did not help her. She had lost God utterly; when she tried to think of Him, she remembered the battle-fields.

The number of her friends had decreased to almost none. Many had died; some had become Americans, had even changed their names; others had found her lukewarm in the cause of the fatherland. A few years ago she could have summoned fifty persons, not so much to accompany as to attend her to Bethlehem, but now there was no one. She could not summon the dead; she would not invite the newly made Americans, who would probably be afraid to be seen in her company; and she would not risk the mockery of the loyalists.

"Bach in America! Ludicrous!" They would imitate with shrill sounds the thin voices.

It was best to come alone to hear this loftiest achievement of the human mind; the mass was, indeed, more than human. It did not merely express its incomparable text; it elaborated, commented, insisted, now delicately, now positively, now fervidly. All its treasures had not yet been discerned; it was inexhaustible, profound. Youth could adore it but not understand it; age could come to it assured of new bliss. It was more wonderful than any prose or poetry; it remained fresh when almost all other music had grown stale. If she could fill her soul with it once more she would be fed for the remaining weary days of her journey.

She did not expect to hear it well sung, or even tolerably sung, but it would comfort her none the less; they could not altogether ruin it. The conductor gave it in its entirety; he had respect for the composer to that extent. She winced at the thought of the solos for which she had so long ago prepared herself with careful pains; it was not easy music, this!

§2

Her heart-beats quickened as, having inquired the way, she stepped out

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into the sunshine. She had eaten her lunch on the train, and she could forget the needs of her body. She was a forlorn-looking figure; of that she was aware. Her dress bought long ago for afternoon concerts was untidy and out of fashion; her shoes were down at heel. Her hair was gray, and she bothered with no confining veil. One person in a thousand, looking into her eyes, would have read there the record of love and pain and aspiration and despair, felt with the intensity of genius. One person out of a thousand would have adored her, listened to her least word, waited upon her. The others would have avoided her, drawn away from her.

She found the hill steep; she did not remember the hill. She took a program from her bag and studied it; she was following the directions exactly. The festival was held no longer in the Moravian Church, but in the University Chapel on the hillside. She had known this, but she had forgotten it. She went on, though now she walked more slowly.

"*Ich bin alt!*" she said half ruefully, half smilingly. "I am at last old!"

She was startled to see the size of the chapel. She had taken for granted that the festival had been transferred to a smaller building, that its audience had finally dwindled as might have been expected. But this was a large building! She approached the doorway and looked in, and then went slowly down the central aisle. In the apse, tiers of seats had been built up for the chorus and the orchestra; the director, standing under the screen, would have them all before him with the organist to his right. She reckoned the number of seats at a glance; the chorus was greatly enlarged, and if one were to judge by the seating capacity, augmented by hundreds of extra chairs, the audience had trebled instead of having decreased. All was dim and cool and in readiness. A breeze blew softly across the transept, and the fronds of palms set round the pulpit moved gently.

Frau Nolte looked at her ticket and found her seat. She would rest a while. She was a Lutheran, and churchly architecture and appointments pleased her. Bach had been a Lutheran, too, and he realized man's need for ceremonial beauty. She liked to sit here alone, though her heart ached no less, lay no less heavily in her side.

But she did not sit long; her heart, though it was heavy, was not quiet. She began to wonder why she had come, why she had risked an unpleasant impression, why she had not taken her score and sat at her window in some rare hour when the cursed talking-machines—Frau Nolte's vocabulary was adequate—were silent, and reconstruct the music for herself. The thrilling "*Kyrie*," the up-piled "*Sanctus*," the pleading "*Agnus Dei*"—her "*Agnus Dei*"—she could reproduce them all in her own soul. Here there would be a hundred details to offend.

Rising she went down the aisle to the door. Ushers had arrived, programs were being arranged on tables, and a few pedestrians and automobiles were entering the campus. All proceeded slowly, gravely, pilgrimwise. It was one o'clock; the sun had passed the meridian, and the shadows were slightly elongated. Under the trees and close to the high walls little groups began to collect and to look toward the church tower.

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Frau Nolte stood for a moment on the steps; then she moved away. It was long since she had faced the eyes of men and women, and she realized that she no longer did it unconsciously; she believed that she seemed to stare, and she knew that the curiosity with which they looked back at her was no longer a tribute to her fame—ah, how like a breath on glass was fame!—but astonishment at her appearance. She was strange looking; she knew that. Her body had shrunk, and her departing flesh had left her skin in pendent folds.

On a flight of marble steps which led to a higher level of the campus she sat down. The shadow of a dense, drooping tree was creeping slowly across it, but the stone was still warm; she felt it gratefully with her hand. When one is poor and alone, one avoids illness. She sat leaning a little forward, her arms folded on her knees. A gardener knelt beside the steps and began to trim the edges of the grass with his shears. She looked at him idly; then her glance sharpened.

"You are a Saxon," she said in German.

The gardener lifted his head quickly.

"*Ja*," he answered without thinking. Then he corrected himself, "I am American."

He moved away without completing his work.

"He does not mean to compromise himself," said Frau Nolte.

She watched the thickening crowd. It was still only ten minutes after one, but hundreds besides herself had decided to come early, to enjoy the beautiful scene, to feel the delight of anticipation, and to hear the preliminary music from the tower. Frau Nolte had keen eyes, and she was confident that she recognized a dozen figures. There was Mme. Tesla, a soprano, stout, smiling, her hair at present a pale yellow, her eyebrows dark, her gown pink and white. With her was Dane Carter, an alto, whose real name was Lucia Wohlgefallen, tall and thin, and dressed in black with glittering sequins. The two did not love each other, but they set each other off.

"The sky and the trees and the grass betray them," said Frau Nolte to herself. Her smile was purely humorous; it held for the moment no bitterness.

There was a short, plump man in a white waistcoat,—at sight of him Frau Nolte's hand lifted an imaginary bow,—Zwemer, and with him his wife, little Lida Venable, slender, eager, ambitious, chaste, a true artist. One would like to have a talk with them afterward!

She saw figures grown tiresomely familiar in concert-halls, men who had often visited her behind the scenes, hopeful of a sentence or two which would lengthen the articles upon which their bread depended. One could have written their articles for them if one wished, paying oneself subtle compliments. She wondered whether they would know her. If they did, they would say, "In the audience were Tesla and Dane Carter and Zwemer and Lida Venable"—"and Nolte"? She knew perfectly well that they would not.

She saw a group of women in black dresses and bonnets, with little white ties under their chins, deaconesses, whose tranquillity she envied. Still other hundreds of visitors arrived on foot and in cars and took their places on the green lawn and looked upward.

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Then, sweet and far away, Frau Nolte heard the sound for which she longed. The trombone players had come into the tower; they lifted their instruments and began. She heard the strains of a choral, familiar since her babyhood, "*Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele,*" and a crowd of memories rushed upon her. Tears came into her eyes, and she wiped them away again and again. She was afraid for an instant that she was going to sob.

§ 3

When she looked up, a car had come quietly to a stop in the drive at the foot of the steps. It held a single passenger, a young woman, who stepped out and dismissed the chauffeur. She glanced at Frau Nolte and took a seat at the opposite end of the broad step, and, glad to forget for an instant the music which hurt her almost intolerably, Frau Nolte looked in her direction. She was of medium height, and she had a clear skin and brown hair. Some one had dressed her daringly; Frau Nolte's eyes were held. Her skirt was dark brown and accordion-plaited, her blouse creamy lace; and over it there was a short, sleeveless jacket which diminished cunningly the breadth of her shoulders and the depth of her chest. The jacket was green satin, the brightest, springtime green. The colors were those of dark, newly turned earth, of dogwood blossoms and new leaves.

Frau Nolte's gaze swept over her again in pure pleasure. She saw that her hands were ringless, her heels low, her flesh modestly covered. She looked, Frau Nolte thought, ready for life. She half wished that the girl would speak to her, but she made no effort to bring it about.

When the chorals were played, the crowd went into the church. Their advance was slow, reverent, deliberate; they might have been approaching a eucharistic service. But Frau Nolte sat still. When the last of the throng had entered, the girl beside her rose and said smilingly, "Are n't you coming?" and, receiving a shake of the head, went on her way. She walked erectly; one gathered from her step as one did not from her seated figure an impression of physical strength, of reserves of power. Suddenly she turned and came back, looking at Frau Nolte with bright, keen eyes.

"Have n't you a seat?"

"I prefer to stay here," answered Frau Nolte abruptly. Then she repented her curtness. "There are many doors and windows. The general effect will be heard."

The silence on the hillside deepened; the tall trees seemed to interpose a barrier between the noises of the world and some lovely manifestation which impended. A moment ago the air had shimmered in the sun; now, in the changing light, it became liquid. A bee buzzed near-by and then away; his departure seemed to be the last detail of preparation. In a moment Frau Nolte's desire was gratified. A voice cried, "*Kyrie!*"—no, it was many voices. They called again, "*Kyrie, eleison, eleison!*" Then flutes and oboes took up the air and began to weave a spell.

For an hour Frau Nolte sat motionless. The gardener tiptoed back to his unfinished work, saw her, and stepped quietly away; late-comers stole into the church; the shadows lengthened, creeping over her, but still she sat with her chin on her clasped hands. She acknowledged with amazement

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that she had been wrong; she said with a vague consciousness of a scriptural connection that good had come out of this Bethlehem. A mighty instrument had been created, more delicate than any stringed choir, more responsive than any flute, more profound than any great organ. The faults which she had noted long ago were the faults of youth, of inexperience; now they had vanished. The music swelled gloriously; it died away so delicately that it was impossible to tell whether it had thinned to nothingness or whether one's own fancy had concluded the attenuation. A great edifice built itself magically and then resolved itself, abruptly, now element by element, into its parts. Certain renderings might have been changed, but it would have been merely to make them different and not more perfect.

But Frau Nolte was not satisfied. When the *"Amen"* was sung and the first part finished and the audience streamed out of the church doors, she left her seat and climbed still higher on the sloping campus and walked about in a shadowy place between two buildings. At each turn she saw again the church, the towering spire, the old trees, the lawns, the throng of people. The members of the orchestra had found comfortable places in the shade; some lay at full length on the grass; the chorus massed itself before a photographer against a sunny wall; there was constant motion, and now and then an exclamation or a laugh. The shadows grew still deeper, the sky loftier, the foliage richer, and there seemed to float about, like thin trailing clouds, the echoes of the heavenly music. Frau Nolte laid her hand again across her aching heart. She walked restlessly; she looked still older, still more tired. She had expected to be healed, but her anguish of spirit had quickened, music had failed her, her journey was vain.

When the trombones had played again and the audience streamed back, she returned to her place on the step, quite too cool now in the shadow. She understood her case; she had come not to hear music but to find God, and He was not here. He was nowhere. Her faith was dead; even Bach could not quicken an extinguished fire. She would rest a little; then she would go home. She had now, she said, nothing.

Suddenly she heard uttered a single word; the tenor pronounced it, the bass repeated it, alto and soprano took it up; it was reiterated again and again. There were other words, but she heard it alone, *"Credo,"* and again mockingly, *"Credo."* Rising, she lifted her hands as though to shut out the sound. They believed! There was nothing to believe.

She spread out her hands in a gesture of defiance. She would drink the cup to the dregs. She would go down into the church, she would hear every sound, she would give the music every chance with her. There was still the *"Crucifixus"*; let it break her heart if it could! There was a bass solo, to her one of the most marvelous of the numbers, dry, dogmatic, gratifying the ear with beautiful positive endings, *"et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam."* Once she had smiled responsively at its convincingness; there was even humor in it; she would hear that. There were also the *"Sanctus,"* the *"Hosanna"*; she would give them earnest attention; let them convince if they could!

She went down the hill, her old-fashioned skirt trailing. She believed

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that she was altogether defiant, but in reality she was afraid. To have life end thus, aridly, with one's memories defaced, one's heart broken, one's hopes blasted! She found her place and sat down heavily. No one looked at her, and she looked at no one. She sat frowning, trying to check her heavy breathing. She would stay until the "*Hosanna*" was finished; then before the alto soloist sang the "*Agnus Dei*" she would come away.

But despite her determination, when the "*Hosanna*" was finished, she sat still, her mind in turmoil. She knew the music thoroughly, but its volume and passion bewildered her. Before she could move, the violins began their delicate prelude, and from behind a screen of palms, against the background of white-clad sopranos, a dark head was suddenly lifted, and the girl who had sat beside her on the steps rose and stood with her hands clasped.

In the silence, which seemed the deeper for the delicate music, leaped a new emotion, tearing her heart: jealousy, tigerish, sharp, cruel. She belonged to an era which was past, and the feet of youth were at the door, alert, presumptuous, beautiful, and hateful. Her lips curled; she leaned forward, recalling everything, her own decline, the fate of her kin, even, resolutely, her loss of faith. Her heart filled with evil impulses of scorn, of rage, of mockery. She meant to set them free, to will upon presumption its just punishment, to be somehow avenged. She meant to avenge not only herself, and the misfortunes of her kindred, but the woe of the world. She bit her lips, trying to be silent until she could think what she must do. If the prelude had lasted another moment, she might have committed some madness.

But the girl began to sing, and Frau Nolte sank back, bewildered by a fresh emotion. It seemed to her that she herself was singing; here was her controlling of emotion, here her inflections. "*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.*" As she had studied long ago she had translated the words mentally into her own tongue: "*O Lamm Gottes, der Du trägst die Sünd' der Welt, erbarm Dich unser!*" She recalled her piety, her ardor, her humility.

Then, suddenly in contrast, she felt the scorching, illuminating flame of rage and knew at once the source of her wretchedness, the obstacle between her and her Creator, the stone which sealed her heart. She stood at a parting of the ways; on one side destruction beckoned, on the other waited peace. She knew that she must choose instantly.

She began broken-heartedly to pray; she put hatred away, jealousy away; and as she did so, she ceased to be wretched. A flood of happiness overwhelmed her; she forgot that she was old. She found that which she had sought; she believed that she was immortal.

The girl finished her song and the chorus rose. "*Dona nobis pacem*"—one might have peace if one wished; it was very simple; one needed only to cleanse one's heart and to ask. Frau Nolte sat relaxed, her hands laid lightly in her lap, fixing upon her soul the impressions of the vaulted roof, the stained and storied windows, the waves of tremendous sound, the girl's deep and lovely voice, all the details of the feast which had been spread. It was not probable that she would

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come again; this would have to last her till she died.

§ 4

The church emptied quickly; twilight was approaching, there were friends to be greeted, there was enthusiasm to be expressed in full voice and not in churchly whispers, there were trains which would not wait. The chorus went hurrying, happily; the smiling girls passed close to Frau Nolte, one clasping her tired throat dramatically, a pair leaning upon each other in exhaustion which was only half assumed. There were young girls and gray-haired women, and boys and middle-aged men, musicians and university students and clergymen and steel-workers' daughters. They would have a few weeks' rest; then they would begin once more, patiently, diligently, obediently, their magnificent creation. Frau Nolte smiled back at them; she would have liked, in a moment of Germanic impulsiveness, long since inhibited, to hug them. A need for some one to speak to became imperative.

Then some one was provided. A young woman sat down beside her; she saw the apple-green jacket, the creamy blouse, the dark skirt, which suggested the corner of a newly plowed field against blooming woodland. She felt a hand laid on hers.

"You are Nolte!"

Frau Nolte smiled at the girl's breathlessness.

"Well, if I am?"

"Do people know that you are here?"

"I hope not."

"Don't you want them to?"

"No."

"The director would rather have you here than all the rest put together."

Frau Nolte shook a protesting head.

"I came to hear the singing. I used to sing your part. I sang it better. But after a while you will sing it better than I."

The girl lifted Nolte's hand and held it against her breast.

"I came here as a little girl long ago, and I heard you. I copied you. I have worked *terribly*."

Frau Nolte nodded, as though this were nothing.

"Of course. One must. So did he." She spoke with passion. "He used to wake at midnight and steal from his brother's cabinet the music which was denied him and copy it. He put out his eyes that way. You have read about him?"

"Everything."

"You play the piano?"

"Yes."

"The organ?"

"A little."

"You know your harmony?"

"Yes."

Frau Nolte nodded approvingly. She felt her hand taken in a closer clasp.

"You ought to tell me all you know. Where do you live? May I come to see you?"

Frau Nolte smiled, like a wise, humorous old man.

"You 're laughing at me!" cried the girl ruefully.

"No, indeed. You can find me in New York. My name is always in the musical directory." She turned and looked at the girl. She had spoken of one essential, work; there was another.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Have you a lover?" She made no excuse; the girl expected none. A

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shadow passed over her face; her lips trembled.

"He is dead."

"Ah!" Frau Nolte nodded as though she were not surprised. "Cherish his memory, but love your life!" She slid down suddenly into the pew as a man slides when he wishes to say something at his ease. "Bach, now; think of him! married twice, twenty children, difficulties of all sorts, struggles, battles, disappointment, weakness, anguish—because of them he can lift us up. Live; don't forget that!"

She rose, holding the girl's hand.

"Come to see me, and we will talk. I will scold you a little, but I will praise you more."

They went down the aisle together, and at the doorway looked back. The vaulted roof vanished in shadow, but, beneath, bright streaks of color from the declining sun crossed almost horizontally. Mystery filled the dim apse; it seemed as though the Host, removed for some sanctifying purpose, had been put back upon the altar.

Frau Nolte went down the hill. She was tired and a little stiff, but her thoughts were not upon her body, worn by sixty strenuous years. She remembered the young singer and wondered whether she would come; there was a promised pleasure! She remembered her many pupils; she was in their souls, whether or not they wished her there. She thought with gratitude of the director who had recreated this marvelous music; she sympathized with his happiness, his incomparable satisfactions, his hopes. But she believed that to-day the music had signified more to her than to him because her need had been greater.

She thought of the graveyard on the other side of the town, so still, so blessed. She was too tired to walk thither; she would sit here in the station and remember the arching trees and the last strains of the music. It seemed to her that life was good, that everything was provided for, that a solution of all problems was certain. She began to beat time gently and to hum in her deep voice. She could never, she believed, be unhappy again.

Presently she nodded her head in solemn affirmation. She paraphrased unconsciously the thought of a poet, but it was none the less truly her thought.

"The others may guess," said Frau Nolte. "But the musician knows."

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Cavour's Tragic Love Story

New Light on the Great Italian Statesman

By H. Nelson Gay

SPIES were numerous and active in Genoa. The elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne of France in July, 1830, had, it is true, given uneasiness to the despotic rulers of Europe, but not for many weeks; already in the early autumn Charles Felix, the autocratic king of Piedmont, had taken effective measures to discover and correct those of his subjects who had dared to hope that liberty might also be granted in Italy. Lists of political suspects had been drawn up, including nearly all the army officers of the corps of engineers in Genoa, and including in particular a lieutenant from Turin whose words had for a month been taken down by eavesdroppers and reported to the police. Aware of being the object of intense espionage, the young officer had suspended letter-writing, but prudence had come late. He and a certain Genovese marquise had been far too open in expressing their political opinions—and also in the expression of a more tender passion. Society folk, as well as the police, had taken a marked interest in the conduct of both these ardent spirits, whose names were frequently associated.

The story is one of deathless passion, patriotism, sacrifice, which began here in "Genoa the Superb," and, though one should not anticipate, the protagonist of the drama became the foremost statesman and diplomatist of the nineteenth century in Italy, indeed the greatest in Europe.

The lieutenant whom, as we have said, the police kept under special surveillance in the autumn of 1830 was noble by birth, but a second son with little money, and therefore with very limited prospects; intelligent, vivacious, and at twenty not averse to the pleasures of life, but earnest, and true to his device, which was, *À la vie, à la mort.* Who would have said that the making and the future of Italy, yes, in a measure the future of Europe, might lie behind the broad forehead and the sparkling eye of this political suspect, the sturdy, cultivated young Piedmontese, Count Camillo Benso di Cavour? Who, indeed, could have guessed this then—who but the gently pleasing and sympathetic young Genovese marquise?

She was three years older than he, and married, a tragic circumstance. Born in Paris of an old Genovese family, she had passed her early years in the French capital, where her mother's father, Luigi Corvetto, had served under Louis XVIII as minister of finance and had accomplished marvels in the economic restoration of

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France; to-day in Genoa one of the principal public squares bears his illustrious name. In 1817, Anna, or Nina, as she was called by those who loved her, returned from France to her ancestral city with her parents, Baron and Baroness Schiaffino. She was but nineteen when she married a Genovese patrician somewhat older than herself, the Marquis Stefano Giustiniani. The union soon wrought misery for both, though from it were born a son in 1827 and a daughter in 1828.

After the fall of Napoleon, by the Treaty of Vienna the Republic of Genoa had been incorporated in the Kingdom of Piedmont. The annexation was extremely unpopular with the Genovese. Taxation increased, while commerce decreased; feeling against the Piedmontese king ran strong, and the great Ligurian trading city became a hotbed of discontent. Nina, with her French education, her relatively liberal family traditions, her impressionable, nervous temperament, and her strong intellectual independence, was naturally disposed to support the more radical tendencies of the time, her sympathy with which she made little effort to conceal. She sent money to the famous republican secret society, Young Italy; she became a fervent admirer of the inspired young Genovese revolutionist Giuseppe Mazzini, while her salon in the historic halls of the Giustiniani palace in Genoa and at the Giustiniani villa in the neighboring town of Voltri was frequented by a brilliant set of young liberals, one of the most irrepressible of whom, and one of the most devoted, was young Camillo Cavour. Upon the death of the Piedmontese king, Charles Felix, on April 27, 1831, Nina's acts and words were considered by the police so unbecoming that she was officially reproved as having shown want of reverence for the memory of the dead despot. It is to be noted that some months before, at news of the French revolution of July, Camillo had been seen rushing through the pavilion of the engineers, above the Porta degli Archi in Genoa, shouting wildly: "Hurrah for the Revolution! Hurrah for the Republic! Down with tyrants!"

Of course Cavour had fallen in love with Nina; most men did. She was a blonde, not remarkably beautiful, but gentle, with fathomless depths of affection, and a culture markedly superior to that of the women of her time and aristocratic place. She felt strongly drawn to Cavour the man, but from the outset she seems to have fallen absolutely under the spell of his genius. "I am certain," she wrote in her first letter that has been preserved, "that the day will come when your genius will shine forth. I earnestly hope that everything will come out as you wish." He, on the other hand, already liberal in his views, was keenly sensible to the influence of her emotional radicalism. As he wrote eighteen years later, "A man who is not a republican when twenty years of age becomes a policeman by the time that he is forty." And one may believe that it was due in part to Nina's influence in 1830, if Cavour found himself twenty years later not a "policeman," but the progressive minister of commerce in a liberal, constitutional government of Piedmont, and in 1861 the prime minister of an independent and united Italy. Visions of the latter were already in his mind in the passionate Genovese days of the Giustiniani palace—visions of "awak-

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ing some fine morning as himself prime minister of the Kingdom of Italy." And it was at this very time, while under the irresistible spell of Nina, that he wrote a remarkable letter to an English friend in which he bitterly complained: "While all Europe is advancing with a sure step on the path of progress, unhappy Italy remains still bowed under the old system of civil and religious oppression. You must sympathize with those who, having a soul created to develop the liberal principles of civilization, are compelled to behold their country subject to Austrian bayonets. Tell your countrymen that we are not unworthy of liberty." And a few weeks later he wrote to his Swiss uncle: "Italians need to be regenerated. . . . The ardent youths yearn for a national life, but if we are to break completely with the past, if we are to be born again into a better state, great efforts are necessary; sacrifices of every kind must retemper the Italian character. An Italian war would assure our becoming again a nation, would enable us to extricate ourselves from the mire in which we have been vainly struggling for centuries."

For Cavour the political charge seemed dangerous, rumors the most ridiculous and the most damaging having been circulated against him; the poisoned finger of espionage pointed to the ardent political reformer as a conspirator, implying that he had been false to his oath as a soldier; some of his brother officers feared to associate with him; he was recalled in haste to Turin. There, however, he was no better off, for the reactionaries of the Piedmontese capital continued with even greater violence the attack initiated in Genoa against him. The Government would have ordered the courageous young lieutenant to confinement at the fort of Fenestrelle, the famous prison for political offenders suspected of high treason, had it not been for the powerful influence of his father, who in no measure shared the advanced opinions of Camillo. On March 5, 1831, at his father's request, Cavour was ordered to Bard, a small, isolated fortress in the Piedmontese Alps, where no engineering work was in progress, but where, without harm to any one, the precocious liberal could nurse his dreams of political change and think of Nina.

§ 2

None of the biographers of Count Camillo di Cavour have even hinted that his relations with the Marquise Nina Giustiniani had any influence upon his hasty departure from Genoa, but, in the light of a statement in one of the unpublished letters that follow, the possibility is not to be excluded. It would seem that Nina had been enjoined by her parents neither to see nor to write to Camillo, and that for nearly four full years after the tragic separation of December, 1830, she had followed the parental injunction, with only slight epistolary lapses. Five relatively calm letters of the years 1831 to 1833 are all of hers that have been preserved, and we know that to the end of his life Cavour carefully preserved all of Nina's letters, together with a lock of her golden hair. After January, 1833, she maintained in his regard complete silence. In the fleeting days of the Genovese romance she had believed that he was absolutely hers; their love had seemed too beautiful, too profound, to end. But he had

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gone. Truly he had not wished to go. But now no means of reunion seemed possible.

After eight months of rustication at Bard, Camillo left the army, for he felt deeply the disciplinary measures to which he had been subjected on account of his ideas, which did not, after all, aim at a republic, but only at a constitutional monarchy; and he had no thought of reforming his ideas. "They are a part of my existence," he wrote, "and I shall hold to them so long as there is breath in my body." They were a part of Nina's existence also.

Cavour's father now allowed him to take charge of agricultural work at Grinzane, one of the family estates forty miles from Turin; and a progressive and very successful young agriculturalist the ex-lieutenant soon proved himself to be. He introduced from abroad new methods in farming and devoted himself whole-heartedly to his new field of labor, stolidly abiding his time for better things, if, indeed, such were ever to come.

One day at Grinzane, when busily occupied with his agricultural pursuits and much depressed in spirit over recent family differences arising from his political views, he received a note, written in a once familiar hand. The day, never to be forgotten, was June 22, 1834. The note was in the hand of Nina Giustiniani. She was in Turin. She wanted to see him. Camillo's agitation upon receipt of the message was indescribable. What was her meaning? Had she written to him merely as a friend? Or was she still under the domination of the passion against which she had vainly struggled so long? In the few words of which the note was composed he thought that he could discover desire and tenderness ill concealed, but he was not certain. Perhaps the tenderness sprang from his own heart. Or it might be only the suggestion of vanity on his part. He could not wait. He feared lest she might already have left Turin. By one o'clock, having abandoned his affairs, he was driving under a broiling sun away from Grinzane; at Bra he changed his horse, and by eight in the evening he was in Turin. It took but a few moments for him to change his clothes and hurry to the Hotel Feder in Via di Bogino, from which the precious note had been sent. The marquise had gone to the opera; he lost no time in following her. Rushing into the parterre, he scanned the boxes. In the sixth box of the first row to the left his eyes fixed upon a lady in deep mourning, bearing on the sweetest of faces marks of long and cruel suffering: it was she. And she had recognized him at once, following him with her eyes as he left the parterre to make his way rapidly to the box.

"God! what charm in her look," he noted in his diary, "what tenderness, what love! What can I do for her in the future! Ah, that I might repay her for all the happiness which she gave me in that moment!"

The box was full of insupportable bores. At last, for a moment, the lovers remained alone. "Alas! the innumerable things that we had to say stifled the words in our throats," he noted. After a long silence, she said, "What have you thought about me?"

"What have I thought about you," he replied—"can you ask me that? You have suffered much!"

"Yes, I have suffered," she said, "I have suffered much." These were

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the only words which Cavour could recall afterward.

When they parted that night, he was full of hope, love, regret, remorse. "I was proud and elated over love so pure, so constant, so disinterested," he recorded in the diary, "but when I thought of the terrible suffering which Nina had endured for me, and of which I saw the deep traces on her sad, beautiful face, I became furious with myself; I had been heartless, cruel, infamous."

He decided to set out at once for Santena, the family château situated eleven miles outside Turin; he must tell everything to his father, who was there. No carriage was to be had, but Cavour's head was in a state that made him not averse to undertaking the little journey on foot. It was midnight, and the soft, sad rays of the moon lighted up the banks of the Po and the hills of Turin, "presenting a sight," he recorded, "fully in harmony with the sentiments of my heart. What a ravishing promenade! When shall I experience again such lofty emotions as filled my soul that night!"

Five miles on the road, at Moncalieri, he found a carriage, and thus managed to arrive by three o'clock at Santena, where he threw himself upon a sofa to rest until the household should awake. In the morning his father, who knew well his part of best friend and paternal confidant, listened to his son's story in sympathetic silence, leaving him free to follow the dictates of his heart. The day dragged on slowly for Camillo, but at eight-thirty in the evening he was again at the door of Hotel Feder in Turin, where he met the Marquis Giustiniani on the point of going out to see the great bonfire that was to be lighted in Piazza Castello for the eve of St. John.

Going up-stairs, Cavour found Nina alone, sitting sadly at her table. "Her air of deep depression," the diary continued, "and her black dress aroused in me the saddest emotion; she was the image of suffering, and who was responsible for her great grief? She received me with constraint, without uttering a single reproach. She tried to explain her conduct. When I had interrupted her several times to stammer a few words of excuse, she ended by listening to me in silence; finally, encouraged by the tenderness of her look, I took her hand and carried it to my lips. . . . She could resist no longer, her head bent, and her lips sought mine. . . ."

How eloquent she became when she told him of her love and of the terrible effects of her violent passion! "Every day," she said, "I used to leave my father's château at an early hour, and, followed by a peasant, I would set out to climb the mountains. I walked without fear of fatigue or of danger on the roads; I thought only of reaching the summit in order to fix my eyes on the horizon and breathe the air which seemed to come, without encountering barriers, from the plains where dwelt my beloved!"

A deep sense of unworthiness clouded Cavour's joy. "How, how can I repay her? Ah, I swear it, never, never will I forget this. I will no more be separated from this divine creature. My whole existence shall be consecrated to her. She shall be the sole motive of my life."

Four days after this passionate reunion, the Giustinianis left Turin. They had intended to go to the baths of St.-Gervaix in Savoie for the health

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of the marquise, but Rossi, a clever Turinese doctor, not improbably inspired by Cavour, had given his written opinion that the baths of Vinadio, near Cuneo, would be equally efficacious! Vinadio was also near the fashionable Piedmontese watering-place, Valdieri, where Cavour was to pass some days with relatives; but this the good doctor had not stated. Nina's wish, enforced by Dr. Rossi's opinion, prevailed, and it was for Vinadio that the Giustinianis set out on June 27.

§ 3

The parting of the lovers was indeed cruel. She had not actually left Turin before he wrote an ardent letter protesting anew the depth of his affection. The road to Vinadio was tedious. It lay through Cuneo, distant fifty-five miles from Turin, and then led on thirty miles farther up into the Alps; the baths were over four thousand feet above sea-level. As may be imagined, postal facilities were primitive, and the diligences were slow. Cavour became greatly agitated as the days passed in silence. Were the mails being tampered with, or were those about her forcibly preventing her from writing? He believed that her maid Adele would help her.

The truth was that Nina had sent a letter to him on June 30; and, on the day after, she had written the following, a letter which has remained hitherto unpublished:

"From the Baths of Vinadio,
July 1, 1834.

"No letters, dear Camillo. The one that I wrote to you yesterday I inclosed in an envelop addressed to a *valet-de-chambre* to whom Adele sent a few lines. You will receive it with some delay, but at least you will run no risk. There is no mail-box here, and I am obliged to give all my letters to the wife of the hotel manager, who makes a package of them for Turin. It is she also who distributes those that arrive. It is absolutely necessary that I intrust mine to her; and Adele will claim your replies as belonging to her. I hope that no ill will result from this arrangement, which is the best that my feeble head has been able to devise.

"What are you doing? You have written to me, at least? Ah, why did not M. Rossi send me to Valdieri? The doctor of these baths tells me that the waters of Vinadio are of the same kind as those of Valdieri; and the distance between the two places is great, the road is difficult, and I do not know how I shall be able to see you. I always fear that some unexpected misfortune will make me expiate moments of joy. I am so little accustomed to happiness that I regard it almost as a crime which should be followed by punishment; but at least let me be the only one to suffer and let me not bring trouble into your life. You have enriched mine; you have given me memories that are eternal. My love, I adore you! Oh, I shall see you again! My heart tells me this.

"From Valdieri it is necessary to come first over to Vinadio, and from there up to these baths. Eight hours of road, tiring, it is true, but not impracticable, like the path over the mountains. There is no talk of his going to Turin, therefore I am uncertain about inviting you to come. But I should tell you that in coming here, immediately upon entering by the large door, one must turn to the

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right, take the staircase a few steps farther on, and after coming up, follow the corridor which opens to the right; the third door is that of my room. In coming from inside the hotel I have no stairway to climb, although there are two stories beneath my window. I am not sure that I have explained myself well, or that these details are not too minute; but you have asked me for them, and if they weary you, it is because I have meant to satisfy you. There is a village a quarter of an hour distant, but they tell me that the road leading to it is very bad. Some wretched huts also are to be seen on the mountain-side in front of us; but they are uninhabited, and I believe that people died there from hunger. This is the only house, then, where I can see you. By good fortune the part in which I live is that which is least frequented.

"There is an officer here with fourteen men and more than sixty soldiers who are ill. As yet I have seen no one except the doctor, who is good, but whose visits I find too long. All that is not you oppresses me and bores me. I eat always in my room, although they urge me to go to *table d'hôte*. I cannot subject myself to such annoyance; I shall do so only if they compel me to.

"I wear your gloves continually, and earnestly hope that they will not be worn out before I see you again. *Te revoir*—what happiness! God give me a little health. But what more can I ask from Heaven, my dear Camillo, when I am blessed with your love? Oh, that I may be allowed to delight in it! . . . Will my prayer be granted? Shall I still have some years of life to consecrate to you? Shall you love me a long time? I dare not say forever. Who can tell the future? How many thoughts press upon me and agitate me! To die now, when life offers me so much, would be too cruel; I would not believe in a malevolent power implacable toward its poor victim. No, no, I shall yet experience enough happiness to think no more of the pain that has passed; it is in you that I shall find this happiness; you will make me forget that I have suffered. Our lives will mingle, at least for a little time, and if the sands of mine should run out before I have passed my youth, I shall have loved, I shall die proud of my choice. Pardon, oh, pardon! You have forbidden me to say that to you. Pardon, my love; I shall not commit this fault again. To obey your letter, I ought to erase these lines; but I have not the courage to do so, for I wish that this once you may read all my thoughts. Now I shall not disobey you again, never again.

"I am even wearing flannel; I must believe sincerely in your love to go into such details with you. If you see M. Rossi, you will do well to induce him to say that the air of Genoa, the sea air, is harmful to me. If I should return to that place, it would be impossible for me to see you, and I should wear out my life in stupid doings, in inanities. I love my parents none the less, God knows it; but I love you far above all. It is you who understand me, who speak to my heart, who cast a brilliant light over my dull and colorless existence. I shall write to you again to-morrow; day after to-morrow I hope to have a letter from you. Good-by; my thought never leaves you.

"10 o'clock in the evening. In spite of my resolution, I ended by taking my supper at *table d'hôte*, and do you know

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why? To get into the good graces of Madame the Directress, who, piqued, apparently, by the fact that I prefer my room to the dining-room, has told my husband that his wife is a sly person and has intrigues, that she wished to send off letters, etc. Oh, my God, it will be necessary in the future that I write you insignificant ones, and that yours be a little ceremonious! Address them simply to Mme. Giustiniani. That which causes trouble is mystery. It is impossible for you to come here secretly; they must see you, and, after all, there is no great harm in their knowing that you have made me a visit.

"Marquis G—— has lectured Adele on the subject of the letters which he suspected that I had sent with her assistance. She got out of the affair very well, but she must not be exposed to the same risk again. How are you going to receive this? The commandant is sending a man to-morrow down to Cuneo. If I only dared to intrust it to him! Shall I find enemies everywhere, I who do harm to no one? My husband has told Adele that he intends to go to Genoa, into the country, after the baths. I am in despair over it; I still delude myself, however, with the hope that he will take an apartment in Turin. He was to run down there on business, but he has not spoken to me again about it; Adele, on the other hand, my confidante, has learned from the commandant that he wants to go away for three days next week.

"Adieu, my love! I am closing my letter to-night because, if I decide to intrust it to the commandant's man, it must be ready for to-morrow morning. Adieu; think of me sometimes—and love me truly.

"At this moment the idea has come to me of sending this letter to Torre, who, as you know, understands everything. I am undecided. I shall address you as *vous* and *Monsieur*, but you will have no difficulty in translating my expressions. Adieu.

"To Monsieur the Count Camillo di Cavour, Turin."

In her feverish agitation, what did Nina finally decide to do with this precious letter? At any cost, Cavour must be permitted this once to know all her thoughts—her hopes, her fears; accordingly, the next morning, regardless of risks, the fateful little document that recorded the inmost secrets of her soul was despatched. It failed, however, to reach its destination. We know that the black seal which closed the finely written pages was broken by another hand; Cavour never experienced the joy of reading the passionate utterances which, far away in Turin, he was so impatiently awaiting. And it was because an untoward complication prevented the letter from reaching him that the pages, yellowed by time, now lie before us. Nor has our reading them been a desecration, for, as will be understood from another letter that followed, the thought that the memory of her love in all its intensity would be preserved would have caused Nina only satisfaction.

It was to her cousin Marquis Torre, captain in the regiment of guards stationed in Turin, that Nina finally determined to intrust the difficult delivery of her heart's full message. She informed her husband that she had written to Torre to request him to purchase a few sewing-needles for her in Turin, and into the note for Torre she slipped the long letter for

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Cavour. Poor Nina! Love had made her quite naïve. Did she not know that "love and a cough cannot be hid"? She herself had stated that the hotel directress had treacherously accused her to her husband, saying that she was carrying on intrigues and that she wished to send off letters, and had he not already lectured Adele on the subject?

Of course Giustiniani found no difficulty in intercepting through the directress the innocent little note addressed to Torre, together with its damnably interesting inclosure. After carefully perusing both, he decided to keep his own counsel in the affair and stealthily to wait for further epistles. He was not figuring as one precipitate in the display of conjugal jealousy—this at least may be conceded to the reputation of this quite unusual marquis. One such letter as that written by the blonde marquise on July 1 to the man whom she so frankly adored would have been sufficient for most husbands, even for titled husbands. However, Giustiniani was not in error in believing that letters still more interesting than this would follow.

In the meantime Cavour, in Turin, was passing long nights and days of anguish. Nina's silence became intolerable. The horrible suspicion arose that perhaps Count Thaon di Revel, governor of Turin, had intercepted her letters in order to consign them to her husband. Cavour's father good-naturedly visited the governor for the purpose of clearing the matter, and the chaffing letter which he wrote to Cavour in order to reassure him is a masterpiece of affection and of humor. The governor was absolutely innocent with regard to the post. He, the father, had in his day also written and received letters similar to those which Camillo was expecting, but he had never been so maladroit as to allow them to fall into the hands of a third person.

§ 4

This paternal note was not altogether likely to reassure the ardent lover, who now despatched a second letter to Vinadio, more urgent and passionate than any lines that he had written before. He wished Nina to break absolutely with her surroundings, to forget all family obligations, to fly with him to a new life on unknown shores. But then, he reflected and added: "I am wrong. You have inviolable duties which bind you to your present position. It is impossible for you to evade them." The conflict between passion that seemed ideal and a sense of right that could not be stifled was as intense in Cavour as in the woman whom he so deeply loved; and the outcome was in doubt, absolutely in doubt. New duties were thought to have been created by heaven-sent affection, and no happy solution of the tragic dilemma appeared to be possible. In rage at the idea that she was being forcibly prevented from writing, and that she too was suffering intolerably, he felt at one moment that perhaps he ought to fight a duel with Giustiniani. And at another moment he exclaimed: "Oh, my God, let the cup of bitterness pass from this angel of grace and affection! Spare it to her, and with resignation I will drink it to the dregs!"

One or two of her letters finally reached Cavour—letters such as she alone could write, full of tenderness, love, beauty. Her utterances calmed him for the moment, but they

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could not remove the uncertainty of the situation, which had become insupportable for both; he determined to send to Vinadio a person whom he could fully trust and who would try to see what could be done—a Monsieur Richard, who was the administrator of many affairs of the Cavour family. But in the meantime Nina had written again. Her letter, begun on Sunday and terminated on Wednesday, discloses all the most exalted motives of the sempiternal human tragedy, with the alternating light and shadow of intense joy and suffering in the heart of a high-minded, desperate woman. Like its predecessor, it has never before been published:

"Sunday, July 6, 1834.

"I received your two letters this morning; they passed through the hands of my husband, and it was only by a miracle that I recovered them without giving him time to read even the address. My fine intentions of being prudent have vanished; my heart must pour itself forth to you at any price; I am going to deliver this letter to the wife of the manager, and Heaven will do the rest. Only write to me in my own name; I shall see that I am always present at the distribution of the letters; we may suppose that mine will be handed to me at the moment.

"Do I love you, Camillo, do I love you? You have never doubted it. I feel now that I have loved you only, that I was mistaken before, but that oblivion will forever cover the time when you were not the god of my heart. I have found you again; you are mine, Camillo, is it not indeed true? You, whom I see everywhere, without ever being able to embrace you, you whose features I have sought even in those of a poor peasant child whom I had pose for me because she recalled to me your face; you, indeed, whom in the last days in Milan I often called to, from the silence of the night, that at least I might hear your name echo in my ear, are you truly mine? Mine! Oh, God, will you be so for a long time? The future, an impenetrable mystery! Camillo, what will become of me? The dream of you occupies my whole soul. There is only one emotion which holds me back, the thought of grieving the heart of my parents, who have but one daughter; that of leaving to my children a name which they would seek one day to efface from their memories; that of afflicting my beloved cousin Mme. Sauli, who believes me to be an angel of virtue like herself. And then, Camillo, how could I in conscience give you the burden of a woman who is always ill, and who probably will never be cured? Could I permit a young man like you, full of strength and life and talent, to sacrifice his future and his hopes to me? And if one day regret. . . you would not let me know it; you are too tender and considerate; but if I should have a suspicion of it? What torments could then be compared to mine? So far as I am concerned, I would follow you anywhere so long as I had the strength, in any capacity that you might wish; it would not be a sacrifice, but the zenith of happiness. The opinion of the world has never held dominion over me; never has it been able to repress a single impulse of my heart; I have declared my love for you to whoever cared to hear of it; I have declared it because I felt it profoundly; because my *amour propre* also was satisfied in having discerned

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beneath a *calm surface* and in a *cool demeanor* the force of your love. I am using your own phrases. In short, there is nothing in myself that could prevent me from devoting entirely to you so much of my poor life as remains; but, Camillo, sweet friend, have I the right to cause unhappiness to my parents? If, however, my position should become impossible, if they should choose to force me to break with you, I could no longer answer for myself; I feel that then my reason would forsake me. I dare not think what would follow. Let time pass, dear Camillo. It will teach us something. I shall finish my letter to-morrow; it is the third that I have written to you. I hope that you will have received the two preceding; I have informed you that the last was in an envelop addressed to Torre. I cannot tell what will be the fate of this one but I trust that it will repeat to you what I have said so often, that I am forever yours, in life, in death, yes, Camillo, *à la vie, à la mort!* But when am I to see you again? Why am I not in Valdieri! There I should pass several days with you! I study the map which you have given me; I know the paths over which you must pass, then I linger over Santena, Grinzane, Turin, where. . . you understand. Till to-morrow, dear Camillo. Your Nina thinks always of you, and your letters are on my heart, and I re-read them every moment, and my lips press your name, Camillo! Camillo!

"Monday morning. He knows everything; he has had time to read the addresses; I am waiting for the storm to break; up to the present moment he has only lectured Adele, and this time very unjustly. My God! I have not slept; I have been thinking of you, of your letters, of my father, of my daughter. If I closed my eyes, there was always the same agitation, the same restlessness; I waked with a start. And this morning I am hot, I am burning up; and in order to calm myself it is necessary that I write to you, it is necessary that I let you share the sensations that are mine. The torrent of bitterness which overwhelms me I must let overflow into your breast.

"When shall you read what I have written now? It would be too imprudent to give this letter into the hands of those who have delivered yours, perhaps innocently, to my husband. Now I shall write you one that is very insignificant, and we shall see what they will do with it. If another reaches me to-morrow, may the Lord help me! Oh, Camillo, dear Camillo, what will be the outcome of all this? He wishes to return to Genoa, it is said, and this idea frightens me. He speaks to me scarcely at all; I see him only very rarely; I have, however, good reasons to believe that he will never come to extreme measures: but this life cannot continue. What is to be done? Oh, God, what course shall I take? Perhaps he will write to my father that I have seen you again, that I have received letters from you under another name, that my conduct is reprehensible. My parents, displeased, will be cold toward me; severe, if I do not consent to leave you. Oh, what a word! Would that my pen might cancel it! I would live and die in your love. You alone in the world have known how to inspire in me the deepest passion of which I am capable; I find in you all

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that can attract me. After God, you are my god, or, rather, I know no other but you. What my senses are able to grasp as most closely conforming to my conception of divinity is you, and if the Center of life and light from which emanates our being sees me and judges me at this moment, He will pardon me for preferring the known to the unknown, for desiring nothing else when I embrace you, for seeing all of heaven in your eyes—Camillo! Camillo! dear Camillo! how I love to trace your name, to repeat it in my heart!

"Midday. He has come, and he has not spoken to me of anything; I believe that I could endure his anger better than his kindness; perhaps he is still waiting. Is he meditating some treachery? Does he wish to get possession of my letters? What shall I do with this one? I want it to reach you. Ah, what it would cost me to write you one that was cold and dry! And yet I must put myself to the task.

"Tuesday evening. I have received your third letter to-day; it reached me without mishap. Camillo, I had a fever yesterday after writing to you the stupid lines which you will have received. My love, there is a horrible hand of iron which presses me down and tears me in every direction, and I see it always ready to seize upon me again, even when it gives me some respite. What would you do with a woman who is always ill? I am awaiting with the greatest impatience the arrival of your Monsieur Richard. My plans, my future, my hopes, all my existence, present and future, consist in loving you, in loving you. I cannot make any plans; all my ideas are unsettled by those which I imagine that you will have formed. This letter will reveal to you the fluctuations of my spirit; I am not reading it over lest my hesitations, my fears, begin to trouble me again. I wish to try to sleep to-night, and this in order to feel better, in order to preserve for you the little health which still remains to me. I have passed a bad day; I hope to-morrow to give you better news. Adieu, Camillo! Your letters are there, attached to my neck; they feel the beating of my heart, which is all yours. Adieu, angel!

"Wednesday. I have passed the night, and I am better. Oh, Camillo, listen to me; it is my reason that speaks to you now. Do you know that I am a being destined to unhappiness? Do not join your lot to mine; I shall drag you down to the abyss. In ceding to the irresistible impulse which forced me to write to you, I did not believe that I was proceeding only in my own interest, that I was performing an act of purest egotism. No, I did not believe that. Burning tears came to my eyes; my lips moved convulsively; I trembled to see myself so completely overwhelmed with passion; finally, with a very uncertain hand, fearing that you had contracted other engagements which I would not wish to cause you to break, I traced the few lines which have decided our fate. It was inevitable; I should have reproached myself eternally if I had failed to see you for a moment, if I had not done everything in my power to feel your hand press mine at least once more. Camillo, must I curse the day when you saw me again?

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Rather may God annihilate me at this moment. Let us stop for an instant. Oh, God! my head whirls; I am still ignorant of what you are going to propose; would that Monsieur Richard might come at last to draw me out of this state of perplexity, which I cannot endure much longer. My husband continues to maintain silence with regard to the letters which he well knows that I have received. One would say that he was the culpable one and I the one offended. It is evident that he does not wish to quarrel with me, or perhaps he has consideration for the state of my health. Camillo, you whom I adore, think, reflect, and then order and arrange. I no longer live except for you. Your breath revives me again. Adieu, Camillo!

"To Monsieur the Count Camillo di Cavour, Turin."

We can only conjecture what might have happened, had this incomparable letter reached Cavour. We know the agitation of his spirit. His heart was yearning for the fresh revelations of irrepressible affection contained in these pages, but he never saw them. "Heaven" delivered the letter perversely, as its predecessor of July 1 had been delivered, into the wily hands of Giustiniani.

§ 5

Happily for Nina, Cavour, in order to be stirred to action, had no need of her intercepted plea, "Think, reflect, and then order and arrange." Without the prompting of this impassioned word, Monsieur Richard had already been despatched on his way to Vinadio; and Camillo, whose patience was now measured by days, soon followed. Just what happened at the reunion of the lovers one need not inquire; they were together for three days while Giustiniani was absent from the baths. Then Cavour returned to Turin, and on the day after the marquise followed. "These three days, I assure you," she wrote immediately after his departure, in a letter that was intended to anticipate her own arrival in Turin—"these three days have effaced all recollection of a cruel past. I hold them in memory as an inexhaustible treasure of consolation for the days of sorrow that await me; I shall then dwell upon the thought that time passes, but that love remains forever—forever, Camillo! We know it well; we here, not content with loving now, with loving during the years that pass, dare to look forward to time without end, to eternal love and happiness. I have told you, Camillo, that my soul is only a reflection of yours; without you I am nothing. . . . Let them not hope to separate me from you. Parents, friends, I shall renounce all rather than give up seeing you and writing to you. I may have to sustain bitter struggles; I face them without fear."

In Turin the Giustinianis remained only one or two days, and on July 24 set out for their villa at Voltri. As Nina had written, the idea of going back there and to Genoa frightened her; for it meant separation again, she knew not for how long, from Cavour. After Giustiniani's interception of the second letter at Vinadio a stormy scene had ensued between husband and wife, in the course of which it had been made plain that for Giustiniani the principal concern was that a public scandal be avoided; otherwise, he had declared to Nina, it would be

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necessary for him to wash away the stain with Cavour's blood. The marquise had made it equally plain that she had no idea of renouncing Camillo, and on July 23 she addressed to her husband the following decisive note, confused at the opening, but very coherent in the main substance:

"Dear Stefano:

"If you are content *to ignore* what I am doing, if you are absolutely unwilling that I see him at Voltri (and certainly you are not wrong), I shall take measures to obtain for myself a passport. Explain yourself clearly either verbally or in writing. Whatever your decision may be, I cannot complain, but, on the other hand, mine will never change."

The parting of the lovers at Turin was hurried and took place in the presence of others. Nina closed herself within the coach, and as the horses bore her rapidly away she re-read Camillo's letters. "I have re-read all your letters in the carriage," she wrote; "I am thinking always of you, dreaming of you." Wherever in the journey the carriage stopped, even for a few hours, she wrote to him not once, but three times a day. She had nothing new to say, but she always found a new form in which to express her thought and affection.

The Giustiniani-Schiaffino family, unable to understand her conduct, inclined to the theory that she had gone mad. If this be madness, she wrote to Cavour, "I would prefer to die rather than recover my reason." "To love you passionately," she declared at another time, "is this, indeed, madness? Is it madness to see you, write to you, die for you? And is it likewise madness to have decided irrevocably to finish with life rather than permit you to doubt my love? Yet these are the only acts which have led them to conclude that my mental faculties have become clouded. I pity them, for they cannot understand love."

The following weeks passed in agitation. Camillo, who felt the need of opening his mind to some one, read letters of Nina to his mother, then in vacation at Valdieri, and the Marquise Cavour was so touched at their contents that she wept. Nina, having heard of the episode from Camillo, replied with deep emotion: "Would that I might throw myself at your mother's feet, that I might express to her all the gratitude, respect, love, which her tender interest inspires in me. . . . She pities me, she does not think me mad, she! And I dared scarcely pronounce her name to you, fearing that she would condemn our liaison. . . . My heart had need of consolation, and the kindness of your mother has done me incalculable good; I have not been rejected then by all the world, and it is your mother, your mother, oh, Camillo, she who loves you, knows you, appreciates you—it is she who pities me, who loves me, who interests herself in my fate!"

With or without Giustiniani's consent, Cavour managed to visit Nina at Voltri. In September he was near, in Genoa, at the Hôtel de la Ville, to which she addressed the following note:

"Oh, Camillo, I am happy here in the thought that soon I shall see you! Yes, you will be with me between one and two o'clock. I don't know what to say to you, for my heart is too full with one sole idea: I shall see you!

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Heaven be praised! I shall see you, I shall tell you that I am yours, eternally yours.

"Voltri, September 2, 1834.

"To Monsieur Count Camillo di Cavour, Hôtel de la Ville, Genoa."

Like the two long letters of July, the above lines fell into the hands not of Cavour, but of Giustiniani. This husband's curiosity was equaled only by his prudence. Precisely what happened in these days has not been revealed. On September 7 or 8, Camillo was again in Voltri, and on the seventeenth he left Genoa for his home in Santena. In October he dashed off again to Voltri, arriving this time by way of Savona; it was his last visit.

We have seen from Nina's intercepted letter of July 6 that even in her moments of unrestrained exaltation she had begged Cavour to be patient. "Time will teach us much," she had written. But, though three months had passed, time as viewed in October had taught the lovers only the probable hopelessness of their situation; it had presented no suggestion of a happy solution of their problem, and Nina, seeing little promise of lasting felicity, had fallen back upon eternity for her comfort, as have so many women in the passionate cycle of time, women less eloquent than she in the expression of anguish. "Religion is my life," she wrote; "through it I am able to conceive permanence for my affections, to eternalize them. What is love unless one associates it with the infinite?"

§ 6

Cavour's father also understood the hopelessness of his son's liaison, and in August he had already decided that a sojourn of several months in Paris and London would be highly advantageous for Camillo. In December the latter left for Geneva, and in March he was in Paris. During the long months of his absence he maintained with perfect regularity his devoted correspondence with the marquise, who lived out the time in her homes at Genoa and Voltri. Two more of her letters were intercepted by her husband and never reached Cavour—letters sent on April 18 and April 26, 1835, to the latter at his Paris address, 105 rue de Grenoble; they bore the consecutive numbers 64 and 65, numbers of necessity missing in Cavour's collection of her letters now preserved in the Visconti Venosta family archives at Santena. "What a consolation to me your letters are!" she wrote in the first of those intercepted. "Your words have, indeed, power of bringing me peace. I shall follow your counsel; I shall try to fortify my spirit; to check the reveries of my imagination and to follow calmly and firmly the path to which reason points. No more murmuring against my lot. However cruel its decrees may be, my eyes will look upon them henceforth as the ordering of a wise and beneficent Providence. What does it owe me, having granted me a friend such as you!"

She goes on to tell him of the friends whom she has seen again in her quiet life in Genoa. She has called upon her beloved cousin Marquise Sauli, by whom she has been perfectly received; but she foresees that matters will end there, "for you know at what price I can resume with her my former intimacy"—meaning at the price of breaking the liaison with Cavour.

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"My cousin was born my friend, and it will be impossible for me ever to replace her. . . . As you see, there is no one here who can understand me. Oh, you, Camillo, you are my only friend. . . . My heart and my spirit would occupy themselves ceaselessly with the *pontiff* Camillo, as you call him. Oh, how I love you! I feel a little better. Amuse yourself, my dear friend, for I share all your pleasures. That will make you smile, but it is true. The thought that you are enjoying yourself softens my sufferings; I think of you, I identify myself with you, I adore you."

She calls him fondly: *le plus beau des enfants des hommes.* A miniature for which he had posed in Turin in August, and which he had given to her, has recently come to light in Genoa; his boyish expression is unmistakable, but not all women would call him *beau.*

Their letters discuss politics as well as literature and religion. With the passing of the years Cavour had been able to fix for himself more clearly the features and the figure of Liberty; before his reunion with Nina in the summer of 1834 he had already swung from radicalism to the program of the *juste milieu,* and now his travels in France and England were broadening his political vision. In his political evolution Nina naturally had followed him. "You think that I occupy myself too much with politics," she writes to him while he is in Paris. "Perhaps this is true, but you know that I am always a supporter of your policy, and that I enlist under your banner. You have only to tell me what you wish and think, and I wish and think what you tell me." "I have deserted the banners of the demagogues," she adds, "and I enroll myself blindly under yours."

To understand fully what Nina's enrolment implied, one should recall Cavour's patriotic, nationalist utterance upon his return from the journey to Paris and London: "The French are an intrepid people, the English a great people, but our despised little Piedmont will yield the primacy to none. In the hands of a good government it would become a powerful instrument for great things. If I were minister of Charles Albert, I would make Austria tremble and the world wonder. And if ever I arrive—" He was foretelling the future of Italy and his own part in it with the precision of a clairvoyant. He was only twenty-five years ahead of the times, and Nina had foreseen the future also not long before in her apostrophe of affection: "You, Camillo, full of energy, of life, of talent, you, called perhaps to the most brilliant career, to contribute to the happiness of mankind." But, as in her supreme letter of July 6 she had foreseen, such a career would be impossible for him if burdened with a woman who was ill, the wife of another. He loved her deeply, and an ordinary woman would have claimed the rights of love, would have ruined him; Nina, on the contrary, was prepared to efface herself for his future and that of Italy, was ready to make the supreme sacrifice.

In her letter of April 26, which Giustiniani had intercepted, she had written: "It seems impossible that I can live until the summer; the joy of seeing you will be too great for me. Shall I be able to bear it?"

As the summer came on, by evil chance, an unforeseen obstacle to the meeting of the lovers presented itself.

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Their personal drama suddenly became overshadowed by a great national misfortune. Late in June an inmate of the prison at Toulon, France, died suddenly in circumstances which gave rise to gravest apprehensions; other cases of mortal illness were reported on the same day; an autopsy revealed Asiatic cholera. With the advancing hot season the terrible scourge developed rapidly and spread; on July 11 ninety-six new cases were reported for the day preceding, and ninety-five deaths; the exodus of inhabitants from the stricken city carried the epidemic far and wide; it crossed the Piedmontese frontier, and on July 13 a case was verified at Nice. Prompt action had been taken by the Piedmontese Government: on June 27, the very day on which the papers had announced the appearance of the cholera at Toulon, Marquis Michel Benso di Cavour, Camillo's father, had been named deputy high commissioner of government and police for the city and suburbs of Turin; the health of the capital had been placed in his hands. Of course the post of duty for his son was by his side, and Camillo never failed to be at his post. On August 1 the papers reported a case of cholera at Cuneo, only forty-five miles distant, the city through which the lovers had both passed at the summer season of the year before on the way to Vinadio and Valdieri. That same day Camillo addressed to Nina the following letter from Turin; it is his only love-letter that is known to have been preserved, and it has never before been published:

"Here I am, I am near you, and yet we are still separated! What it has cost me to be unable to follow the impulse of my heart and rush to Voltri to satisfy my craving for happiness, the happiness of seeing you, of listening to you, of being with you, *tout à toi, rien qu'à toi!* But, alas! the exigency which led me to hasten my return now detains me here; the cholera threatens us. It broke out on Wednesday in Cuneo, and it is at our doors. My family is in the country, but my father, who has been named president of the public-health commission, cannot stir from Turin; he must remain here so long as the epidemic lasts, and he will have with him no other member of his family except me. In such circumstances the mere idea of leaving him would be criminal, and Nina would not wish me to dream of it. As soon as we are rid of the cholera, my first course will be to Genoa, to Voltri. I shall fly to your arms, I shall come in quest of the happiness which love alone can render, and for which I thirst so feverishly.

"By good fortune the cholera has not up to the present advanced toward Genoa; it has not reached the line of the Roja, and perhaps it will not pass it. In spite of this, I urge you strongly to seek a safe retreat for yourself and your child. It is your duty not to expose yourself uselessly; above all, this is a duty for one such as you, so necessary to the happiness of a being that adores you. I implore you to quit Voltri and take your son to a place where the scourge cannot reach you. Go into Tuscany, to Pisa, to Lucca, anywhere indeed, where mountains and provinces may separate you from the infected country. Do not refuse me; it is a prayer, it is a counsel, it is an order which I give in the name of all that is most dear to you, in the name of love. You have

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promised to listen to me, to follow my counsel. An opportunity presents itself for you to fulfil your promise. Do not fail, my darling. Do not put me in a bad humor with you. Besides, it is also a little for my own interest that I beg you to put yourself in safety. So long as I know that you are in Voltri, I shall be preoccupied, anxious, unquiet. I shall be unable to occupy myself with what I have to do; and then, you know that agitation of spirit is a bad predisposition in time of cholera. You, for your part, have nothing to fear for me. I am a colossus of health; my journey has given me new strength; I am in a condition to battle with any illness that may attack me, and I promise you to take care of myself, not to expose myself unnecessarily, to spare myself. You will have news of me by every post, but on the condition that you do not remain at Voltri. I think that by this time your husband already will have proposed to leave. Accede to his wish and follow him where he may wish to take you. These great crises are periods of reconciliation; perhaps your parents will see you again, will restore to you their affection. And when the danger shall have passed, we may hope for calm days and serene, full of happiness and of love.

"Buoy up your spirit with hopes of the future; my heart tells me that the time will come when we shall be compensated for present sacrifices. Real good is often very close to evil; moments of sorrow are the pathway which one is forced to follow in order to reach the Elysian Fields. Let us be resigned for some time still, my darling friend, and let us await the future with confidence. With courage let us fulfil the duties imposed upon us—you in taking your son away, in reassuring your friends; I in remaining with my father, in making myself not altogether useless. We shall find consolation in the testimony of our conscience, and afterward Providence will not abandon us.

"Time presses, I am beset on every side. Adieu, my love!

"To Madam the Marquise Anna Giustiniani née Schiaffino, Genoa."

This letter, perforated and discolored at the sanitary office which disinfected the post, was intercepted by Giustiniani, whose conduct toward his wife continued to be characterized by the most astonishing contradictions. At times he would tell her that he did not care what she did so long as there was no public scandal; then again he would become furious against her. What really angered him was doubtless the fact that all Genoa knew of her liaison with Cavour. Giustiniani gave the intercepted letters into the hands of his lawyer. Just what followed is not known.

For a moment Nina's resolution to sacrifice herself completely in favor of Cavour's career weakened; she abandoned her home and came to a small city near Turin, where she stopped and wrote to him that she had determined to live alone. This occurred at the very moment when the cholera was fast spreading. Cavour, inspired by the same sentiments as those expressed in his intercepted letter, replied by return post, affectionately urging her to go back to her family, and with despair in her heart she obeyed him.

The lovers never met again. Perpetual agitation further unsettled Nina's health. For nearly two years she

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continued to write to Camillo, though she felt that other women must have replaced her in his affections. "Who knows," she exclaimed, "whether young beauties have not effaced memory of me from the heart upon which my head rested! No, no, he has said that the jasmine and the rose can never cause the lilac to be forgotten." And again: "If at the moment when I am writing, his lips should be caressing a brow crowned with roses! Nina! His happiness is yours. If his pleasures were to augment in proportion to my suffering, I would wish to be still more unhappy! Oh, Camillo! God and Carlotta only know how much I love you. I am no more of this world; I shall never again see the eyes I so love, I shall never embrace you again. I am not beautiful enough for you; as a woman, always ill, I am unable to give you pleasure. You must have a creature that is young and radiant in health. May this being, whom I envy, adore you as I adore you! If the thought of me should sadden you, if you should reproach yourself for being happy while I languish, then believe me faithless and forget me. But the day, the moment of the great revelation of all truth will undeceive you in this regard. My health was practically ruined before my heart pronounced itself for you. There is absolutely nothing for which you can reproach yourself. An intuition, stronger than reason itself, tells me that you have not forgotten me."

At three-thirty o'clock of the same sleepless night in which she had revealed these passionate beatings of her devoted heart, Nina added: "God was angry when He created me—to make a soul suffer so much in the body of a woman! Oh, that He might destroy it, this cursed prison! I do not like my condition as a woman; why was I not first consulted about it? To be born like that, without knowing what life is!"

And two weeks later: "My life has passed so quickly! I, Nina, young, I find it long, very long, this life which is only a dream. My God! what a passion of love there is in me! It is four o'clock in the morning; I am a secret, a mystery, of which God alone has the key. I—I—who? How? Why? Shall I ever know? Shall I ever fully understand the reason? I know too well that two eyes and a dear brow have made me long for annihilation, have made me completely forget my own existence, and I know that I would have wished that all that I have of life might have been consumed in one look. What does this mean? Why is all my happiness placed in another? And why is this other Camillo? Camillo!

"If the king had given me Paris, the great city, and had it been necessary for me to renounce my love of Camillo, I would have said to King Henry, 'Take back your Paris; I love Camillo more.'"

Christmas came, and she wrote: "I do not know it—Christmas; always, always Camillo!" With the new year she subjects herself to an interrogation: "(Question) What being do you love the most? (Answer) Camillo. (Q.) What is the thing that you most desire? (A.) Death. (Q.) Then you prefer Death to Camillo? (A.) Yes. (Q.) Would you like to see Camillo again? (A.) No. (Q.) Why? (A.) His presence would bring me no happiness, and the sight of me would rouse in him painful emotions. I have no

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desire to mend a broken chain. I wish to die, to die!—word full of voluptuousness and charm! To die! yes, to die, and soon, before the year runs out, I hope that my most ardent desire will be fulfilled, my only happiness! Death, I write your name with a smile upon my lips, with hope in my heart. I throw myself into your arms! Ah, do not repulse me! I adore you."

Broken in spirit and estranged from her family, she lingered on, surrounded by a very few devoted friends, including the Carlotta of these letters, Carlotta Parodi Pavan, a young woman of angelic character and rare culture. Death kept her waiting for four more long years. In what was probably her last letter to Cavour she bids him forever farewell: "You will read these lines, I hope, but when an insurmountable barrier will have been raised between us, when I shall have received the great initiation to the secrets of the tomb, when perhaps—I tremble to think of it—I shall have forgotten you."

She died on April 30, 1841, thirty-four years of age. Her grave may be seen to-day in the Church of the Capuchins in Genoa. It is not an ancestral vault. She lies alone, far from the tombs of her family, and far from him whose only rival in her passionate heart had been Death.

Cavour never married. The great national ideals which had been before his eyes when he was with Nina at Genoa, Turin, Vinadio, Voltri, ideals of liberty, independence, unity, had taken an ever deepening hold upon his heart. No woman ever fitted into his life of public, patriotic service. His career exceeded anything of which the vivid imagination of Nina had ever conceived. He has been called the Lincoln of his country. Out of oppression he called forth liberty; from little Piedmont he called into being free and united Italy. He was greater than Garibaldi, greater than Mazzini, greater than Victor Emmanuel. He left upon Europe the most indelible impress for good of any man of the nineteenth century. His last audible words uttered upon his death-bed were: "Italy is made. All is safe."

The achievement had been made possible for him by a woman's voluntary sacrifice.

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The Press and the President

Should the President Be Quoted Directly or Indirectly?

By Oswald Garrison Villard

When is the President of the United States not the President? The answer is easy: when he receives the Washington correspondents of the daily newspapers and press associations. Then the President, though he stands there in the flesh, becomes a person of mystery, variously designated by those who hear him as "the spokesman of the White House," "one high in authority," a "representative of the administration"—yes, even "one close to President Harding or President Coolidge"—as if there were a sort of Presidential *alter ago*. All of which is born of a custom, initiated in limited degree under Theodore Roosevelt and developed to its extreme under Warren Harding, of receiving the correspondents as a group and talking to them confidentially under the protection of a slogan: "The President of the United States can never be quoted." Curiously enough it is the anonymity the slogan stands for which is likely to wreck the whole institution through which the President seeks to convey to the American people what he wishes them to learn of his views and of his policies.

The fact is that this cloak of anonymity has worn so threadbare as to hide no nakedness. Every one will recall the king in the Grimm fairy-tale who was imposed upon, and his court with him, by a tailor who insisted that he had clothed his Gracious Majesty in a suit so gossamer-like that only those with the finest eyesight and taste could discern it. All the court imitated the king in pretending to see it until a small boy remarked upon the king's nakedness. Then the truth prevailed. So with the anonymity of the "White House spokesman." Only the most gullible of newspaper readers now doubt the authority of the oracle every good American is supposed to heed. Even editorially the fiction was all but disregarded when something happened at Washington which tore aside the veil at least for a moment. Two of the Washington correspondents struck. Their professional honor and their reputations for accuracy being placed in jeopardy, they struck—and the cat came out of the bag.

The incident in question would have concerned only the President himself if it had not happened that the entire corps of correspondents was affected and was left literally "holding the bag." Two of them opened it and let the cat emerge, first Mr. Arthur J. Sinnott of the "Newark Evening News" and then Mr. Henry Suydam of the "Brooklyn Eagle." This was followed by a de-

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tailed publication in the "Editor and Publisher," the leading trade-journal of journalists. Unfortunately there was not enough professional pride in the entire body of Washington correspondents or their employers to bring about a complete unveiling. They are proud to be Washington correspondents, but they were too indifferent, or too hobbled by their home offices, to assert their independence and to free themselves from the unhappy positions into which they have been forced. Neither the Associated Press nor the United Press seized the opportunity to demand the ending of an arrangement which is unworthy of the newspapers, the correspondents, and the White House.

§ 2

What so troubled Mr. Sinnott and Mr. Suydam was this: On Monday, December 22, 1924, Ambassador Jusserand, then about to retire from his Washington post, made a speech containing the familiar French plea in debt abatement. France would ask, he said, for special favors as to her debt to the United States because France had suffered most from the war. Particularly would France like to have a moratorium. Twenty-four hours later the Washington correspondents stood in their familiar half-circle in the President's office and asked what the President thought of M. Jusserand's speech. The President seemed irritated. He declared that this Government would pay no attention to a moratorium, since M. Jusserand had chosen to make his appeal to the public instead of going to the Debt Funding Commission, the proper authority, where he could have gone long before. He made it perfectly clear, according to Mr. Sinnott's report, that "such problems could not be settled if every move were to be heralded to the public by ambassadorial speeches which had a propaganda flavor."

Then came the regular biweekly juggling with the reading public. These utterances of the President were telegraphed over the country as coming from the usual spokesman. Naturally so unprecedented a Presidential rebuke of a foreign ambassador stirred official Washington tremendously. M. Jusserand did not need to be told who the "White House spokesman," the "friend of the President," was, and his unhappiness was intensified by some cabled comments from Paris. In his despair M. Jusserand—according to several accounts all but weeping—hurried to the State Department to beseech Secretary Hughes for his interference. He could truthfully have said that his was an unprecedented humiliation. It is probable that he referred to the approaching end of his long and honorable career. He might well have declared that he had only said what every other Frenchman had been saying. He might well have contended that to return thus to Paris would ruin him and his hopes for future official employment.

Something of this kind he probably did say, for he won Mr. Hughes' sympathy and aid. The secretary hurried to the White House—this on the day after the unfortunate loquacity of the "White House spokesman"—and immediately an official press statement declared that M. Jusserand had not been criticized by that mysterious somebody, the one "high in power," that there was nothing new in the ambassador's speech, and that it gave the public no information which had

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not already been conveyed with utmost propriety to the Debt Funding Commission. The stenographic notes always kept of each utterance of the mysterious "representative of the administration" bore out the original statement, and still do, for they can be consulted by any authorized person in the offices of the White House. But what of it? M. Jusserand was appeased, his record cleared, and Mr. Hughes satisfied. Nobody was hurt —except the press correspondents and the reputation of their newspapers for reliability. As they had so often been the victims of official trial balloons which went wrong, why should they care? So accustomed is official Washington to playing upon the organ of the press and to using its pedals and its keys as a means to convey compositions for which it will not be responsible that it never occurred to anybody that Mr. Sinnott would refuse to be discredited, and that Mr. Suydam, himself but lately an employee of the State Department, would follow suit. Why these two men were not disciplined, why they were not expelled from the biweekly conferences of the "spokesman of the President," is hard to understand, for they had sinned deliberately.

Lest anybody think that the White House speaks only rarely and that, therefore, there was too much pother about this episode, let it be said that the use made of the anonymity is very great. The "New York World" has pointed out that on a single day in April Mr. Coolidge "took a stand upon no less than ten public questions without once 'speaking for quotation' or permitting the correspondents to reveal the true source of these statements." In every case the old familiar camouflage, the "White House spokesman," had to shoulder the responsibility. The "World" listed these ten issues as follows: foreign affairs; Republican tariff plans; the new Soviet treaty with Japan; the naval conference; private loans abroad; downward revision of the tariff; foreign taxes on exported raw materials; flexible tariff rates on linseed-oil; foreign debts; and particularly the debt owed by France. The "World" further pointed out that the reports of these Presidential utterances differed in the various New York dailies which printed them.

For a cautious President this is obviously an admirable arrangement. Such a man could test out the reception given to the suggestions of his useful oracular friend, and, if the press and public were opposed, he could then disavow those suggestions or simply drop them. Indeed in the case of Mr. Coolidge a careful scrutiny would probably show a distinct series of contradictions—unconscious or unintentional. The fact remains that the system is a bad one for any President whether he be a Roosevelt, a Wilson, a Harding, or a Coolidge, for it enables the Chief Executive to take refuge behind his lay-figure when it has been the special aim of formulators of plans for governmental progress to fasten greater and greater responsibility upon all executives and to compel them to function more and more in the open so that public attention may be focused upon them.

It would undeniably be infinitely wiser and more dignified for the President to follow one of two courses. He should either receive the correspondents and chat with them confidentially, merely to orient them as to his plans and policies, as to which his hearers

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could write nothing; or he should issue only statements to which his name is attached, for which he openly assumes responsibility. Mr. Coolidge might well be the first to welcome the change to public and official utterances, beginning "President Coolidge to-day declared that." No public man ought to utter any words for which he is not willing to assume the authorship, and no public man should be allowed to do so. Every man of fine feeling must, of course, dislike the idea of being put in a position in which he seems both to talk and to remain absolutely silent.

For where there is no direct quotation each correspondent must put into his own words his interpretation or restatement of the President's expressions. Every one will understand how difficult it is to expect even such well-trained reporters to present those opinions in substantial agreement. In rendering or interpreting them they must, of course, be affected by their own opinions, or by the opinions and wishes of their editors at home. They differ in ability, background, breadth of view. Is it surprising that after listening to the words of the President's spokesman, the New York correspondents, according to the "World," reported his views on foreign loans as follows: "Two found him not looking with favor on private loans which might be used for military purposes. One found him 'unalterably opposed' to such loans. One found him 'not disturbed over the extent of private-loan commitments' and believing that the Government 'has nothing to do with negotiations.'" No doubt can exist that if the "World" had examined the reports of the correspondents for newspapers in other cities similar variations would have been discovered. Since the White House corrects only erroneous statements in direct quotations of the President, this custom must make for loose reporting, for the correspondent is at least subconsciously aware that if he incorrectly renders the views of the White House oracle no one will hold him responsible. None the less, when the "World's" criticisms were laid before the President, the "White House spokesman" replied for him that no change in the White House rules was contemplated.

Probably no one has as yet called Mr. Coolidge's attention to the fact that his example and that of his immediate predecessor have a bad effect upon his inferiors in the government service, who naturally cannot fail to envy the ability of the occupant of the White House to talk to the press without being held to consistency or accountability. The problems of the Washington correspondent are many. If his is the most interesting post in American journalism, it is also one of the most difficult. The pitfalls are numerous; if he sins often, he is as often sinned against. It is not a new thing for a high government official to deny the truth of a statement made by him or to refuse to back "stories" inspired by him. The writer of this article, while acting as Washington correspondent of the "New York Evening Post" in 1915–16, was informed by one of the highest officials in the Wilson adminstration soon after the sinking of the *Lusitania* that a note had been prepared for immediate despatch to England which would prove on publication to be as severe and as just with Great Britain as the first *Lusitania* note had been with Germany. This official stated that the note to

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Great Britain had just been despatched by special messenger to New York to be handed to President Wilson on his arrival there to review the fleet (May 17, 1915). The official stated that the note and its severe language were necessary in order to hold the scales even, to be neutral in word and deed as between the belligerents, and because England had by that time been "guilty of violating every canon of international law." This correspondent asked and received permission to publish the facts ("I wish you would"), and the story caused a journalistic sensation when it appeared in the "Evening Post" of May 17, 1915. The other Washington correspondents were telephoned and telegraphed to by their home offices on the instant to know why the "Evening Post" had been allowed to print so startling a scoop. Among several others they hurried to the official who had given the beat, seeking confirmation. He looked them straight in the eyes and could not understand how Mr. Villard could have imagined anything of the kind! Months later the despatch was finally sent to London emasculated by Woodrow Wilson himself. Despite official denials by Washington, the British Government was so much alarmed that on the following Friday the minister of blockade, doubtless actuated by a consciousness of guilt, answered in a speech in the House of Commons some of the statements in that scoop as to England's lawlessness.

It was rather a rough experience for a novice in Washington. He pinched himself to see if he were still in the flesh and came to the conclusion that he had not imagined the facts, nor dreamed of his visit by appointment to the official's house late in the evening, nor himself invented the warm words with which the official had scored the indefensible conduct of Great Britain in pulling down the structure of international law. He decided to rely upon a journalistic reputation of eighteen years' making to carry him through the episode, even when severely taken to task by Secretary Bryan for either having betrayed a confidence or for stumbling upon a secret of vast importance to a government confronting a grave crisis and for publishing it without regard to the welfare of the adminstration or of the country—words not easy to brush aside with a smile!

To turn to the historical background of these White House press conferences, Mr. Wilson on taking office welcomed the corps of correspondents and made one of his most delightful speeches to them. They were to be his happiest links with the public. He invited their confidences and promised his. But this, it soon appeared, was a charming resolve that was later to be abandoned. Mr. Wilson was congenitally shy, mortally afraid of journalists, and unable to trust them. By and by the press conferences were abandoned (precisely as cabinet meetings became rarer and rarer) because the President would not submit to being cross-questioned by men some of whom he did not respect and by an entire group he deemed his intellectual inferiors. But the plan to make the corps of correspondents his confidants, so that they might keep him in touch with the plain people, died a-borning. With Mr. Wilson's temperament it was impossible.

His chief cabinet adviser, William J. Bryan, also found it difficult to get on with the press, but for different

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reasons. He lacked the dignity and authority to win the respect of all the correspondents. In their presence he always seemed to the writer like an old, worn, and shaggy buffalo, surrounded by a pack of lithe, snarling hounds. When he charged them with his horns they were at his heels.

Toward the end of his service he was at his wit's end to know what to do with the correspondents, some of whom he accused of bad faith and failure to respect his confidences. Yet it never occurred to him to seek counsel of the older and more responsible men, or to relieve himself of the daily misery by restricting his interviews to the handing out of written statements. It is impossible to forget that morning when he last received the correspondents as secretary of state. There were some who were genuinely fond of the "old man"; among others there was, perhaps, a revulsion of feeling; still others ought to have suffered remorse. Mr. Bryan was considerably moved himself. In saying farewell he drew an unflattering, an astoundingly naïve, but correct picture of himself and the correspondents. "I have been like an old hen," he said. "My secrets have been my chickens which I was seeking to protect with my wings while you were trying to get them out from under me." That told the whole story.

§ 3

In retrospect, it seems as if Theodore Roosevelt when President had done more to corrupt the Washington newspaper men than anybody else. The glamour and the fascination of his vivid, virile personality carried the correspondents off their feet. However opposed politically one might be, it was impossible not to yield to his personal charm and the extraordinary stimulus which came from association with him. He flattered them not a little by confiding freely in them and consulting them on matters of state. Then, Mr. Roosevelt was himself such wonderful "copy" that the correspondents naturally thrilled to him. He was by no means averse to publicity, and it was he who first used the correspondents to send up trial balloons. There is a story that he once gave a group of correspondents with one hand an announcement, while in the other, as he spoke to them, he held a denial to be released the next day. Mr. Roosevelt went so far as to demand of certain newspaper managers that they withdraw from Washington correspondents whom he did not like, or whom he accused of falsification, who refused to worship at his shrine. Most of them did so worship. They created what remains a legendary Roosevelt. They lost, in their admiration for his personality, the power to discriminate as to his political and executive deeds. They helped mightily in the making of his vast reputation.

After the coldness and unapproachableness of Grover Cleveland and the weakness and colorlessness of William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt was a godsend to the correspondents, and they made the most of him. Curiously, he made the position of Washington correspondent more important while also undermining the integrity and independence of the writers. Finally, it must be added that Mr. Roosevelt at times wearied of publicity and sometimes shunned it until after a "stunt" as, for instance, when he made his amazing ride of 104 miles from Washington to Warrenton and return

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in a single day to prove to the army and navy that his equestrian test of the physical fitness of officers was not excessive. He was determined, too, to be free from them on his trip to Africa. In the letters of Archie Butt there is an amusing quotation of Mr. Roosevelt as humorously declaring his willingness to subvention native African chiefs to kill off certain correspondents if they should follow him, fixing the price of $100 for a "New York World" reporter, $300 for a Hearst emissary, and $500 for a correspondent of the "New York Evening Post." He was a good hater when his passions were aroused, and he often emptied the vials of his wrath upon the pressman who served the group of independent Democratic, or mugwump, dailies like the "Evening Post," "World," and "Springfield Republican," newspapers always in keen and searching opposition to the man and his policies.

No one succeeding Mr. Roosevelt could have shared his popularity, but Mr. Taft at first had few difficulties with the correspondents. He had some warm and devoted friends, among them Gus Karger, correspondent of the Taft family paper in Cincinnati, the "Times-Star." To him Mr. Taft became so attached that in after years he always gave Mr. Karger copies of every important letter or speech, the understanding being that he should be Mr. Taft's official biographer, a plan ended by Mr. Karger's recent and untimely death. Gradually as the Taft administration wore on and the Ballinger-Pinchot feud developed, the correspondents took sides, the special friends of Roosevelt siding with Pinchot and later going over to Roosevelt in full force when the break between Taft and the Colonel took place. At that time Mr. Taft believed that he did not get a square deal from the press. Personally he was usually well beloved as in all circles in which he moved. But he had to face discriminating newspaper judgments which have been sorely lacking of late years.

Mr. Harding got on well with the Washington journalists because he had himself been a small-town newspaper man and because he had an open, likable nature, with weaknesses that appeal to the average man. He was cordial and genial, and he had an extraordinary knowledge of what the ordinary American was thinking about —the "feel" of the successful politician. He had much of the milk of human kindness which usually appeared to be wholly lacking in Woodrow Wilson. Though most of the correspondents were under no illusions as to Mr. Harding's administration, he fared well with the press, and no President will ever be more carefully and more generously protected than he was.

Such troubles with the press as he had came because of his own lack of background and fitness to deal with many of the vital questions before him. Even in the council of newspaper men his thinking was often confused, unintelligent, and misleading. His original proposal for a substitute for the League of Nations in an "association of nations" was in its inception a careless, offhand remark to the newspaper group, and he was, doubtless, greatly surprised by the furor it created. He at first essayed to answer the questions of the correspondents as they were verbally made, but he was compelled to abandon this procedure by a *faux pas* which gave him a bad black eye before the official Washington public. It was during the Conference for the

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Limitation of Armaments. The correspondents had been told by Secretary Hughes and some of the leading foreign statesmen that the Four-Power Treaty involved the protection of the main Japanese islands, although the fact was cleverly concealed in the treaty itself. One of the ablest correspondents asked Mr. Harding at a biweekly conference whether he understood that the main islands were protected, and he replied emphatically that they were not. The news of this brought Charles E. Hughes to the White House on the run, and Mr. Harding was compelled to agree that thereafter he would answer no questions except those submitted in writing in advance. It was a distinct humiliation, for he had enjoyed the spontaneous biweekly sparring with the journalists. The excuse made was that this new procedure was to avoid erroneous interpretations; the real purpose was to prevent the President's going off half-cocked when some unexpected question was suddenly fired at him.

As for President Coolidge, he is very much on his guard, so much so that he gives the impression of being extremely timid when he faces the correspondents. That he demands a proper standard of dignity in the conduct of the conferences appears from his displeasure over the sudden dash from the room of the representatives of the three rival press associations when he announced that he would not give a recess appointment to Charles Beecher Warren after his nomination had been rejected by the Senate for the second time. They intended no rudeness, but the President left off reading from the paper in his hand long enough to say, "If those participating in the conference do not care to remain until it is concluded we may as well conclude it now." He has been assured that no discourtesy was intended and that any future withdrawals during meeting will be conducted in the most seemly manner. Mr. Coolidge's great carefulness in replying to questions leaves his hearers, so some of the correspondents declare, quite in doubt as to where he stands and what he means.

It is a pity that the President cannot be persuaded to drop the conferences, as the "Boston Herald," among others, is urging him to do. "Our advice to him," it says, "would be to cut it out and let his secretaries, or the cabinet officers if need be, serve as the dispensers of information and the interpreters of his policies." This advice is valuable because the editor of the "Boston Herald," Robert L. O'Brien, has been on both sides of the fence, having been private secretary to President Cleveland in his second term and then, for many years, Washington correspondent of the "Boston Transcript." Most important of all remains the fact that it is an entirely unethical procedure for any President to endeavor to circulate his personal ideas and at times engage in personal propaganda without assuming full and frank responsibility for every act and word.

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Rubbing Elbows with Reality

An Experiment in Putting the Student to Work

By Jerome Davis

THE college as exclusively a world of intellectual pursuits is rapidly becoming an extinct species. Here and there, it is true, are boys who still come to college primarily for study, but they are rare specimens usually labeled as such by the student body. Ever since the time when Woodrow Wilson declared, "The side-show has swallowed up the circus," our colleges have been the target for a growing volume of criticism. To-day ex-President Eliot challenges attention with the question, "How can some mental work be got out of boys who come to college for athletic sports, to have a good time, or to get a good social start, and pass four of the most precious years of adolescence without any intellectual intercourse to speak of?" A recent English exchange professor at Harvard, after visiting a number of colleges throughout the country, said that he did not believe college as it at present exists is worth the cost. To provide a place for boys to while away their time for four years in a non-intellectual environment and under the stimulus of questionable pleasures is not only non-beneficial but injurious.

We do not need to accept these criticisms at par to ask ourselves what is wrong. No doubt "dead" teaching is responsible for the lethargy in some courses. But is not more of the trouble due to the unreality of abstract studies in contrast to the absorbing reality of outside activities? On the one side there exists the realm of scholarship, of intellectual pursuits administered for the most part by the faculty. This scholastic world is often tolerated by the student body as a necessary evil accompanying the real benefits of the other side of college, the world of athletics, fraternities, moving pictures, and social events. Nearly all of these exist primarily for the pleasure of the students; most of them are created, administered, and conducted by them. This is "the real college life" for the average undergraduate. He is immersed in it during the major portion of each waking day. It is in this world that the student thinks, acts, and lives. He breathes it in as naturally as a waiter accepts our tips or the small boy takes to his toys. Listen to the conversation of almost any student group. It will revolve about such major problems as athletics, fraternities, "petting-parties," "movies," dances, cards, jokes (questionable and otherwise), and all the small round of activities which each college has made especially its own. No one questions the worth of many of these

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things, but perhaps one may dare to question their present valuation. Of course there are other interests, the "Saturday Evening Post," for example; and students do of necessity talk about their class work, even have serious discussion hours, but such things are considered of minor importance.

In any event this dual college world challenges us with what is perhaps the crux of most of our educational difficulties. How can we bridge the gap between the seeming unreality of the scholastic world, the realm of class-rooms, of books, of papers, and the actualities in the world outside? How can we break the dualism which shackles the student mind? There is no problem involved in making a boy accept the reality of student activities; he acts these out in his daily experience, in his way of life. On the other hand the things which he reads about in his assigned work, what he listens to in the class-room, are essentially unreal. In other words, the realm of student activities is real, it is vital, it is experimentally verifiable; but how unreal, how remote from his life, how impossible to verify in his experience are so many of the facts that he reads about or listens to in the class-room. No wonder that the average student has little interest in intellectual problems or in political events. It is with great difficulty that he can be prevailed upon to read a serious periodical. It is only the exceptional teacher who has the power of magnetism and inspiration which can kindle and enliven enthusiasm for what seems so remote and unreal.

§ 2

In some way it is necessary to bridge the gap between the reality of the world of student activities and the theory and facts of the intellectual campus. It is my belief that all men "live their way into their thinking much more than they think their way into their living." Hence if each person can experience or observe in actual life even a fraction of what he reads, it enormously increases its effectiveness and value. An effort to achieve just this has been made in what is called the Collegiate Industrial Research Movement. In 1920 over a score of men from different colleges were persuaded to devote their summer to a group experiment in industry. Coming together in Denver each one searched for a position as a common laborer, no matter what the industry. Their underlying motive was to seek the truth with open mind, to understand sympathetically both the employer's and the worker's point of view. Exceptional opportunities awaited them: four were working on the street-car lines at the very time of the Denver strike; all saw industrial warfare at close range. Four times each week at the close of a day's work, they would come together in a seminar meeting under expert leadership to discuss their experiences. At these meetings they heard labor leaders, business men, lawyers, and welfare workers. They were taken through the various organizations which affected industry in Denver, such as the meetings of the trade-unions and the plants of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company.

In the summer of 1921 the movement branched out to Omaha, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Portland, Oregon, and New York City. The Y. W. C. A. also started a similar experiment for college women in Denver. During the summer of 1925

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we find groups for men in Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Portland, and Chicago. The groups were small, but at least seventy students in all engaged in this activity. It is impossible to detail the experiences of each group, but let us take as typical those of the thirteen men and fourteen women who met in Denver.

Adventures began immediately with the hunting of work. It was no easy task; several spent the better part of a week with no success, and one man vainly tramped the streets for nearly two weeks.

Besides sharing the work of the unskilled laborers the group lived with them in the cheap boarding-houses and even followed them to the theater and dance at night on occasions.

To some extent the students saw a cross-section of industrial Denver. Note the variety of occupations among the men: vulcanizer in a tire factory, hod-carrier, dish-washer in a cafeteria, street-car conductor, stocker in a lumber-yard, unskilled laborer in a smelting plant, and carpenter. Among the women we find a saleslady, a switchboard operator, an elevator runner, two housemaids, two laundry workers, two biscuit packers, two overall sewers, and three café waitresses.

Each one's experience was significantly different from the others. Even the size of the plants ranged from fifty to two thousand and the wage from twelve dollars plus board to twenty-two a week for the men and from five to seventeen for the women. For the most part, the men worked either eight or nine hours a day, with no extra pay for overtime and with holidays and Saturday afternoons deducted from the weekly settlement. Although Colorado has an eight-hour law for women, on occasions nearly every one of the girls was forced to work overtime without pay. The two in domestic service worked at least twelve hours each day, and often more. The hours for those in the restaurants varied day by day all the way from four to eight with a similar appalling fluctuation in pay. The girls in housework found it "a steady grind from morning until night." One was compelled to answer the telephone and door-bell during her hours of "rest." Another said that after the lunch-dishes were done, in the only period of leisure, the mistress always said, "Now, Garnett, while you 're resting you can take the baby out in the yard to play."

Strange to say, not a single member of the group showed any desire whatsoever to remain with his particular job for the rest of his life. They expressed their reactions by such typical phrases as, "never-ending monotony," "no chance for advancement," "the lack of time or salary on which to live," "the ruin of one's finer feelings," "no need to develop skill along any line," "no chance for self-expression or initiative." The girls in the factories complained of the "strain through excessive speed." They must keep packing the cookies into barrels as fast as they came from the bakery, or they must keep up with the machinery in the overall manufacture. One girl said that after sprinkling three thousand shirts every week, men became to her no more than shirt-wearing bipeds.

The conditions under which the men worked were for the most part sanitary. Nevertheless, in one case the ventilation was poor, and in another it was necessary to wear a cloth over the nose to keep out the fumes of sulphuric

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acid and hydrogen sulphide. One man could find no place in his plant to wash except at the drinking-fountain. In only one establishment was the lunch period more than half an hour in length, and in another all were allowed just time enough to gulp down their food. One company helped the men at the noon hour by operating an attractive roof-garden cafeteria in which wholesome food was served at reasonable prices. The students found that in some shops their fellow-workers were frequently afflicted with occupational diseases resulting from the handling of old hides, rubber, and arsenic. In no case was there any training of new men, nor indeed much consideration given to them. They were "simply herded around." The working conditions found by the girls varied considerably but were usually poor. In the laundries ventilation could only be secured by opening the windows on one side, and the heat was always intense on the other. No adequate dressing- or rest-rooms were found anywhere; in one case there was no ventilation except when the door to the public passageway was open. If there were cots they were so dirty as to be repulsive. In one factory a dressing-room four feet by six was used by thirty women. In another, a very elaborate suite of rooms with cots, easy-chairs, and a piano was located a block away from the factory. Since it was forbidden to eat there in the half-hour lunch period and since there was no free time during working hours, it was rarely if ever used. The girls say: "This rest-room salvages the factory in the eyes of the inspector. It does not serve our needs at all." The magazines and papers with which the room was supplied were dated 1910 and 1912. On the whole there was little indication, in any industry reported, of any higher motive than the making of profit.

In one case a man not a member of the group was "fired" for resting too often. This man had been gassed during the war and consequently was not very strong, but he always held up his end of the task through exceptional quickness. On the other hand, many of the men loafed on the job. When tired they would go to the farthest water-fountain to drink; then they would saunter back to work again. "It is surprising how often the men drink." The foreman never pretended to get acquainted with the men or to know their names. Employment was very uncertain, and men were continually being laid off without any warning. All of the companies opposed the unions. One had a rogues' gallery of leaders in a two-year-old strike, and each student was compared with these pictures on making application.

Only two plants had any plan for employee representation. In one of these there existed a joint committee of employers and employees. According to the student, "It was of no value, for it was something forced down on them by the employer and for his interests; the men did not even expect justice from it." One employee of six years' standing had never heard of it. In the other plant, the well known Leitch Plan of Industrial Democracy was in operation. The workers condemned it because it did not help them to raise their wage-level. Those with families were only receiving twenty-four dollars a week.

The girls found no plans for representation. One of the girls was even dismissed from a cracker factory be-

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cause she showed her interest in the output and earning capacity. Another said that the feeling of the manager toward unions was "poisonous." The attitude of the girls toward the management was summed up by, "They employ whom they want when they want them, and pay what they please."

Most of their fellow-workers seemed to be dissatisfied with the present economic system, without knowing exactly why. Many of the common laboring-men felt that the whole social order ("the system") was at fault, that the government and courts of justice were controlled by moneyed interests, and that a farmer-labor party would be the only thing that could help the situation. Those who were unorganized seemed to feel it was useless to join a union. "You can't buck capital," one said. Even if wages had been raised they spoke of them as "counterfeit," meaning that the cost of living had already advanced further proportionately. Not a single student believed that his was a "living wage." One reported that many of those in his plant were going in debt. Another estimated that the maximum he could earn in a year at his wage-scale, working seven days a week and losing no time, was $1092. Still another found that he was just able to support himself decently working full time but had nothing saved for the emergencies of unemployment or sickness. All of the girls, except those in domestic service, had nothing left for clothes, pleasures, or doctors' bills.

Considerable immorality was found, but the students attributed it chiefly to the environment and background. They concluded, "The grinding monotony of machine production makes a large majority of the workers gratify their desires to the limit during off hours so long as their money holds out, resulting in a great deal of drunkenness and sexual immorality." Laundry workers and waitresses were found to be married but usually not living with their husbands. In one restaurant all of the thirteen waitresses except the student were married. Most of them were under twenty-five and had been married at fifteen. One girl of eighteen was getting her second divorce. Some of the women had children whom they hired others to care for. Virtually all of them had relations with a man who was a "steady feller." All the girls working in restaurants felt that the environment was such as to make conventional moral life almost impossible. The younger girls who were working in the cracker factories seemed to be eager for a good time and would chatter continuously about "dates," "fellers," dances, and "glad rags." Their chief thoughts of men were expressed by, "He 's a peach of a spender," or, "He 's an unconscious" (meaning stupid). Yet all the girls reported on the kindliness of their industrial sisters, their willingness to help each other, their patience with the new girl, and their loyalty to the group. Many a time one of the college girls was helped out of "a pinch" by an "ignorant, saucy flip of a girl" who left her own job in a piece-work system and packed cookies for the "new girl" who could not seem "to make no speed."

The working-man had little sympathy for the church. Many thought it crooked, that it was functioning in the interests of capital. It was the unanimous feeling of all the students that the churches were not meeting the needs of the industrial community today, that in those sections where help

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is most needed, where Jesus Christ is nothing but an oath, next to nothing is being done. Amusements were entirely commercialized, making the problem of recreation for the family on the poverty-line an enormously difficult one.

§ 3

The result of the summer's experience was that the students saw something of the very heart of the industrial problem and returned to college rich in experience if not in money. Listen to what they say:

"My first week in an overall factory, I made $1.64, saw two girls sew their fingers the first day, and last but not least I became a full-fledged, lifelong believer in unions."

"A part of the world that I have read about has become a living reality. The whole problem of labor and capital and the obligation of the public seems different now."

"I have suddenly realized that the worker has a real struggle for food, clothing, lodging, entertainment, as well as for church and school."

"I believe I have a greater respect for people who work, and my interest is deepened, and my knowledge of conditions infinitely broadened."

"I realize what it means to live on a small pittance, and I have actually found out that the industrial worker is real, and not an abstract idea."

"My sympathy is with the worker; before I saw only the capitalistic side."

"I have lost my position working on overalls because of the strike on the railroads. I never realized before what a far-reaching effect strikes have."

"After this summer, I think that college people on the whole are quite self-centered and utterly oblivious to the really worth-while things."

It is obvious that many of the conclusions of such a group may be wrong. The particular deduction reached will vary with the experience. A group of thirty college men who worked their way on cattle-boats to Europe came back definitely hostile to labor; the Denver group seemed favorable. It is not the immediate outlook toward capital and labor which is so important as that there shall be aroused in the student a passionate desire for the truth. Some increased intellectual curiosity is almost sure to result. For instance, in Denver every single student went back with interests and incentives changed. In fact, many who had been most prominent in outside activities resigned their places to devote more hours to the now fascinating studies of sociology and economics. Throughout the year they pursued these courses with enthusiasm, not only doing all the required work, but coming together in biweekly meetings as well. Several actually revolutionized their plans for a life career. Dreams of corporation finance were transformed into dreams of social engineering.

§ 4

Former President Meiklejohn of Amherst and many other leaders in progressive thought feel that something should be done to break the strangle grip of commercialized athletics on the college mind, but of even greater importance is a movement which can help to break the unreality of scholastic knowledge. Can this not best be done by bringing the students in touch with the realities of life as it exists, with the concrete experiences of

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the laboring-classes, and thus force them to see at first-hand some of the complex problems of our workaday world?

In physics or chemistry we require laboratory work. In the social sciences it is more difficult to provide an experimental laboratory, but for the average boy who is to live in our complex social order it is far more necessary. Antioch College in Ohio is experimenting in a similar way by forcing the student to work during the college year at intervals. Many of our colleges are not so situated that this can be done, but the Collegiate Industrial Research Movement offers an opportunity to obtain similar results without a fundamental change of our present educational system. I believe that every student should be compelled to enter some such group at least once during his college career. Every teacher of the social sciences should have a rich background of such experience. A college degree should only be given to men who have insured themselves of some degree of interest in our social problems by coming in contact with them at least for a summer. Certain exceptions might perhaps be made in the case of students who were working all their way.

If college executives would frankly face the facts, they would realize the imperative necessity of some such plan. Recently Dartmouth College invited Mr. Ratcliffe of the "Manchester Guardian" to speak on the fascinating subject of European politics. In order to insure a reasonable audience, the college had to require the attendance of one of the large classes. Another evening ex-Governor Goodrich, the personal representative in Russia of Herbert Hoover, was to speak. The lecture was announced in the classes, it was advertised in the moving pictures, the town was placarded with posters, and it was well written up in the college paper, but only a paltry five per cent. of the student body attended. In commenting editorially on the incident the college paper remarked:

"Dartmouth students are not interested in Russia; at least not interested enough to go out of their way to hear even a peculiarly competent observer give his view on the situation there. They don't read the papers enough to be interested. There is seldom serious discussion of Russia on the sporting pages or in Bud Fisher's cartoons. Of course, if it had been Ring Lardner talking in Dartmouth Hall, there would have been a crowd.

"A student—theoretically at least—taxes his mind four or five hours a day with more or less difficult scholastic concerns. To ask more than that is tyranny. What does a man come to college for anyway? There are other things in college besides study. Think of the friends you make, the associations, the experience, the spirit, etc., etc. You can't expect a man to be interested in Russia when he might be out exchanging farcical stupidities with some seemingly respectful freshman."

There is no reason to believe that Dartmouth is any worse or even as bad in this respect as many other Eastern colleges. Something must be done to increase the interest of the college body in the real live problems of our age. Some mechanism must be devised to make the intellectual campus as real as the world of outside activities.

Will America dare to blaze a new trail of educational adventure which will recreate intellectual interest and a passion for social reality?

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As in the Days of Adam

A Visit to the Doukhobors of Western Canada

By Maurice G. Hindus

In my wanderings in western Canada I had heard many extraordinary tales of a sect of Russian peasants who have been sponsoring periodic nude pilgrimages. There are, I was told, not any more than about two hundred members in the sect, mostly elderly folk. Originally they were Doukhobors, and though the outside world still thinks of them as such, they now form a society all their own. They call themselves Svobodniki, Freedomites.

Upon investigation I learned that nudity, though the most sensational, is by no means the most significant aspect of their stern denial of civilization. God, they argue, does not grow cooked foods; and so man should not eat anything that has touched fire. And they don't; they subsist exclusively upon raw foods. Why cut hair and shave, they ask? If God did not want flowing locks on man's head and a beard on his face, he would n't grow them. They will not eat salt, sugar, pepper, vinegar or other spices and condiments. God, they maintain, created all living things to work out their own destiny in their own way. Therefore man has no right to subject any of them to his use. And they don't. Not only will they kill no living thing; they will eat no eggs or milk products nor wear anything made of hides. Several years ago they turned all their stock out upon the prairies, to free "God's dumb creatures" from the slavery of man. They will not even work a horse. Instead of plowing, they will spade up their land, and do all their other work by hand.

God, they declare, wants man to work and live in the open, in field and forest, like bird and beast. Therefore man should abandon the city and the factory and the machine. And they have. They will not live in the city or work in a factory or use any machinery. One of the things they cannot forgive the Doukhobors for is their practice of sending a certain portion of their men to work in the city during the winter months. Once they heard of a strike of miners. To show their sympathy for the strikers and to protest against the employment of human beings in mines and factories, they called a mass-meeting, delivered speeches, sang hymns, and concluded the celebration by burning an old reaper one of them possessed. At another time a group of them assembled in a newly built village in Saskatchewan, stripped themselves bare, built a bonfire of their clothes, and amidst the chanting of Psalms flung their money into the flames, one hundred and sixty dollars, all they had between

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them, as an example to the world of what to do with the root of all evil. On another occasion they resolved to protest against the Doukhobors for their increasing worldliness and their continuous and blasphemous compromises with civilization, as evidenced in their adoption of modern machinery, modern business methods, and, treachery of treacheries, their erection of a separate office building. They decided to burn this building in the hope that the act would waken their erring brethren into a realization of their perverse ways and bring them back to the fold of Christ. On a certain evening they gathered to carry out their resolve. Yet before setting fire to the structure they had condemned, they pried open the windows, climbed inside, and with lighted candles in their hands marched from room to room and floor to floor, searching for birds, lest any might perish in the flames.

I had been told that in Thrums, British Columbia, I should find some of their most influential leaders, and so I went there to pay them a visit. Thrums sprawls over a jagged valley that serves as a connecting floor between two walls of mountains. It is like a slice of Russia grafted upon Canadian soil. Russian speech floats in the air; Russian folk-tunes, with their long-drawn-out plaintiveness, resound over the mountain-sides; Russian women and girls, working in gardens and orchards, barefooted, and with bright kerchiefs over their heads, dot the landscape. Nearly all the settlers are Russian, laborers in the near-by sawmills or independent farmers possessing small parcels of land, which they cultivate with zeal and upon which they raise unexcelled fruit and vegetables. From a group of ragged boys who had gathered at the station to meet the train I learned the location of the various Svobodniki farms. I went to one that was screened off from the road by a thick orchard. It nestled in the very shadow of a wooded mountain. It was a small place of not over ten acres, spread over a gently sloping hillside, on top of which slouched two small old and outwardly neglected houses, built near and at right angles to each other. At one time this place was the seat of the Svobodnik society. It still serves as a rendezvous for its scattered members when they come together. At present it is the abode of two childless couples, elderly people.

I went to one of the houses. The door was wide open, and, following peasant custom, I walked in without knocking. What a delightfully typical peasant home it was! The walls were freshly whitewashed, the girders unplaned and unpainted, and long planks were fastened to the walls, for chairs and lounges, and the eternal *polati*-platform, stretching from one end of the room to the other, took the place of a bed, just like the homes of our peasants in the old village, except that no icons adorned the walls, and no pigs and chickens strutted about the floor.

At an open window, with her back toward me, bent over a piece of sewing, sat a middle-aged woman, barefooted and bareheaded, with her thin gray hair slicked back straight and done into a braid, with a white ribbon at the end, not at all in the manner of a person renouncing man-made aids of adornment. She did not hear me enter, and when I spoke to her, she turned round and eyed me with suspicion. Without waiting to be ques-

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tioned, I explained to her who I was and what I had come for, and instantly she grew animated, leaped from her chair, and, excitedly muttering words of warm welcome, began to bustle about to entertain me.

"*Nu*, and I thought you were an Anghlick," she apologized, "come from the Government with a complaint. Ah, a Russian from New York! *Nu, synok* [little son], I 'll set the table at once. How hungry you must be after such a long journey! And we have lots of food—lots." And suiting action to word, despite my vigorous protests that I had just partaken of a hearty meal, she rushed dish after dish upon the table. And what fare! Heads of lettuce, raw carrots, freshly pulled onions, raw peanuts, peaches, raisins, plums, and raw potatoes.

"Sit down, *synok;* sit down," she said, and fairly shoved me into a seat at the head of the table. "Eat, eat, *synok;* don't say you are not hungry after such a long and arduous journey. You must be hungry; of course you must be, and our food is not like yours. It is unspoiled by cooking; it is just as God grows it, and as all of God's creatures save men eat it." Dish after dish rattled its way toward me.

"Maybe you 'd like some of our bread? Ah, I 've forgotten!" Off she dashed, soon returning not with a loaf, but with a glass jar filled with something that looked like corn meal sprinkled with pepper. She shoved a bowl toward me and poured some of the substance into it. "That 's our bread," she chattered on. "We make it ourselves, *synok*, from wheat, raw peanuts, raisins, sun-dried apples and plums, which we mix and grind. Delicious bread! *Nu*, just try it. Slice peaches and plums into it, as we do, and mix it. Wonderful feed that is, *synok!* We eat barrels of it in winter. It 's so strengthening!"

I plied her with questions, which she answered only too eagerly. Of course it took courage to be a Svobodnik in the face of the opposition of the whole world. It was hard at first to live on raw foods. It made them sick, and every time the smell of *shctchui* (soup) reached their nostrils, they were overcome with a painful desire to taste cooked foods. That was because their systems had been poisoned by their previous mode of living and craved unnatural things. But now, *ekh!* they won't look at cooked dishes. One of their women fell sick once. An Anghlick told her that if she ate hot soup she would get well. She followed the Anghlick's advice, and of course they had to discharge her from the society. It is a great joy to be a Svobodnik, to live in tune with God and nature; only Canada is such a worldly country, even in the mountains, offers so many temptations that seduce the young people. If they could only get back to Russia! Did I know Lenin? Could n't I intercede for them and beg the new ruler of Russia to let them in and give them small parcels of land, enough only for fruits and vegetables for themselves? Did the Bolsheviki actually kill off people in Russia? It could not be that they were killing peasants? It must be landlords and the czar's relatives they were putting to death. Why should any one want to kill muzhiks? Muzhiks have nothing, anyway. Ah, if they could only get back to the land of their birth!

Soon the man of the house entered. Ivan was his name. He was a leader of the sect, and what an arresting personality! Tall, gaunt, erect, with

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a massive head and heavy dark hair that straggled in waves over his sun-baked neck and ears. His broad, bony face seemed sunk in a lustrous black beard, which, together with his hard, gleaming eyes, overhung by heavy brows, lent him an air of medieval austerity that awed and yet fascinated. Greeting me cordially he sat down beside me and, peasant fashion, pelted me, in between bites of onions, carrot, and radishes, with personal questions. At last he said:

"*Nu*, we are happy to entertain you. We are always glad to have strangers visit us, and quite a good many come, especially Anghlicks. You see, out in the world people think that we always go naked, that that is all we believe in. And do you know, brother, people come to look at us. Yes, and when they find us in our clothes, they are disappointed. Sometimes they will ask us if we won't disrobe, go out in the sun, and pose for them, so they can take pictures. Why do you suppose they do it? Do they want to sell these pictures and make money! *Akh*, what people will do for money! But we are simple-minded people, and we don't mind what others say or think of us. Christ says love thine enemy as thyself, and we believe in Christ. Our homes, our cellars, our orchards, our gardens, our hearts, are open to all. That 's the way Christ wants us to be."

"You see, *synok*," the woman interposed, "we are not like the people in your world. Your people teach even children to be selfish and cruel. In your world, if a baby lolls around on the floor, and some living thing crawls near it, what do you do? You say to the baby, 'Kill it! kill it!' And sometimes you set the example yourselves, and step upon the innocent thing and crush it. Yes? And do you know what we do? We say to our baby, *'Va-va! va-va!* Don't touch! don't touch! It hurts, it hurts.' "

"But some creatures," I protested, "have to be destroyed."

"What ones?" Ivan flared back.

"Why," I replied, "flies and snakes and gophers. Think what—"

But Ivan would not let me continue.

"Look, brother," he said pointing with his eyes at the ceiling, the walls, the floor. "Do you see any flies in this house? Hardly any, yes? And it 's the end of summer, too, with autumn smelling in the air, when flies rush inside of houses for shelter. And do you know why we have no flies? Because we live a natural life. We don't do any cooking and don't use any sugar and other vile foods that attract them. And snakes? *Nu ladno* [very well]." He rose, took a few steps away from the table, and continued, acting out his words in the manner of a man taking the part of the grave-digger in "Hamlet."

"Here am I, a man. *Da*, a man. I am walking along a road—a road. And here at this place I see a snake. And I, the man, step upon the snake with my heel and crush it, and right here before me lies the snake, dead—dead! And now tell me who is the snake, the thing that 's dead, or I, the man?"

"So, so," said his wife, and nodded with evident delight.

"And now you say kill gophers; they ruin crops. *Ekh*, brother, if every man would work as we do, there would be enough for gophers and for birds, more than enough. But do you know what it means to kill a gopher? I 'll tell you what it means. You kill a

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gopher, you kill a mouse; you kill a mouse, you kill a rabbit; you kill a rabbit, you kill a squirrel; you kill a squirrel, you kill a cow; you kill a cow, you kill a horse; you kill a horse, you kill a man!"

§ 2

We went out into the orchard and sat down on the ground, in the sun. Other Svobodniki joined us, long-bearded men and barefooted women, eager to talk themselves out.

"To the outside world we are a crazy people," Ivan explained; "yes, crazy. We don't work horses, we don't use machines, we don't eat cooked foods, we don't kill snakes. Perhaps we are crazy. Who knows? We are not educated. We don't want to be. Why should we? Is God educated? You see, we believe in God, and do you know what belief in God means? Do you think it means going to church and dropping on your knees and crossing yourself incessantly and praying and sobbing yourself hoarse with repentance? What foolishness! We have no prayers; we don't pray. Once a Russian came to visit us. He was a poor man, and we offered him shelter. He stayed with us about half a year. He was Orthodox, and, ah, how pious! He 'd rise in the middle of the night, get down on his knees in the dark, and pray, pray, pray, sobbing his heart out to God, and keeping us awake for hours. But we said nothing. We are Svobodniki; we believe in every one doing as he pleases. And one morning he was gone. He had disappeared in the night. And then we discovered that the hundred dollars we had saved up had also disappeared. *Nu*, what good is prayer to such a man?"

He paused, brushed back the hair the wind had blown over his face, and continued:

"God, brother, means love, and do you know what love means? Love means freedom, absolute, everlasting freedom, to let every one do not as books and priests and man-made laws prescribe, but as his own inner spirit dictates. That 's freedom. And, *nu*, how much freedom have you in your world? You have nations, governments, schools, property, and machines, the wickedest of all things, and all these kill freedom; and when you kill freedom, you kill love; and when you kill love, you kill God. Smile, if you please; it 's so, though. You are educated, yes? You live in a big city, New York. Is it as big as Chicago? I was in Chicago once, but I 've never been in New York. And where you live, you 've got to dress and eat and talk and pray just as other people tell you. *Nu*, how much freedom have you in New York? And then in New York you are all grasping after the cent; and when you get it, you clutch at it with all your might, as though the cent was all there is to life. No, brother, you have no freedom; you are all slaves in the outside world, slaves of the machine and of the cent. But we have freedom. We 'd rather have freedom than food. Listen!

"It was about eleven years ago. A crowd of us marched into the village of Verigin, Saskatchewan. It was daytime, and we removed our clothes and threw them into a heap and set them afire, and then we took up all the money we had between us and flung that into the flames. You see, we had rid ourselves of our money, our clothes, of every bit of property we had; we had nothing left. We were as poor as on

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the day we came into the world; none could be poorer than we. And yet we were free. We felt so happy that we sang. When you have freedom, brother, you need no clothes, no money, nothing, to make you happy."

"So, so, so," said the other Svobodniki, nodding in elation.

Since he touched on the question of clothes, I made bold to ask for an explanation of the nude pilgrimages.

"It is simple enough, brother," Ivan began. "Now look! This is my shirt, made of linen, which we ourselves have woven; and these are my trousers, likewise made of linen. We make these clothes ourselves, from spinning to sewing. And under these clothes is my body, and that 's the work of God. Now the clothes are our own work, the work of man, and of them I am not ashamed; but the body is the work of God, and of that I am ashamed. *Nu*, is there reason in that? What is there about the body that man should be ashamed of? If God is not ashamed of it, if it is the very image of God, why should man be? Did Adam have clothes? Do beasts wear clothes? Do birds wear clothes? Supposing you threw a cloak over the back of a goat, how would it look? It 's the same with man, brother. Only man's mind is poisoned; yes, poisoned by the things that rob him of freedom, and that 's why he thinks that the body is a terrible thing and should be covered up. But we Svobodniki say, freedom, freedom of the body from the poison that gets in there from foods that are boiled and broiled and roasted, and freedom of the mind from false and poisonous ideas, from slavery and from the things that cruel, selfish people have invented who did not know what freedom meant."

As I was listening to these speeches I could not help thinking of Tolstoy. How that sublime barbarian would glow with joy at such fiery denunciation of Western civilization! In essence the Svobodnik view of life is boldly Tolstoyan. I am not so sure but the ironic Christian nihilist would even approve of the nude pilgrimages.

"I suppose you are followers of Tolstoy," I said. To my amazement, the name did not seem to register animation.

"Tolstoy," one of them repeated—"was not he a general in the czar's army?"

"No, he was a writer, one of the greatest that has ever lived."

"A writer?" Ivan repeated in a tone of indifference. "Then he was not of much account."

§ 3

One evening we gathered in the home of a young Svobodnik. Ilya was his name, a blond, blue-eyed, wiry, handsome, boyish-looking youth, with a shrill musical voice such as good tenors have. He was married to Lusha, or, rather, lived with her, for Svobodniki do not recognize marriage. Like Tolstoy, they regard celibacy as the ideal life; but when a man and woman do decide to live together, they are "brother and sister." Lusha was one of the prettiest Russian girls I had seen in western Canada, slender, bob-haired, with deep-blue eyes, dark brows, full red lips, and a fine set of teeth. She was the daughter of a Doukhobor and no Svobodnik. In the morning, while Ilya would get his breakfast in the garden and orchard, she would bake potato pancakes for herself and fry potatoes and make tea.

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When I came to the house she was busy amidst baskets of tomatoes and peaches, which she was canning for winter use. When Ilya introduced her to me as "my sister," she indignantly protested, insisting she was his wife.

"I believe in absolute freedom," he explained, "and when a man has a wife, he has a possession, and there are no possessions in the kingdom of heaven. If Lusha ever falls in love with any one else—"

"But I won't," Lusha interrupted, almost with a scream.

"I only wanted to say that if you should—"

"I won't, though," she persisted. "You know I only love you."

Being a man, he yielded, and did not refer to the subject again. Lusha served supper. At one end of the table sat the Svobodniki, and before them she set down plates of cucumbers, tomatoes, radishes, watermelons, onions; at the other end were a Doukhobor friend, she, and I, and before us she placed hot soup, cakes, bread, and jam. It was one of the most memorable meals I 've ever had. In the pale light of the lamp, in that whitewashed hut in the Canadian Rockies, the long-haired Svobodniki, in their white-linen garments, crunching away with zest at raw fruits and vegetables, seemed a pathetic and unearthly sight. Ivan asked Lusha if she had any oatmeal in the house. She went to the cellar, soon returning with a big box of oatmeal, which she handed to Ivan. He poured some into a bowl, sprinkled raisins over it, poured in water, stirred it, and began to eat it, praising highly its gustatory and nutritive qualities. He ate it with so much relish that I had not the heart to inform him that the commercial oatmeal in question is far from being an uncooked food.

There was an old Svobodnik woman at the table. She was over eighty, bent and toothless, and with a face that seemed like a lump of withered flesh without bones. She was one of the most talkative persons there, and in the course of the evening she narrated an experience she had which illuminates the Svobodnik attitude toward suffering.

"A group of us," she began, "had gone to a certain village on a pilgrimage. We stopped at the railroad station and began to sing. A crowd had gathered, and one of our men who could talk a little of the Anghlick language explained to the people there what it meant to be a Svobodnik. He told them that we believed in absolute freedom, and that even the clothes we wore were a sign of slavery. Then in protest against the slavery in the world we disrobed. We were arrested, and sent to an insane asylum. There they took us into a ward and told us we must go to work; but we refused. Then two persons threw me to the floor. Of course I did not resist. We Svobodniki believe if people want to beat us or cut us up, let them do it. Our spirit will make us insensible to the pain. Then these two persons jammed a brush into my hand and shouted, 'Now will you work?' And I shook my head, and said: 'No. Let me out of here. I have done no one harm.' Then they grabbed my hands and beat them against the floor until I lost all sense of feeling, and after that they stood me up against the wall, seized my arms, twisted them back, forced my mouth open with an iron thing, which they rolled around inside until they wrenched two of my teeth out and tore off a strip of flesh inside

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of my right cheek, and the blood gushed forth and soaked my clothes. Then they flung me to the floor, dragged me around, kicked me into a corner, and left me there. And when I came to I clambered to my feet and stepped over to the window. I looked outside at the sky and the sun, and of a sudden I felt Christ in my heart, and light came to my soul, and I felt free and happy and began to sing."

§ 4

That night I lay awake for a long time, meditating. How childish these Svobodniki seemed! How futile their outlook upon life, and their impossible anarchic conceptions of freedom! To an Anglo-Saxon, with his orderly ways, his utilitarian aspirations, his search for a comfortable berth in the world, the efforts of these unread, unlettered muzhiks to attain a certain peculiar standard of spiritual perfection must appear absurd and irrational. But, then, judged by Anglo-Saxon standards, are Raskolnikov, Prince Mishkin, Ivan Laramazov, or his brother Alyosha, the saint, persons of normal mind? And what of Tolstoy himself, renouncing in his old age fame and fortune and fleeing in the dark of night from a comfortable home and a loving family to a distant wilderness in the hope of finding peace of soul?

As I lay there meditating, I was suddenly interrupted by a familiar voice.

"Are you asleep?" It was Ivan, the leader of the sect, standing at the doorway of my room.

"No," I replied. "Come in."

I lighted the lamp, and he sat down on a box beside my bed.

"Don't think unkindly of me for coming again," he said apologetically. "I don't mean to disturb you, but there was something else about the Svobodniki that may interest you and the paper for which you are going to write about us, and as you expect to leave in the morning, I thought I 'd come back and tell you about it. You see, we don't bury our dead."

I could hardly believe his words.

"No, we don't; we just throw them out on the grass."

"But—"

"I know what you are going to say, but this is the way we think. When a man is dead, his soul is gone, and his flesh is of no use for anything except for a feast for the wild beasts. People think that 's terrible. They think the body is something sacred. But it is not. Leave it somewhere, and it rots and becomes filthy. Of course the dead person's relatives cry and mourn, and they want to dress him up and put him into a casket with flowers and other ornaments, but he 'll rot, anyway. When a man dies, his friends and relatives should rejoice and sing, for he has gone into the kingdom of eternal bliss. That 's the way we think."

"But don't they arrest you for doing that?"

He only shrugged his shoulders.

"I 'll tell you what happened to us once several years ago. We went on a long pilgrimage, and we came to Fort William. One of our party died. It was winter. We got a sled, put the corpse in there naked, and covered it with a black cloth. We wanted to take it to the cemetery of the Anghlicks and throw it out there on the ground. But we did n't know where the cemetery was, and so, as we passed through the town, we stopped and asked. A policeman became suspi-

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cious, and he came over and asked us what we had on the sled.

" 'A corpse,' we told him.

" 'Where are you going with it?'

" 'To the cemetery.'

" 'Have you got a grave dug?'

" 'He does not need a grave.'

" 'How are you going to bury him?'

" 'We won't. We 'll just throw him on the ground.'

" 'Have you a coffin?'

" 'Of what use,' said we, 'is a coffin to him? He 'll feel just as comfortable without one.'

" 'Have you a permit?'

" 'A permit?' said we. 'He 's already got his permit from Jesus Christ.'

" 'Well,' he said, 'you can't go.'

"Of course we would n't fight with him, and when we realized he would n't let us go to the cemetery, we lifted the corpse off the sled, threw it at the policeman's feet, marched around several times singing, 'Farewell, comrade,' and departed."

He rose to go.

"*Nu,* I won't disturb you any longer, brother," he said on leaving. "I only hope that you will not remember us in evil. We are simple people. We have not as nice ways and as nice things as educated people. We don't want them. But we have given you the best we had, and if you come again, whether you write well of us or not, we shall welcome you just the same. And if you tell your friends about us, and they say to you that we are crazy, just tell them that perhaps we are, but that we are honest folk and that we earn our living with our hands and that our great joy is to fulfil the will of Christ."

Gulls

BY JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

The sun was shining so upon the river,
That scattered ice-floes, swaying on the water,
Seemed winter-lilies, opened and inviting
Gulls to their slumber.

But gulls were circling in a nervous pattern,
Impelled by something other than the morning,
Searching with darting eye and balanced pinion,
Wanting no Lethe.

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Mind-Stretching

The Mental Area Can Be Made Coterminous with the Universe

By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

"Once upon a time there was," begin the stories of our childhood; wonderful, beautiful, exciting; and the child wishes he had lived then, wishes he could go back, finds the present dull.

"Once upon a time there will be," is an opening for stories which may be far lovelier and more stimulating; and when the child desires such surroundings, such events, we can say that they may be had for the making.

Genealogy has a profound interest for some of us. We dig among the dry bones as far back as we can find the faintest trace of our progenitors, and form proud societies based on dead men. One long-buried ancestor means more to us than a hundred unborn descendants. History is a favorite study, especially ancient history. If we can exhume an extinct civilization, we are widely delighted. There has been more intense interest in the unearthed treasures of Tut-ankh-Amen, that godsend to weary designers, than in the organization of the world today.

What is the matter with our minds that they only stretch one way? Our mental area is coterminous with the universe. It is capable of thinking backward to the nebular hypothesis, and forward to the hypothesis of eternity, but this capacity is not used. We, who can hold earth and sky in easy range, live in a few rooms. We are "kitchen-minded," "parlor-minded," "nursery-minded," and "office-minded," with a weekly excursion heavenward and a few disconnected ideas on politics.

Even learned persons usually pack their minds instead of stretching them. People who know the most often appear averse to active use of their information. It would seem possible to know so much that one cannot think. Moreover, with the increasing sum of knowledge, we specialize more closely, and stretch our minds in a single line. These accumulators of learning remind one of the honey-jar ants, who hang from the roof of the underground chamber, distended with sweetness, and are tapped by the others when hungry.

Quite apart from special learning, vitally necessary as it is, the great mass of us could, if we chose, enlarge our mental activity to an unknown extent by no more difficult method than a little gentle exercise. So far, those who come to us with propositions for mental improvement offer either to put in more information or to train the memory with due allowance for the drug-givers, the bringers of mental

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anesthesia, who seek to make us impervious to human pain by denying that there is any.

As for exercising the brain, widening its range, strengthening its action, we make no effort in this direction. The truth is, we do not occupy our own minds. We are like the owner of a dozen palaces living in a three-roomed flat. Perhaps we have, in addition to the little flat, a lot of mental furniture in storage, and certain jewels of faith which are kept in a vault, to be worn only on Sundays. But for daily use we occupy cramped quarters of which we inevitably weary.

Then comes the demand of the imperfectly used mind for extra stimulus, for amusement, change, excitement, and we eagerly greet each new theory which, for a time at least, gives relief to the crumpled organ. At present the favorite line of diversion is what we glibly term "the subconscious."

The three-roomed flat is now supplied with a mysterious cellar, a subcellar, of unknown extent, into which we cannot penetrate, but out of which arise the most amazing appearances, the more unpleasant the better. It certainly is appealing. One is constantly peering and listening down the cellar stairs, wondering what reptile will come up next.

The subconscious mind is that part of our mind which we are not using. The brain receives impressions from infancy, stores them all, and brings forward into use those which we need at the time. When we are playing chess, bridge is relegated to "the subconscious," and *vice versa;* we should be poor players if we were thinking about both at once. It is as desirable to ignore that part of our mental supply which we are not using as it is to ignore dancing steps while running the typewriter.

It is quite true that the subconscious mind is of great importance. There is much more in it than in that lighted workroom in front where we do things. The strength of the great man largely consists in clearing that room of every unnecessary thing, and then pouring all his strength along the line of the work he is doing. Concentration, we call it.

But it is bad indeed for the great man if all those other things are thrown down cellar and forgotten, and if, having finished his period of labor, he finds but an empty mind, like the "tired business man": this gentleman, having succeeded in forgetting everything he ever knew except business, having kept his nose to the grindstone with commendable vigor all day, leaves the grindstone at evening, and, since nature abhors a vacuum, seeks to refill that vacant mind with something light and pleasant, like ladies' legs, set to music.

Most of what we are forced to learn as children is promptly relegated to the subcellar. If the young seem too triumphant over their freshly acquired knowledge, the old scornfully reply, "I have forgotten more than you ever knew."

It is a singular process of education, laboriously pushing into unwilling minds what we know will not stay there, merely something children are expected to go through with, like the measles. There is this further amusing feature in our system of early mental training, that what we teach is not at all what the little sufferer will need to use in later life, and that what we do most seriously need we are not taught. The difficulties, disappoint-

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ments, and dangers which await us are in uncharted seas. "Children will not take advantage of the experience of their elders," we say, but, as a matter of fact, we do not teach them that experience. As a casual threat or warning perhaps we do mention it now and then, but their years of learning are spent on arithmetic, grammar, Latin, and the like, not on the lessons of experience.

The child's first years are passed in company with the "kitchen-minded" and "parlor-minded" mother; his first impressions of ethics are wholly "nursery-minded," and the laborious years of study are spent in stocking "the subconscious" with disconnected masses of information. Then he must needs settle into some business or trade, and she usually into the kitchen or parlor, and we have the world as it is, with the vast, clear, luminous spaces of the human mind unoccupied, forgotten.

§ 2

Consider for a little what we might have in our minds, all of us.

There is a wonderful new art in the world which we, with these little-used minds of ours, have utterly failed to appreciate. We have at last the universal language so long sought, a method of communication which reaches every race and class and age, the cinema. This is the greatest medium of education since the printing-press; indeed, it is even greater in some ways. The book is for him who has learned to read in its language, who has time to read, and who likes to read. The moving picture needs neither learning nor translator, it takes little time, and for one who likes reading there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, who like "the pictures."

That this prodigious gift to the world has been prostituted to the cheapest, coarsest tastes of amusement-peddlers is no discredit to the art, only to the peddlers. Pornographic books or collections of low jokes do not discredit the art of literature, nor the Sunday supplements the art of painting.

We have, it is true, a struggling subdivision of what we call "educational" pictures, failing to see that all pictures are educational, for good or bad. Let us now stretch our minds a little to see how limitlessly the moving picture may enlarge the mind of the world.

The world we live in is the world we know. It was large when men thought it small, round when men thought it flat, but their minds were affected by what they thought it, not by what it was. We endeavor to teach geography to children; some of us can remember when that alluring science was given in a wide, thin book that began with the tempting bit of knowledge, "Geography is derived from two Greek words, *ge*, the earth, and *grapho*, to write." It is taught far better now, but the average child has still only a dim notion of his world.

When the screen replaces the schoolbook in most of the informative fields of education, a child of ten may know more about the world than any but the wisest geographers. In happy groups, for periods not requiring too prolonged attention, children may see before them the world as it slowly grew. This calls for the work of the cartoonist, by which mysterious process we see happen what the artist makes.

Where now a map is a mystery to many a childish mind, one flight in an airplane would give to each a bird's-

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eye view of city and country, and the bird's-eye view seen in the pictures would turn into a map, with no confusion. With the round earth spinning before him, with the power of the "close-up" not spent on glycerin tears and tedious kisses, but used to make the river, first seen as on a map, come nearer and nearer till it was recognizable water; the face of the earth, shown far off and then brought close—we could give to all our children all their world. As mere mind-stretching, this would be most valuable to us all. For the world, once seen, need never be dropped into that subcellar.

With this for background, we could go on and give the child the unspeakably thrilling story of unfolding life on earth. Bare rock, creeping lichen, low moss, uprising ferns and cycads, the rich profusion of the coal-making period, the appearance of new kinds of trees and flowers—no fairy-story that ever was told is more wonderful and lovely than this transformation scene. By the power of the artist and the cinema we can *see* evolution.

If the background of astronomy,—that perpetual exhibit of colossal fireworks,—the base of geology, and the unfolding of our wonder-world of plant and flower are interesting to eager young eyes, what delight remains for them in animal development! From weak and tiny wigglers in warm water, they can watch life grow on and out into types of fish and shell-fish; from small land-creepers, farther and wider yet, to insect, reptile, bird, and beast.

Then man—man as first discernible, beginning to stand erect, having an opposable thumb, using a club, throwing a stone, unmistakably *genus Homo*. So to the real story of human growth, the vivid, thrilling, spectacular series of discoveries, inventions, achievements which make us human; a continued story, opening day after day, chapter after chapter, overflowing with adventure, danger, surprise, and triumph; a story that was all illustration, the greatest story that ever was—and a true one.

It could be personified, followed in individual instances, made artistically intense for better teaching; tree-dweller, lake-dweller, and cliff-dweller shown in their daily life; and a little talk by the teacher would point out, where needed, what the surroundings did to them. The evolution of industry is the inside of history. We could follow the drifting log, leaped upon, perhaps, to escape a chasing tiger, as it was hollowed to the first canoe; show the canoe, turning to a boat, the boat to a galley, the galley to a sailing-ship, the sailing-ship to the steamer, one straight story of growth.

We could give first the hut and cave, the tent of skins, the roofed shelter, and then, growing like a live thing, the house and temple, becoming larger and more beautiful from age to age.

To see the story of humanity, like this, would be not only ceaselessly interesting in detail and valuable in sum; but its largest benefit is that, however much might be forgotten, no child could forget that *life moves*. When older students came to more specific history, the same enchantment would open wide the door of the past. Race after race, nation after nation, would move before us. We could see Babylon in all her glory, the rise of Athens, and the fall of Rome.

The same magic would give to all the rudimentary knowledge of many arts and sciences, of handicrafts and trades. As the child grew old enough

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to specialize in taste, to plan for this work or that, the whole course of it could be shown, its length and breadth and bearing on human life. In "the subconscious" of the average citizen we could implant a range of knowledge hardly possessed by any of us to-day, and that without the grinding effort now demanded of the child mind.

§ 3

A general knowledge of the past, a broad acquaintance with the present, would become common knowledge. What of the future? All the learning here indicated and far more is of no benefit to us at all unless we use it to improve human life. Just knowing things is of no value. The brain is not built for cold storage; it is not a museum of antiquities. All our power to receive, retain, and collate impressions is utterly useless unless we can apply them to conduct.

What we have done in our whole past is as irrelevant as the number of ounces in Betelgeuze unless it applies to what we are going to do in the future. The future ought to be the main concern of every intelligent person. The past we cannot help. The present slips from under our feet even while we mention it. To "live in the present" is like standing on a rolling barrel; you must move in order to stand still.

Our blank indifference to our own future is difficult to understand. If we, like lower animals, were unable to forecast events, that would explain it; but we are not. The lowest peasant plants grain with foreknowledge that it will grow to the harvest, and cuts wood for the winter in advance of it.

Here is this story behind us which we find so interesting, but the story before us is of unfathomed wonder. If we read to a child some exciting tale, he cannot bear to leave the book; he is eager to know what happened next. We ourselves seem to have no curiosity about what is going to happen next. If life grew progressively worse as we advanced, it might be wise not to look forward, or even if we were powerless to affect events; but the contrary is true.

From age to age we move faster, move farther, and the world blossoms into numberless amazing inventions; also from age to age we are increasingly more able to "remould it nearer to our hearts' desire." Then why, in the name of reason, do we not stretch our minds forward? We have even a definite philosophy of what we call "living from day to day." We are definitely told by religion to "take no thought for the morrow." If we took no thought for the morrow, there would not be a house built or a road made. Such senseless theory is well illustrated by the Arkansan who never mended his leaky roof, because it was too wet when it rained, and when it did not rain the roof did n't leak.

But with this moving-picture teaching of life we shall at last see that it does move, that every difference between us and our hairy progenitors is a step of change, of doing something that never was done before. Up to date we have come a long way indeed, but are we satisfied? Does the world as it is please us entirely? Are the average health and beauty of human beings a credit to us?

§ 4

Would it not be worth while for thinking people to stop muck-raking in "the subconscious," and use "the conscious" to more purpose? We

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might make the initial step in mind-stretching by grasping this not too difficult thought, that things do not need to remain as they are. The world has changed, the world can change, and we can change it. Who else? Those highly honored ancestors of ours did much; we can do more. We have a noble line behind us, perhaps; but whether so or not, we can have a nobler line before us.

We have injured our country by deforesting greedily and carelessly; we can improve our country by reforesting better than before. Our cities are ugly and diseased, swollen, bloated things, necessarily criminal and morbid; but they do not have to stay so. We made them; we can remake them, and make them differently.

We waste our soil, we waste our food, we waste our resources of coal and oil and gas; we are, as a people, precisely like an ignorant, slovenly housewife, too slack and lazy to "keep house" decently. In the matter of coal, for instance, our method of burning it wastes the larger part of its heat, and our foolish dragging it about over the face of the earth adds enormously to its cost. Coal should be burned scientifically, near the mine, or in case of too great distance for that, carried to a city and burned in one place, and the heat and power transmitted. This would mean a vast saving in money, and again a saving in sparing our cities and our lungs from the tons upon tons of coal-dust now poured into them.

But our minds, accustomed only to a view of coal limited to one stove or furnace, find difficulty in considering it as a national asset. A sailor may be able to walk for hours on the planks of his vessel, and yet become exhausted by one straight mile on land. We are so accustomed to think only of little short-range things that it tires us to consider large ones; our minds need stretching.

A common example of this little-mindedness is in our childish preoccupation with "youth" and "age." Yet even a child can see, if willing to look at it, that human life goes right on, with the separate persons popping in and popping out again in what we solemnly call "a lifetime"; that we are all young to begin with and old to end with, barring accidents, and foolish enough in both periods. The old used to take great credit to themselves for that unavoidable and undesirable condition, and nowadays the young are assuming equally absurd superiority in theirs. It is no credit to any one to be young or to be old, unless that proves wise living, and neither condition has bearing on the problems of human life. A child finds it hard to bear a pain because he has no background and no foreground; he feels only the present; and a youth makes the same protest over suffering for the same reason. Yet any one of fifteen years' growth should be able to stretch his mind along the little eighty or ninety years he may attain to, and allow for what is likely to happen to him along the way.

Our uproar over the troubles of life is as disconnected and futile as if no one had ever lived before, and would resolve itself into definite action to remove those troubles if we would but stretch our minds to see them as due merely to our own action or lack of action.

Observe the anxiety, the labor, and the expense poured out by intelligent human beings in trying to change their clothes as swiftly as is demanded by

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those who sell them. The earnest young people take "the fashions" as seriously as their heartaches, as if they were something new. The cinema could do great service here in giving us a connected view of the evolution of costume. Once the story of dress had become common knowledge, we should have some ground for judgment in regard to it. It would make a lovely picture: breech-clout, moccasin, legging, shirt; the shirt growing longer to make a robe, the robe cut in two to make a skirt, the upper half longer again in various over-tunics and draperies.

Separate parts could be shown in all their vagaries, as the sleeve, tight, loose, flowing till it hung to the ground, slit and scalloped and trimmed with lace, puffed to the "leg-o'-mutton," shrunk so bindingly that the wearer must put on her hat before her "basque," removed entirely. We could show the voluminous, sweeping draperies of one period, as in France before the Revolution, rapidly reduced to the brief, scant, tenuous muslins of the empire, then swelling again to the nineteenth-century grotesques, the time when a girl wore nine starched white petticoats to a party and found the "crinoline" a blessing by contrast. If the last sixty years were shown in their changes of women's dress on the same figure, swelling and shrinking, rising and sinking, trailing on the ground, cut off to the knee, wasp-waist and no waist, high collar and naked back; if the thing were presented as a whole, with its increased speed of change, the human body within utterly ignored and often injured, then we might be able to stretch our minds wide enough to ask why we must thus spin like a top under the lash of a salesman.

Is the human brain really incapable of any choice in costume, even a choice of evils? Are the only persons to think about clothes those who design, make, and sell them; while those who wear them never once use their minds on the subject, asking only what is the latest change ordered?

Within the limits of those orders we do take pleasure in planning a new dress. Why not take more pleasure in studying what is the most beautiful kind of clothing, what is most comfortable and becoming to ourselves, and facing a lifetime of peace and beauty, ease and economy, all the variety one desires, each individually dressed; with a large number of persons, now engaged in making us change our clothes whether we wish to or not, forced to take up a more useful business? That we are such helpless puppets in the hands of clothes-dictators is merely because we do not use our own minds on the subject at all.

If we widen the range of mental activity to a degree quite possible to civilized beings, we shall then have room to place the facts of life in true relation. No man who is forced to live in a closet can take much interest in city-planning. But the closet is not locked.

No unusual power or genius is needed. The human brain is specially developed to think for humanity; that is what it is for. If it is cramped and stunted, there is nothing to prevent our freeing and developing it as soon as we choose. There is nothing to prevent any one from beginning a course of mind-stretching. No law can stop it, nobody need know we are doing it; it can be done alone, without noise or commotion, while awake in the night or drowsing under a dull sermon. We

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can think as far as we please. And day by day, as we use it, the mind will stretch farther, rise higher, grow stronger, by use.

If action is required, we can begin at once to insure a larger background, a freer habitual employment, for our children's minds. But even to do this we must enlarge our own. What a pleasure it would be to enter upon a course of training which would mean fuller and more enjoyable life to all of us! Once engaged in mind-stretching, we could turn from those who present complicated methods for improving the memory with, "Thank you, but I wish to look forward instead of backward." To those who offer us pigeon's milk of half-digested current events, we may answer, "Very interesting; but what do you recommend doing?" Upon those who ask permission to poke about in our subcellars and drag out into prominence such undesirable discards as are to be found there, we may shut the door, telling them that we are too much occupied with learning and doing to pay attention to what is best forgotten. And to the teaching which breaks connection with the facts of life, which stops normal brain action and induces a condition of self-hypnosis in which we deliberately ignore evil and fix our minds on an artificially posed good, we should oppose a firm determination to think of evil to some purpose—to the purpose of removing it.

By the normal use of the human mind, by enlarged and applied intelligence, we can make of ordinary life something so pleasant that it will require no effort at all to think of good; there will be more good to think about.

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Across the Ocean in 1891

A Graceful Memory

By Edwin Björkman

When I left Sweden for this country in the fall of 1891, crossing the ocean was a more momentous matter than it is to-day. The ships were smaller in those days, the methods more primitive, the journeys slower. That first trip of mine from Copenhagen to New York took nineteen whole days, and most of it was one long hard fight against hostile elements. During this period we passed through four storms not reckoned extraordinary, and through a fifth one credited officially with hurricane velocity, while for two days an impenetrable fog shut us within prison walls that seemed to be made of cotton. From first to last, our journey was marked by a great deal of discomfort and some actual danger. Yet I, for one, experienced no particular relief when at last, from our night anchorage off Sandy Hook, we saw the lights of the great unknown metropolis reflected faintly in the western sky.

Since then I have chased back and forth in ultra-modern liners measuring from fourteen to twenty thousand tons, and two of these trips at least were remarkable for the serenity and charm of the atmosphere in which they were steeped. But they were dull and uneventful in comparison with that first crossing, made in an old tub of only thirty-six hundred tons, while winds and waves conspired day after day to contest our progress. The *Iceland* (or *Island* in Danish), in which I came here, was tiny, indeed, and insignificant of looks, and old-fashioned, beside the giant liners of the present day, but she was nevertheless as fine a sea-boat as ever defied the wrath of the Atlantic, and had she and those who manned her not been equally stanch I might never have had a chance to pen these reminiscent lines. There were moments, I was told afterward, when nothing but a miracle seemed to stand between us and final, fatal disaster. Yet, as I look back upon it and try to tell about it, what I recall most vividly of that trip is not a number of hair-raising adventures, but a few personal feelings and moods.

The journey from Copenhagen, through the sound and along the west coast of Sweden, up to Christiania (which had no idea about calling itself Oslo at that time), took a day, and of that day my mind has not retained the slightest impression. All my recollections start with our departure from the little Norwegian city of Christiansand, which was our last port of call, and with the hours of comparatively smooth sailing along the southern coast of Norway which ensued. We

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were four young men in the first-class cabin to which I had been assigned, and that cabin, as far as I can remember, was a cubicle of about eight by eight by eight. There were two berths, one above the other, on either side of the center aisle, which had the door at one end and the wash-stand at the other. We kept some of our baggage in that space, too, I know, but how we managed to get the four of us stowed away properly for the night has by now become one of the unsolved and unsolvable riddles of the buried past.

During that second day I had a chance to size up my fellow-passengers. There cannot have been more than a score of them in the first class, and perhaps twice as many in the second. Between these classes little distinction was made except at meals, and if nevertheless they kept apart most of the time, the cause probably lay in the pride of those feeling themselves placed in an inferior position. Of the third-class passengers, the real emigrants, we saw hardly anything at all. The forehold was full of them, and there they were confined almost like so many prisoners on account of the stormy weather. Did one of them have the temerity to poke his or her nose into the open, a sailor was at hand at once to shoo the venturer back. What the conditions were among those people below, I cannot tell. Some of the other first-class passengers made excursions in that direction, but I lacked either the courage or the interest to follow their example.

The gang in my own cabin represented a strange mixture of heterogeneous elements. That they blended well, was a wonder, but they did. One member was a midshipman who had been forced out of the Swedish navy by some trouble with his eyesight. Another one was a young Norwegian dentist from Chicago—the only one who knew something about the country for which we were headed, and who, for that reason, became a target for many eager inquiries. The third one was a Danish theological student on his way to a small rural congregation of his fellow-racials in Nebraska. I was traveling as a newspaper man and had as such been granted certain privileges by the management of the line. These were soon extended by our nice and friendly captain to include the freedom of the bridge, a privilege that gradually came to mean more to me than any other feature of the whole journey. A Swedish army lieutenant on his way to New York became the fifth member of our little coterie of inseparables.

Of the other passengers only three seem to have impressed me sufficiently to be recalled after all these years. One was a retired physician from Philadelphia, a man of independent means and independent mind who had developed a passion for ocean traveling and spent virtually all his time going back and forth between America and Europe. This was his seventy-second crossing, and his seventh on board the old *Iceland*, for which he had acquired a special fondness. He asserted that, regardless of size, he had never traveled in a ship that rode the seas more safely or smoothly. In view of some of the contortions performed by the *Iceland*, his admiration of her made me wonder what might be happening to less favored vessels. Dr. Patterson, as I think his name was, though he was aware of no Scandinavian descent,

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looked like a true northern skipper, with steel-blue eyes, weather-stained complexion, and a light beard cut sailor fashion. No matter what the weather, his temper and his appetite remained perfect. Frequently he was seen standing by the railing of the upper deck, staring into the mass of seething, frothing, fuming waters as if, out there, might be hidden some tremendous secret on which depended his own fate as well as that of all the world. He had picked up a deal of Danish, and he understood it quite well, so that often he would join our gang in the smoking-cabin. He must have been a wise man in many ways, and he tried to make me understand a little of what lay ahead of me, but his words, though gratefully received, carried little meaning to a mind that was but poorly prepared for their reception.

Then there was an English spinster lady of uncertain age on her way to Canada. She spoke only her native tongue, and for this reason she both fascinated and appalled me. I knew next to nothing of the language which I had decided, quite seriously, to make my own, and what I knew had come out of books studied practically without assistance. My pronunciation must have been precious, and so my chats with that kindly Canadian lady were beset with such difficulties that at times I fled from them in rather cowardly fashion. But she, on discovering my plight, was puritanically bound to help, and whenever she could corner me, this was the signal for an impromptu lesson. I still recall vividly her attempt to make me speak the word "vegetable" properly. My autodidactic endeavor was something like "vey-jay-tah-bell." To this she opposed an autochthonous, practically dissyllabic "vedge-tabbl," which to me sounded like no word at all, but more like some form of labial acrobatics. It filled my heart with despair.

The third passenger still remembered outside of our little group of bachelors was a young Norwegian girl, the eldest daughter of a minister in the central part of the country. Sweet of face, slender of figure, and extremely shy of temperament, she had the appearance of a Cendrillon waiting for her prince. I had no difficulty in understanding her Norwegian, and my own Swedish came as easily to her. But I was shy, too, in my own way, and strangely innocent in spite of a certain superficial wildness, and though she probably robbed me of many valuable lessons in English, and though we even exchanged a timid kiss during our last night on board, we never spoke a word of love, and I have no idea whether her prince ever arrived.

§ 2

At the end of that second, comparatively quiet day, the light of Lindesnæs was still visible far in the rear, growing fainter and fainter as our ship rolled and plunged with steadily increasing vigor. It was our last farewell greeting from the old soil, and I heard later of tears shed at its final disappearance. But I did n't care. I was not on hand to behold that wistful, vanishing gleam. The wind and the waves, both rising rapidly, had put me under their spell, and I was in my berth, a nuisance to myself and others. What did I care about countries or continents that were not under my feet? The next morning I struggled manfully to get up for

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breakfast, and with disastrous results, of course. By noon I was convinced that the rest of the journey would have to be spent lying down, provided I survived to the end of it. About the middle of the afternoon the ship's doctor, an elderly man with a glint of humor softening the apparent coldness of his glance, came to see me.

"Do you wish to stay in bed all the way across?" he demanded curtly.

Having just made up my mind to that effect, I promptly denied it.

"Then," he went on, "get up and eat."

"But—" I began in protest, my stomach showing new distress at the mere mention of food.

"Yes," he rejoined cryptically, "of course—and then you eat again—and again, until something stays. It is the only way. But first of all you must get up and out into the air."

With that he left, and I determined to take his advice. All my cabin-mates were well, and rather uppish about it. Even the theological student remained shamefully unaffected, which provoked me most of all. But the agonies of that rising were Dantesque. Afterward I had a sense of having performed the bravest act my life could ever call for. Somehow I got into my clothes. Pale-faced, with trembling legs and reeling head, I crawled out on deck. There, not far ahead of me, were the stairs leading up to the captain's vantage-point on the bridge. That exalted structure was describing impressionistic segments against a whitish-gray background of whipped water and wind-lashed scud. Up there must be the worst spot on board, I felt, and for that spot I made feebly, inch by inch, remembering the captain's invitation and evidently bent on reaching the dregs of my cup at once. And then the miracle occurred.

The bridge was swaying freely, but with a steady, swing-like motion having nothing in common with the captious gyrations of the rest of the ship. The wind was stronger up there, but it had also an invigorating freshness not quite realized below. And around me lay the full span of the ocean, now really seen for the first time in my life—wave upon wave, as far as eye could reach, approaching, passing, fleeing, with a mad persistency of purpose that seemed to reduce all petty human troubles to pinhead size. There was something in that sight, and in the feel of it, that acted like morphine on my torn nerves, soothing and stimulating at the same time. In five minutes I had almost forgotten what seasickness was, and thenceforth I spent on the bridge most of the time not imperatively claimed elsewhere.

Next morning our gang of five happened to forgather in the tiny smoking-cabin on the promenade-deck, which was also the boat-deck, with nothing but the bridge above it. We were still between Norway and Scotland, having made no great headway during the night. I was a well man, and proud of it, but still I longed for the elements to subside somewhat. The theological student was drinking Hennessy Three Star brandy, his favorite beverage, in spite of the early hour. The lieutenant was irritable because lunch was not yet due, and he did not think it moral to drink Swedish punch before that meal. When I told of my sudden recovery the day before, he pointed to the mast that could be seen through one of the port-holes to the fore,

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towering some seventy or eighty feet into the air.

"Why did n't you climb to the top of that at once?" he asked, pointing toward the mast, which was acting like a pendulum standing on its head. "Then you might have got so well that you never could be sick again."

"I would if I had thought of it," I shot back, scenting a slight sneer in his tone. Of course, I had never climbed a mast in my life, and looking down from a height had always made me dizzy and inclined to fall off.

"Nonsense," he retorted with hardly suppressed contempt. "You could n't do it to save your life."

"I could if I cared." I spoke quickly, but without looking at the mast.

"I bet you five crowns you could n't," he spat at me, pulling out a bill—about $1.35 in American money—as if I had never seen such a large sum in my life.

"All right," I answered, producing a similar bill.

"But you must put your cap on the ball at the top," he provided with what I felt to be a show of concern.

"I will," I promised grandly. The others had merely laughed until then. Now they protested, but in vain. I don't know what had got into my mind—a sort of concentrated fury quite unlike my ordinary self and springing, perhaps, from the cumulative effect of numerous jeers aimed at a temperament which did not incline to needless and useless risks.

The midshipman escorted me to the foot of the foremast. The others remained in a group outside the smoking-cabin. No one else had any inkling of what we were up to. The captain was on the bridge and waved us a morning greeting, but he had no reason to suspect anything out of the ordinary.

There were shrouds up to the foretop, then about thirty feet of plain stays up to the crosstrees, and above that point nothing but some fifteen feet of bare truck crowned by a gilded ball. I was scrambling up the shrouds before any one became aware of my intentions. That part of my ascent was merely a repetition of many lessons received during my school course of Swedish gymnastics. But all my practice had been on stationary apparatus, and here everything was in motion. It made me feel as if every moment might be my last. Yet I went on, moved not by will so much as by some blind, inexplicable impulse stronger than reason, stronger than fear, stronger than my natural instinct for self-preservation. Laboriously, hanging on by the skin of my teeth, so to speak, I swung outward by the futtock-shrouds and crawled up on the little platform above. There I stood looking down, a shivering mass of nauseated nerves, green in the face, and barely conscious of myself and my surroundings.

I saw the captain looking up at me, shouting imprecations and commands in quick alternation. Several sailors started on a run across the deck toward the mast. And again I was seized by that same, wholly irrational impulse which, for the moment, seemed to have assumed supreme command within me. It sent me into the stays above, where, with my legs twined about two of them, I had to pull myself upward by my arms. And then another miracle occurred. Once more the swaying motion of the ship and the mast seemed to drop into some elemental rhythm harmonious with that of my organism. Fear and all sense of nausea were as

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if blown out of my system. Quickly and firmly I squirmed upward, on and on, deaf to the clamor from below and blind to everything but the next hold for hand and foot. Over the cross-trees I went without halting, and from there I shinned up the bare top until the ball was within my reach and I could free one hand long enough to put my cap over it for a moment. During that moment I looked abroad and gloried—miles and miles of raving, ravenous waters, but with gleams of sunlight silvering the spray above those boiling, racing masses. It was a sight for gods over which I should have liked to linger. While beholding it, there was ecstasy in my soul—a sort of religious rapture. That was my moment of conversion, I think, not to any sort of formulated religion, but into a wholly unexpressed and largely unrealized faith in life itself, a faith that has never left me since.

The descent was uneventful in every respect. On deck again, I noticed the captain leaning over the bridge-rail and shouting at me with a mixture of anger and concern in his voice. At his request, which sounded more like a command, I went up to see him on the bridge.

"Why in hell did you do that fool thing?" he demanded.

I tried to explain—to myself rather than to him.

"If he had bet a decent sum," I stammered, all my recent exultation gone, "I think I should have laughed at him. But five crowns, you know—I had to do something!"

"Do you know that I should have the right to put you in irons?" he asked, trying hard to look stern.

The helmsman was grinning broadly. From the deck below, a group of sailors were looking up at us, grinning, too. And what could I do but grin as well?

"All right," the captain remarked at last with an air of meting out commensurate punishment, "tell the steward that the first round after lunch will be on me."

§ 3

The weather lulled a little, while some of the islands north of Scotland became faintly visible far to the south of our course. Then the storm broke upon us in new fury. I, in my inexperience, thought it had reached its highest potency of rage, and so I said to the captain.

"This," he smiled, "is only what we call half-storm."

"Half," I repeated in a gasp. "Lord, what can a whole one be like, then?"

"Well," he rejoined more seriously, "you 'll probably find out. It 's not going to be a very smooth passage, I fear."

And he proved more than right. Storm followed storm, as I have said already, and each new one surpassed its predecessors in the violence of its attack. Below things were bad. The women were hardly seen at all. In the dining-cabin fiddles adorned the tables all the time, and to no great purpose. Plates and glasses had to be grabbed, or off they went on errands of their own. The few men around the tables were always dodging and ducking like soldiers advancing in the face of a brisk bombardment. The gang that held forth in the smoking-cabin sat with their respective bottles between their knees, taking their potations straight from those fountain-heads, as glasses rarely outlived the first minute. Reading was out of the

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question, and so was card-playing. There was nothing left but smoking, talking, and drinking, and to these there was no end. I alone escaped more and more frequently to the bridge, and from there I watched the sea with never quenched eagerness.

There is always something fascinatingly intimidating about the ocean, but never more so than when it is in uproar. The thing is so monstrous, especially when seen from a small vessel, and man appears so infinitesimal in the face of it, that the very extremity of that contrast seems to inspire the observer's soul with a quite irrational sense of godlike power. It is as if an exchange of identities took place, and man saw himself in the ruthlessly pounding rush of those white-crested, teeth-gnashing water Titans, while in the roaring and crashing of their onslaught his own petty self became extinguished and forgotten. Hour after hour I stood on the bridge in just that kind of mood, hardly knowing that I was there, blind and deaf to everything but those enormous waves that rose higher and higher, until their foaming combs seemed to scrape the sky, and the ship seemed to sink into chasms so deep that at the bottom of them one expected to glimpse the entrails of the earth. There the ship would lie for a moment, with every nail and bolt in her a-quiver, and the scud of sky and sea merged into one gray mass overhead.

Of what the other men on the bridge —the captain, who never left it, the mate on duty, or the helmsman in his booth that reached up almost to his chin—of what they thought and felt in such moments, I know nothing, of course. As for myself, my whole being seemed fused and converted into a single keen-edged sensation of curiosity. It was a question of what would happen next, and of nothing else, but in that question there was no element of apprehension, no quailing doubt as to our ultimate emergence from that gray-walled chasm, no fear that the crumbling walls of water might smash our little trembling craft into splinters; nothing, in fact, but a glorious expectancy of new wonders more compelling than any that had vanished already. There, on the bridge of the *Iceland*, I learned to know the mood that is probably the soldier's when the long-expected attack breaks loose in full force at last.

Then those gray, green, and white walls did collapse at last, and of the whole ship not a thing would be seen but the two masts and the smoke-stack. The bridge, of course, was also there, unsubmerged; but perched on it ourselves, we were not aware of it. Where the rest of the ship ought to be, we saw nothing but a seething inferno of white foam, and each time it looked more certain that out of it nothing could come afloat and alive. The oil-clad sailors on the fore-deck were lost and buried. We four on the bridge seemed the only ones left to tell the tale, if a tale there were to be told. Then we could feel the ship shake herself under our feet like a dog getting out of the water. With a mighty deafening rush, the boiling hell-broth beneath us began to fall away to right and left as if swept aside by giant brooms. In another moment the ship was riding triumphantly, though still a little shakily, on the back of the wave that had tried to submerge her, and as from a tower we surveyed the raging sea.

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Once, during the last of those five storms, which even the captain admitted to the rank of hurricane, the wind veered suddenly. Before the helmsman had time to respond to the emergency, a wave, taller than any we had seen until then, struck us squarely sideways. The impact of its attack was terrific. The ship, taken unawares at a disadvantage, careened to leeward until the yardarms on the foremast touched the water below us and the floor of the bridge rose almost vertically out of the sea. The helmsman was cooped up in his booth, lying on his side, his hands gripping the spokes of the wheel helplessly. Strive as we might, the other three of us could not keep our footing. For what seemed minutes, though it can hardly have been more than seconds, we hung by our hands, parallel with the floor of the bridge, and beneath us there was nothing but the sea itself, ready, it seemed, to swallow us forever. Then, again, I became aware of that curiously conscious effort on the part of the ship to tear herself out of the tightening clutch of the sea. It was a life and death struggle between two utterly disproportionate forces, and it was the lesser one, with man's brain behind it, that came out victorious in the end.

That was the supreme moment of my life on board. It is treasured in my mind to-day as one of my most significant memories. It taught me things about life and death, about nature and man, and about myself, that I can never forget, and without which my life would have been poorer by far than it has proved. Once more I must emphasize in a spirit of sincere humility that nothing was more foreign to me than fear in that moment of utmost suspense. And courage had nothing to do with its absence. As far as I can make out, the chief key to my state was the preoccupation of my mind with the task immediately at hand, and that task was simply to hang on for dear life—literally speaking. But of concern for the life I was struggling to save, I had no consciousness whatsoever. With this dominant sense of something to be done regardless of past and future, was mixed again that weirdly impersonal sense of curiosity which almost seemed to court disaster for the sake of finding out what it would be like. This sense was not intellectual. It was, on the contrary, intensely emotional, and it was concerned with myself, and not with the natural forces arrayed against me. It was a question, apparently, of what my own actions and thoughts and sensations would be in case of a never before experienced emergency. And it is in this kind of impersonal self-surrender to the challenge of a novel test that I think the clue must be sought to many of the actions, sometimes deemed brave and sometimes idiotic, which gradually have brought man to the position of relative control he holds to-day. The tendency to it is present in every normal human being, I think, though in widely different forms and degrees.

Before another wave had a chance to catch us in the same vicious fashion, the helmsman had got the ship swung into line with the wind, and we scurried southward like a storm-lashed bird. That day the ship made four miles along her destined course. Before that last storm finally abated, the emigrants in the forehold had been

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cooped up for I don't know how many days without a breath of outside air. Their clamor to get on deck was loud and incessant, but had it been granted their lives would not have been worth a whiff of the snuff many of them used instead of chewing-tobacco. On one occasion, when the wind had lost a little of its ferocity, but while huge waves were still sweeping the fore-deck unceasingly, a fat Danish girl succeeded in eluding the watchfulness of the sailors set to guard against just such chances.

Luck would have it that I was on the bridge at the time, and looking at the fore-deck instead of the sea. Down there she appeared suddenly as if sprung by magic out of the deck—a large, plump, rosy-cheeked, thoroughly Scandinavian lass, who smiled blithely in the hope of disarming any one who might try to stop her. To call her Rubensian would hardly be doing her justice. The lower part of her body in particular seemed enormous, bulging like a bell, or like the hoops of a lady out of one of Velásquez's paintings. The reason was that, in accordance with a common custom among women of her class when traveling, she carried about her person all the skirts she owned, and of these there must have been from a dozen to a full score.

The moment she appeared, and before any one of the sailors had noticed her, another gigantic wave swooped down upon us, turning the fore-deck into a maelstrom of foam and froth. It caught her as if she had been a feather and placed her, upside down, on her head. All those layers of skirts, white and colored, dropped back like the petals of a water-lily, forming a cup that floated on the seething waters. Out of that cup her big, fat, white-stockinged legs rose straight into the air, kicking lustily. It was over in a few moments, but once seen, however fleetingly, it could never be forgotten. It was a sight to set Olympians laughing. The two sailors who rushed to her rescue were so overcome with ribald mirth that they swallowed large gulps of salt water before they could get her right side up again. As soon as she could, the distressed maiden vanished below, crying bitterly and with the proportions of her lower parts considerably reduced.

§ 4

Finally, when we had long ago ceased to hope for any relief, the wind and the waves abated. In a few hours the last cloud had scurried beyond the horizon. The sky was clear for the first time since we had left Copenhagen. The sea was smiling, and so was every one on board. It looked as if the rest of our laborious trip might turn out fine. And in that happy belief we went to bed much later than usual—only to be awakened next morning by the ringing of the ship's bell and the ghostly shrieking of her siren. She was crawling forward at a snail's pace, with a movement as smooth as if she had been entering the port of her destination. When we looked through the port-hole of our cabin for an explanation, we could see nothing but a wall of what looked like very thick white smoke, coming so close to the ship that it almost touched her sides. We had run into the fog that broods like a pall over the Newfoundland Banks.

Emerging on deck after breakfast, I found the atmosphere of the ship strangely and not pleasantly changed.

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The officers were unable wholly to hide their concern. The men talked among themselves in little more than whispers. The passengers were restless and palpably jumpy. The entire life of the vessel was surcharged with an apprehensive suspense that had not been felt even when the storm was at its worst. When, as happened three or four times, some fantastically huge shape loomed suddenly through the curtain of fog, half seen and half guessed, within a few hundred feet of us, women screamed and men needed all their will-power to keep outwardly calm. We could even hear voices on board those spectral passers-by, but they came to us funereally subdued as if they had been sifted through vast thicknesses of cotton-wool. It took us two whole days to get through that muffled and blindfolded and ghost-ridden hell, where fear stalked openly and no one could escape its contagion.

There was little to do during that period but to enjoy the conviviality of the smoking-cabin, and there our gang and a few others spent most of the time. The consumption of liquor, always great, increased by leaps and bounds. It seems to me even now, when prohibition has put such an abnormal edge on our national thirst, that I have never witnessed a capacity for swilling equal to that displayed on board the old *Iceland* during those two days of otherwise unrelieved suspense. When we dropped anchor off Sandy Hook at last, there was not a drop left on board of anything strong except champagne and the native uncolored whisky used with the meals only. One man had to settle for 118 bottles of Swedish punch; another owed for several hundred bottles of strong Danish beer; the theological student had consumed eight quarts of brandy, largely by himself; and so on *ad infinitum*. Yet there had been no brawls, no unseemly outbreaks, no smashings of heads or chairs or bottles, and universal good humor prevailed to the end of the journey.

The fog was followed by a couple of days of beautiful weather, calm sea, and general good spirits. Then, as the quarantine and immigration officials came on board, I had one more shock for which nature was not at all responsible. The man by whom I was questioned, representing I don't know what service, asked the name of the place from which I had started. I answered, "Stockholm."

"That 's in Germany," he said gruffly, preparing to write.

"Not yet," I grinned, rather perplexed.

"Well," he rejoined impatiently, "it 's a province of Germany, is n't it?"

"No," I said, laughing outright by then. "First of all, it is a city, and not a province."

The man's brows were knitted. His brains were evidently laboring painfully. Finally a look of relief spread over his face.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "I remember now; it 's the capital of Christiania."

The end of that remarkable conversation is neither here nor there. But it set me thinking very hard for the time being. A government official of any kind was to me a person of high education, and the immeasurable ignorance displayed by that man seemed to reflect equally on my native country and on the one I had decided to make my own for the future.

As we steamed up the bay to the Hoboken pier of the Danish line, with the Statue of Liberty on our left,

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Manhattan right ahead of us, the gilded dome of the World Building rising conspicuously above all other structures, and the marvelous, far-famed Brooklyn Bridge spanning the river on our right as if by magic, I forgot for a time certain thoughts that had been nagging me off and on during the preceding night. Soon they returned, however, and with new poignancy. The fact was that, after settling my obligations on board, I had only enough Swedish money left to bring me a couple of dollars in exchange. This dilemma was solved to some extent by the sale of my field-glasses to the lieutenant, who had frequently admired them. They were a parting gift from my father, and I treasured them greatly, as he had done, both for their own sake and for that of the giver, but there was no other way out of it. Thus I managed finally to land with a total capital of eleven dollars in my pocket.

Looking back across the years at that journey, and more particularly at that decisive moment of arrival, it seems to me that I ought to have been stirred to the very roots of my soul. But my memory records no strong emotions. Back of me I had parents, what had been my home until then, many friends, familiar conditions, and a language which not only was my mother-tongue, but in regard to which I had just begun to realize a certain artistic mastery. Ahead of me was—nothing that I knew with certainty—nothing, in fact, but a gigantic question-mark. I had next to no money, no friends or other connections to whom I could turn for assistance and guidance, no familiarity with any trade or craft that could be utilized in spite of my scant knowledge of the language, no definite plans even. And yet I can recall neither regrets at what I had left behind, nor misgivings at what might be waiting for me. Of fear or serious apprehension I experienced no trace. Of hope and expectation there was a little, but vague and evasive as the fog through which we had recently passed. Had I been a Sunday excursionist on a tour of mildly adventurous sight-seeing, I could hardly have put my foot on American soil with more complacency than I did. Such is youth!

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The Convalescent Sick Man of Europe

Outlook for a Rejuvenated Turkey

By Nathaniel Peffer

Happy is that country whose people know nothing of foreign affairs. Theirs is an enviable lot. I no longer believe insularity a failing. In Constantinople I learned to recognize it as a gift of Providence.

I went to Turkey believing I should find it in the opening of a new period in its history. I expected to ignore the whole question of politics, of international politics in particular. I was interested in seeing how Turkey was going about its reconstruction, socially and culturally; how it was facing the problems involved in the remaking of a nation. By the victory over the Greeks, and therefore over the British, the grip of the foreign conquerors in the World War had been broken. The Treaty of Sèvres, which sought to crush, if not enslave, Turkey, had been torn up by Turkish bayonets. A new peace had been negotiated at Lausanne —a peace between equals. By it all the foreign bonds that have pinioned Turkey throughout modern times were broken. Turkey would now be free to set its feet on paths of its own choosing, to reach for any destiny it called its own. There was peace, in short, and I had come to see what the warlike Turk would make of peace.

But there is no peace. A document has been signed at Lausanne, and they cry peace. But there is only the semblance of peace now, and there may be less a year or two from now. And I found little of reconstruction in Constantinople, little talk of it even, and less thought, except in vague and distant terms. Instead, I found intense absorption in politics, in international politics—absorption as exclusive and concentrated now as a few years ago, when the Turks were preparing to strike at the Greeks and wondering whether they would have to fight Great Britain, too. I found I had badly timed my visit to the Near East. I had come too early to see peace and reconstruction. Perhaps I had come a hundred years too early.

Shortly after I arrived in Constantinople I had an appointment with one of the younger Turkish officials, one who had been with the Kemalist movement since its inception, and because of his European education and long residence in Western countries had concrete ideas for social and economic changes in Turkey. I went to him to discuss those ideas, and in the course of the discussion complained that I had found Constantinople barren of them.

"What do you expect?" was his

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answer. "I need not tell you what 1914 cost us. We have been at war almost uninterruptedly since 1912. We impoverished ourselves in the World War and were defeated. Our territories were shorn from us, our capital was occupied, an invading army quartered on us in Asia Minor. It took us three years to drive out the Greek invader, but he devastated the path of his retreat. It took our last superfluity of wealth and even our necessities to get rid of the Greeks, and we have lost probably a third of our population in killed, crippled, or carried off. Now a nation strained to exhaustion in sinew and nerve, we have been awaiting attack from the strongest powers in Europe. We have escaped it, principally because England's imperial interest now lies in checking France; but it will threaten again to-morrow, and then we may not escape it. How can we talk or think of reconstruction? Let us spare ten piasters for reconstruction, and our army's strength would be by so much reduced. Reduce our army enough, and foreign troops will be in Angora as well as Constantinople. Cultural questions, economic development, improvement in the status of women, better education—all that must be secondary. For us the problem is not reconstruction, but survival."

In substance, if not in words, that was the burden of every talk I had in Constantinople. For the moment there is respite; but only for the moment. Few illusions on that score are cherished in Turkey either among Turks or foreigners. There is not the smallest reason to believe that fundamentally the attitude of the Western powers to Turkey has changed. The temper of their actions at Lausanne showed that clearly enough. They have not yet modified the traditional attitude toward Eastern nations, and they still have the turmoil in the Balkans from which to fashion instruments to wield against Turkey when the occasion arises. A stabilized Balkans, governed by men who do not make of their people military mercenaries for service to the great powers, is a precondition of peace for Turkey and the Near East.

In the eyes of the great powers the Sick Man of Europe has had a temporary convalescence and for the moment must be approached with some caution. But to them he is still the Sick Man, with a neat fortune to be left as inheritance without formality of testament or probate whenever he passes on or can be despatched. Unless, that is, the Sick Man can give proof that he has regained all his ancient vitality, proof that will never be accepted conclusively unless demonstrated on the battle-field. Sick, Turkey surely is, weakened by the blood-letting of unremitting war. It is in the position of a weak and sickly horse being pursued by a hawk and a wolf. It may die of its own organic troubles or it may be picked to death by the one or torn to pieces by the other. If it does die, one will have difficulty in deciding of what it died, whether of self-neglect or murderous attack. In fact, all things considered, the presumption will be in favor of the latter.

What confronts Turkey to-day, therefore, is the necessity of using every remaining ounce of strength to rebuild its wasted structure while simultaneously standing ready at any time to throw its whole force into self-defense. At bottom Turkey's prob-

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lem is how to divide its depleted resources; to figure how much it can weaken the nation militarily for the sake of social needs without danger of being overwhelmed from without, and how much it can devote to military purposes for self-defense without perishing from inner decay. It is compelled almost to repeat the miracle of the loaves and the fishes. If the tasks of contemporary European statesmen are great, those of Mustapha Kemal and his followers are gigantic. One can easily understand the pessimism prevailing in Constantinople.

Touch Turkey at any point on its surface, and you strike its foreign relations. They are the inescapable factor in every question. To be sure, Turkey is not unique in this respect. The state of the public roads in England is affected by the size of the air fleet it is necessary to maintain against France, and in America the effectiveness of public health bureaus is determined by the amount we spend on our navy. But nowhere else have I seen so direct and intimate a relation between the most trivial concerns of the community and the position of foreign affairs as in Turkey. The life of the Turkish peasant in inner Asia Minor is in its smallest detail molded by the foreign offices and banking directorates of Western Europe. The condition of the very cooking-utensils used by such a peasant's wife depends on the relations between the Turkish Foreign Office and the chancelleries of London, Paris, and Moscow, or even on the relations between any two of the latter without respect to Turkey. The Turkish family does its cooking in copper kettles. To avoid copper poisoning, the inner surface of these has to be soldered over. As it happens, the solderers are all Armenian. When Turkey's foreign relations are strained either by causes to which it is a party or those arising from rivalries between two other powers, hostility breaks out between the Turks and their subject peoples. The Armenians, being in a minority, have to flee. There are no copper-plate solderers left in the Turkish villages. Either the food of the Turkish family cannot be properly cooked or it is cooked in unsoldered pots, and the family becomes ill.

On a higher plane there is the subject of the development of Turkish resources. The country is now impoverished. It cannot recover without drawing on its natural wealth. It must do so in any case. Turkey has been brought into the European system culturally as well as economically. To take its place in the European system, the country's resources must be developed, whether it becomes wholly industrialized or remains primarily a nation of agricultural producers. And whether this is for better or worse, it is what is desired by the majority of educated Turks. A country cannot, however, lay railways, build harbors, exploit copper-mines, and dig oil-wells without a huge supply of capital. An agricultural country, populated almost entirely by poor peasants, cannot produce fluid capital out of itself. It must get capital from foreign sources. But how can Turkey do so, considering its past and the precedents that have been established—the precedents of the capitulations, foreign control, immunity of foreign interests from every Turkish restriction or control, including Turkish taxation? When foreign finance goes into countries like

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Turkey, it goes not as finance alone, but as finance and diplomacy allied. When it makes loans to countries like Turkey, it takes interest doubly, in money and political privileges; political domination by financial penetration, in a word.

§ 2

That, exactly, is the system under which Turkey has had to exist in recent times. As a result, it has been a diplomatic checker-board and a military battle-field. Powers have struggled for its railways, as witness the Anatolian links in the Berlin-to-Bagdad line, for its mining rights, oil-wells, concessions of every kind. They have hindered economic development unless it was to their own profit and helped only that which was to their profit. The dog-in-the-manger policy has been in effect in Turkey as unrelentingly as in China. If England stood to gain by the building of a certain railway, Germany or France or Russia blocked it, whatever the interests of the Turkish people might have been; and *vice versa*. The corruption in Turkey about which foreigners there now make so great an outcry owes as much to foreign encouragement as to Turkish venality. The favor of the Turkish Government has always been bid for by the powers. Naturally, it has been held out for sale. Yet the corrupter has always talked self-righteously and censoriously of the corrupted. Europe and America have united in restricting Turkey's right to levy import duties, and when it has had to borrow to make up a deficit in its revenue, the powers have lent only on terms that encroached on sovereignty. As every encroachment was to the advantage of some power, there has been stiff competition in pressing encroachments. From these encroachments not only Turkey has suffered. To support their rival claims, the powers have had to maintain costly armaments. The result has been unrest and unceasing threat of war in the Near East and the lengthening of the shadow over Turkey.

Partly because of precedent and partly because the powers have not yet given up their ambition to cut up or dominate Turkey, these are still the only conditions on which Turkey can get assistance for the development of its natural resources—at least from Europe. Its agents, now begging from financial center to financial center, are so discovering. Turkey faces, then, this dilemma. It must develop its resources to recoup its strength economically and rebuild socially. To develop, it must have capital. But it is equally determined to shake off foreign domination. It has just paid a terrible price in blood and treasure to free itself of the capitulations and foreign occupation, and it is resolved, whether rightly or wrongly does not enter here, to keep itself free of them. Yet it cannot get capital without giving security that amounts to accepting bondage again: foreign financial control denotes bondage as surely as foreign military occupation. Shall Turkey, then, forego development of its resources and the erection of a sound economic structure? If so, then the Turks themselves admit they have no chance of survival. Or shall it borrow on the only terms on which it can get capital? Then it will be back where it was, no matter what is written in the Treaty of Lausanne about capitulations. It must choose, accordingly, between

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financial independence and quick development. It cannot have both. Yet without both can it exist?

I do not wish to over-simplify. It is true that Turkey has been chronically a corrupt and misgoverned country, and that from a purely financial point of view, without reference to international politics, loans to Turkey are risky without security guaranteed by some measure of foreign supervision or pledge of certain specified sources of revenue. Nor does the backwardness of Turkish law and the uncertainty, to say the least, of its administration of justice make for confidence without the safeguard of extraterritoriality. Yet this cannot be stated without adding that foreign influence has played a large part in debauching government in Turkey, as in China and elsewhere in the East. Further, misgovernment is a phenomenon of time, not of race. The misgovernment common to all Eastern countries is attributable not to any peculiar racial characteristics, but to the fact that they are from fifty to a hundred years behind the larger Western countries in material advancement and spread of education. Still further, corruption in Eastern lands is a direct and obvious corruption: the purchase and sale of offices, the giving and taking of bribes. In the more respectable countries of Europe and in America it is indirect, subtle, and difficult to recognize. I am not so sure, however, in which the people are mulcted more. But a fairly long contact with the East inclines me to the belief that there is much more robbing of the people by the privileged interests in England and the United States than in China or Turkey. It is only more crude and obvious in the East. Strange, incidentally, that what we usually think of as the supple, mysterious, and subtle East should be in this one respect so inferior in finesse to the simpler, clumsier West.

There is another consideration with respect to misgovernment. That is that no country can obtain good government so long as it is under foreign suppression or restriction and so long as it is the sport of international intrigues. Its educated classes are too occupied with keeping the country out of foreign clutches. Its corrupt officials can always appeal to the country for support, obscuring the issue of their own incompetence and crookedness. And attention has to be concentrated on foreign affairs. The prerequisite of good government anywhere is independence or at least freedom from external menace. This has been proved in Japan, where internal improvement has followed only after the powers learned it was safer to leave Japan alone. Independence or security must come before internal reform. If the latter must come before security is granted, it can never come. For one thing, foreign meddling will always see that it does not, in order to prolong the period of foreign dominance or, in the case of the country concerned, insecurity.

Finally, is it not cheaper for European and American finance to stand a few losses through Turkish misrule than to spend ten times as much on armaments in the rivalry for the right to control Turkey? And will not all gain a hundred times as much when Turkey has had a chance to develop itself as when one power is always checking its development lest some other power make a little political profit immediately? No country un-

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der restrictions ever offers more than its outer edges to foreign trade. Politically as well as financially, it is to the profit of the rich powers to help Turkey to economic reorganization and security on a purely business basis; but whether they see that or not is less obviously important to them than to Turkey. To Turkey it is vital on what basis foreign finance enters or whether it enters at all, and whether it can enter on conditions not suicidal for Turkey. To Turkey it is a question of foreign politics more than of domestic finance. This is the point I wish to establish.

No less clearly does Turkey's future in every other respect hang on the intentions of the great powers. The Turks themselves know, for instance, that without a thoroughgoing system of education they cannot build up the citizenship necessary for the kind of government their leaders visualize. The state of the Turkish schools at present, quantitatively and qualitatively, is wretched. They are insufficient in number, badly housed and equipped and inadequately staffed, teachers being in the main undertrained, overworked, and paid on a scale barely sufficient for subsistence. This is true in Constantinople; in Asia Minor it is incomparably worse. To talk even of improving the schools that exist, let alone establish new ones throughout the interior, when the country's budget is strained to the limit for the maintenance of an army at any time liable to be called on to fight, is to ask the impossible. And yet to expect Turkey to be a modern, efficient, "enlightened" nation while its population remains on the whole an illiterate, medieval Asiatic peasantry is equally unreasonable.

As with schools, so throughout the whole social structure. The condition of prisons in the capital itself is shocking. Hospitals are insufficient in number and poorly equipped. Roads and public works of all kinds are neglected. Most of the territory devastated by the Greeks has been left virtually untouched except for the efforts of individual peasants. Constantinople itself is a dilapidated city. The Oriental splendors and lavish magnificence that were part of the tradition carried down from Byzantium are a memory that makes more stark the squalidness of the city, the social life, and the population. The people are as impoverished as the state. No more lordly caiques with gorgeously liveried rowers ply the Bosporus on Fridays bearing the ladies of the harems to the Sweet Waters of Asia; that famous resort is itself now silent and deserted. There are no more smart equipages on the streets of Pera and Stamboul. The Dolmabaktche Palace on the Bosporus, once occupied by the calif, and the Yildiz Kiosk, where Abdul Hamid lived, are in glaring disrepair, with peeling walls and cracked floor-boards. The Sublime Porte is pathetic in its air of boarding-house shabbiness. It is a country in decay.

The professional cynics of Constantinople, foreigners who have lived there from thirty days to thirty years and know as much of the seamy side of Turkey as they know little of the same side of their own countries, will dwell triumphantly to a new-comer on the inefficiency and corruption of the existing Government. See, they will tell you, how little is changed under the surface of names. Abdul Hamid, Committee of Union and Progress,

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Mustapha Kemal and the Great National Assembly of Angora—it is always the same. Which may or may not be true. I have no conclusive proof myself. From what I was told by men of impartial mind whose opinions I found based on facts rather than on the hearsay of their first fortnight in Turkey (by which they are to be distinguished from the great majority of foreigners in Turkey, as from the great majority of foreigners in China, Japan, and other Eastern countries) I gathered that corruption is still common, probably as common as it was years ago. That there is inefficiency I learned from my own experience in official quarters. In that part of the administration directly under the eyes of Angora this is not true, for the honesty of Kemal and those immediately about him is conceded even by their most ardent and self-righteous British enemies. In the rest of the country, where supervision is at second remove, it is generally true. In Constantinople it is unquestionably true. Men loyal to Angora and even in official position admitted as much. I suppose the heads of the Government at Angora would not deny it. I suppose they are as well aware of it as any foreigner in Constantinople, and know also that it is Turkey's enemy as implacably as Greece is.

The internal enemy is as menacing as the external, and possibly harder to overcome. The roots of misgovernment go deep in the East, and, I must repeat, are watered from foreign springs. They are therefore harder to tear out in the East than elsewhere. How hard that is can be imagined if one but turn his mind on the long, long struggle against municipal graft in America and consider how far the struggle still is from success. The hypercritical American in Constantinople or Peking or Seoul or Manila or Mexico City seldom thinks of this, however. In Turkey, it must be remembered, the Kemalist government has been in power now less than three years; nor has there been opportunity in the succession of crises that followed the overthrow of the sultanate government to replace the old officials or instil in them by precept or compulsion a new spirit. To do so, which is to say create an entirely new machinery of government and a whole new governing class, is the second greatest task before the Kemalist government, second only to the task of economic reconstruction.

§ 3

It is second only to economic reconstruction also in the degree in which it is bound up with foreign relations. I have already touched on this, but it must be dealt with more fully. It is a basic question not only in Turkey, but in all those less developed older countries which are partly under foreign control or the arena of foreign competition. Whatever the necessities of the situation may be, not so long as the first concern of the Turkish Government is survival will it be able to give its attention to creating a passably good administration. If in more stable and advanced countries undivided attention, vigilance, and high talents are needed to devise efficient machinery of government, what is to be expected in a country where the heads of the Government are soldiers in the field and the attention of the executive and the legislature is engaged almost exclusively in considering questions of foreign policy?

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We are putting the Turks on trial, for instance, in the matter of extra-territoriality. We ask them to create a judicial system that shall deal even justice to foreigner and native alike, shall be not only equitable, but honest and competent. That is no small matter for any nation. For one still but partly occidentalized, poor, war-wrecked, and war-threatened, it may be impossible. To ask the Turks to deal even justice to subjects of their enemies—if not the enemies of to-day, then the enemies of yesterday, who may be enemies again to-morrow—is to expect them to be Christ-like. No Christian country is that. But, aside from this, there is the more definite question of the energy and money needed to train men and work out a system into which they can fit. The money is not of least importance. If officials are not to be dependent on graft to exist, they must be well paid. That is a matter of budget, and with a budget exhausted by military expenditures alone, officials will be left to get their living as they can, in the traditional Oriental manner. But before we reach any large generalizations about the Turk's capacity or incapacity for self-government, his Easternism under the skin, and therefore his predestined dishonesty in public matters, it were better to wait until he has had a chance to prove it under fair conditions. If it be said that his government was venal three hundred years ago when Turkey was impregnable, it is necessary only to ask: Of what nation was the government not venal three hundred years ago? Or two hundred years ago? Or one hundred years ago? The same questions may be put with respect to bad government. Three hundred years ago there was little to choose between any of the nations. It happens that the awakening which has been reflected in somewhat better and honester government and a greater sense of responsibility to the people came first in certain Occidental countries. The reason probably is that there the earlier arrival of industrialism and material development enabled a wider spread of education to come earlier. Yet with characteristic Occidental arrogance and insularity we insist on judging only by the last hundred years, indifferent to what was before and may again be later. Turkey was little worse than England in the sixteenth century, if at all. As likely as not, it will be as good again in the twenty-first; and if not, that may be the fault, not of itself, but of others, among whom England is prominent.

To most people the word Turkey connotes massacres, race struggles, religious feuds, Islam and Christianity, Armenians, Bulgarians, Greeks, atrocities. This is an exaggeration only in the emphasis which has been given to it: imperialistic necessities have compelled a one-sided propaganda. Essentially, race is the most tragic, if not the most important, fact about Turkey, and the stuff of its most important issue. Race has inflamed the country again and again; it keeps the country smoldering always, and it may yet be so used as to kindle the world. The question of Turk and Armenian, and, in a lesser sense, of Turk and Greek, crosses and blurs and complicates every issue in Turkey. It permeates every part of the life of the country, and so evil is the intermingling that no healthy social state can ever be attained until it is decently settled. I have already told how the cooking of the Turk's meal is influenced by the

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race conflict. So is the way he buys his groceries and what he pays for them, the way he educates his children and the career open to them. The same is true of Greek and Armenian. Business competition turns less on business matters than on race considerations. Especially is the economic life of the country poisoned by the bitterness of the conflict.

Before all else, perhaps, before even the establishment of a good government and the development of resources, the race conflict must be settled; settled, that is, in some other way than by the extermination of one side or another. Yet it seems patent that the one factor that must be removed before it can be settled is the factor of foreign politics; of foreign meddling, that is to say. It does not follow that the race conflict will be settled even then. Race hatred has existed also where there has been no foreign incitation. But if not settled, it will at least be appeased; on so much the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians with whom I talked could agree. And certainly the conflict will never be settled so long as foreign politics does enter from time to time to fan it.

The heritage of hate is planted deep in each of the three peoples represented in Turkey. Bitterness has now become a matter of race memory. A Greek, an Armenian, or a Turk is born with it. Nor have recent events tended to soften it. Greek, Armenian, and Turk all alike have suffered horrors in the last ten years. Wherever the guilt may lie, all have been the victims, first one, then another; and all are embittered. Into the question of atrocities I do not intend to go at all. It is a futile and barren quest. Anybody not a propagandist or a blind partizan can only say that all have been victims, that each accuses the other of exactly the same crimes, and that each can produce a great deal of evidence. To say which can produce the most evidence and which evidence is the most damning is beyond human judgment, especially when the poison of propaganda has been spread so widely. But one is compelled to protest against the misrepresentations deliberately disseminated and cultivated throughout the world which picture the Turk as the only offender and the others as the innocent victims. It is necessary only to point out that one hears most about Turkish barbarity at those times when some power, generally England, is at odds with Turkey. When the Turks are the victims, one hears nothing. The Turk is a poor propagandist.

There are more causes for race conflict in Turkey than the atrocities. They have intensified it, but they are not the primary cause. Race hatred has been fed from numerous sources all deep in human nature: heredity, cultural differences, differences in customs, economic rivalry, political exploitation, and religion. The least of these is religion, despite common opinion. Religion has merely been used as a political instrument by those interested in exploiting it. The natural result of these differences and the hatred they have created has been exacerbated by frequent wars, always culminating in atrocities, massacres, and mass deportations, on all sides, and not only on one side; that must always be remembered. Years, maybe decades, will be necessary to purge the country of such a heritage. Quite possibly it never will be purged. It may be too late, and animosity may

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have become incrusted too thick. I have met both Turks and Armenians who were doubtful that the two peoples could ever again live together after what has happened. But on one thing everybody I talked to was agreed. Only under the healing influences of peace is there even a possibility of betterment in the relations of the different races. That means peace between Turkey and other countries.

Such are the major problems that lie before Turkey. Its approach to them will determine what it makes of the independence it has won—independence such as Turkey has not known since the days of its greatness more than two hundred years ago, when the sultan ruled one of the world's mighty empires. At bottom Turkey's domestic questions are all foreign. What does it matter what experiments the new Turkish rulers set out on if in a few years a new international situation arises that again throws Turkey into the turmoil of war? What does it matter, then, how Turkey is starting on these experiments: whether rapid industrialization is a mistake; whether a pure nationalism cut off from the rest of Islam is risky; whether Turkey should face completely toward the West or remember its Oriental origins? All this is idle speculation until the basic question is answered: will Turkey have a period of stability and freedom from molestation to prove whether it can exist as a self-sufficient, enlightened modern nation?

This is not to say that it does not matter whether and how Turkey solves its problems. It does matter, very vitally, and to more than the Turkish people. It is of considerable consequence whether the Near East is to remain a periodically erupting volcano. A rejuvenated, reconstructed Turkey having normal relations with the rest of the world as an equal, or else the complete elimination of Turkey as a state and nation—these are the alternatives if all Europe is not to be embroiled permanently in the Near East. Of these I believe the first is the only practicable one; but if this policy is to be followed, then the attitude of Europe and America toward Turkey, toward the East in general, must be completely revolutionized. Not for Turkey's sake, but for their own sake and the sake of peace.

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Moments in a Man's Life

V—The Ninth Wave

By Carl Van Doren

Kent and Mel had gone for supper to a hotel in Burgoyne, and Woodman, one of Kent's younger colleagues at the university, had strayed in and invited himself to their company. Nettled by his mere presence, and still further nettled by the round stare with which he greeted every remark less obvious than an axiom, the two friends grew discursive and inquisitive. They asked him what he thought on such large topics as God, the State, and Shakspere, and picked his large answers briskly to pieces.

"See here, Mel," said Kent suddenly, "we have n't mentioned the most important matter yet. Woodman, what do you think of Woman?"

Woodman, as he had done at all such assaults, gulped and pondered. "I don't know that I think a great deal about women, but I think a great deal of them."

"Why, that sounds like an epigram," said Kent. "But maybe it 's an explanation. You think so much of them because you think so little about them. Is that it?"

Mel spoke before Woodman could answer. "Don't try to make us believe you 're ignorant. You 're a man with a past, or I 'm no judge."

Woodman might have been more embarrassed if he had not been so pleased by the aspersion. He flushed, grinned, recovered, and expostulated.

"Very modest or very discreet," Kent observed. "Or both. I 'm sure it does you credit. But you need n't be afraid of us."

"Lord, no," Mel assented heartily. "We try to be open-minded."

"Whether we 've had much experience or not," Kent went on. "Still, I must say that I always learn more from a man who has had experience than from one who has n't. Even if you have yielded to temptation, you have survived it. I can see that."

On Woodman's face there was a brief battle between his native simplicity and a fleeting desire to seem a man of the naughty world. Simplicity won.

"You misunderstand me altogether. I have never yielded to temptations like that. And I should n't call women a temptation. They have always been, for me, an inspiration instead."

"A pillar of cloud by day!" said Mel. "And a pillar of fire by night."

"You mean," said Kent, "that women hold up the lamp of beauty before the eyes of men?"

"I suppose I did once," Woodman explained, "but now it seems to me

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that what women do mostly is to hold up the lamp of goodness."

"Come," Mel again interposed, "you can't think that women are morally superior to men. They may be prettier, but they are n't better."

"But they are. Everybody knows that."

"I don't," said Kent. "More beautiful, yes, in some cases. And I imagine they are stronger. But better, never! Morals were made by men. Morals are kept alive by men. Who ever heard of a woman standing up like a rock in the wilderness, resisting all the dangerous winds? Who ever heard of a woman leading a noble cause against all the stubbornness of evil? Nobody, of course. For virtue, go to men."

The struggle in Woodman's face was now between horror at what he heard and suspicion that he somehow heard less or more than was meant. Still, he resolutely bore witness.

"For my part, I believe women are virtuous, and I will never believe anything else of any woman unless I know."

"Oh," said Mel, "you mean chaste."

Woodman clung to his decent adjective. "If women were n't virtuous, think what a world it would be."

"True," Kent agreed. "But I was n't thinking of the minor virtues, like chastity."

"I should n't call that a minor virtue."

"Mel," said Kent, "you see that Queen Victoria did not live in vain."

"No, her soul goes marching on."

But Woodman, standing his ground, delivered his extreme thrust, tipped with his best sarcasm. "I suppose you would n't care whether your wife was innocent or not."

"Of course I 'd care." Woodman's face was all triumph. "Nothing would tempt me to marry what you call an innocent woman." Woodman's face was all consternation. "Do you think I want to marry a child and then have to waste my time educating her? Give me a widow. If I marry at all, it won't be before I 'm thirty-five at least. I can't be bothered with a wife now. And when I do add one to my other burdens, I sha'n't want either a baby who has all the time been kicking in a cradle or an old girl who has been too unattractive to be noticed. A widow for mine. Somewhere on the earth there may be at this moment my predestined widow. I wish her husband the worst of luck."

Mel applauded. Woodman gave up in despair.

§ 2

A group of students entered the room and sat down at a table not far from Kent and his companions. They must have been motoring, for all four were flushed with the wind, and the girls, being bareheaded, were wild-haired. The wind seemed to have come in with them. They swirled about the table as they took their seats. Only gradually did their voices drop to a pitch which belonged under a roof, and even then it continued in a merry clamor.

Woodman looked disapproving, Mel unconcerned, and Kent superior.

The quieter of the two girls said something which Kent could not hear. The others in her party laughed, first at her remark and then at her. Whatever it was that she had said amused her almost to soft hysterics. She rocked back and forth in her chair. Laughter poured from her as from a

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fountain. She covered her face with her hands, pressing it so hard that she seemed to be afraid her mirth would get beyond her control if she did not dam it. Her whole body quivered with her laughter and her restraint. The others shouted in gay sympathy.

She suddenly took her hands from her face, with a final spasm of glee. The next moment she seemed exhausted. Little shudders ran through her. Her eyes were soft with tears which she wiped away, but when the tears were gone her eyes shone.

"A rowdy crowd, I call it," said Woodman.

"Not at all," said Mel. "Remember, Woodman, girls will be boys."

Kent did not speak. He was full of a discomfort which he could no more have explained than he could have owned it. All at once the gaiety of the four students had emptied him of the cheerful insolence with which he had just been talking. He felt hollow inside. The vacuum, however, was not quite a vacuum. It was a dull ache expanding within him as he thought of the contrast between his own existence and that of the merry-makers. They had come in on the wind and would in time go out on it, while he would keep on sitting in this tame corner. His zest for baiting Woodman had left him. Even Mel was merely another version of himself, without variety or savor. Kent grew heavy with envy of those younger men who were at such ease with such beguiling girls. They could put off their cares, whatever they might be, and race through the night laughing to the stars. He must plod along in a laborious and tedious career which denied him similar delights and which had, he supposed, unfitted him for them. He felt miserably sedate. They were alive, and he was dead.

The girl who had laughed so rapturously slipped out of her dark cloak and threw it back over her chair. The scarlet lining taunted Kent. How drab he no doubt seemed to her! He knew her, for she was a member of one of his classes, but he had never seen her before in a mood like this. No, with him she had always been sober. Everybody was sober with him. He was imprisoned in sobriety. What good could it do him to look hungrily through the windows at youth and joy?

His gaze may have affected her, for she glanced toward him, recognized him, and gave him a pleasant smile. But when she went on talking to her friends, Kent noted, she had a gayer face than she had turned in his direction.

"Who is she?" asked Woodman, with instant curiosity.

"Margaret Peyton 's her name. She 's a student of mine. Very intelligent girl."

Woodman stared at her. Kent felt an odd resentment at the stare, because he knew that it was full of misapprehension. It saw the laughing girl as boisterous, and as nothing more. An impulse to defend her rose in Kent, but he scorned to yield to it with Woodman. He turned his back on the new-comers and resumed his conversation. All his paradoxes were cold, now, and all his shots were blunted. That dull ache underlay his mood, however much he might deny it by nonchalance on the level of his speech. He was steadily conscious of the gay party to which he did not belong and to the like of which he was sure he never could belong.

There was a shuffle of chairs at the

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table across the room. One of the men had got to his feet and was holding the scarlet-lined coat.

"See here, Margaret," he said, "it 's time for good girls to scoot for bed."

The other girl, whom Kent did not know, protested, but Margaret Peyton stood up and let the cloak be drawn over her arms and settled around her shoulders. Something in her ready obedience sent a pang through Kent. It did not seem to him to be personal with respect to this particular man. The thing which stabbed him was merely a sense that among the girl and her companions there was so easy an agreement. The pride which he read in every line of her quick, strong body did not interfere. She was at home in the group as Kent knew he was not in any society so amusing. He was not, in fact, contentedly at home in any society whatever. When the students had gone, depression came over him till he was almost stifled. The wind had gone out of the room again.

§ 3

This mood with its pangs did not persist in Kent, though from time to time that April it came back to him. What did persist was a kind of low vitality which made him tired if he undertook the amount of work he had been used to. He had to drive himself through deserts of distaste and languor. He was able, when actually in the class-room, to catch fire from the excitement which he had not yet outgrown in his two years of teaching, but he dreaded the approach of every class. The close smell of the library, when he went into the dusty stacks where he spent some hours each day, faintly nauseated him. Yet to go out on the campus or the streets, while it quieted his nausea, hardly raised his spirits. After the longest walk he would be still unsatisfied, like a starving man who has gnawed at phantoms. The new green of the maples, the thrust of bright blades of grass through the drab turf, the colors of the earliest flowers excited him but did not instruct him what to do. He was a runner waiting for a signal which did not come, troubled further by ignorance what the signal would be when it came, if, indeed, it was to come at all. But worse than anything for Kent were certain evenings which he spent in his study. The peace which he found there was rarely better than boredom, a boredom not lax but tense and exhausting. He would take down a score of books to read, realize that each one was hateful, turn to another, and in the end put them all back unread and blame himself savagely for an evening wasted.

Walking to a class one day, he heard footsteps overtaking him. They came on softly but swiftly. His first impulse was to slacken his gait and let the other pass. As the steps came close, however, he had a countering impulse to hasten instead. He mastered both impulses by thinking them absurd. When his pursuer caught up with him he saw it was Margaret Peyton.

"How you hurry!" Kent said, startled into a greeting he did not intend.

"I 'm hurrying to your class." She laughed with eyes which seemed to take no account of the fact that he was teacher and she was pupil.

Kent felt a stir of satisfaction at her unconcern. "I imagine you won't be late." He tried to meet her on her ground. "If you did n't want to go

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worse than I do, you would n't go at all."

"But you 're going."

"That comes of having responsibilities. I have to go. Or at any rate I think I have to. Perhaps I don't. After all, why should n't I take a cut now and then?"

"I don't see why not." She caught the ball of his jest without a fumble and tossed it lightly back.

"I think I 'll play hookey to-day. Will you come along with me?"

"I 'd love to."

For a joyful moment Kent saw a vision of himself and the girl taking each other at their own words and running gaily away to walk along a shaded street or sit chaffing on a secluded bench. The joyful moment broke. His plan was impossible without a scandal. Anyway, he had not meant it. Neither, no doubt, had she. He wished he could make out the truth behind her teasing eyes.

"It 's a shame it can't be done," he said, chagrined to think he must back down.

She assented as readily as before. "Is n't it? But I suppose we must consider the others."

Kent almost lost sight of the others in his thrill at being included with her in that friendly "we." Yet the word could not quite console him for having been the one to kill their pleasant scheme. He seemed to himself to have trodden clumsily upon it, with the cold foot of prudence. He got no comfort out of assuring himself that he had acted wisely. The wildest unwisdom would have been jollier. A fellow-student, he imagined, would not have thought twice about snatching at the girl's readiness for a lark. Kent again became dully aware of the gulf between himself and the girl. He wondered if he had outgrown the glad abandon which he seemed to see in her. He wondered if she were laughing inwardly at his poltroonery.

He could see no signs of that. She had accepted his pace, which he had, however, quickened, and now walked cheerfully by his side. He admired the light vigor of her carriage, even though it reproached him for what seemed to him his own heaviness. Her feet touched the walk as daintily as firmly. She swung, he noted, one arm a little wider than the other. As on the earlier evening at the hotel, she was bareheaded, and her black curls were brighter in the sun. Nothing, he told himself, could make her look dull or severe. Even her demureness, if she wore it, would be only a flame in leash. Her eyes were of the kind to smile or smolder. She made no gestures, and her round neck carried her head steadily, but her face was a playground of swift changes. Kent could hardly have said whether or not he thought her beautiful. What he felt was that all the living colors had somehow come together in her.

Though he strove desperately to appear casual, he was troubled when they parted at the door of his office. He forced himself to speak jocularly.

"We 'll play hookey some other day, if we ever meet again."

Once more she smiled assent. "Perhaps I 'll see you at your fraternity dance next week."

§ 4

Few intentions had been further from Kent's mind than to go to the dance. When he arrived, he did what he reasonably could to have the air of a veteran of pleasure dropping in to

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watch the recruits of pleasure at their youthful games. In this effect he was assisted by a certain bustle which his coming, at a late hour, made. The undergraduate hosts forced the note of welcome which ordinarily kept Kent from the house. To-night he minded it less than he had ever done before.

"Where 's your girl?" some one shouted.

Kent answered in a tone which was meant to hint that he was above and beyond all trifles. "I had to come stag. There 's always work for idle stags to do. Let me comfort the wall-flowers."

"But there are n't any wall-flowers," said another undergraduate.

"Felicitous occasion," Kent observed. "Then I 'll scramble for the extras."

He stood at a door of the ball-room and watched a waltz. Coming in cold blood, he felt at first that the merriment was exaggerated. Laughter rose from the dancing-floor in a tumult. In the crowded center of the room girls gave little cries of excitement. Around the edge muscular young men raced their partners. The dancers, weaving in and out, traced a pattern that confused Kent by its rapid complexity. Gradually, however, the music invaded him and roused him. He wished he could slip dexterously into the revolving current and lose himself there. As there was no girl available, he had instead to stand aside with what bearing of philosophical detachment he could command. Another coldness succeeded his warm impulse. Almost instantly it was followed by an access of the depression which had lately haunted him.

He caught sight of Margaret Peyton, whirling past him in the arms of one of the muscular young men. She surprised him by the rich darkness of her coloring, which he did not know was heightened by her yellow gown. Her cheeks were flushed from her swift motion. Her curls had escaped from the bondage which the mode prescribed. Her eyes alternately flattered and mocked her companion. And in her dancing was what did more to complete Kent's melancholy than any of these details. She did not move like a creature who voluntarily devoted herself to this amusement. Rather, she seemed like a creature native to rhythm, who might spend much of her time in unrhythmical surroundings, but who was most at home when she could, as now, dance like a mote on a ray of music. No wonder Kent became more aware than ever of his own solid substance, and no wonder he told himself that his substance was hopelessly inert. Unconsciously he sought to compensate himself by posturing again as a sage who, removed by experience from such naïve enjoyments, nevertheless could look upon them with a charmed and charming sympathy.

The dance ended, with a noisy clapping of hands for an encore. The orchestra pointedly turned its backs. The dancers scampered for the chairs along the wall. Margaret Peyton came up to Kent.

"You did get here, did n't you?" She had remembered.

"Late as usual." Kent wanted to convey a sense of rival engagements elsewhere. "I suppose I 'm too late to have a dance with you."

"Oh dear, I 'm afraid so. My card 's all filled out."

"I never have any luck."

She did not comment upon his ill fortune, but introduced her recent

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partner, who appeared less formidable to Kent than he had when dancing. He was a very young man, not quite at ease unless in motion.

"I 'll give you the second half of my next dance with Miss Peyton," he said magnanimously. "It 's the twelfth."

"Taken." Kent seized the opportunity. "And thank you. I 'll do as much for you, if I ever have the chance." He suspected that he spoke with too great fervor.

Another couple pounced upon the girl and her very young man. They argued about some point of which Kent could not make out the meaning. He felt superfluous, but did not know how to withdraw. Once more he put on his rôle of interested spectator.

The leader of the orchestra beckoned to one of the dancers and whispered to him. The whisper was transmitted to the gathering in a shout.

"The next dance is an extra extra. The Lady's Choice."

In the hubbub which followed, Kent started to slip out of the room, unwilling to endure, in his pride and wretchedness, the humiliation of being passed over. But Margaret Peyton gaily turned to him.

"Will you dance this one with me, Mr. Morrow?"

The rôle which Kent had put on slipped from him as if it had never been. After one second of bewildered incredulity, all the conflict and division in his nature vanished. Joy came up in him and filled him. He did not even realize that he was joyful, so far was he from being a critic of his mood. This was a triumph without a sting. The touch of the girl was wine and honey, myrrh and amber, violet and sunlight and south wind. Yet despite the lift of all his senses, whatever was most himself had been lost in her. He was but the happy channel through which his rapt enthusiasm flowed. He danced without once thinking whether he did it well or badly. It meant nothing to him that they two were jostled by the others. The others had no more existence for him than ghosts for an unbeliever. As the dance continued, Kent had a sensation which was perfectly new to him and yet did not, at the moment, astonish him. The floor melted beneath his feet, the walls of the room now pressed against him and now retreated to an immeasurable remoteness, the whole universe tipped and spun. Nothing was real, not even the girl and he, except the steady, throbbing rhythm by which they moved. And the rhythm was something of which the audible music was only a faint shadow.

§ 5

That wave had, of course, its trough, though the sea of Kent's life ran higher in the ensuing days than it had ever run before. Habit and will both fought against the emotion which dissolved him. Neither at first would allow him to phrase in his own mind the simple fact that he was in love. Something in him which was habit clung to his solitary customs. Every morning he would adjust himself without too much difficulty to his planned routine, and would even exult in the sense of satisfaction that it gave him. But every day saw him, as the hours passed, increasingly less satisfied. The bonds of habit would grow slack. His later afternoons and evenings were consumed with restlessness. In vain he tried to drive himself to work by remembering his contempt for wasted

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time. Reverie devoured his periods of study. The impulse in him which warred with habit invented excuses to which he yielded with a new alacrity. It persuaded him that he was worn out by the year's toil, that he must relax in order to do better work if not more work, that to the spring were due certain concessions of enjoyment, that his Mays, indeed, were numbered. He sought in companionship, with almost any one whom he might encounter, for a postponement of the surfeit of himself which he knew he would experience when next he was alone. The habit which he called conscience went on scourging him, but he came less and less to heed it.

Assuredly not habit and assuredly not will took him to Margaret Peyton's house the first time he went there, a fortnight later than the dance. She lived with her family in Burgoyne, on a street which Kent had no reason to use. When he set out to walk that afternoon, he had in mind another direction entirely, and had circled her quarter of the town before he quite realized that her nearness drew and held him. The realization did not come upon him gradually. One instant he was perfectly unaware of it; the next instant it was all he was aware of. Without so much as wondering at his quick impulse, he acted on it and went straight to her door, though with a leaping heart.

If she felt any surprise at his coming, the signs of it, so far as Kent's perceptions served, were lost in what seemed to be a friendly pleasure. Whatever they talked about sprang from no deliberate scheme of his. His words, light and casual, were but vaguely a part of him. He half heard them, as he half heard hers, and question and answer, observation and comment, went on with hardly more relation to his knowledge of them than if they had been the motions of the two in walking. The thing he knew was that deep in him was crying out to deep in her. Did she cry back to him? He could see no evidence. And yet he was at peace as he had not been since their dance together.

As he left the house he met in front of it the girl who had been with Margaret Peyton in the hotel dining-room, and to whom he had been introduced at the dance without hearing her name. Instinctively he greeted her in passing, catching himself, as he did so, too late to keep his salutation from a heartiness which there was nothing in their acquaintanceship to warrant. She smiled, glancing from him to the Peyton house and back again, with a look which almost simultaneously questioned why he was there, answered her own question, and told him that she knew.

The knowing glance suddenly disturbed his ecstasy. For half an hour, Margaret and he had inhabited the world alone. Now a single wordless guess invaded it as truly as if caravans of men and beasts had filed through, jeering. Sensitive with love, Kent saw in the other girl's eye the light of expectation. He foresaw that he would soon discover it peeping out of other eyes. The university was not so large but that any special notice taken of a student by one of her teachers would immediately become the seed of gossip. Kent winced at thought of the random speculations which would be exchanged, of the assumptions which would grow out of them. They would bind him with fetters which he could never break without multiplying

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other speculations and assumptions still less pleasant. This, then, was the end of his free movement. He who had held himself as aloof as a hawk must fall as helplessly into the springe as any sparrow.

Thus began in Kent a prodigious battle. Habit had played traitor and had let the cool pattern of his life be broken. Will still held out. Only at first, however, did it come boldly forward and challenge Kent's instinct face to face. Only at first did it point out to him that he had vowed to put off marriage till some securer time. To this bald argument there were a hundred answers. But the will of a young man to remain free of women is not only proud and stubborn; it can be very crafty, even where not too much craft is needed. Kent's will dropped speedily below the plane of argument and assailed him in another fashion. It tripped him with suspicions which he could not stamp out. What if this were but a brief madness, to be expiated by a lifetime of perfunctory marriage? Are there not, perhaps, black miracles as well as white? Had Nature merely baited her eternal trap with fine flesh again in the good old way, careless of the subsequent existence of her victims if only she might bend them to her service during their fruitful years? How could love survive if it had principally to bear burdens, and how could a lover endure to see it fade? Kent's will wounded him with reminders of how many men in his own community had slipped behind in their careers by reason of exigent wives or ailing children. It wounded him with threats of a future in which he too might have successively to give up one ambition after another, settling down at last to be the dingy tender of an inexorable garden. With what seemed like cold logic his stubborn will tore at him till he was on fire.

And yet these indecisions worried only the hours in which some barrier stood between him and Margaret. At other times, he went to her as a bee goes to its sweet hive. About his going there was a spontaneity he had never known in any other cause. He did not have to weigh his desires, because he had no desires opposed to his great one. His day's work could wait; bad weather was no matter; he had forgotten how to be tired; the sole boredom was absence from her. He would, he imagined to himself, have burst through any flame or swum through any water to her without counting any cost except the delay. And though there was neither fire nor water to hinder him, he still exerted nearly as much force as if all the elements had been her angry guardians. She laughed, once, when he cut into a crowd at a reception to reach her side, because he had come so violently.

"You 'll kill a patroness some day, going at that rate."

"I 'll kill all the patronesses, if you say the word."

"They have too hard a life already. I 'll not say it."

"I hope I did n't batter anybody. I did n't mean to. But I don't really care. If I 'd been a minute later, I probably should n't have had a chance to speak to you."

"Why not?"

"There 'd have been a phalanx of admirers all around you. I saw them coming."

"I did n't see them."

"You did n't look as I did. They were coming from all four points of the

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compass. They were coming from all forty points of the compass. Hundreds of them. Thousands of them. I had to beat them. I had to speak to you."

With this nonsense his tongue chattered, but his eyes burned. He felt within him the pressure of all his desires toward her, pressing with a strength which seemed infinite. She too must have felt them, must have felt, he hoped, the pride of being so unconditionally desired. Yet she neither drew back nor defended herself with any pretenses whatever. Instead, she met his hot gaze with a bright courage, a poised audacity, a clear confidence which were even more lovely than her loveliness.

It is singular, Kent being what he was, that he tormented himself so little with the question whether Margaret loved him. He somehow never seriously doubted that she did, or would. He could not have conceived, in his lover's fanaticism, that a worship like his could go unanswered. To conceive it would have been a lover's atheism. She employed no coquetries, invoked no jealousies. To him in his turmoil she seemed the essence of calm reason. He did not once credit her with rising and falling moods, with inner antagonisms. Though as he became aware of her qualities one by one he rejoiced insanely over each of them, she remained for the most part a symbol. His way to her led less through a mastery of her secrets than through the conquest of himself.

Was it in any sense his conquest of himself? Kent came in time to feel that his will had almost nothing to do with his decision. His will, indeed, held back, with however declining powers, but something more ancient and mighty seemed to drive him. So long as he could think that he was being driven merely by what was expected of him, he could resist it, or thought he could. Gradually he lost sight of that explanation. The driving force was too profound and terrible. It had grown up within him to a point which made it the ruler of his senses and his reflections. He could still struggle against the dominance of the impulse during the brief period in which he regarded it as something born within himself and nourished there. He fought the notion that any of his instincts could so far outgrow the others. Eventually his impulse not only filled but surrounded him. It was a stream which carried him in its huge current. It was a wave which tossed him upon the surface of an unplumbable ocean. Never before had Kent, to his knowledge, been out of his depths. Like a strong walker cast suddenly into the sea, he reached for a sound footing. There was none. The water was over and under and about him. The wave rolled and pitched him in what he was only the more frightened to recognize as steady, regular heaves. Something whispered to him that he would find peace if only he would let go and trust himself to the wave. To all his habits and his plans that was bleak treason. He must hold tight to whatever he had become by taking thought. He flung himself frantically here and there in the last expiring exertions of his will.

It was with a positive surprise that he touched his waiting strand.

He had come back from a stroll with Margaret through the companionable streets of Burgoyne on a soft evening of early June. At her door he tried to

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sum up the thing he had been saying.

"I mean, that is, I wish I could go along steadily and surely, like a perfect machine, but of course aware of whatever happened, without being too much troubled by anything. I hate all the floundering that most people do. I hate all their zigzagging up and down. I prefer level ground and a straight course. Don't you, really?"

If there was not night in her hair, he had never seen a night. If there were not stars in her eyes, he had never seen a star.

"No, no! I 'd hate any life that was so dull. It 's horrible to think of. I don't mind going up and down. Going up pays for going down. I want to take what comes."

These were her words, but to Kent they seemed to say, what he sickeningly feared to hear her say, that she had judged him and now shrank from his plodding kind. Bitterness was the mother and desperation the father of the speech which broke from him.

"Then you 'd never want to marry me?"

He could have gasped as he heard himself. A wild flutter of his will told him he was lost.

"I 'd rather do that than anything in the world."

A wilder flutter of joy smote him. He caught her in hungry, proud, fierce, shaken arms. Again, wine and honey, myrrh and amber, violet and sunlight and south wind. And a softness of yielding love. And a fragrance of answering love.

"Oh, Margaret, you can't actually love me?"

Even in his rapture, Kent marveled at the sure, unhesitating movement of her arms as she embraced him. She was as much at home in love as she was in music. He longed, also, for words.

"Oh, Margaret, you can't actually love me?"

"Oh, Kent, I actually do."

There was a wordless and breathless interval.

"How long have you loved me, Margaret?"

She leaned back, to look more easily into his eyes.

"Since the day I first saw you. How long have you loved me—if you do? You know, you have n't mentioned it yet. Some girls like to hear it said."

Kent protested in a repentant flood. "I must have loved you on the day the world was built."

"That is n't very original. But I like it. Still, you were very slow in making up your mind."

"Did you know I was in love with you?"

"I hoped it. I may have guessed it." She smiled, but saw he was too much in earnest to smile, and kissed him.

"Are you angry because I was so slow?"

"Why were you?"

"I did n't want to marry any one, and so I thought I did n't want to marry even you."

"Do you want to marry me now?" She seemed satisfied. "Then I believe I 'll marry you. You know, I don't mind taking things as they come. But how about the level ground and the straight course?"

Kent had the grace to look almost contrite. Margaret burst now into soft laughter. In the midst of her mirth, poised and yet secure, Kent somehow felt on solid ground.

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The End of a Cable

America's Long-Range Task in the World War

By James Kerney

Just before President Wilson set out on his first European peace mission, I had a long chat with him in the White House. For eight months of 1918 I had been in Europe as director of American information, devoted primarily to broadcasting among our friends, as well as to the enemy, the idealism of Wilson and the magnitude and unselfishness of our war effort. Likewise it had been my province to keep an eye on the political side of the war. While the mouthpieces of the Allied nations and their financial associates in America, cleverly operating through the multitudinous business and professional propaganda agencies, had been stampeding and instructing us and molding the sentimentalism and hysteria that bred our war fever, those in control of government and national effort on the other side carefully handed out for home consumption such colorful information as best fitted their political needs. It would not be possible to fight wars if the people were told the whole truth.

"We can't hope always to know exactly what is transpiring at the end of a cable three thousand miles away," Wilson said to me in early February when the suggestion was made that I go to France. General Pershing had been having mighty troubles with the politicians of both England and France, each seeking to head off a separate American Army and to force the splitting up of our units and amalgamating them into their armies, thus replacing and saving their own soldiers. The propaganda about Hun atrocities and Allied idealism was aimed at our hearts; behind the well guarded screen was the practical purpose of utilizing America as a great reservoir to supply the British and French armies and furnish replacements. There were intrigues against Pershing both at home and abroad. Clemenceau, then premier, had gone so far, in January, 1918, as to cable, over the head of Pershing, direct to Washington to urge that American regimental units be attached to French divisions, which request had been turned back to Pershing with full power. That action of President Wilson and Secretary of War Baker was in keeping with every act of the Administration relative to the conduct of the fighting forces. Pershing was given

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absolute control of the army, and, no matter what political or other pressure was brought to bear, there was no interference from Washington. Wilson and Baker had conceived and put over the national draft; it was their sacred purpose to keep faith with America by having the fighting men given the best of care. To Pershing was intrusted the difficult task of seeing that our troops were not needlessly sacrificed, and of seeing, too, that the politicians of Europe, in control of the armed forces there, did not side-track America. A less forceful man than Pershing, at a time when the whole world had gone war mad, could not have survived the political intrigue. Pershing was a genuine leader of men, who ruled firmly but with human consideration, as well as a skilful diplomat unafraid of the scheming European politicians.

Wilson's implicit confidence in Pershing's capacity and his unswerving support of the commander of the A.E.F. were among the biggest things of his career. Baker, despite his honest hatred of war, was equally insistent on having the fighting done by trained soldiers and upheld Pershing at every turn. In a public address, after the war, Pershing declared that no commander-in-chief in American history had been so loyally supported by his chief. That same wise and courageous policy was followed in the Navy, where Secretary Daniels displayed splendid qualities as an executive. It required first-class nerve to resist the clamor for favoring Roosevelt and Wood, and the variety of other demands of the war-time, but it was the Wilsonian determination to stand by every act of Pershing that saved our separate American Army and gave us a real individual part in winning the war. Wilson was disgusted with the British avarice in the transportation of our troops. Like Pershing, he made the best of a desperate situation. Without the Wilson vision and the Pershing determination, the war could not have been so speedily won.

Wilson's splendid loyalty to Pershing was never marred or disturbed by the political gossips at home. Grant had reached the White House solely on his Civil War record. Roosevelt's Spanish War venture was equally efficacious. And, within a few months after the landing of American forces in France, there began to be persistent whisperings in Washington of Pershing as a Presidential candidate. Wilson knew the possibilities that war afforded for the hero with political friends. But he never let rumors interfere with his support of Pershing. There were plenty of politically ambitious American warriors in France, but I quickly discovered that Pershing was not of them.

On my return, in November, 1918, Wilson was good enough to say that the confidential reports I had sent home had been most helpful, and when I suggested that he would find himself up against some very hard-boiled political cunning and intrigue in Paris he seemed aware of what was ahead. "The terrible thing about war is that the young manhood of the world is sacrificed to the stupidity of the politicians; it 's my business to see that that kind of thing is stopped," he bravely declared. Coupled with his supreme confidence in his persuasive eloquence, was an intense faith in his own lucky star.

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Wilson was especially proud of the fact that Pershing had so completely justified the implicit faith that had been reposed in him by America. We talked of the remarkable variety of Pershing's knowledge and of his sound judgment in disposing of the many problems incidental to war. His military accomplishments are safely preserved; some other doings seem worth recording. When the Allies, with their backs to the wall, hoisted their distress signal in March, 1918, and declared that troops must come quickly if the war and world were to be saved, the chief ocular evidence we had over there was the Service of Supplies that Pershing had erected for the handling of his men in a wholesome American way. Pershing had firmly rooted ideas of his own regarding the comfort of his army; he was not going to permit any wintering in dugouts or barren billets. He taxed the war-racked European patience by insisting that life was not our cheapest but our most precious possession, and was not to be wantonly wasted. Where his fighting men were concerned, he was what an old-fashioned New-Englander might term a good provider.

§ 2

But the story of building great docks, railroads, storage warehouses, telegraph and telephone lines—the making over of a land of unpreparedness—had not been spread in Europe. It was not even known, so far as publication was concerned, in the French neighborhoods where the work had been carried on. Secretary Baker had come to France in March and gone over the Service of Supplies. French newspapers had only given the visit and the giant operation the most meager publicity. An interesting side-light is the fact that in order to get the Havas Agency to send any news reports of Secretary Baker's inspection tour of the S.O.S. it was necessary for us to pay the telegraphic tolls. The Havas Agency is the news-gathering organization that occupies the same position in France that the United Press or Associated Press does in America. Imagine these press associations requiring the French Government to pay telegraphic tolls on the news reports of the visit of a French minister of war to America!

One way to get a comprehensive review of the magnitude of our preparations to practically all European centers was through the columns of the London "Times" owned by Lord Northcliffe. Restless about governmental red tape, Northcliffe had a British mission of his own in the United States as well as on the European Continent. Sir Pomeroy Burton, old-time New York newspaper man, who had spent a dozen years Americanizing the Northcliffe publications in England, was the Northcliffe administrator on the Continent. Burton, eager to coöperate, had spent three weeks in going over the American construction work. He put together, for European publication, the first newspaper story of our Service of Supplies. Burton's report was submitted to G.H.Q. at Chaumont for censoring. Next day, May 24, Pershing brought the manuscript to Paris. Those May days of eight years ago were not quite so placid as these. Although Pershing had been in Europe for a year, we still had no American Army. The British and

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French had urged that we send only infantry and machine-gun units; they would supply the rest. But Lloyd George and Clemenceau had successfully jockeyed and delayed until finally Pershing's insistence brought an agreement, on May 19, that the American Army should be set up on its own account and should take complete charge of the sector of the Woëvre, but the battle raging farther west was so pressing that the agreement had no immediate result. Pershing was swiftly diverting and deploying American troops to help stem the enormous German onslaughts. The world seemed upside down. It was not uncommon for him to travel three hundred miles within twenty-four hours by automobile. The very comfortable Ogden Mills home at 73 rue de Varennes, in the fashionable old residence quarter of Paris, had been placed at his disposal. It was there, and in the midst of most critical hours, that he patiently revised the Burton résumé and passed it over to me, with this brief note annexed:

"Dear Mr. Burton:

"I am handing this to Mr. Kerney, with whom I have discussed the article. In consultation with him will you please leave out any overstatements, and, after you both agree, you may let it go.

"J. J. P."

That was the beginning of a more open policy in the printing of figures regarding America. Things were moving faster since the alarm had been sent up after the German early spring drive in Picardy. With the coming of 245,000 troops in May we had eighteen divisions in France. And how desperately they were needed none knew better than Pershing. The Germans were punching terrific holes in the British and French lines. There was great urgency to find ways to stiffen civilian morale, as well as bring cheer and comfort to the armies on the western front. "Our troops out here, as well as the people at home, must be told and told quickly of what America is doing," General Gouraud, grizzled hero of many wars, had said to me in his headquarters at the front in early May.

In Paris those were especially melancholy days. The bombardment of the "Big Bertha" and the nightly raids from the air had completely shattered the nerves of that gay city. A few days later came the break through the French at the Chemin des Dames, and the fall of Paris seemed imminent. All the worthwhile art treasures were hurried to the south; so were the bank valuables. Paris was ready for another get-away. Upward of a million of the population moved out, and ample provision was made for every one in official life to go. I saw more than one fine Frenchman, high in the nation's affairs, weep great tears and declare that Paris could not be saved.

A special message that Wilson cabled, in response to an urgent request on my part, was spread over the front pages of all the French newspapers, and proved very heartening. The message read:

"American Embassy, Paris,
"May 17, 1918.

"Copy of Telegram
"Received
"4049 Blue Code.
"Washington D. C.,
"May 16, 6 P. M. 1918.

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"Amembassy
"Paris
"4049 May 16, 6 P. M., 1918.
Your 3790, May 4, 3 P. M.
"For Kerney. Following is message from the President requested by you:

"'The people of the United States rejoice to find themselves comrades with the people of France in a war in which every man who loves the right must be proud to take part. For more than a hundred years, they have desired the opportunity which has now come to them, to give the French people some proof of their gratitude and friendship. There is added now in their hearts a deep and ardent admiration of the heroism and devotion which the people of France have exhibited in this terrible final grapple between liberty and cruel force. Their hearts go with their armies to the bloody fields of gallant France. They are your brothers in a great and sacred common cause. Signed Woodrow Wilson.'

"LANSING.

"JWC/JRG."

In those tragic hours it was interesting to witness the flitting about, in an open automobile, of Premier Clemenceau. His big car had two shiny-helmeted soldiers in front, while the hardy old politician occupied the big rear seat, a flat straw hat cocked jauntily on his brow. He raced over Paris, apparently headed for some highly important point, but in reality indulging in a fine piece of theatricals to ease the nerve-shot citizenry. All must be well; they had seen the "Tiger." At Versailles one day he facetiously remarked that since discovering how easy it was, when in power, to hold the populace in check he had lost much of his admiration for the Napoleon legend. He missed no opportunity to appeal to the dramatic side so strong in the French character. He had declared, before assuming the reins, that at every critical juncture in history the government had failed the people; there was to be no slip-up in his administration.

Clemenceau left the heavy feasting to others in his official family, ate sparingly, retired about eight o'clock in the evening, and, then approaching seventy-eight, found seven hours' sleep about as much as he could comfortably use. It was a common practice with him to go to Marshal Foch's headquarters at the front and be back at the War Ministry by nine o'clock in the morning. These spectacular trips provided the very best kind of propaganda both at home and abroad. Clemenceau's physical courage was of the best and, had it been necessary, he would gladly have put it to the supreme test; but the truth is that a Great Headquarters is never exactly a seriously dangerous spot.

I remember asking a staff officer, at British G.H.Q. at Montreuil, whether they had many air bombardments there, and he smilingly replied, "You know it 's a sort of unwritten law that G.H.Q. is never raided." The risk was about as great as in the observation-posts from which kings and princes, attired in gorgeous uniforms, look on at battles. Who ever heard of a royal personage getting scratched in war, or after a war for that matter? But they do make perfect stage-settings; the idea appeals to the imagination of even democratic peoples. Clemenceau knew all the tricks, and he did not overlook any.

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"We have had the glory of saving the war; America will have the glory of finishing it, and we 'll both find it pretty expensive," he had said to me in late April. How prophetic! In those times of terrific upset, and later, Clemenceau saved the spirit of France just as much as the doughboys in June and July physically saved Paris from German invasion.

No matter how depressing the news from the front, Pershing always appeared to be in the very pink of physical and mental condition. There was none cooler in France. "How does a man of fifty-eight, with such enormous responsibilities and anxieties, keep so fit?" I asked Colonel Carl Boyd, his aide and intimate, whose sad death so soon followed the Armistice.

"Well, he takes a long run in the morning, grinds like a beaver all day, and not infrequently rounds it out by dancing with the Y and Red Cross workers in the canteens in the evening," was Colonel Boyd's reply.

Pershing was an exceedingly patient listener; his mind worked with a remarkable consistency. He carried conviction that his logic was good. There was no waste of words; just a courteous argument. When the decision came, it was convincing and final. His handwriting was bold, and he had a habit of making notes on small squares of paper. That "J.J.P." was familiar to all who had occasion to serve directly under or in association with him. One thing he always had, supreme admiration for and confidence in the American fighting man.

When the complete story of the big things he did for America gets upon the open record, Pershing will bulk pretty large as a very courageous statesman, too. Usually most courteous and reserved, he could be quite emphatic when occasion demanded. "Your commander-in-chief is very plain-spoken at times," Lord Milner said to me one day at luncheon at the British Embassy in Paris—a sentiment in which other distinguished Europeans will doubtless concur. There were trying hours for America's cause over there, when the mind and wit of Pershing were matched against the smartest diplomats, politicians, business magnates, and soldiers of the Old World. He got a close-up of the intimate part European statesmen play in actually directing wars, as well as bringing them on.

§ 3

Perhaps some day the history of history may be written and the whole frank story told of the rôles that propaganda and politicians play in getting the people stirred up sufficiently to stand for wars. There is a lot of competitive exaggeration about it. The British and French propaganda in America was easily the best; it appealed to the sentimental side. "The Allied propaganda," says Bertrand Russell, "through British control of the cables, secured wider publicity than that of Germany, and achieved a notable success in winning the sympathy, and ultimately the coöperation of the United States." The German propaganda was awkward and arrogant; it sought to terrorize, and America could not be terrorized. War has been characterized as all waste; there was doubtless enormous wastage in attempts to influence opinion throughout Europe. One time in Bordeaux I found that forty-seven separate pieces of liter-

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ature, including costly pamphlets and booklets, were being put out by the British alone. In a later conversation with Clemenceau regarding the coördinating of the Allied enemy propaganda, that versatile observer declared that he regarded the millions that France and Great Britain had already expended in their efforts to upset morale in Germany had been wasted. He reorganized the service by placing Paul Chaix, a very clever business man, at its head, and in the summer of 1918 everything that was sent over the lines was set up by German prisoners and had the appearance of being German-made.

Straight news reports, giving facts and figures concerning the magnitude of the American effort and the unprecedented speed at which our forces were functioning, together with the utterances of Wilson, showing that we were not out to exterminate any peoples, but merely to crush the militaristic idea, proved exceedingly effective propaganda. The enemy had been fed up on diplomatic arguments and explanations; they had little faith in the political material that had been sent over to them. General Ludendorf has told of the disastrous effect on the morale of German troops of some of the Wilson messages, setting forth that America was not fighting the German people, that went over the lines in the summer and early fall of 1918.

To any one having even an outside glimpse of the difficulties Pershing encountered with European politicians, there was nothing particularly surprising about the treatment that Wilson received in Paris. There was little faith in our idealism among the governing classes of Europe. With them disinterestedness never played a part in politics or international relations. And so they were good-humoredly skeptical of a millennium under American leadership. Wilson's much heralded principles were looked upon as excellent strategy in the stress of the war, when, as Lloyd George had remarked, the race was between Wilson and von Hindenburg. But that was all over now; what our European allies wanted was the last ounce of flesh. Almost before the victory had come the newspapers of England and France had cooled perceptibly toward America. There was persistent propaganda to belittle the American military effort, and there was a reversion to the original attitude that America had come into the war at the last moment in order to gather a fat share of the gains.

The shrewd politicians of Europe saw to it that the President of the United States had a great joy-ride when he came to put the finishing touches on his vision of everlasting peace. Wilson's disgust with Republicans made it impossible to have Elihu Root or any other leading man of that party accompany him, and his attempt to name only those whose "minds went along" with his own served to feed the opposition flames. It was but human that he should be carried away by the applause that the whole civilized world was showering upon him. There had never been any such wholesale worship of mere man. In the fullness of his glory and power, he would show Europe that he could walk with kings and keep his head. His recent rebuke by the home folks, when the electorate turned down his appeal for a Democratic Congress, was brushed aside, as

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were the crackling warnings of Roosevelt. Wilson was clearly fretted and fagged by the war; the ordeal of wholesale slaughter had not only worn him down physically but had been a tremendous shock to his Christian spirit.

And so Europe took on this confident idealist, and while the common people cheered and bowed and worshiped, the seasoned political warriors delayed and juggled and wore him out. A great palace was provided in Paris, precious gifts were heaped upon the household, and the Wilson entourage lived in regal style. Wilson personally wearied of the royal entertaining, but he never found a way to get around the schemes devised by clever old-world rulers to block his peace plans. They were no altruists; they were plainly out for keeping the balance of power that had produced the war. From the United States, the Republicans saw to it that the proper kind of anti-Wilson news was despatched to Paris, one of the widely known Washington correspondents having been engaged for that particular task. The Paris press, always under political control in foreign affairs, readily fell in with the trick schemes, and Wilson eventually began to make mild surrenders here and there, until he found himself outjockeyed by Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Sonnino. He took the best he could get in Europe, always striving to save his League idea, but when he came home he would take nothing in the way of reservations.

On his first hurried trip back to America, the Republican senators circulated a round robin, serving notice on the world that the Senate would not accept the League of Nations "in its present form." It was known, however, that with certain reservations there was a Senate majority in favor of the idea. But Wilson, embittered by the low political atmosphere he found in Paris, was more determined than ever not to accept a single amendment at the hands of the Senate. Any suggestion to that end he came to regard as a personal insult. Colonel House, the ever faithful adviser in foreign affairs as well as the affectionate friend, was unceremoniously dropped at Paris. Wilson had never so sorely needed the practical counsel of Secretary Tumulty, who had remained in Washington to direct the Government. His frequent cablegrams to the White House for suggestions and advice, as amply set forth in the Tumulty book, tell something of the pathetic struggle Wilson encountered over there. It was not easy to keep the Wilson show functioning and in order at the end of a cable. The tired President came home and, in a country-wide campaign to win support for the League, broke down. He never recovered his health, and his fighting and writing for peace will keep the historians writing and fighting for generations to come.

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A Surprise for Stanislav

By Joseph Anthony

A BELL clanged lustily as the train, incoming from New York and points west, snorted its way over the Milford Bridge. A great hubbub arose from a group of men gathered in the obscurity beyond the station lights. Signaling hats were brandished darkly; there was the ring of horses' hoofs on stone pavement, the clamor of rough voices, and, finally, the penetrating lilt of an accordion. In reply to all this, a lad with powerful shoulders, big black eyes, and an amiable smile that seemed several sizes too large for his mouth clambered over a heap of baggage in the aisle of the train and waved his hands wildly.

To Stanley, the excitement over his home-coming seemed not at all strange, for the crossing of the Milford Bridge marked the dividing-line between two worlds. It meant that the person known as Stanley Zabriskie, an instructor in philosophy in a little Mid-Western college, was to disappear in favor of Stanislav Zabransky, whose chief claim to notice was that he was the son of Michael Zabransky, shoemaker, storekeeper, and politician in the little Bohemian settlement of Creekville. It meant noodle soup and leberwurst in his mother's kitchen, in place of genteel roast beef in the Faculty Club of Corning College; the companionship of the shabby Czech cigar-makers among whom he had been raised, in place of the respectful attention of Corning freshmen.

There was nothing involved in any of these changes that was not gloriously acceptable to Stanley, but he was just a bit embarrassed at the noisiness of his welcome. After all, they were not home yet, and the sedate townsfolk would turn up their eyebrows at the excitement of this crowd of foreigners who looked as though they had never seen a train before. . . . But to blazes with the townsfolk! There, at the edge of the station, was the handsome buckboard of Mr. Kuss, the cigar manufacturer, which was taken out only on ceremonial occasions. And beside it stood good old Smetana and Komensky and Kavrik, the cigar-makers. And funny little Kobza, the tailor, crying lustily: "Stanislav! Ho, Stanislav!" And Stanley's sister Mamie, holding out her baby to greet him as the station lights drew nearer. And her husband, that clumsy giant Frantisek Kolar, whose face was a great grinning mask illuminated by the flare of a lamp-post, and whose creaking accordion did service now more as a signal-flag than a musical instrument. And—

"Vell, Stanislav! From what are you dreaming? You want maybe to ride a few stations more?"

Stanley turned with a start to find the burly figure of his father looming up beside him, like a ferry out of a fog.

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Old Zabransky had swung aboard on the car ahead, and now triumphantly held Stanley's suit-cases in his big red hands.

"Why, hello, Pa! I did n't see you!"

Michael Zabransky set down the bags for a moment and soberly shook hands with his son. Satisfaction showed in the glow of his broad ruddy face and in his keen gray eyes, as they searched Stanley from head to foot in a sharp appraising glance. As Stanley made a move to rescue his baggage, he was motioned away by a jerk of the old man's head. "Go!" said his father. "There are maybe one or two people waiting for you on the station."

Zabransky swung the bags down as lightly as though they were bundles of straw and followed Stanley across the tracks, his great girth shaking with every step. Mrs. Zabransky, smaller but only a little less plump, came forward now to meet Stanley as he reached the platform. She kissed him shyly, terrified of the lights and the inquisitive station loungers. Then, gathering her courage, she laid one arm on his shoulder and called proudly, "Mamie, here is your brother!"

"Ah, maybe you don't know me, now you are a professor from college!" cried Mamie as she tucked her baby tightly under one arm and swooped down on him. And now Frantisek Kolar, who was Mamie's husband, came forward joyously, waving his great arms as though he meant to encircle the whole group, and still play his protesting accordion. "Stanislav, it is so good to see you!" he cried.

"Tst! Tst! Tst! Here comes Mr. Kuss!" clucked Kobza, the tailor, excitedly, his white teeth gleaming through the velvety luster of his rich red whiskers.

A lean, matter-of-fact man was Mr. Kuss, the cigar manufacturer; a great man, second only to Michael Zabransky.

The group parted for him as he advanced smilingly, with his crisp black mustache closed about a cigar of a make somewhat better than his own. With him was his daughter Stella, who had grown amazingly since Stanley had last seen her. Tall, slim, and dark-eyed, she moved through the clumsy crowd with the poise of an ambassadorial hostess and greeted the new-comer with a merry, half-mocking laugh. "Welcome home, Stan. Have you put Plato and Aristotle out of business yet?" she inquired.

Stanley was much too dazzled by the suddenness of this apparition to be ready with a reply. He had remembered Stella only as a little girl with tousled hair and a very dirty face, running around noisily in Mr. Kuss's yard. That had been a long time ago, and Stella had been away to boarding-school since, but still—what a change! Before he could think of a suitable retort she was gone as swiftly as she had appeared, and now Frantisek Kolar was pumping his hand joyously.

"Ho, Stanislav, wait till you see the surprise they have for you! Only wait!" exclaimed Frantisek.

"A surprise for me? Tell me about it, Franty!"

Franty's mouth opened wide, but no sound came from it. His eyes had just met the commanding ones of Michael Zabransky, whose voice boomed out to him, "Then it would n't be a surprise no more, would it?"

The shoulders and arms of the big ungainly Czech collapsed, and he seemed about to sink into his shoes with the yielding motion of his accordion.

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"Go! Take care of your horses! There will be plenty of time for talk later," continued Zabransky. Tugging at Stanley's sleeve, he led him to the avenue, where Mr. Kuss's buckboard waited. He motioned Stanley to get into the rear seat, where Mrs. Zabransky and Stella were already installed, and the springs creaked as he himself climbed in at the front beside Mr. Kuss.

"Giddap there!" cried Mr. Kuss, and they went prancing merrily down the street. Behind rattled Mr. Kuss's delivery-wagon, driven by one of his cigar-makers and laden with the overflow party.

Stanley was gripped by intense curiosity as to the surprise that Franty had mentioned. But before he had gone away to teach philosophy to the youth of the Mid-West, he would never have dared appeal from a decision of his father as he did now. "Pa, what is that surprise that Franty was talking about?" he demanded.

Zabransky replied dryly: "You are a professor in collitch. Better you should tell me things than ask them." But he was not so angry as his voice indicated, for Stanley noticed that his head and Mr. Kuss's drew together, and Mr. Kuss chuckled at a whispered remark.

Mr. Kuss flourished his whip, and the black mares stepped out in answer. Behind them came the clatter of the delivery-wagon, then the strains of Frantisek Kolar's accordion again. Somewhere or other Franty had picked up the tune of that stirring song, "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes!" and he was showing off his knowledge with a vengeance.

The instructor in philosophy at Corning College blushed violently.

"Gosh, I 'd like to shoot Franty for that!" he remarked with fervor.

"Well, *are n't* you the conquering hero?" Stella taunted him. "You have n't seen the half of it yet. Franty 's got an American flag as big as a circus poster, and draped it all over your house."

"Why did n't he get a brass band and a squadron of cavalry while he was at it?" bemoaned Stanley.

Stella smiled. "I dunno about the cavalry," she said cheerfully. "But the band over at the factory was practising all last week."

"And you should thank your father that they did n't come to meet you at the train!" remarked Mr. Kuss. "It was he that stopped them."

"Such a liar! For my part the whole brass band could come, only they were practising for the surprise," replied Zabransky in high good humor.

That annoying secret! "*You* know what the surprise is! Come on, be a sport and tell me," Stanley whispered to Stella.

"I would," she replied, "but honestly, I don't know. It 's something terribly mysterious. . . . All the same, you like having a fuss made over you, even if you won't admit it," she added mischievously.

"Well, anyway, I don't notice *you* making a fuss over me!"

Stella flung back her head. "You certainly don't!" she replied. "I came for the ride. When did *you* ever make a fuss over *me?*"

The business of making gallant remarks to ladies was a new one to Stanley. But his interest was piqued by this changeling Stella who leaned over backward in her determination not to slobber over him; also, she was looking uncommonly pretty. "Well,

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I *will* make a fuss over you, any time you say!" he replied. "Shall I wiggle my ears for you? One of the freshmen at Corning taught me how. Or I might turn a few handsprings. Or—"

To Mrs. Zabransky, listening gravely at the other end of the seat, all conversations were to be taken literally. "Why do you talk such foolishness, Stanislav?" she interrupted. "Better you should play your violin for Stella. You brought it home with you—no?"

For the second time in the course of the ride, it was Stanley's turn to blush and Stella's to chuckle. "You *would* make a great serenader, Stan!" she remarked. "I can just see you on the back fence, with your fiddle under your chin and a philosophy book in your lap!"

"Well," Mrs. Zabransky defended him, "he *does* play the violin beautiful. You should hear him, when he used to play 'The Martyr of Prague March'!"

"There it goes now!" exclaimed Stanley, seizing eagerly the first diversion that offered. The accordion player had struck into the strains of a noble song of Czech independence, and for once that evening Stanley was grateful to his uncouth brother-in-law. Even the wiry Mr. Kuss and the stout Mr. Zabransky cut short the whispered conversation they had been carrying on in Czech, and listened to the swelling torrent of Franty's music, punctuated by the brisk clatter of hoofs.

Stanley's prayer was answered now when his mother changed the conversation. "I wish Franty would always play the accordion," she said. "Then I would not always think him such a fool."

They swung off the smooth macadam of Milford's main highway and along a narrow dirt road that was invisible in the darkness but was made sufficiently recognizable by its ruts and bumps. The realization that he was actually coming home again, the tingle of familiar far-away lights and sounds and scents, made him taste to the full the indefinable ache of homesickness at the very moment when it was being appeased. He sank into deep meditation, and came out of it sometime later with the remark, "Gosh, but it 's good to be home again!"

"Is *that* a way for a college professor to talk?" Stella joshed him. "Why, I thought the least you could say would be, 'It is indeed delightful to return to the domicile of pristine days!'"

"Well, if that 's the way you think I ought to talk, I 'll be glad to oblige. Maybe that 'd be even better than playing the fiddle for you."

"Or wiggling your ear."

"Very well, then. Empirically speaking, there is no tenet in epistemology, from Plato to Spinoza, from Leibnitz to Royce, that demonstrates conclusively the fallacy of ear-wiggling as a mode of entertainment. Wherefore—"

Stanley's mother fidgeted and regarded him with bland inquiring eyes. "Stanislav," she asked patiently, "why do you have to use such big words? I cannot understand you good."

Stella exploded in a merry peal of laughter, then, suddenly fearful that she might be hurting the old lady's feelings, threw her arms about her with an impulsive hug. Whereat Mrs. Zabransky, more puzzled than ever, shook herself like a bird smoothing its ruffled plumage, sighed, and looked out into the night.

They had come to the village of Creekville by now, as was attested by the flare of an occasional lamp-post or

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the dark outline of a sprawling frame-house. Stanley relapsed into silence, once more bathing himself in the delicious pervading sensations of home. In a little while he was brought back to the world of action again by the deep bass of his father's voice: "Well, Stanislav! You will come inside maybe—or you like it better out here?"

"All out! End of the line! Car going back to the barn!" Mr. Kuss added crisply.

Again old Zabransky had hold of his bags before Stanley thought of it, and was marching with short, quick strides to the house. Stanley felt a warm glow now at the sight of the lettering on the windows of the little building of faded yellow brick: "M. Zabransky. Groceries. Tobacco. Shoemaking." And, sure enough, he saw that a flag had been draped from his window on the second floor.

"Well, the conquering hero has been delivered in our midst," remarked Stella. "And what 's he going to do about it?"

Stanley grinned. "The first thing I 'd like to do," he answered, "would be to go for a good long walk to-morrow. Will you come along?"

Stella's anxiety not to give him any opportunity for developing too good an opinion of himself was painfully apparent. "Well, y-yes," she said hesitantly. "But I can't do it to-morrow, or the day after."

"Well, then, Wednesday."

"I 'll expect you for supper on Wednesday," said Mr. Kuss. "We will go now. You must be hungry and tired."

Again sounded Franty's accordion and a medley of gay voices as Mr. Kuss clucked to his horses and waved good-by. For Franty's crowd the evening was just beginning, and it was evident that they intended to spend it right here.

§ 2

As it turned out, Stanley did not have to wait until Wednesday for his meeting with Stella. Late the following afternoon, going for a stroll on the edge of the high ragged hill that overlooked the village, he found her there, seated on the trunk of a fallen tree. She was wearing a red and black dress with odd little bright-hued triangles that set off with a Gipsy-like touch the sober green of the foliage about her; and her well modeled, delicately colored face, meditatively cupped in her hands, was a study in still-life. He crashed through the shrubbery as noisily as possible, by way of announcing his approach, but still she seemed not to notice him.

"Hello there! I thought *I* was the only absent-minded philosopher around here," he called to her cheerily. "You look as though you were contemplating the sorrows of all the village."

The hands flew away from under her firm chin, and two big black eyes looked up, burning with wrath. Startled as though she had flung something at him, he stepped back a pace and looked at her wonderingly. She spoke to him, very slowly and distinctly: "You—get—out—of—here!"

Stanley continued to stare at her, searching his mind in vain for what mysterious insult he might have committed. "Why, Stella, what on earth is the matter?" he demanded.

"Nothing—nothing at all! Only it seems to me you 've begun a little bit early. . . . Get away from me, I tell you!"

Up to this point there had remained

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a lingering hope that Stella was only playing some new kind of practical joke on him. But there was no mistaking the bitterness of her voice, the tenseness of her quivering lips. "Begun what?" he asked.

"I suppose you 'd call it—making a fuss over me. . . . Get out, will you?" she repeated wearily.

Stanley did nothing of the kind. Instead, he sat down beside her on the log and waited until her dark eyes were upturned again, magnificent in their anger. "Look here, Stella, you 'll simply have to tell me what this is all about," he said. "I swear I don't know what I 've done to hurt your feelings."

The menacing eyes scrutinized him very carefully and wavered. There was a little catch in her voice, almost a gasp, as she questioned, "You mean to tell me you really don't know—what the surprise is?"

"Good heavens, is it anything as awful as that? Whatever it is, don't you think it 's about time you told me?"

Stella's hands dropped to the ground in a gesture of limp helplessness. She shook her head slowly. "I did n't think that was possible," she said. "But if you don't know, I 'm sorry—*I* can't tell you." Then, before he had had a chance to protest, she cupped her hands to her chin again, hiding her flushed face, and added, in a desperate staccato: "Well, I *will* tell you! The surprise is just this: they 're going to marry you off—in their good old European way—to *me!* That 's all—perfectly simple—no need to consult anybody about it—your father and mine have made the agreement—just a little surprise for Stanislav—and *I* don't count!"

Stanley could find no words that were long enough, or short enough, or anywhere near spicy enough, to express his feelings. "Gosh!" he said slowly, making the word sound like a terrible oath. "Gee-ee whillikens!" he added. "Do you really mean it?"

"Do I look as though I were fooling?"

And now Stanley found his philosophy quite as inadequate as his vocabulary. Stella's electric anger had communicated itself to him, and he retorted, "Then does n't it occur to you that *I* have as much right to be angry as *you?*"

A timidity that was quite foreign to Stella showed as she looked at him quickly, then turned her eyes away again. "I 'm sorry. You 're right. I never dreamed you were n't in on the whole thing," she replied.

"Where did you hear about this?"

"From Franty Kolar. I teased him to tell me, just for the fun of it. He overheard your father and mine, talking over their plans."

The picture of Mr. Kuss and his father, their smiling faces close together, whispering and nudging each other, flashed vividly in Stanley's mind. "And when do they think they 're going to do this?" he asked.

"At the meeting of the Sons of Bohemia, in the Auditorium, a week from Saturday. They were n't going to tell us about it until the very last minute."

"Phew! To think of *that* happening, in the twentieth century!"

"We were in the twentieth century when I was away at boarding-school and you were at college. We are n't now," Stella answered in a dejected monotone. "The main thing is to decide what we 're going to do about it."

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"That 's easy enough. We 're simply not going to submit to it."

"Easy enough to say now, but wait until you tell it to your father and I tell it to mine! You know what it means. They 're used to being czars over everybody, and they think they just *own* us."

His head swimming in a vortex of a thousand conflicting thoughts, Stanley looked sadly down over the gray-green hillside, and seemed to be watching his peaceful little world of Creekville float away from him forever. At last he spoke again. "Well, after all, there 's nothing we can do about the matter now. We have n't been told a word about this directly. And we can't very well refuse to marry each other until we 're told to."

Stella smiled ruefully. "There 's something in that," she said.

Stanley touched her shoulder gently. "This situation will straighten itself out; I 'm sure it will," he lied to her. "You 're tired out now, and you 'd better go home."

Meekly enough Stella took his arm and allowed herself to be led down the hill. Neither of them spoke until they had reached the outskirts of the village. Then a little of her old spirit returned to Stella, as she spoke up. "What I 'd like to know is which of us has rejected which. It 's a little confusing."

"Well," said Stanley gallantly, "it looks very much as though *you* had rejected *me*."

"I 've rejected you, all right, but you have n't proposed. I guess it 's fifty-fifty."

Stanley managed a wry smile. "Well, I *will* propose!" he said. "Just as a matter of record. Then you can turn me down, and all will be in order."

"Spoken like a man of chivalry, Stan!"

"It seems to me," said Stanley, as the smile broadened, "that we 're like two drunks I once saw—each one trying hard to keep the other on his pins."

Stella, too, was laughing, but it was like the laugh of an expectant martyr trying hard to tell herself that the joke was on the other side. "Well, anyway, let 's stay friends!" she exclaimed.

"Shake!" said Stanley, extending his hand.

"Shake!" replied Stella.

Just then they looked up and saw Stella's father, leaning over the picket-fence that railed his garden and watching them interestedly. A long cigar hung languidly from Mr. Kuss's lips, which were drawn in what seemed to both of them a satanic sort of smile. Their hands parted as though each had touched an electric wire of high voltage.

"Good evening, my boy!" Mr. Kuss called to Stanley.

"Good evening, Mr. Kuss," Stanley answered sullenly. Then, "Meet me to-morrow afternoon at three, at the same place—will you?" he whispered to Stella. "I 'm not coming to supper, of course."

She nodded, and Stanley walked away briskly.

§ 3

Stanley and Stella met at the appointed time on the following day, and on the day after that, and the day after *that;* but for all the problems they solved, they might as well have been attending a meeting of the League of Nations. In vain Stanley had tried to pump Frantisek for more information; the big Czech confirmed what he had already said, but, haunted by the fear of old Zabransky's wrath, pleaded and

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begged to be excused from discussing it further.

At last, on Thursday afternoon of the fatal week, Stella made the crisp pronouncement: "Look here, Stan, this has got to stop. We seem to be doing nothing but stall for time. You said you had a plan. What is it?"

"There 's only one thing to do," replied Stanley. "Your father 's been hinting to you that you 'd better go to New York and get some clothes, has n't he?"

"Yes, and he only grins when I ask him why. I could kill him for that, cheerfully."

"Well, *go* to New York—to-morrow morning—and stay until after that confounded meeting of the Sons of Bohemia. And I 'll slip away to Milford and stay with my friend Harry Johnston. We can start at five o'clock in the morning, so there won't be any questions asked about our taking baggage, and you can catch the six-o'clock train."

"Agreed!" exclaimed Stella. "There will be fireworks afterward, but—"

"Let there be!" said Stanley grimly. "We 've got to show 'em this is America and the twentieth century."

On Friday morning the smoking clouds that hung over the sleepy village were just beginning to drag the weight of the sun on their slaty backs when Stanley came up the lane that led to the Kuss's picket-fence, dressed in his brand-new suit of blue serge and carrying a much traveled bag. A slim figure in white slipped noiselessly out of the back door, the whitewashed gate opened, and another suit-case was deposited beside Stanley's in the road. He picked it up and plodded on silently, with Stella at his side, until the house was well out of range. "*Now* they can have their meeting of the Sons of Bohemia, and all the surprises they want!" he remarked.

"I left a note for my father to say I was going to New York to order some clothes, the way he suggested," said Stella. "He won't know there 's anything wrong until to-morrow. Something tells me his temper is going to be bad then. . . . By the way, he wanted to know why you did n't turn up for supper the other night."

"What did you say?"

"Why," replied Stella demurely, "I told him I was sick of the sight of you, and I 'd told you *not* to come."

"Well, I told mine," retorted Stanley, "that I thought you were a pie-faced minx."

"I did n't know minxes came with pie faces, but I don't care what you said, as long as you made it sound convincing."

A great billow of dust came forward to meet them now, as they rounded a bend. A farm-wagon on its way to market drew up beside them, and a husky voice called, "Hi there, want a lift?"

"Nope!" said Stanley emphatically.

The farmer looked at Stanley, then at the two suit-cases, then at the long road ahead, trying hard to figure out the psychology of a lunatic who would rather walk to town, with a heavy burden in each hand, than ride. He grinned as he whipped up his horses.

"Do you like the company of a pie-faced minx as much as that?" Stella inquired.

"Sure, if you can stand the sight of me another half-hour or so," he parried.

The half-hour or so passed rapidly, in spite of the suit-cases; and they found themselves now at a sharp turn in the road, shaded with stout beeches,

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just where it cut abruptly toward Milford Avenue and the station. Stanley set down his burdens to rest for a moment. "Guess we 'll have to say good-by here," said Stella. "We 'd better not be seen together at the station."

Stanley looked at her outstretched arm stupidly, as though he had never before heard of the strange ritual of shaking hands. Then he shook his head in a gesture of wry disapproval.

"Why, don't you want to—" Stella began diffidently. She did not have an opportunity to finish the sentence. "Good-by," said Stanley suddenly, and, flinging his arms about her lace-collared neck, kissed her lips squarely.

Stella struggled to free herself, but with no tremendous display of violence. "Good-by, Stan," she answered, smiling.

Unreasonably, Stanley corrected himself. "I did n't mean to say good-by at all," he said. "What I meant was hello." By way of an exclamation-point to wind up the sentence, he kissed her again, more emphatically. A long while later, still holding her, he stepped back a pace, and they carried on an absorbing conversation with their eyes. At last his serious look gave way to a smile of triumphant discovery. "You and I will have to call another conference, right now!" he announced.

§ 4

And so it happened that Stella did not catch the train, though they still had a good ten minutes in which to make it. Instead, she marched with Stanley right past the station, and along Milford Avenue to the big marble court-house, where, atop the stone steps, she sat on one suit-case while Stanley sat on the other, and they both waited patiently for the big carved door to swing open.

"What I 'd like to know," said the always inquisitive Stella, after their marriage-license had been issued, "is who wins in this battle—the old folks, or we."

But as it developed, the answer to Stella's question was one of those things that depend entirely on one's philosophic point of view.

Since twenty-four hours had to elapse between the issuance of the license and the wedding ceremony, Stanley installed Stella in a room at the Milford Arms that night, himself seeking out the home of Harry Johnston. On the following afternoon, having been married by a benign justice of the peace, with the excited Harry doing service as best man, Stanley joined his bride in her room, and, though there were two chairs in evidence, sat on one of the uptilted suit-cases while they held still another of those enjoyable conferences.

There came a mighty crashing on the door, and, in response to the call of, "Come in!" the tremendous form of Michael Zabransky loomed up in the doorway, with the silent Mr. Kuss and his perpetual cigar following in its shadow.

"So-o!" Zabransky thundered. "You ask no questions—no permissions—no nothing—you get married! . . . Well, Stanislav, that is the way your mommer and me *we* was married, in the old country." He advanced upon Stella, picked her up, chair and all, and kissed her resoundingly.

"When the justice of the peace he called me up to tell me," Zabransky continued, "I said to Mr. Kuss, '*That* is the way for a man to do; hey, Kuss?' Only one thing: you must not spoil our

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celebration. That must not be. Pack up your things quick! We have a surprise for you, in the Sons of Bohemia."

Stanley was gripped by a disturbing doubt. "Have you *still* got a surprise? You 'll simply have to tell me what it is!" he demanded.

Zabransky listened with mild wonder at the intensity of the speech, then scratched his head, and, smiling, addressed his comrade: "Here is a married man, Kuss, and he is still excited over surprises, like a school-boy! . . . Well, I will tell you. The Sons of Bohemia bought for you a big gold watch, all engraved with your name. But now you are just married, and that would not do—it must be a present for your wife, too. So we sent quick to Milford for a clock, a nice one with a statue on it, and the watch, I am paying for that."

"Pa, on your word of honor, *was n't* there anything more to the surprise?"

"My word of honor you want yet? A gold watch for a present, that was not enough of a surprise? I do not understand you. What more should there be?" There was no doubting the genuineness of his wonder, as he turned inquiringly to Kuss.

Stella had turned pale. "But Franty said—" she began hesitantly.

"Frantisek? What has that big fool done now? What did he tell you?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all, Pa," Stanley replied on behalf of his bride. To Stella, who looked as though she had just touched the door of a lion's cage and found that it was open, he whispered: "That 's the most wonderful mistake old Frantisek ever made! I 'm going to find the biggest gold watch in the world and present it to him!"

The taciturn Mr. Kuss spoke up at last. "Ah, Zabransky," he said feelingly, "when we were saying that time how nice it would be if these children were married some day, who would know it was going to be so soon?"

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The Man from Next Door

The Mexican Who Is Filling the Cheap Labor Vacuum

By Charles A. Thomson

ANOTHER Mexican war is on, and in the American Southwest again. But this time it is a fight for the Mexican, not against him; the prize of battle is the strength of his good right arm. From Texas to California extends the combat-line; and it is Americans—cotton-growers, beet-growers, fruit-growers—who are doing the fighting, while the man from next door, a little puzzled perhaps, enjoys the novel rôle of bystander at a struggle of which he is also the much desired booty. His unique position entitles him to sympathize with Helen of Troy, had he ever heard of that piquant lady.

A young Mexican entered an employment office in an Arizona town.

"Want a job?" asked the clerk.

"*Sí, señor.*"

"Well, listen," was the jerky response. "Agents for the Alaska fisheries are in town and have already signed up five hundred Mexicans. We don't want them to leave, for we need them in the cotton. Tell all the Mexicans you can find to-day not to go. Tell them that in Alaska they will make them work hard, and will not give them what they promise. *Sabe?*"

"*Bien,*" responded the Mexican, and that day he faithfully followed the trail of the Alaska agents. When they stopped talking, he took the stump, and their propaganda proved fruitless. So ended one skirmish—Arizona against Alaska—in this new war.

Now the area of conflict is extending eastward and northward, for the number of those who want the Mexican is steadily increasing. In these days one need not go to the Southwest to meet him. A glance from the car-window in Pennsylvania or New York is likely to fall on a succession of blurred olive faces, alined along the track. In the kingdom of railroad ties a new hierarchy is displacing the Slav; the Mexican is rapidly becoming the railway track laborer *par excellence.*

A beet-field, its plumed rows suggesting an expanse of sprouting helmets, be it in California or Iowa, Colorado or Wisconsin, is almost sure to produce a crop of Mexicans before the season is over; they are the favorite labor of the sugar-growers. In Chicago, the Mexican is displacing the negro in the steel-mills and stock-yards. European immigration has been restricted, but the cheap labor vacuum that is thus created is quietly sucking the Mexican out of the Southwest and into the North and East. Soon the man from next door may actually live next door to many of us.

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§ 2

But who is the Mexican? Perhaps we had better say the Mexican laborer, for it is he in whom we are interested; the middle- and upper-class Mexicans who enter the United States are relatively few.

This, possibly, is the picture which first comes to mind: "An individual with a broad-brimmed hat called a *sombrero;* sometimes barefoot, but always very dark, very dirty, and very dangerous; can neither read nor write, has revolutionary tendencies, is very lazy, does things *mañana* and speaks a queer jargon, which is not pure Spanish, because unintelligible to the American who has learned the real thing out of a book." Such is the ironic sketch a Mexican newspaper gives of the American's idea of the Mexican. It is a cartoon, of course, rather than a photograph, for an eccentric picture of the Mexican is a common American failing.

Another easy answer to the question is to call the Mexican laborer an Indian. Of course this is true, as far as it goes, for the peon who crosses the Rio Grande is wholly or largely Indian in blood. But the trouble is that there are Indians and Indians. Pancho Villa was partly Indian; but entirely so was Benito Juárez, the beloved Lincoln of Mexican history. The reservation residents of the United States are Indians; but Indian was also that mysteriously brilliant race whose richly sculptured cities lie hidden in the tropical wilds of Yucatan and Central America. And to-day a Yaqui is not a Zapotec, nor is an Aztec a Maya.

To call a Mexican an Indian is not to tell us who he is or how he will act. But if he is to become a resident of the United States, we are really most interested in how he now behaves, and will behave, as an actor on the American scene. To understand and evaluate him, we want not so much an ethnological as a behavioristic description. The key to his behavior in the future will be found most readily in his behavior in the past. What kind of person *has* he been and why?

In all of his history he has been a poor man. He has not been numbered among the select few thousand who have held the land of a nation of fifteen millions. He has always been of the have-nots, of the non-owning. Property has not dignified his life. Von Humboldt in 1803 estimated that the daily wage of the Mexican laborer was barely sufficient for the necessities of existence. But since then his wage has not kept pace with the advance in cost of living, and has even fallen behind.

So he is, and has been, undernourished, and that not only physically but also mentally and spiritually as well. Like the poor of all the earth, he has been unprivileged and uneducated. The schools of Mexico have not been for him. With a discerning eye, as his pottery and blankets and folk-songs testify, but bowed down by the burden of toil, he has seen only dimly

"The world,
The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises."

Possessing an appetite for beauty as well as for bread, he has got from life a little corn, a few beans, a hut, with the satisfaction of sex, and work, much work—little else.

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Can we wonder, then, that on his first American pay-day, in the fall perhaps, he buys a flaming silk shirt instead of an overcoat, a victrola instead of a load of coal, an enlarged photograph of himself and his family instead of an English dictionary?

"The ambition of the average Mexican laborer," says one recent commentator, "is a five-gallon hat, a package of cigarettes, and a bowl of *chile con carne*." Apparently a derogatory statement; and yet what ambition more natural for one who never has had enough of food or ease or adornment? What unprivileged group in all history but has first sought material goods and then from them has gone on to a desire for higher social values? The Mexican laborer comes to us from his past of poverty, with a capacity for hard work, with also a multitude of crude, untaught, unsatisfied desires.

He has been a poor man, we have said. He has also been a communist, not by dogma but by practice. Centuries before Proudhon and Lenin ever voiced their theories, his tribe held its common land, its *ejido*. It was community property, owned and worked by all. His family might also possess a small individual plot for tillage, a *tierra de repartimiento*, but this was held only on condition that it be cultivated; if it lay idle for two years, it reverted again to the tribe. Until the time of our Civil War, the system of *ejidos* held on; and in the days of Díaz when the communal lands passed from the possession of the tribes to the hands of the large landholders, the Mexican remained a communist in spirit, even though his only community possessions were poverty and serfdom.

He has never been an individualist, in the ability or desire to stand alone; he could not be. Private property, except on a limited scale, has never come within his ken. Personal accumulation has lain outside of his thoughts. It is his group, his tribe, rather than himself which has sustained him. And when something good falls to his lot, it is not to be hoarded, but shared, to be squandered, if you please, in prodigally and gorgeously generous fashion.

Not long ago the family of a Mexican laborer came to the attention of the United Charities in Chicago. Found living in a tenement almost bare of furniture, and sleeping on the floor, one of the first necessities provided them was three beds. All was well.

A few days later the visitor for the Charities encountered one of the numerous children of the family. "How do you like the beds?" she asked. "They are very nice; all our friends like them," was the ingenuous and enlightening answer. And investigation disclosed that the beds had transformed the household into a friendly hospice for all needy Mexicans in the neighborhood, and the children had returned to their former sleeping-place on the floor. Practical, unthinking, open-handed communism of this sort does not result in thrift; on the other hand, it does flower in a charming and genuine generosity of spirit, often the despair of the social worker, but the delight of the philosopher.

Then, also, the Mexican laborer comes to us a graduate from a society of authority. Long and exacting has been his period of tutelage. During all the days of the Spaniards, for the three centuries of the colonial epoch, the yoke rested on his neck. He was a bondman, rightly and righteously so because unquestionably of an inferior

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race; with great gravity and deliberation the reverend theologians even debated whether the Indian really had a soul. Obedience and submission were the highest virtues taught by the new religion brought to him from Spain. The church of Him whose yoke was to be easy only fastened the collar more tightly on the peon's shoulders.

The period of "independence" arrived, but it brought no alleviation for the laborer. The *amo* or master, the priest, the *jefe político*, still remained the ruling trinity of his limited existence.

So he has been one who accepts, who endures, who submits. Occasionally passion flames, and we see revolt and violence and blood. But afterward the gray ashes reign again.

"Rooted to the land like a tree," as Felipe Carrillo described him, he has never been an active participant in the social process. He has always been passive. He has never really tasted democracy. Frank Tannenbaum testified truly, "Mexico has been a country without social organization." And so until the modern labor movement came over the horizon—and as yet it has not entered intimately into the life of the great bulk of agricultural laborers—he has not known the meaning of organized group life. The give and take of discussion, the coöperative sacrifice of team play, the interweaving of opposing currents in what Miss Follett calls "creative conflict," have not been of his world. He knows how to obey, sometimes how to command, but rarely how to play the partner.

From his age-long school of authority he comes to the United States; and American employers like him because "he does n't make trouble"; "he takes orders"; "he is not uppish." Occasionally his knife flashes out; but that is usually the result of intemperance on his part or injustice on another's. Submission is not eternal. Yet this graduate from autocracy does not forget his lessons easily; and his gentle courtesy, his quiet patience, linger long in the memory.

Lastly, we remember that the Mexican laborer has been a villager. Four fifths of Mexico's population live outside of the cities, large and small. The life-frame of our peon has been a huddle of adobe huts along a dry puddle-pocked street, a shop or two, the *pulquería* where he forgets this world, and the church with its lifting *campanario* where he dreams hazily of the world to come. Around stretch the fields of his daily labor, and, beyond, the hills of mystery and color.

He has lived the simple life. He has known one landscape, but that intimately; few people, but them well. His contacts have been limited; his problems neither new nor novel, for they were the same as his father's. Like all villagers he has been a conservative, accustomed to and comfortable in the old ways.

But he crosses the Rio Grande and jumps three centuries. The Egyptian plow gives way to the tractor. His methods of handiwork, the technic for individual and beautiful work which shows itself in his baskets and blankets, fall before the onslaught of machine production. Finding often only seasonal employment, he slips his anchor and learns to drift. Sometimes he becomes a derelict in the vast sea of industry, drawn here and there by whatever economic currents are strongest. The whirlpool of the cities

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lures him; and there, caught, bewildered, dizzy, amid a multitude of new laws, new conditions, new customs, he is in danger of having the life battered out of him. He looks helpless; he *is* helpless, for he is far from harbor. Sometimes he lands in jail, about as often for ignorance of the law as for other cause. Sometimes he falls prey to one of the petty pirates of modern business, who is not averse to exploiting his ignorance. His first touch with civilization is a slap rather than a caress, and for a while he is dazed.

So he comes to us, on his humanity the stamp, the impress, of the society which has made him what he is; with his industry, his faithfulness, his simplicity, his courtesy, his love of beauty; with also his ignorance, his inexperience, his crudity, his quiet docility and sudden fierceness. He is the product of Mexico; he is at the same time new material for America. We wonder if one, two, three generations of America will refashion him; if he to any extent will refashion America.

§ 3

But to understand this man from next door, it is of value to know not only whence he comes but why he comes. What are the motives for leaving the homeland? Why does he abandon his beloved *tierra*, the bit of land which has borne and bred him, and fare forth into a strange land which he knows not? Why is it that he comes?

To put it quite simply, he comes to us because he wants to come, and also because we want him to come. The urge in him to emigrate may arise from several causes. In the past, roughly the decade 1910–20, he moved to escape revolutions, with all their disorder and insecurity for himself and his family. It is not easy to play the rôle of sacrosanct spectator at a Mexican revolution; bullets are no respecters of persons, nor are booty-seekers. An army in Mexico not infrequently lives off the country, and all within reach are privileged to contribute to its sustenance. Needless to say, it does not enrich its vicinity. It relies on the country, not only for its food, but also for recruits for its files. And the Mexican who does not long to go soldiering may discover a desire to go wandering to the United States.

In these days peace largely reigns in Mexico. But our friend Juan still finds himself turning his eyes northward. To his little village in Chihuahua or Zacatecas or Michoacán returns his old friend Manuel, with the testimony that wages north of the Rio Grande are not a peso or a peso and a half silver, but three or four dollars gold. His words have weight, for does he not bring tangible evidence with him? Instead of the usual blouse and pantaloons of cotton *manta*, he is wearing a suit of aristocratic woolen, and—what unrevealed opulence!—another suit of woolen rests modestly beneath the first.

Or there arrives a letter from Cousin Pedro in California, who announces that "Los Angeles is the best of all the United States," and "there are schools for the children, which cost nothing, schools for poor children as well as rich." Or Juan sees a moving picture somewhere in Mexico (almost all films shown there are American made); and when he observes, as observe he must, that in the United States the deserving invariably attain peace and plenty, a palace and an automobile, he feels the impulse to place himself within the

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range of such blessings. For one or two or all these reasons he comes to us; he wants to come.

But let us not forget that he comes because we want him to come; that is, because our industries and agriculture have sent him a Macedonian call, "Come over and help us."

The Mexican is the preferred of all the cheap labor available to the Southwest. On Oriental labor, Chinese and Japanese and Hindu, the verdict has already been cast; California has swung our national jury to an almost unanimous vote. With the exception of eastern Texas, the negro laborer is not easily accessible to the Southwest, nor is he desired. Neither has the European immigrant penetrated in large numbers to that section; and with the present restrictive immigration law, he is less likely to do so now than in the past. There remains but the Mexican.

So from Texas to California the Mexican reigns. The president of the Arizona cotton-growers announces, "The Mexican laborer is an economic essential for us." The Texas ranchers fear and fight the inroads made on their labor supply by the Colorado sugar men. The railroads bring the Mexican to California as a track laborer, and lose him to the orange or the grape or the walnut growers. His labors are at the basis of that pyramid of economic prosperity which the Southwest so proudly displays. He is the inconspicuous and apparently pygmy Atlas on whose shoulders rests a large share of the burden of that imposing structure. "We cannot get along without the Mexican," is the universal chorus. Last spring the delegates of the chambers of commerce of this region, assembled at Douglas, Arizona, not only strongly opposed the further restriction of Mexican immigration, but even advocated the removal of some of the existing restrictions, such as the ten-dollar visa-fee and the eight-dollar head-tax. They stand for unrestricted immigration. The Mexican comes to us because we want him to come.

§ 4

But now what of the future? In July, 1924, by the Johnson Bill, we put European immigration on the quota basis, with the result that during the first year of the law's operation, the total immigration decreased sixty-eight per cent. from the year previous; and in the field of common labor a deficit actually resulted, fifteen thousand more unskilled laborers leaving the country than entered it.

Yet our industrial needs are increasing, not decreasing. Can improved machinery as yet do all of our dirty work? If not, we are faced with the question, "Whence shall we draw our unskilled workers?" The negro and the Mexican offer us the most easily available present answers. The negro is with us, and there now exists no quantitative restriction on the immigration of the Mexican. But already rumbling protests are sounding against the man from next door; voices are asking, "We have closed the front gate; why leave the back one open?" The question of Mexican immigration is forcing its way to the head-lines of our interest.

Two points of view are already claimant, the one of Prejudice, the other of Profit. Says Prejudice: "The Mexican is an Indian, wholly or largely. Therefore he does not belong in a white man's country like the United States. He is a natural-born bandit and will undermine our American

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structure of law and order. He is a cheap laborer and undercuts the American working-man. He should be excluded; let 's slam the door at once."

Says Profit: "The Mexican is the cheapest labor we can get. To any other worker we must pay larger wages; that we cannot afford to do. We can make money out of the Mexican; and the greater the supply of his labor, the smaller wage do we need to pay. Therefore let us have unrestricted Mexican immigration."

But is either of these points of view, both of which are increasingly vocal, sufficiently comprehensive for an intelligent attack on this question? Is either prejudice or profit likely to show us the way out of the present difficulty?

More and more it is evident that any adequate solution of this problem should be projected from at least two pillars. First, the solid support of all the facts of the situation, which a scientific and impartial survey would reveal. Second, the equally necessary support of Mexican coöperation, without which the enforcement of any new immigration policy would be difficult.

No one knows exactly how many Mexicans now live within the United States; estimates vary from five hundred thousand to two million. Granted that our industries need the Mexican, no one knows how many laborers they normally require, to how many workers they can pay a living and relatively stable wage. No one knows how rapidly or how effectively the Mexican is finding his place in the American scheme of things, nor precisely which are the factors that retard and which accelerate the process of his adjustment to the conditions of American life. "Our ignorance about the Mexican is colossal," remarked one of the best informed sociologists of the Southwest. Should one of our research foundations finance a careful and complete study of the economic and social position of the Mexican in this country, it would furnish the fact-material from which to fabricate an intelligent immigration policy, and render an inestimable public service.

But the solution of this problem demands also the coöperation of Mexico. Immigration takes place along an eighteen-hundred-mile border, entirely artificial save for a shallow stream; and this is easily forded for nine months of the year. Patent it is that the Rio Grande can be crossed much more easily and cheaply than the Atlantic Ocean, and consequently the human tide flows back and forth with far greater frequency. Immigration brings to us thousands of laborers, but it takes the same number of Mexican citizens from Mexico. Without Mexican coöperation any immigration policy we devise may be most difficult of enforcement; with that coöperation adequate enforcement is more feasible. And after all, is Mexican immigration a purely American problem? Is it not, on the face of it, a Mexican-American problem? And if so, can it be successfully solved except by Mexican-American counsel and by Mexican-American coöperation?

Let it be said here that Mexico does not favor the emigration of her workers to the United States. The large employers, the leaders of the labor movement, the government authorities, all have gone on record deploring and opposing the loss occasioned to Mexico by the annual departure of so many of her laborers. Said one Mexican official recently: "If I had my way, I

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would erect a Chinese wall all along the border and not let one Mexican pass over. I am against all Mexican emigration. We need our strong arms in Mexico." Given this wide-spread sentiment on the other side of the border, if investigation should point to the wisdom of some form of limitation, restriction could be effected without international friction, provided no invidious discrimination were implied.

The invitation issued by William Green of the American Federation of Labor to Luis Morones, minister of industry, commerce, and labor in the cabinet of President Calles, to discuss the question of Mexican immigration points the way to fruitful possibilities. If the State Departments of the two countries can ratify in formal agreements the proposals which labor and other groups work out in coöperative counsel, are we not likely to call out thus the widest possible mutual support for any new policy? And further, shall we not establish by this procedure a precedent for considerate and even-handed justice which may mean much in future Pan-American relations?

The question of Mexican immigration presents to our students of social science, to our research foundations with their large endowments for social betterment, an opportunity to contribute to a constructive and not merely remedial solution of a developing problem. It presents to us, as a nation, the opportunity for a wise and friendly deed, which may prove to be one stone toward that solid foundation, so sorely needed to effectively support the fair superstructure of our frequent and airy expressions of good will.

Senator Borah, discussing recently a new Pan-American policy, had this to say: "What the world needs now is an example, a manifestation upon the part of some great power that it is really willing to do that which it professes it wants to have done. . . . When shall we start doing righteousness?" Have we in this problem an opportunity to start now?

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The Gravestone

By Amy Lowell

"That was a funny thing. I guess you were startled
Finding it that way underneath the stairs."

"Startled I was, and something a good deal more.
For I was thinking of nothing but my ball
And how I could n't say that I had lost it,
Not being allowed to play with it indoors.
I did n't want a licking or a lecture,
But mightily I wanted back my ball,
And fumbling round there in the dark I touched
Stone, shivering stone, a cold long stretch of slate,
Waist-tall, about, going clear down to the floor.
I hardly dared to trust the feel of it,
So I struck a match and there it was, a headstone
With writing on it, good, square, marching letters;
I saw that much before the match went out.
The dark was rather awful afterward.
Being twelve years old by our Bible, and a healthy chap,
I did n't really suppose that any one
Was buried there under grandfather's staircase,
But I could n't help thinking a little it might be so.
It might—and then I went and got a candle.
Of course there was n't any grave; the stone
Just stood there, leaning up against the stair-back,
Dusty the way old furniture is dusty,
House-dust, you know, not weather-dust, no rain
Had run its mark upon it, top to bottom;

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There were no bird-stains, nor snail trails, nor anything
Like creeper smears; it might have been a table
Without its legs, shoved out of the way in there,
But for the letters. They were plain enough,
And so I read them: 'Here lies the mortal body
Of Joseph Crocker, entered into rest . . .'
After that came a gap with nothing on it,
Where the surface was all neatly scraped and chiseled
So that the date was gone, but down below
I read again, 'Beloved Son of Joel
And Maryum Crocker,' and then there came some poetry,
A hymn, I think, but I don't remember that;
My mind was taken up with Joseph Crocker
Whose tombstone stood here like a table-top
Gathering household dust under the stairs.
I crept out, sober enough, as you may think,
And left the ball behind me with the stone.
A stone without a grave did n't seem religious;
It shocked me, and I could n't figure why.
I did n't like the fact of its being there,
With all the family going up and down
Over the legend of a 'mortal body,'
Which was n't there as it should have been, and should n't;
That would be worse, of course, and yet more fitting.
It was rather a nasty riddle for a boy
Of twelve, set down so in the family Bible,
And as the sixth James Crocker. But that was why
I knew immediately I could n't take it
As an omen or anything like that. I could n't
Recollect a single Joseph. We had Johns,
And Amoses, and Joels, and lots of others,
But not a Joseph could I bring to mind.
Yet it would seem that once there must have been one,
For people don't keep gravestones as ornaments

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With fancy names on them, at least, not now;
Perhaps they used to, that I did n't know.
I did n't like it anyway, and after a time
I liked it so little I screwed my courage up
To speak to grandfather. How well I see
The old book-room, with the October sun
Shining on gold and leather up and down
The walls, and getting a sort of extra spryness
From the crimson maple-leaves outside the window!
The fire, a sunny fire, crackled and tried
To burn with solar brilliance, and impress
As white a star in the balls of the brass andirons.
Grandfather was smoking and reading as he always did
Just before sunset until supper-time.
I sidled in and wandered round the room,
Staring at the book-backs I knew by heart,
And fingering the pistols Great-uncle John
Had used in Egypt on his famous tour,
And pretty soon grandfather saw me there.
'Well, Jim,' said he, taking his spectacles off,
'What do you want here at this time of day?'
That was a good beginning; I knew the signs;
Twelve years might say a word to seventy
When seventy laid its spectacles aside.
I ventured round the table and sat down
Gingerly in the writing-table chair,
And perching on its edge I said my word,
Somewhat in haste as doing a fearful thing,
And one not altogether warranted,
But which admitted of a subtle doubt
As to its perfect propriety.
Armed with this doubt to cover my intrusion,
If such it were, on ground where trespassers
Would not be welcomed, I advanced my query.

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'Grandfather,' said I, for I was in it then,
Committed to the hazard of even chances,
'Why do you keep a gravestone under the stairs?'
My ears sang in the silence that came after.
The ticking of the banjo-clock on the chimney
Was brass and fury banging on chill doom.
The fire roared like a great conflagration.
But grandfather put his finger-tips together
And carefully tapped them one upon another.
Then he looked up and smiled, and with a sigh
I settled my unbroken back against the chair-back,
Wondering a little, but vastly comforted,
And found the fire good, and the sun most pleasant,
And thought how pretty all the gold and calfskin
Book-backs were looking, and the maple-tree
Crimson-red, standing outside the window.
'So you 've found the tombstone,' grandfather was saying,
When I got back enough to listen to him
After considering the beauty of the world
And all its special attributes just there
And then, where I was at the moment sitting.
'It 's a curious tale, my boy, but you shall have it;
It will tell you something of your family.
You know, of course, we 're comfortably off,
Very well off indeed. Well, we owe that
To thrifty forebears. Prudence was their motto.
They saved their pennies, perhaps a bit too much
For modern notions. My great-grandfather
Was a certain Joel Crocker, a driving man
Who farmed this place and pulled good crops by force
Of will out of the rocks, and made them yield
More profit by double than his neighbors' land,
Or they themselves, could ever learn the trick of.
He worked the farm alone with his two sons.

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James, a steady lad, was like his father,
But Joseph favored his mother's people more.
He was n't wild or bad, but he hated farming,
And used to steal what time he could to read
Geography, always geography; he was daft about it,
Could name the cities of China like a teacher,
And tick off rivers as fast as you could count,
While as to exports and imports, you could n't stump him
Jumping all round the map. He used to draw
India and Asia from memory, and all the islands
That men then knew of in the Pacific Ocean,
And give them to his mother, and she would frame them
With bits of silk and ribbon from her piece-bag
And hang them in her bedroom. It did n't please Joel
To have him do it, but after all 't was better
Than hanging round the store where they kept a bowl
Of rum punch on the counter all the time.
So Joel said nothing, and Joseph made his maps.
One winter, James came down with a sudden fever.
Three days sufficed, poor chap, for him to turn
His toes up, and there was an end of James,
The very darling of his father's heart.
Old Joel was staggered; James was more than the apple
Of his eye; more like the eye itself he was,
The ripe, sweet kernel of his father's soul.
As I have said, Joel was a thrifty man,
And hated like blazes to part with hard-earned money;
But James, the rapture of his life, was dead.
He had not given much to James when living,
It had not been his way, but now he grieved
At things he did not speak of, only he went
A whole day's journey down to Nashua
To Jacob Crufts, the mason, and ordered a stone
Of fine blue slate to put at James's grave.

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Well, by and by, the stone came home, but somehow
Jacob had blundered at the name and carved
"Joseph" where he should have chiseled "James."
Old Joel was just beside himself to see it.
The whole stone spoiled and the money gone for nothing.
He loaded that stone into a cart at once,
Although the sun had just that moment gone
Down behind Greyback. He would n't wait for supper
He was so angry, but took it in a pail,
And jogged the night long down to Nashua,
And there he got at dawn, fussed as a rooster
All spurred and spanked up for a cocking bout.
Crufts was in bed, but Joel had him out
In no time, and standing with him in the street,
He damned and tongue-lashed very handsomely,
Not caring a brass farthing who might hear.
He told Crufts he had ordered plainly "James,"
But Crufts said, "No, 't was Joseph was the name."
Joel said that could n't be; he never thought
Of Joseph, never, and he always thought of James,
And more than usual now that he was dead.
Crufts did n't know anything about that, of course,
And said so with an acid sullenness;
Business was business, and his was making gravestones.
Joel, being a father, knew which son was dead
As he insisted. Crufts, a dogged man,
Replied that might be so or not, he could n't say,
But Joseph was the name was given him.
"Joseph 's alive," roared Joel. "That 's a pity,"
Admitted Crufts, "for it 's a handsome stone."
Joel said he would n't pay a cent for it;
Crufts might have it back; but Crufts declared
It was no use to him, which fact indeed
Was evident. Finally when they 'd been at it

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Hot and heavy for an hour or more,
Crufts was visited by inspiration.
"But you have a son named Joseph," he shouted out,
"And he 'll die some day; keep the stone for him."
Joel, indignant, pointed to the date,
"He 'll die some time," he said, "but not that time.
That 's passed." A quivering argument to plant
In the other's bosom. Poor Crufts scratched his head.
Then suddenly he swore: "By gum! I have it!
The date 's done shaller; I can cut it out.
You take the stone at half-price, and set it by
Till such time as it 's needed. And I 'll make another
And put 'James' on it right as a trivet this time."
So the bargain was struck with no great satisfaction
On either side, but the best that could be done.
The stone with "James" was set up in the graveyard,
And the "Joseph" stone put by for later use.
Now whether it was the presence of his gravestone
Here in the house, or the lonesomeness now James
Was gone, or what it was, Joseph grew moody.
He could n't stand the farm; he almost sickened
At staying on it; and one fine summer morning
He ran away to Portsmouth and went to sea.
He came back three years later for a week,
But after that he never came again,
And they heard at last that his ship and every soul
On board of her was lost. Joel was sorry,
Of course, but no one ever rightly knew
Which he was sorrier for, the loss of Joseph
Or the fact that now he could n't use the tombstone.
However, after his first grief was over,
He used to say, "There 'll be another Joseph
Some day, and they 'll be glad to have this gravestone
Handy, so they won't have to buy another."

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But he was wrong; there 's been no other Joseph;
It seems like flying in the face of Fate
To give a boy a name that 's on a tombstone,
As if you put him like money in a bank
Waiting until it 's called for. No Crocker woman
Would name a son of hers Joseph. No, Jim,
There never will be another Joseph Crocker.'
Then I, with all the bravery of twelve,
Rose from my chair and solemnly averred
That I would name my first son Joseph. But
I have not kept that vow, though I 've five sons.
Do you think my wife would ever agree to Joseph?
A bachelor is prodigal with vows;
Wait till you 're married, my friend, and you will see."

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Culture and Fatigue

Some Reflections on Museums

By Forest H. Cooke

Wherever we exhibit things that make for wisdom or beauty, there I take it is a museum. It should really be a "temple of the muses," but to most of us it is merely an expensive storehouse where we get tired. Having a genuine American's urge toward self-improvement, and feeling an amateur's interest in both beautiful and scientific objects, I have "done" a great many museums. At first, in those romantic days when I was willing to travel even as uncomfortably as third class, I devoured without discrimination whatever mental feast was set before me and accepted the resulting exhaustion which the word museum must call to everybody's mind as the necessary price of culture. Now in my softer, first-class days I begin to suspect that this should not be so. If museums really are temples, why should we not find rest there instead of fatigue? Ought they not to make for clarity rather than for confusion?

The first and most obvious defect of museums is the limp-rag weariness that follows a visit to them. A child could point out that this is in part a matter of poor ventilation and lack of resting-places. Usually there are either none at all or else uncomfortable, backless benches firmly fixed in that part of the room from which the treasures can worst be seen. In Independence Hall, Philadelphia, what was my surprise and delight to find almost comfortable chairs, but when I sat in them to give my legs a rest and my imagination a chance to bring back the homespun of the Revolution—for my imagination does not work standing—a guard ordered me off so peremptorily that I felt more like a naughty little boy than a signer of the Declaration of Independence. My first step in the making over of museums would be to provide plenty of easy, movable chairs.

Of course, there is a more important cause for museum exhaustion than the physical one. It is the mental confusion resulting from a superfluity of exhibits. There is always too much to look at. When an artist wants to show us the beauty of rough water he paints not a sea of whitecaps but a single wave. The Japanese, who have long understood this principle, show only a portion of their treasures at a time, and the Freer Museum in Washington follows this wise policy. What we most need, however, is occasional ruthless directors who have the strength of mind and skill to weed out all inferior or extraneous matter and box it, burn it, or give it away. How welcome such a man would have been in a museum I recently visited in the capital

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city of a neighboring republic; prominent on the main floor is the skeleton of the war-horse, pathetic in its gruesome insufficiency, which a half-forgotten hero once rode into the city, while hidden in a corner on the third floor is a painting of Ribera's, and in another corner as spirited a canvas of Sorolla's as that master ever painted. If the poor dead horse were decently buried and his grave filled with nine tenths of the rest of the collection, there would then be room off the sunny patio for us to sit in enjoyment before the lively happiness of Sorolla's painting, or in a graver mood and in a darker room feel reverence at the faith and courage Ribera felt when he portrayed his St. Sebastian.

Another cause of weariness is the poor classification of exhibits. I understand that the Metropolitan is unfortunately bound by the wording of some of its bequests to make this error, but occasionally for brief periods hangs its pictures right, to the great delight of its patrons. For children learn in a hodgepodge way and accept all without discrimination, but men must seek order and reason in the multifaria of life. It is the function of a teacher, whether man or museum, to point these out, to clarify and interpret, not merely to add tier on tier of isolated facts.

§ 2

Our civilization is becoming too much a quantitative one; numbers—and not in the sense in which Pythagoras studied them—determine our values. So we are fooled into thinking that a museum with twice as many articles in its collection as another is twice as good. But unfortunately our capacity for assimilation is limited. Our eyes may wander from piece to piece as our ideas flit from one idea to another, but this process actually prevents correct vision or real understanding. In vain do our poets and philosophers protest against this worship of numbers and urge us to delve into a few things rather than be misled by the appearance of many. We are captivated by externals; we are dominated by things. Our situation is like that of tourists who see and enjoy nothing because they are always looking out for their trunks and valises. We are slaves to our baggage. The problem before us is to develop a civilization more qualitative, where the stress is laid on excellence rather than on numbers, where we are concerned not with things but with their meanings. How can we become more aware of the presence, the significance, and the delight of beauty instead of being misled in an attempt to collect expensive experiences? Certainly if museums have any justification for existence it should be found in the help they give in solving these questions. They should be schools of beauty—in so far as that precious intangible can be taught; instead, they are dusty warehouses.

For the most serious charge I have to bring against museums is that they are often tomb-like places where glowing treasures are handled like mummies. Glass cases, railings, double locks, no air, no life. No sense of reality or use. The object never seen in its proper relations—as though even the most elaborate objects have much meaning except as understood in their relations to other things. Take for example the paintings of the Italian Renaissance, made mostly for churches. If you crowd them with secular matter, hang them in a garish light, and let a mob of wearied unbelievers pass heavily in

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front of them, they become dead bodies; the spirit is fled. Now and then a museum realizes this, as for instance the one in Dresden where the Sistine Madonna is given a separate, chapel-like room, to which setting the picture owes some of its effect. The Boston Museum also stands out as a delightful exception in this respect in its Chinese and Japanese section. In the courtyard, kept alive with flowers and running water, it is almost possible to worship the Bodhisattvas reposing in benign contemplation. I learned with interest that one of the most frequently asked-for photographs is that of the wooden statue of Kuan Yin, a superlatively beautiful piece, but not the kind which would ordinarily interest Westerners. An interesting experiment would be to determine if the statue would retain its popularity if it were removed to a crowded show-case in a room of Occidental style. Or take the Saint-Gaudens memorial to Mrs. Henry Adams in the cemetery in Washington, a work of absolute genius however exhibited; but we can appreciate it as we do because it stands over the dead, silent, lonely, hard to find, unnamed. I believe its influence is greater seen where it is by a handful of seekers than if it were half seen and defiled by a museum crowd.

When an object is torn by its roots from its natural setting, the gain in publicity does not compensate for the real though extrinsic loss it suffers. I sometimes think that an Egyptian obelisk would mean more to the people of New York if they could not see it dwarfed and lonely in Central Park. One of the delights of travel is that every shrine holds its unique treasure. You go to Delphi to see the Bronze Charioteer, to Olympia to see the Hermes. In the account which Count Keyserling gives of his travels around the world, a diary showing intense desire to know and unrivaled power of scrutiny, apparently he found the value of museums negative, for he mentions only one, that one being, curiously enough, the aquarium in Honolulu. Any one who has seen those watery show-cases of sparkling specimens can understand the thrill he got; but notice, the whole museum, if my memory is right, would fit into one of the larger rooms of the Metropolitan, and it contains nothing but local fish! But as it is appropriate and complete in itself, it is in its small way perfect. It displays Honolulu's treasure, and we should voyage to the tropics to see it. I wonder if this principle could not be applied on a smaller scale more generally. Instead of having all the treasures of a city stored together, perhaps there would be an actual gain in scattering them.

In the old days temples were museums. They were *stimmungsvoll;* their art treasures, reverently produced and given, were shown to best advantage. Later the churches took their places, and the Virgin and the saints accepted what was most perfect of the works of their adorers and protected them lovingly. But now most of us are Protestants and seldom go to church anyhow. What we find when we do is only an imitation beauty, a reminiscence of what our ancestors found excellent. There is pathos in our meager attempts to build cathedrals in America, because it is too late, the spirit is no longer there. The really handsome buildings, as we all know, are our railroad-stations and our banks, for these represent what is vital in our age. When one steps into the vast hall of the Bowery

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Savings Bank it is difficult to believe that money is sordid. There it is not; it is expanse and energy. Our school and college buildings also represent our aspiration for beauty, for Speed and Wealth are only two of the gods of our trinity; Education has its shrine, too. More and more we shall admit this and bring our art gifts to these places, and our young artists will have an increasing incentive. In distributing our works of art, every school, even the grammar-schools in the cheapest part of the city, should be awarded some treasure; each public library should contain some wonder commensurate with its elaborate façade; and every waiting-room, now the scene of how many idle minutes of dullness, fatigue, and ugliness, should contain some bronze so handsome that it will become a pleasure to miss a train.

§ 3

Sometimes I think there should be no formal museums at all. I cannot believe that Phidias's Athens used them, or that Benvenuto Cellini depended on them for inspiration for his salt-cellar. Should not each man's house be a museum and contain his best of wisdom and beauty? The other day a friend showed me an ancient volume bound in carved leather, carefully written and illuminated by the loving and painstaking work of some long forgotten monk in a distant monastery. It had money value, too, and he was considering which museum should have it. "Do not give it to any," I urged him. "It is your one treasure, and as you show it to friends it is unique, venerable, full of ghosts and memories; we can feel it, smell it, read it. In a museum it would fade to nothing but an object under glass." So with the collections of rich men; instead of bequeathing them *in toto* to institutions, embarrassing them in many ways by legal restrictions and often aimlessly duplicating exhibitions already on hand, why not distribute these rare and beloved articles? What fun to think that every friend should have at least one such memento, cherished not only for its associations but for itself!

Where is the ideal museum? I think one can almost answer: in Philadelphia. At the rooms of the Graphic Sketch Club Mr. Fleisher has accumulated a collection which is valuable, instructive, and alive. This "club" serves as a culture center and art school to all who wish to come. There are no admission charges, no uniformed guards, no cases or railings. In the larger galleries, and in the beautiful church which keeps something of its worshipful character in its modern transformation, has been placed object after object of exquisite workmanship; and during the twenty-six years of the club's existence there has been no instance of either theft or abuse. I think this is because a visitor has the impression that he is in some fortunate friend's home rather than in a public institution. Every work of art seems to belong there. Rugs are on the floor; plenty of inviting chairs are where you want them; there is quiet; the atmosphere of culture is unforced and pleasant to breathe; you do not feel that you are studying a dead record of the efforts of the past so much as that you are being whispered hints from the past that can be used to enrich the future. No wonder that the students who enjoy these rooms have established so fine a record for their school. Art there is alive.

In this connection it is worth not-

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ing the activities of the Art Institute of Chicago. Its claim to distinction does not rest on its "Song of the Lark" but on the busyness of its workrooms. Instead of being a sepulcher of ancient hopes, it is a center of production.

When I was in the Metropolitan I took my lunch in the basement cafeteria, part of which makes use of an open court. My fellow-eaters were art students and art lovers eager for esthetic satisfaction. Up-stairs was perhaps the richest collection in the world. Did any of this wealth seep down into the cafeteria; that is, did it reach into daily life? On the contrary, the court was cheap, tawdry, unconsidered. A court almost as accessible was the one where Mr. Robert de Forest had restored the façade of the fine old colonial bank; but this was not the court to be used; perhaps it would have taken away from its museum character. Instead we sat in what is commonly called an area. Yet if the cheapest painting up-stairs had been sold—and we could easily spare more than one from that too huge collection—there would probably have been money enough to transform this area into a charming spot; and what fun the doing of it would be for some young artist, how live a job, and how right the procedure! For until art enters freely into the affairs of daily living—not only into our drawing-rooms but into our cafeterias and kitchens—we shall not become an artistic nation.

Why, after all, do we have museums? It is to preserve the past in order to show us its knowledge and beauty; it is to classify and explain the present; and it is to provide inspiration for the future. In satisfying the first function, that of the storehouse, our museums are moderately successful, though sometimes not enough care is taken in arranging sequences of periods; gaps are left, and the truth is consequently distorted. As great stacks of facts our museums are also successful. To fulfil this function very little in the way of setting is needed. As W. H. Hudson points out, a bird museum of value to ornithologists should simply be cases of unmounted specimens. To arrange the dead skins of creatures so that they really represent life is impossible, and the attempt is ugly, repulsive, and degrading. A museum of facts is for the special student of facts and should be made so unattractive to ordinary sight-seers that their presence will not disturb the serious studies of the specialists.

It is in fulfilling their third function, that of giving inspiration for future endeavors, that our museums are most apt to fail. If they could only be more alive and more livable! The rooms open to the public should be of great beauty as rooms, well ventilated, restful, and inviting leisure. They should contain very few objects of exhibition, and these should be so placed as not to detract from each other. There should be comfortable, movable chairs. The guards, instead of being like ignorant policemen gossiping with each other in doorways, might be part-time students earning their tuition (for instruction in the more vital part of the institution, the non-public, the student part) by giving some of their time to explain and interpret the exhibitions. They should not wear uniforms, and should act as hosts rather than as guards. Visitors to such a museum would leave refreshed instead of wearied; and the resulting appropriation of what was fine there would affect their lives. Art would burst through the museum walls and,

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as in old Greece, be once more a vital force.

We are suffering from the mania of collecting things. Every boy must be given a stamp-album. I met a lady who had traveled around the world for the sole purpose of adding to her collection of porcelain cats. Futhermore, we are fooled by the names of things. How many members of Audubon clubs care about the nature of the birds they see as compared to those who wish to add a blue-throated green something-or-other to their list of birds checked off? A far wiser bird-lover that I know never has used a bird book, nor is she acquainted with the official nomenclature; but the birds themselves she knows like friends and has given all which come near her windows names of her own devising. In both of these bad habits of over-collecting and over-naming, museums are offenders and set a bad example. Sometime we shall learn that names are nothing and the things they represent little more. A million facts in themselves are worthless; their value comes only when we see the unity in which they are related, or the progression which they indicate, or the idea which they symbolize. Museums, therefore, which merely present facts to us, no matter how vast their extent or rich their collections, have little value unless they can unify, interpret, or suggest; and for these purposes numbers positively disturb; a few selected illustrations would serve better.

As I read over what I have written I realize that my petulance is akin to that which Beethoven described in the rondo which he so delightfully called "Anger on Losing a Penny." As our museums stand, they are built on wealth, learning, patience, and even sacrifice. We need far more of them than we have now. But in our enjoyment of them we must not forget that they are means, not ends. They are lenses through which we look at knowledge and beauty, focusing our attention, not dispersing it. Beauty itself is not to be collected and classified under stuffy roofs. No more is wisdom. Behold the sea and the sky.

Heritage

BY MARIE BLAKE

Why should the mountains confuse me with rapture?
Storm at my heart till I see them through tears?
Weigh me with wistfulness past all the telling?
Sound the high bugles my errant soul hears?
Is it the magic of other hills calling,
The hills of my fathers, across the long years?

Child of a race that knew stretching horizons,
Far-climbing headlands all misty with rain,
Slopes of soft emerald starred thick with primrose,
Vista and vision: half beauty, half pain—
Here 's why the mountains confuse me with rapture:
The green hills of Ireland call me again!

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Portage, Wisconsin

What Only a Native Knows

By Zona Gale

On one bank of a river it should lie—the town that one means when one says "small town." Homes should border the bank, small lawns, sloping to lilacs and willows. The current would be lazy and preoccupied, with leisure for eddies, and daily it would bear old dried trees, dislodged from the up-stream rocks, before the first energy of the water had dissolved into meditation. On the opposite shore would be a feathery second growth of maples and hickory trees, looking as if they must shelter white temples, but really only covering the Bridge Farm chicken-coops. Beyond would be hills, neatly buttonhole-stitched against a flat horizon, usually gray, sometimes violet, and, on occasion, ripe pink and yellow, like a cut peach.

On such a scene our back doors and windows look out, as folk occupying box-seats. All the older houses have kitchens at the back, with wash-boilers and clothes-reels and wood-piles; but the newer houses have verandas, green-shuttered "landscape" windows, scrim-curtained, as becomes a home which has just discovered that the back door should be the front. The newest houses have a sun-parlor, as if they had always had a "view" and had known it. Only we are particular about terms. For lately a woman from the East, a visitor in the town, passed before a "landscape window" and cried, "Oh, what a beautiful vista!" And we told it to one another for days. *"Vista!"*

All we who live on the river sympathize with those who live remote from it. But any of these others once sympathized with us: "That freezing south wind sweeping across on you. Back street, anyway. Not much of any travel on it." And if we pointed out that we liked the occasional launches, plying our non-navigable stream, their alert exhausts, their faded colors, and the ancient rowboats which put off at dusk to stretch unlawful nets near the sand-bar, they said, "Well, you always do make the best of things, anyway." But of late, or since we ride in cars, we all know what a "view" is, and now they say: "You were lucky to have a lot here on the river. How did you come to do that?" And we say it just happened.

The streets stretch away from us in three directions, and they are bordered by trees. We know that it was Judge Guppey and Mr. Turner who urged upon the town these trees, and that in the common council of those days there was a terrible battle before the planting was done. A woman of

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seventy whose home is under those ancient elms recently rocked on her little porch and observed that her husband was in the common council which voted in the trees. "You must be very proud of that," her visitor cried, and she answered with composure and a face unchanging: "Yes. Yes, I am. . . . My husband opposed it at the time. . . ."

Portage, Wisconsin. It seems a bit strange that the majority of the people in the United States have never heard of it. Here it is, with its memories, its traditions, and its settings, and not even the people who go through it on its seventeen daily "through" trains ever note its name. There is about this circumstance something as piercing as in the look of the visiting-card of a stranger now dead, or of a nameless photograph on the floor of the attic, or in Milton's line,

> "The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff."

But we have our revenges. For one midnight I stood at the station and thrilled to see roll upon our tracks a long sealed train of Pullmans, in whose windows were cards bearing the two magic words, "Ballet Russe."

For me all of Broadway and the metropolitan stage came burning to our West. Those fairy feet so close to our brick platform. And while I looked and marveled, as engines were being changed, one of the station men came by and said, "Some theatrical troupe or other."

§ 2

In Portage, Wisconsin, there stands an old church which it was once customary to close for a month in summer. It was a fair example of the churches built nearly three quarters of a century ago—a kind of blurred Gothic, with vaulted ceiling, choir-alcove, gallery, and good stained glass. But one September, when after a month's recess the congregation came for service, they found their church transformed. Left to his own devices, the minister had ceiled over the vaulted roof, masking the oak beams with the plaster, had walled up the choir-alcove with its little rose-window, and had replaced the stained glass with frosted panes. And to this day, though the church has changed its religion, the "improvements" remain.

There was another church which essayed to close for a vacation. And many live who remember a young lawyer of the town—become a judge and long dead when the town began to be my own—who took a crowbar and some friends, though neither he nor they ever entered the church, and drove in the door, saying:

"In all the years I have lived in this town the stream of mercy has never ceased to flow from these doors, and it is n't going to stop now."

There was a Portage elder with squeaky shoes who used to pass the plate at service, and one morning, when the squeaking seemed too violent for the solemnity of the ceremony, the minister spoke out aloud and said to him:

"Brother ——, you 'll find my rubbers out there in the entry."

But the elder replied over his shoulder, "Thank you, I 've a pair of rubbers of me own," and went on passing the plate and squeaking.

Of late a Portage church wished to give a pageant, celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding. But when the church history was

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reviewed, these and other bits were recalled which could not properly be included in the pageant, and having no place in church history at all, but only in the profane. As of the wife of the judge who wore little pink shells in her ears to augment her hearing, and when she bent her head to the back of the seat before her, in prayer, the shells always fell out, and her grandchildren spent the prayer hour in scrambling about the floor, recovering them.

Of the mice in the choir, where the women sat swinging handkerchiefs, as they listened and as they prayed.

Of the melodeon which was accustomed, in crises, to shed a peg in its bellows; and when this occurred, it was the duty of the contralto to turn, stoop, and replace the peg, but to keep on singing and never miss a note. Of the tenor, the choir-leader, who during the sermon, retired to the choir-loft stairs and slept; and a part of the Sunday duties of the same contralto was to go down and wake him up in time for the last hymn.

Of the little girl in the infant class. This class, one morning, the school superintendent passed just as they were all singing:

> "I want to be an angel
> And with the angels stand
> A crown upon my forehead
> A harp within my hand."

"Beautiful," said the superintendent, deeply moved. "And does every little girl and boy here want to be an angel?"

On which this little girl said to all:

"I don't. I 'd rather be a monkey and swing by my tail."

In the church was an uncle of the little girls, who was reminded of a happening of his youth in Vermont, where a Sunday-school superintendent was impressing on the school the names of those with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration. In the town lived a family named Danhouse, whose four sons were named Peter, James, John, and Henry. So the superintendent shamelessly used association as an aid to memory and said, "You can remember who was there by the Danhouse boys—Peter, James, and John." So when, in the review at the end of the hour, he asked who else was on the Mount of Transfiguration, up went a hand and a confident voice called out:

"All the Danhouses but Hank."

I wish that this story had belonged to Portage itself instead of merely to the youth of a Portage uncle.

My own chief conscious contribution to such annals occurred at a Chirstmas entertainment, when I was to recite "Ring Out, Wild Bells." Insufficiently prepared, on the night of nights, I began to waver at about the third stanza. But I liked reciting and had no mind to stop, so, depending on the recurrence of the refrain to buoy them up, I recall inserting words and phrases and repetitions—regardless of what the poet wanted rung out and what rung in:

> "Love, hope, joy, joy.
> Ring out, wild bells,
> Courage and hope and love and joy,
> The flying cloud, the frosty night,
> Ring out, ring out, ring out, wild bells,
> Ring out, wild bells, and let them die."

I had the stage, and nobody knew the difference who was rude enough to say so. The conscience of the prompter afterward troubled her, and she apologized to my mother for losing the place. It was the first free verse

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ever introduced into Portage, Wisconsin.

The whole locality has a treasure of funeral lore.

In this the small towns have antedated the skepticism of the larger, which no longer wail and hire mourners, but which perhaps still have scant lore of funeral jokes. In the metropolitan theaters, for example, the elision of such humor is in obedience to not less than a tenet of art dictated by audiences. For in the ebb and flow of scenes, in the building to crests and peaks, it is well known that even a faint mention of death will send the listeners down a great steep, and kill the scene. This is not true in clubs and smokers. It may be that the small town corresponds to a club. For here, early in the history of the town, funerals must have been a rich source of anecdote, since so many survive. One, of a layman who was to speak at the burial of a townsman, and who leaned on the pulpit and thus began:

"I was well acquainted with the deceased, with that gentleman down there," and pointed with his thumb to the casket below. And there is a memory of the choir at a funeral singing lustily:

"One sweet flower has drooped and faded;
One dear infant's voice has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded;
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

"But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now,
Knowing naught but heartfelt gladness
Where the holy angels bow,"

and of the soprano at this point going off into sobs in which the whole choir joined.

It was in a town to the south of us that a minister of that period, preaching a funeral sermon for a farmer, cried out, in a strong singsong, compounded of equal parts of drawling and lightning rapidity:

"*He's* gone. *He's* gone. Nevermore-shall-you-hear-his-voice-at-the-foot-of-the-stairs-crying: 'Hul*day!* Hul*day!* *Get* up. *Get* breakfast.' *He's* gone."

It was in a town to the west of us that in those days a woman telephoned to a livery-stable to ask for the "little blacks" and was told that she would have to take the little bays because the little blacks had gone to the funeral. But when, in half an hour, the carriage arrived, it was drawn by the little blacks; and when she questioned the driver, she heard:

"Well, the blacks was standing right acrost the street outside the church, hitched to the hearse. So I just went and took out the blacks and put in the bays. I says to myself, 'The corp won't care.'"

Our social consciousness, like that of most of our national neighbors, wakes slowly. When the town first talked of sewerage, there were those who said to us:

"But *you* have the river; what do you care whether they get sewerage or not?"

When tuberculin-tested milk became the leading precaution, and we inquired of our milkman whether his cows had ever been tested, he replied proudly:

"No, ma'am. Nothing of that kind has ever been necessary."

When the schools introduced domestic science, there was a mother of a first family who said: "It is unneces-

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sary. My daughters can learn all the domestic science they need right at home." Quite like the Italian mother in Jones Street, who forbade her child to attend the dental clinic at Greenwich House, saying, "Rosie should n't get her teeth all pulled out." Or like the metropolitan kindergarten which at first struggled against the belief that its sponsors were trying to get their children off their hands.

(It is fascinating to live in the town where you first went to kindergarten. It was in the basement of the Trinitatis Church, a few blocks from the river. To pass that building with its old square brown "steeple" is to recover the very air of that hour, when, leaving the others, one went off by oneself, clear round the church, and, by the far front door-stone, came on a blazing yellow buttercup, growing alone in the long bright green grass. There is the door-stone, in proof, today. One passes it. Everything is the same, even the heart.)

But if our social consciousness as a whole awakens slowly, it has its brief flares of brilliance, too. It flared and died, some years ago, in a rest-room for farmers' wives, in the city hall, furnished by a common effort. But when one day a bake sale was held there, the common council adjourned in a body to the rest-room, inspected it, saw a second-hand metal box bestowed by a hardware store, and a gas-jet used to heat the babies' milk, returned, and passed an order rescinding its permission to use the room, since "the women were baking in there." Now rest-rooms are required by Wisconsin law in towns exceeding five thousand. And we are one of the few towns of our size to have garbage collection, a system which grew over the initial protest of a city father who cried, "Ain't that always done private?"

But the hospital, the library, the new high school, the one street of asphalt, the white way, are as much a part of the slow wakening of the common consciousness of the people as is the completion of the Chicago boulevard, with its made land in Lake Michigan; or our common sharing of the upper air, plowed by the wings of planes.

We, too, are losing the slow heresy of "I am" and reaching to the racial certainty that "we are." And it is a moving thing to watch the esoteric teaching of group consciousness arrive among us by "town improvement associations" as well as by the religious teaching of brotherhood. By the wife of the mayor who, with her neighbors, went down with a wooden rake and helped to clear up the market square for planting. By that church organist who cried, "Yes! Let 's buy a galvanized tank for garbage collection, and if we can't afford a driver, we can drive it ourselves!" By the woman's club which took to studying its town and determined how often the blankets at the "calaboose" were washed. And by the birth of the little park at a bridge end, out of Frances Hodgson Burnett's remitted royalty on a local performance of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," a generosity matched by the townspeople who, hearing of this, gave theater, light, coal, printing, everything; and the resultant shrubbery and paths and sward slope to the water and to the west, unto this day.

One might believe them to be vestiges of puritanism, but they are not so—certain renunciations, certain refusals to make common use of perish-

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able possessions. They have another genesis. The Paisley, the Spanish shawl, the frail scarf, the jewel, the china, all are laid away on the closet shelf or in the cupboard and never brought forth save to show briefly, and to wrap up again. Questioned as to why these things should not be used, the answer is:

"When I want something nice, I 'll have it."

The life-saving foundation of the pioneer thrift thus survives its necessities. And there was here a woman of means who, on being told that her skirt was crooked, replied:

"I know it. It 's worn in the front, so I moved it around."

Not here, but in a more beautiful Wisconsin town, there was received this letter by neighbor, from neighbor:

"Dear Cora,

"My door bell got out of order so I had to get a hard-ware man to fix it. Please turn it about *half way over*, and I can hear *that* all over my house. You always ring it *too hard*. I must be careful of it now.

"With love,
"____ ____."

It is nowhere more evident than in a little town that our chief art expression is through humor. If song were a fraction as common as humor, we should go singing all day long.

As it is we laugh; from tea-party to grocery store, from council meeting to railway station, every one has a jest to give and to take. Perhaps it has a deeper significance than we allow. Perhaps it touches on Stevenson's phrase of something "real, like laughter."

Laughter as a social pastime in rhythm with the emerging social faculties—mounting in importance *and thereafter falling*. First the jest of the yokel, then the shrewd humor of the countryman; first the empty laughter of small-town good nature, then delicious native humor without inhibitions; first the crass restaurant or tea cackle of the sophisticated, then the subtle intellectualized wit of the urbane. Always the first in every pair of these opposites demands laughter, clamors for it, is injured if laughter is not forthcoming. And so it is in a last stage of all—in the present slant downward—when completely socialized laughter demands, too, its incessant laughter antiphonal. It may be, however, that we are mounting again, as a race, since there are those who find it boring to be expected to laugh *all* the time; though that may be only our dour Scotch blood showing through. Though such laughter may eventually go the way of hand-clapping and disappear, for the present we in Portage find ourselves still delighting in delicious native humor, uninhibited.

We have our charming illogicalities. Why must the living-room table be kept clear of objects? So that there will be some place if one wants to lay something down.

We hear: "Don't use a curling-iron on your hair. I used to use one on mine. It never hurt it any, though."

"Don't get the candy at Blank's. I had some the other day that I could n't eat. But it did n't come from there."

"Which side of the double house do they live in?" "There's only one side, and they live in the other."

And a delicious unconscious wit, as:

"I 'm not going to bake pancakes with the family coming to breakfast in giblets."

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There was here a woman of English descent, tall and of dignity and beauty, whose humor was a mine to her friends. She said:

"I 'm not going to have that picture here in the living-room any longer. I 'm going to put it in my bedroom. I don't know whether it 's a bedroom picture—"

"What is a bedroom picture?" she was asked.

And she answered, "Oh, a nymph, with mushrooms."

On being urged to go on an expedition, she cried:

"I never saw anything like you. You 're never satisfied unless you 're going from Shem to Gomorrah."

And there was a day when she cried gaily, "I 'm *damn*termined to do this."

It was a householder whose wife was ingenious in disguising revised dishes who, seated at dinner before a chicken in its third incarnation, observed dryly:

"This chicken wears well, does n't it?"

Our arguments on pronunciation are continuous. One was concerning rind, which was declared by one proponent to have a short *i;* and after a fiery discussion, this short-vowel advocate compromised. "Well," said he, "it 's rĭnd when it 's on the cheese and it 's rīnd when it 's off."

There is no dinner-table wit elsewhere that can delight me as do these comments here. As, "Some people never can go to a picnic without turning it into an Indian massacre." . . . "Her home is furnished different, with things all carved and hard to dust." . . . "I don't care much for style, but I do like to be dressed so that I don't have to stand with my back to the wall, on account of some reason or other." . . . "Throw back your shoulders, you have to, to bring out the real set of the coat." . . . "I never heard him do a thing decisive except to sneeze." . . . "A man that always says coffin and devil right out, instead of casket and the evil one." . . . "She 's too busy tending to her children to give them much attention." . . . "It seems like a party when you get your bread thin." . . . "He thinks if he keeps at a distance and kisses nobody, his germs will all flock round him and not cross the room." . . . "I don't know what the bird was. It made a noise between a mourning-dove and a lawn-mower." . . . "You saw her great interest in my library. Do you think she cares for books? *No.* She was hunting for dust on the top leaves. I know her." . . . "She is a graduate in art. She took the whole course in china-painting." . . . "I can remember the time when not even the birth of a child was mentioned in the newspaper—nothing that had anything of a *tang* to it."

And exasperated by the persistent resignation and cheer of a neighbor, a woman burst out:

"You 'd think it was pretty in hell. You 'd say, 'Devil, devil, is n't that a beautiful flame?'"

(But we would not have it thought that New York is behind us in comment. As those quoted words are bona-fide Portage, so these are bona-fide Manhattan: It was a beautiful woman of middle age at tea at Sherry's who said, "I suppose you read all the new books as they come out?" It was a cosmopolitan of three continents who said to a lady whose hearing was affected: "Good-by, Mrs. ——. I hope that I have been able to speak loud enough to make you hear." And

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when that lady, in explanation, had once said, "I hope you don't think I am as stupid as I seem, but I don't hear very well," it was another New Yorker who replied brightly, "Oh, that 's it!")

§ 3

The word mother has a correspondence in nature, beyond the individual and beyond the possessive. This word appears to signify some spiritual condition which is to the macrocosm what she is to the human atom. Maternity is less a relationship than an extra-physical force, to which shocking violence has been done by children through sentimentality, and by mothers through control.

In this wise it is that, to one born and bred there, a town may be less a place than a force, less a force than a fragrance. Particularly is this true of a small town, as one can be more moved by a puppy of one's own than by anybody's lion. And the two words "Portage, Wisconsin," have become for me mesmerized as have certain words of power in which Orientals and others find potency, words which through immemorial repetition by the devout have become charged. So these two words, having been written down by me thousands of times, are for me charged words, and they do something which the words Vienna, Paris, Pasadena, and New York cannot accomplish; for such words I have not entered upon, nor have they created in me their current.

There is more to this condition than we suppose. May it not be that one born and bred in a town, and rooted there by ties, by houses in which one has lived, by childhood, by first school, and by a grave—may it not be that such a one does actually see that town heightened, drawn through into deeper perception, adjusted to contacts not only of the eye and the memory but of other and far more sensitive cells and powers?

I have looked out on the Wisconsin River flowing at the foot of our lawn, at the Caledonia Hills carving the sky-line, and have wondered if these are as beautiful as I think they are, and how a stranger would regard them. And now I wonder whether there is here involved a consideration not of emotion—not of the group soul of Royce and others—but rather of a new physics, intimating that love association does actually unveil properties and perhaps surfaces unknown to the sense of the casual passer-by.

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Stripes

By Gilbert W. Gabriel

God, oh, God. . . .

I hope Ma did n't hear me say that. She 's just inside the porch. I did n't really say it; just thought it—only so loud, it seemed to be roaring inside my head. That 's the way the whole story 's roaring inside of me to-night. In one day—things like that to happen all in one day, here, in a little place like Naz'reth. Memorial day, too. Yet it 's like years, whole hundreds of years, all ending up to-day. And the sun was shining warm through it all, and now there 's a red moon coming up between the Starr Kings and the Presidentials. Good growing weather.

I wish I could go back to farming. I 'm trying to remember just how it was when Dad died and the farm got sold up. Old Man Sewell of the bank —Luella's grandfather, he was alive then—he done the auctioning. In the rain, it was. I don't hold it against him. It was hard on Ma, but he had to do it. Then Ma and me came down to the village, and I went to work in Houghton's garage. I thought, when I come back from the war, it might be different. Maybe it would 've been if I 'd gotten overseas. But here I am, long after the war, wishing—just like always, wishing, and trying to remember and understand the way they 're all of them feeling—just like always.

The four of us was kids together, fifteen, eighteen year ago. There was just one winter when Barney Dieuaide was one of us. He used to come down the mountains seven miles on snowshoes, with his awful clothes steaming all day in the class-room, and his hands too frozen to learn writing. He used to sit and stare, never saying a word, nor minding the teacher much. Just sat and stared, I remember, at Luella.

It used to make Hilton Chase mad, because Luella's folks was savings-bank folks, and best friends to his'n folks. And Barney did n't belong to the village at all. Barney belonged to the lumber people, Canucks, that never 'd come down off the mountains and live like decent folk in the township, and 't the whole village hated and suspected. But Hilton Chase, even when he was a boy, he laughed when he was maddest; just laughed, and played tricks, and teased everybody—Luella, most of all. Even in those days he had wavy hair, big shoulders, and an everlasting laugh.

I got to like Barney Dieuaide some because Luella liked him. He did n't come to school no more than that one winter. It was too long and cold a trip, and he was slow at learning, anyhow, and he sort of hated all us village folk in return.

I can understand why. His sort and our sort, we all settled in New Hampshire when it was just woods and wild,

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but our sort had stayed in the valleys and farmed and had shops and summer boarders, and garages now, and movies, selectmen, fire companies, and things like that; while his sort had stayed up in the mountains, going up higher and higher into the woods, and above them—above the clouds, even. Dark, thin, tuckered-out little people they mostly were, lumbering where they could, squatting where they ought n't; and they did n't have no mail-boxes, nor doctors, no kind of church at all, or nothing. Nothing but little patches of corn and such in the stony woods, and lumber-piles, the heaped-up peaks above, snow for three quarter the year, the winds bringing down the clouds across their shanty roofs—and, on clear days, the miles of mountain-tops, 'way into Canady, where I reckon the most of them come from.

Folks used to tell how Barney's mother warn't that sort, though, but good farm stock—a married woman from around Crawford that had run away with Barney's dad, like a couple of Abenake Indians, without bothering for what the judge 'd say, the minister, nor nobody. I can see where it must have roused folks up the way it did, and how it must have turned them against Barney when his Ma sent him down to school amongst us children, that winter. There was some people did n't want to admit him at all.

But we kids did n't know anything much about that then. We only knew Barney for a thin, dark, steaming lad, all frost-bitten hands and serious eyes that 'd never pay attention, who some of us liked and some of us did n't. Hilton Chase, he certainly did n't, even then. He was always teasing him. Bullying him a bit, too, as bigger boys will, when Luella was n't around.

Though once, when Barney's mother lay sick up there, and dying, it was Hilton Chase that drove Barney across the unpacked drifts to the foot of the mountain by hitching his shepherd-dog to his sled. Barney never thanked him—and never knew, and I doubt he knows now, how, after he had put on his snow-shoes and started up the slopes, a mite of a kid under the pines and smothering blobs of white, the other kid, Hilton—well, they found Hilton that night in the deep snow three miles out from Jefferson, lost and drowsy over the creek-bank, where the dog had floundered and gone through the ice. They brought the sled out, but the dog's muzzle was a thick funnel of ice, and all his long hair was stiff and gleaming out of the hole. My dad was of the party. He used to tell how Hilton just laughed all the way home.

There was many days before Barney Dieuaide come back to school. The lower fields had begun to thaw already, and the tops of the range never rid of a spring mist. Barney had on a pair of lumbering-boots, many sizes too big for him, and they were plastered with mud and dead pine-needles. There was always that smell about him, anyhow, even in snow-time, of pines, and the black loam from under pines.

School was nigh half over for the day when he come in. We was having the regular lesson in New Hampshire history. Well, there was a flag, I remember, in back Miss Towers's desk, and a picture from the "Naz'reth News" of Mr. Sewell, the bank president, shaking hands with the governor in Concord. Miss Towers, she was

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telling us just then about the turnpike companies, back in the eighteen thirties—when the door opened, and the flag on the other wall sort of shivered in the gray draft, and Barney Dieuaide come in. There was that smell about him of the pines.

"Why, Barney, Barney," says Miss Towers, "where 've you been, boy?"

He stood staring at her the longest while. He did n't say nothing, and neither did nobody else. There was just a sort of giggling amongst us kids, the way kids all do when they 're surprised and nervous. I seen Luella biting her lip, and she was red, and I did n't know whether she was going to laugh or cry. Hilton Chase, he laughed out loud. Barney did look comical, so serious and muddy, and interrupting like that without a word—and how was we to know?

"I ain't coming back to school no more," he says finally.

"Oh, Barney!" Miss Towers, perhaps she was guessing it already. "How—how's your mother, Barney?"

"We buried her yesterday, Dad 'n' me," says Barney.

That 's all he says. He did n't have no black to wear, neither.

Miss Towers put down her ruler. "Oh, Barney boy, you poor boy!" She meant awful well. She put out her arms to him. "Come here, you poor boy."

But he just stood there, dark, mean, serious-looking, staring up at her, and at the flag behind her. He did n't move none. It was n't only until little Luella Sewell got up and started towards him that he turned away and went out again. None of us saw him for years after that.

I walked home with Luella from school that afternoon. She would n't let Hilton Chase come along of us. He was mad, and he followed us laughing.

§ 2

It's city folks that climb the mountains, not us. There 's lots of us 've never been up Washington ever, I reckon. But one summer, it was just after Dad died, I got Ma to let me take some city folks up from the Glen House. They give me a dollar for it. And 'way up on Tuckerman's, looking out across the falls, there was fresh lumber piled high, and a little unpainted house behind it, and a scabby little patch of corn behind the house. I seen Barney Dieuaide, and he me, and he said hello to me, just like it was yesterday we seen each other last, and nothing in between.

He did n't say much. He 's never learned to talk much, even now. But he 'd grown up. Thin he was, and dark, but strong. I watched him while he chopped—'n' listened to what little he 'd say. His dad had just died, same as mine had. He was all alone up there now. I felt kind of sorry for him, not having his ma nor nobody like I had. I hated leaving him. There was just us two in the stony clump, with a thin blue sky pressed around us, and the clouds packing down in the ravine below and cutting us off from the rest of creation. He asked me a mite about Luella and Hilton; them and me was all he remembered of us town-folks. Long after I run to catch up with the rest of the party I could hear him felling the poor, stubborn stuff of the tree-line.

A little further 'long there was a small, slanting graveyard, with a few wooden crosses 't the snow had tipped down. There was only one slab of mountain stone that somebody had

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tried to carve himself with a hammer and a wire nail, I reckon, and a fresh mound 'longside it, with no markings yet at all. There was ferns dripping crazily around, and mountain flowers in the cracks of all the bleakness, and a young, half-wild pig poking and grunting in amongst the leaves.

I remember how I stood another minute looking at the married woman's grave—and how, while I stood there, I could still hear just one sound in the keen, sunny stillness, 'n' that was the crash of iron on young timber.

§ 3

To-day was a day like that, too; all bright and flashing, with the berry-bushes flowering through the fence-slats, and the lilacs beginning to come out in hard, purple little knots along Factory Row. I don't know why I could n't sleep this morning. I did n't know what was going to happen, or anything like that. It ain't that I love Memorial day, neither. Me, with just one silver stripe to my arm that don't mean nothing at all. 'T was n't my fault, though. Well, anyhow . . . at sun-up I got my uniform out and put it on. I did what little chores there is for me to do for me and Ma, and then I started down Wing Road for the center of the village, without breakfast nor nothing.

Whilst I was walking it grew light, and my leggins got wet with dew from the roadside grass and spider-webs. Across the dip where the tannery is, the brown hump of Burns's hillside was just rubbed with a pale, greenish gold of spring growin's, like a big butterfly had brushed against it in the night. The sky over Madison was still lit a mite, and there was one little star blinking in it. I don't know why, but it set me thinking on Barney Dieuaide. And then on Hilton.

Perhaps if I 'd gone through high school department, like Hilton Chase and Luella done, it would 've been different. The whole story might 've been different: everything that 's happened to-day, and the days before that, and the years. But there was Ma. And there was me, myself. What 's the use of blaming it on any one else? God, oh, God. . . . Ma 's gone to bed already. I could say it out loud if I wanted to. Yell it right down across the fields. A lot of good it 'd do me.

It was in Luella Sewell's last year to the high school department—the winter, it was, when Houghton, who I work for, give up stabling entirely and got the flivver agency—that Barney Dieuaide come down again to the village. Come down because he had to. Got brought down from Pinkham Grant, stark clean out of his head from the pain of an ax-cut in his foot that the cold had got into.

There was a nigger show going on at the town hall that night, and a basket-ball game after it, our school against Littleton. I took Ma to it, though I 'd wanted like fifty to ask Luella to it, too. But Luella come with her own folks. There was her dad—he was bank president now, ever since her granddad died—with a big Knights seal on his gold watch-chain, and her ma in a new dress from Boston, as everybody in the village knew. And there was Luella herself in a little lavender sort of thing that made her blue eyes sing, and her lots of brown hair. . . . I could n't hardly say a word to her all evening.

Hilton Chase won the game for us from the Littleton team. He was

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playing center, strapping and fine to look at in his basket-ball suit, with his wavy hair and quick dodging and his everlasting laugh. He 'd grown up the handsomest lad in town. I seen Luella watching him, jumping to her feet to cheer.

We all come out together after it was over. Folks had their sleighs waiting round the green, which was covered with snow. The elms had white patches up their sides, and the band-stand wore a fool's cap. The stores all around was dark, excepting Kirley's drug store. There was a lumber-sled in front of Kirley's, and when we passed it—the Sewells had their new four-seater sleigh with orange tufts up beyond the frozen fountain—they was lifting some one out. Some one with a face as pale and purple as the snow at the bottom of the corner arc-lamp, and a leery sort of gibbering coming from his lips.

"It 's one of those up-mountain boys," says Mr. Sewell, buttoning his racoon collar and sort of chirping his folks along.

"It 's Barney Dieuaide," says Luella. "I—I 'm going in there, Dad."

And in she went.

I wanted to go in, too, and be with her, and keep her away from what they might be doing to Barney. But there was my ma along with me, whispering me not to do it, and Mr. Sewell as mad 's he was surprised, and Mrs. Sewell shivering on the sidewalk like a fat little poodle under a faucet. Pretty soon the basket-ball boys come down the street, too, singing and peppy, with Hilton Chase to the head of them. But Luella never turned her head to notice them as they passed by the window. She was bending down, watching, trying to help old Kirley and Doc Higgin—till they saw how pale she was, and shooed her out.

When I went to the tannery hospital, a couple of days after that, to see Barney, there was Luella beside him again. She come every day until her dad forbid her, and once or twice after that, I don't wonder. And there was Barney, peaked and with his big, serious eyes, staring up at her and saying nothing from the pillow. It was hard to get the tale from him. He 'd been lumbering in Pinkham for the winter, and there was a tree with a frozen knot that 'd wrenched his wrist and thrown the ax back at him. He 'd tried putting alum on the cut, like folks do up here, to keep out the cold—but it was too late, and it swelled and burned, and he 'd slashed it open again at night with his razor, and then put more alum to it again, and it burned and swelled more, with more cold in it. . . . He was telling me all this in front of Luella. I seen her little face go white and narrow, but she did n't flinch a mite. She just stared back into his dark, burning eyes.

"And you was n't skeered?" she says to him, over 'n' over. "You was n't skeered?"

But he could n't go back to Pinkham nohow that winter, he was that weak when he come out of the hospital. Weak and limping. He got him a job working for Scanlon, the Mick ice and coal man, and drove the sleigh on orders. He used to sleep in the lumber-shed next the B. & M. tracks, with the sound of the freights grinding through a loose slush all the night, and would not move nor come indoors for Scanlon nor nobody. Finally the snow got into the shed and drove him out. He 'd got to get him a room in Factory Row,

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because he 'd caught a bad cold again, and he limped worse 'n ever. He could n't even drive the sleigh.

They give him a job at cleaning up in the bank, but not for long. Hilton Chase was there to learn cashiering. Talk was that Hilton 'd be a bank man for life, Mr. Sewell having no boy of his own. Of course there ain't nobody knows just what did happen—but if there was words between the two lads I reckon it was Hilton that spoke them . . . laughing the while, nor meaning so much harm.

But this I do know, and nobody else does n't: Down by the tracks that night, where I 'd gone to get some bobbin-wood that Scanlon 'd kept for Ma, I seen Luella standing with Barney Dieuaide. They was saying nothing, neither of them—while the moon come out of the torn clouds and shone onto them, and on the snow-banks and the glossy black slush of the tracks between the banks. And pretty soon the lumber freight come through, swishing and smelling of the woods, like Barney himself had used to when he was a little boy, and bound Jefferson way, and for the foot of Barney's mountain. It was deep shadow on the snow where the cars was passing—and then, when they was passed, and the wayside clear and white again, there was Luella standing all alone against the snow, waving her hand, then quiet and looking out across the night until the caboose light was tiny and winking in the bridge curve, and then all gone.

I wanted to come out and say something to Luella . . . tell her I 'd seen and . . . and . . . God, I could n't! It warn't till long after she 'd gone away that I come out of the shed and got my load of bobbin to my shoulder and started home . . . quick, because I knew that Ma 'd be worryin'.

It was n't only a week after that that Hilton Chase left for Boston, to get him a new job there. He was gay about it, and mighty fine, I reckon, in his way.

§ 4

But two year later, come April, and we was in the war.

Across the green, in Kirley's store, the Boston papers was selling like midsummer ice-cream cones. Otto Muller, the German farm-hand that the Hayeses had, went wanderin' around with a look in his eyes like the look of an old cow caught in the fence-rails, with all the little boys hooting at his heels. The recruiting office, over to Gorham, sent a sergeant to Naz'reth twice a week, and there was a navy man come all the way up from Portsmouth, and the post-office windows crowded with posters. The flag was up over the green, day in, day out; the tannery put on a big addition; the Sewells ordered a swell new touring-car.

Poor Ma . . . she went nigh crazy. After a while it got so she dass n't telephone the garage any more during daytime, but she 'd trump up marketing or something like that, and go up 'n' down in front of the entrance, peeking in, to see was I still there.

I wanted to go. Everybody was going. They 'd put up a big sign-board on the green, with eagles on it, and the names of all that 'd gone. It was right opposite to the garage. Spring nights, when I was working late, I could hear Jessie Plant playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in the movies overhead, and I 'd know that everybody was standing to pictures of parades and drills. And after I come

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home and 'd be setting out here on the porch, and Ma 'd be threshing around up-stairs and come down and set with me in her wool wrapper, and say nothing . . . just the squeak of her rocker in the dark . . . I did n't ever tell her of the post-card I 'd got from Hilton Chase from Plattsburg. He 'd been drifting around; Boston, Baltimore, New York. As soon as the war was declared he 'd shot right up to the officers' training-camp. He kidded me on that post-card. "Come on in, old slack-in-the-mud," he tells me. "You 'll be wanting something besides axle-grease stripes on your arm."

I reckon it was this kidding from Hilton that, when the draft come and I had to claim exemption for Ma's sake, drove me into taking on a job as marshal under the sheriff. I wanted to do something—anything . . .

Before she left for the normal, over to Keene, where they was giving special Red Cross courses, Luella Sewell come by to tell me how she, too, 'd heard from Hilton. Told me loud, proud and all in one breath, and with her blue eyes singing. They had his name to the top of the sign-board list; he was First Lieutenant Chase now, and . . . already . . . somewhere in France. There was a little service-flag tacked to the wind-shield of the Sewellses' car that Luella was driving, even though they did n't have no boy of their own.

I looked at her a long while. I meant it kind enough. It warn't just curiosity. But I was glad she 'd kept the engine humming because, even if I tried to keep my voice down, it sort of cracked and went shrill on the question.

"Luella," I says, "have you seen Barney Dieuaide lately?"

She leaned down quick across the wheel and, maybe for lack of something else to do, turned off the power. The whole world grew awful quiet. For most of a minute there was nothing but the back of her little brown head. Then up she came again, sobered, a mite surly, with her eyes clouded and her forehead as purple as clover.

"No," she says, husky, "not lately." And then, kind of sharp, "Have you?"

"No, I ha'n't, neither," says I.

Over the trees and flags of the town the tops of the range went swimming up into a far-away afternoon haze. I reckon the both of us was looking at the mountains now. She knew I was lying. I knew she knew it. Poor kid, she was dumb-like, where she 'd been so quick and lively just a minute ago.

"Luella," I says, "there 's one thing you can be sure of, and that 's that Barney ain't no coward. It ain't because he 's skeered."

"I remember . . ." she begins. But after a long wait, she ends up quickly, "That 's what I can't understand."

Across the green there was a crowd around the sign-board. I sort of used that as an excuse to get away. They was doing something to the name of one of them. I could n't make it out till I got close, and then I see it was the name of the young Syrian fruit and vegetable man that had shut up his shop, 'way back in April, and gone off . . . like all of them was going. It was a little gold star they was painting next his name.

I started across to Kirley's, to buy me a newspaper. But I did n't want to read nothing about it; I did n't want nobody to see me around. I was sick to my stomach, and creeping home, out of all folkses' way. Ma 'd heard the news already. She was

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crying, just from nervousness, and thanking God over 'n' over that it was n't me . . . God, me, that 'd thought I had a right to make excuses for another man to Luella Sewell!

That night the board sent me and another marshal our orders to bring in a couple of draft-dodgers. Barney Dieuaide was one of them.

§ 5

There 's this I remember of it, like it was a picture that we was part of, or like an old song running over 'n' over through all our talk.

When I reached where Barney was working and stood there with my clothes drying, that was wet from the storm below, there was a sort of a rainbow broken to bits in betweenst the smaller peaks. Up here it was all bright and blue, a happy, clear, windy peace above the funnels of black and glittering rain that were emptying into the Gorham valley. Lightning was playing round the rims, and now and then we got the echo of thunder from below, like a groaning of a world all far away, and mattering nothing to us that stood above, so high, so alone.

There was the sound of his ax in amongst the slim timber, and his voice singing away. I don't know what it was he was singing—something in Canuck, I reckon—but he stopped dead right when he seen me.

"Hello," he says.

It was just as old times. Maybe because of the high air, but I felt choky.

"Barney," I says, "it 's a dangerous business playing around with an ax in a thunder-storm."

He did n't even shrug his shoulders.

"Ain't you scared?"

"Scared of what?"

"Well, lightning shoots up when you 're least minding."

"An' you 're the lightning, are you?"

I stared at him a long while. "'T ain't me alone. It 's everybody down there. I 'm just . . . Barney, you know 's well as I do there 's a war . . . or don't you?"

His big hands got slowly tight around his ax-handle. "I 've heard tell," he said.

"And there 's been a draft. You was chosen for it, Barney."

"What to do?"

"Why, fight. Fight the Huns."

"Who 's the Huns?"

"God, Barney . . ." He really did n't know. Whilst I was trying to tell him, he did n't let up his hold on the ax a second. There was a straight, burning look in his eyes, like he 'd had when he was the littlest kid. It got into everything I said. I was cussing away. There was n't nothing stinking awful I did n't say against the Germans. I don't know why . . . it just did n't mean a thing up there.

"Ain't you got no enemies, Barney?" I asks him.

He thought it over for a minute. "There 's a bear I had to go for last spring. If he 'd let my patch alone I 'd let him be."

"Well, Barney, there 's Belgium that 's just like your little patch; and the bear—don't you see—"

"What 's Belgium?"

It minded me of the time when Barney come down to school that last day after his mother died. I was giggling now, like some of us giggled then, just from nervousness . . . a sort of hiccupy surprise and embarrassment over the difference betweenst different folkses' learning. It warn't no use. Germany, Belgium, the gold

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stars on the bill-board on the village green, all the trenches on the western front, would never be nothing to Barney but a storm below.

"Just because you live above the clouds, it ain't right for you—"

"No use in talk like that. What have I got to do with the squabblings of folks down there? I lived amongst them once."

"Barney," I says, "and when you did, was n't there one single one of us that was worth fighting for?"

"Not your kind of fighting," he says slowly.

"There 's them amongst us that knew you and that want to stand up for you when your name 's mentioned."

"You can tell every one of them that I live and let live. That I won't take no favors nor orders from none. That, so help me God, I ain't going to kill my fellow-man."

"There 's some folks think that, because you 're Canuck, you would n't fight on the same side with the English."

"There 's some folks, then, that 's got more learning than me and are the more fools for it."

From off in the notch we could hear the rumble of a swollen waterfall, and that was all.

"And there 's Luella Sewell," I says slowly, "that takes you for a coward."

His ax was up, and maybe for a second he was going to hit me.

"You 're lying," he tells me.

"I would n't 've told you if it was n't true. And if it was n't true that she 's crying for shame of you."

He stood there motionless amongst the rocks, bleaker and peakeder than any of them.

"You talk about fools," says I. "All they 're asking you to do is come down and report to the draft board. There 's lot of us has decent and real exemptions. You, with that foot of your'n . . . you still limp a bit, don't you?"

It was like he was n't paying no attention to me at all.

"Don't you?" I asks again.

"That ain't just the kind of fool I am," he says slowly.

"God, Barney, there 's an awful lot to be said against war—any war—even the kind we 're in. Don't think I don't know it. But this war is being fought just for the sake of peace—peace and democracy forever. That 's the whole reason of it—just so there won't be another war, forever and ever."

"If that was true—"

"It 's what every one tells us. It 's what everybody feels. That 's why they 've put it past you or me or any other single person to decide for hisself."

"All right," says Barney.

"What?"

"I 'm coming down with you into . . . If my life, and the lives of others like me 'll bring that sort of thing about . . . I can't see it clear, but if my life 's all they need—"

There was joy in his voice, a sort of new excitement.

"But there 's just one thing I won't do. I won't kill nobody."

"Don't tell 'em that, Barney."

"I must, 'n' I will."

The storm below had been sucked up into the blue sky. The valley, the little lakes and villages, shone with the brightness that comes right after rain. The tiny spatter of roofs that folks below call Gorham was clear and separate. Even though it was so far away and below, I seen what must 've

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been the flagpole on the roof of the town hall. For there was something going up it slowly, just a little flick of color going up.

"Look," I shouted, "it 's the flag, Barney."

He watched after what I was pointing out. Likely he did n't see it. If he did, he did n't show.

We went down the long way, so 's to have the sun with us until we come into the woods. We had n't been gone long before we passed the little graveyard where the two graves were, one of them with a stone head-piece sinking in the ferns. I sort of looked at Barney sideways, wondering whether he 'd wait to stop a minute. But there was that in his face that made me keep quiet, and we marched right by, into the pines and down the trail.

Two hours later, when we come out to where the meadows met the trees, he says good-by to the mountains in his own way. He took his ax, which he 's been carrying all this while on his shoulder, and, after looking it over carefully for just a minute, smashes it down into a big stump.

What I 'm wondering is, did he find it again to-night, when he started back up the trail? And when he yanked it out, did the part of it that had been clinched in wood and had n't rusted gleam in the moonlight for them to see?

We got to Naz'reth after it was dark. Even in the Sewell house the lights was already out. We went straight to the marshal's office. After they 'd spoken to him a little while they locked him up.

I could n't stand it no more, myself. That night I waived my disability bunk, and two days later they sent me to Camp Devens. It was terrible for Ma, though, even after I was gone. I could tell it from her letters.

§ 6

There was lots of things, for a while afterwards, that was just like snapshots turning over lazy in an album; gray little pictures that don't mean half so much, now I remember back on them. Even the long stretch of flu that I got at Camp Devens, and the pine coffins piled right up under the windows of the base-hospital, where the hundreds of us lay sweating and weak . . . it don't mean so much now. If I had n't had the flu, maybe they 'd have sent me overseas, and everything might 've been so different. How do I know? It don't matter, anyhow, I suppose. Not any more.

The selectmen give every one of us a big diploma with the name Nazareth written in fancy by Mrs. Small who teaches Spencerian to the high school. That was come winter, betweenst Thanksgiving and Christmas, when the most of us was home again. Even Hilton Chase had got back from France by then. They give him an extra fine one, all on silk, they could n't do no less for a captain, that he 'd become, and that had won two medals on the battle-fields of Europe.

The things he can tell, laughing the while . . . He stayed on in Naz'reth now. We elected him head of our Legion post right straight away. When Luella Sewell come back from New York, where she 'd been driving a volunteer ambulance, they was together all the time. I seen them jingling around town in the Chase folks' sleigh, or the Sewells'. Ma kept telling me every night, when I'd come

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from the garage, what she 'd heard again about them having an understanding.

If it had n't been for Ma, I reckon, I would n't have gone back to Houghton's to work. But I sort of did n't care, myself. The flu was in my system still, and the cold was awful all winter, and there was the sight of the two of them dashing past the snowy window of the auto supply shop every day or so, merry and with a burst of sleigh-bells.

Come middle of April, Hilton Chase stopped into the garage to see about getting the Sewell touring-car thawed out.

"Well, you old grease-ball," he says chuckling, "you 're not the only one that 's stuck in Naz'reth for the rest of his born days. I 've just signed up with the savings-bank."

"Don't tell me," says I. I reckon I was jealous, that 's all. But he was darned big and good-looking, with his wavy hair and his Boston clothes, and the ribbons of his medals spliced in under his Legion button. . . . "Only I guess it 's a bit different with you from me."

He laughed hearty. "Oh, well, we can't all be bank directors. That 's what I told 'em they 'd have to do for me, if they wanted to play with me—and that 's what they 've done. It 's been on the table a long while. Small-town stuff, but . . . well, I 'm a lucky guy, I admit."

He did n't mention Luella Sewell, and neither did I. I reckon neither of us had to. It warn't more than a couple of hours before the whole of Naz'reth knew he 'd been made vice-president of the bank. I was working late at the garage that night. Sure enough, amongst the folks I seen going up-stairs to the second show at the Star was the two of them.

I was washing cars all evening. The hose made so much noise on hoods and running-boards, I did n't know Luella 'd come down until she was right beside me.

"Get away," I says, so sharp that it surprised me myself. "You—you 're getting yourself all spattered!"

She did n't seem to pay no attention to that. "I wanted to ask you whether you 've . . . has anybody heard from . . . heard lately about . . . Barney Dieuaide."

I slopped the hose down onto the floor. It went on running in a black, chuckling stream across the cement—and round our feet.

"You know 's much as I do, Luella," I told her. "There ain't much news comes out of Leavenworth."

"I s'pose not," she says, kind of dull.

"Folks don't mention him hereabouts," I went on. "He 's sort of Naz'reth's disgrace, they reckon."

"Yes . . ."

"He 'd do everything but kill."

"Yes, I know . . ."

"Looks now as if they 'd keep him locked up all his life, Luella. So . . . it 's queer you should be thinking on him to-night."

"Keep still, you fool," she says quick. And then, standing there so pretty and fancy in the middle of the muck of cars and things, she begin just as suddenly to cry.

"Oh, that 's all right, Luella," I says. "I did n't mind your saying that."

But it was n't me, or what she 'd said to me, that was hurting her so.

And, right away, there was folks coming down from the end of the second show, and Hilton Chase

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amongst them, joshing and loud, and peering over the shoulders of them all to see what 'd become of Luella.

They went home together laughing.

§ 7

Early as it was when I got to the village to-day, there was the flag already stretched up above the green, from one of the elms to the roof of the Cady Block. It was the great big flag that they 'd had made special during the war, and that was just for holidays now. There warn't no wind, and the shadows of branches lay still and delicate across it.

Over to the railroad station the morning train from the junction was just pulling in. Betweenst the hills, as she come up, it was like a row of bigger and bigger mushrooms of white smoke. There would n't be no one on her, I thought. Folks hereabouts stay to home on Memorial day, and every village has its own parade, meant just for its own folks. Others ain't so welcome.

Over to the Congregational Church, where the ceremonies started, Senator Cummins give us a fine speech. When we come out again into the sunshine it was all a golden morning, full of the smell of rose-bushes and fresh-cut lawns around the town hall and the library. We was on our way now to the different cemeteries.

There 's only three old Grand Army vets left in Naz'reth now. But there 's been the Legion—six of us—to walk with them these last two years. The Odd Fellows, too, sometimes, that looked pretty fine in their regalia. Then there was the Ladies' Auxiliary in them huzzar uniforms of theirs, blue and braid with yellow capes. And then, of course, the whole of the school-children, every department, under Principal Bowker and the teachers. I reckon there 's no better-looking parade in the White Mountains. And there was Hilton Chase up front, ahead of everybody, leading it.

Hilton was in his captain's uniform, with all the trimmings. He had his medal on, his pistol at his belt and strapped down his leg, and his spring puttees. He was the only one amongst us that had shoulder-bars, or even leather puttees like that. There could n't be no dispute about his being leader.

Hilton Chase was born for just such sort of things. It was n't only that he looked the finest of the lot. There was his record. There was those gold stripes of his on his arm that meant all the wonderful things he 'd seen and done in France. None of us had no stripes like that. Why, all I had was that one single silver one, 'most brown by now, that sort of snickered at my little while over here in Camp Devens. It was n't my fault, of course . . . but there it was: my one silver stripe, skimpy and brown, against the three gold ones that Hilton wore. And Luella Sewell looking on from where the machines was parked.

There was some as dropped out when we come to the Catholic cemetery, waiting outside with the school-kids. The little girls was all carrying muslin flags over their shoulders, and the boys—even the primary grade ones—had wooden guns which, when we was blowing taps and firing rounds over the graves inside, some one had taught them to keep at the present. It was sort of cute. None of us did n't see no harm in it, anyhow. They was just little toy guns that old Garb, the carpenter, had whittled out for one of

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the Liberty Loan parades during the war.

Anyhow, I don't know why, but the nice, neat graves down here, all flags and flowers and white carving, minded me of that littler cemetery, up above the clouds, with the wild pig in amongst the ferns. I began to think on Barney Dieuaide, whose'n ma and pa are buried there . . . on Barney Dieuaide who some of us might never see no more, nor want to.

And then, when our parade come back again onto the green, under the flag and right where the machines was parked, there, all alone, stood Barney Dieuaide.

Folks had left a wide space around him. He stood in the center of it, not noticing none of them, small, poor, dreadful yellow, staring at us go by. He had on some old army cast-offs that they 'd given him to go away in. They 'd pardoned him, unbeknownst to any of us, two days ago.

The Legion squad was leading now, right behind Hilton Chase, and I was in the first line of it. When we halted we was just a little past Barney. Hilton seen him even sooner 'n I did; and maybe it was just the shadows of spring buds from above, but over Hilton's face there come a sudden spatter of gray that turned his handsomeness mad and cruel.

"That dirty, rotten traitor back here in town," he mumbles to me. Then he laughs, and his laugh was worse than anything he 'd said. It was like he was trying to be loud on purpose.

But Barney had n't heard him. Nor seen him, neither. Nor seen even me, though I was sort of waving to him on the sly. I did n't want Hilton and the rest of them to see me saying hello like that to some one they thought what they did of. Barney was looking further down the parade, towards the very tail of it, where the teachers were herding the school-kids up through the dust we 'd raised.

And all in a jiffy I knew what Barney was staring at. It was them toy guns on the shoulders of the littlest boys.

He 'd had the jaundice or something. Maybe it was just the prison life that turned his face so yellow. But right where he was standing there all by hisself, the trees were pouring sunlight down across his cheeks and forehead, and turning his face into hot gold, like the face of the chief of angels.

No, it 's crazy of me to think things like that. After all, he 'd just been a fool, trying to be different from the rest of us, and refusing to fight when all the world . . .

Like the face of an angel, bright and blazing, with the sorrow of God in his eyes!

You could see how sick in body he was, how bewildered and hurt of heart. His voice cracked when he shouted out. Even so, there was something in it that made all the folks around him turn and keep quiet—and wonder.

"Throw down them guns," he cried.

The line of school-kids bunched up like a lot of frightened calfs, mid-meadow. The teachers knew less 'n any what to do. When she seen who it was, old Miss Towers just sort of whimpers, "Why, Barney, Barney Dieuaide!"

In the parking-space behind him some one was getting down from a machine. There was a flash of lavender through the trees.

Hilton Chase had turned to like he

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was boiled scarlet. He left the line and went right over to him. He called him a jailbird, a skulking traitor, that could only be brave against school-kids and toy guns. From Hilton's side of it, it was all right to say things like that, I reckon. Anyhow, Barney did n't seem to be noticing them much.

"You promised me peace everlasting. There would n't never be war again, you said. And then you give guns to the littlest kids and march them up—"

Hilton's laugh would n't let the rest of it be heard. "You yellow-livered boob, you can't pull talk like that around here, amongst our soldiers, living and dead. You 'll find you 're up against a bunch of men that fought and won their stripes."

Some of us had crowded up behind them now. "He 'd better take a tip and get out of town before he gets rode out."

"Barney," I says, "they mean it. They don't understand . . . like I do . . ."

He started to say something again, but some smart Aleck over in the parking-space had began to hoot his horn at him. Other cars took it up. The whole green was jeering at him. I looked back at them. Luella was n't amongst them any more. She 'd come up close, right beside my elbow.

Then, in his commanding way, Hilton put his hand on Barney's shoulder, like he meant to make him about face. Barney just stumbled and tried to wrench away. Hilton's hand got tight into the collar of Barney's flannel shirt. There was the sound of something tearing. What he 'd meant to do I did n't quite know. Maybe Hilton himself did n't know, neither. Anyhow it did n't come out right. They sprung away from each other. The dust, that had been around them for a little minute, sifted off. There, clear in the sunlight, with his shirt torn down, and his chest and back bare, Barney stood proud and quivering, dark . . . sort of golden dark . . . and darker still across his flesh the terrible welts of the lashings they 'd given him in prison. Healed they was, but purple still, purple stripes across his sunken shoulders . . . stripes.

But his face above them was the face of a bruised, bewildered angel, an angel of sorrow and wild pity, shining in the noon that turned those terrible stripes of his'n into red flames. God, like an angel he was!

The sight of him . . . I don't know what sort of feeling it was that came rushing over Hilton Chase when he saw what he 'd done to him. I 've been thinking about it, trying to understand how Hilton felt. There was that in every one of us who stood behind them that made us half want to glorify Barney—and half to strike him down.

And Hilton struck him down. Smashed him down into the road with one crazy blow.

But, quicker than any, with a scream that flung the onlookers to either side of her, some one darted out from under the trees, threw herself down into the dust beside the quiet Barney, with her arms gathering up his limp and naked arms, her lips pressing to his bitter scars . . . there, in front of everybody, right out in the middle of daylight, while her folks bellowed and screamed, and Hilton Chase . . .

Hilton Chase, his voice was thick and loud as he marched us on. He did n't look down on them as we

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passed, and did n't know how the steps of rank on rank of us spurted dust over them.

§ 8

I was in the repair-shop, down to Houghton's, early this evening. There they was standing in front of me, the two of them, quiet and waiting. It 's funny how a person grins when grinning is the last thing in the world he wants to do. They smiled back, though, plucky and pale, the both of them.

I piled them into the towing-car, on the front seat along with me. It was gray outdoors already, and I went along the other side of the green from the drug store, so the lights would n't shine in on us. There was n't a soul knew it was us as we left town.

I used the cut-out all the way; we could n't none of us talk. I guess they was as glad of that as I was. Luella was next to me, and every now and then her skirt 'd whip out into the gear-shift, and once her hair flew sort of right across mine. She did n't even notice when I drew away. Her hand was in Barney's, who I could n't see at all, or hear. We none of us stirred or said a word. A summer mist was on the fields.

Out by Jefferson I let them down. Luella was standing looking at some farm-house lights, most of a mile down the road, like looking into the eyes of her old life a last time. Across the white meadows ahead of them the woods was a black stairway to the peaks, black against the sky, and it was up there that Barney was staring.

I suppose they wondered a mite why I drove on so suddenly, leaving them there without a word of good-by or good luck. They did n't need talk like that from me. But, further up the road, I stopped again and watched them crossing the meadows in the starlight, with their arms around each other's waists, the woods stretching their shadows to take them in; and the mountain trail would be white and shining for them all the night, until they 'd be above the clouds . . . above us all, away from us all, with the risen moon drowning out the stars and the white birches, rocks and everything, in a wild and singing happiness.

Lord knows what life they 'll lead. Maybe they 'll stay on up there; maybe they 'll go down the other side of the mountains, to-morrow or the next day or the next, into a new life . . . some sort of life where there is peace forever, love, and understanding of one's fellow-man. . . . Only, God, what good does it do to understand, and to know both sides of everything . . . like I do, Hilton Chase's side, and Barney's . . . and yet to be like I am? It might have been so different with me. With me . . . and . . . God, oh, God!

There was a tire salesman come into the garage the other day that was telling me about some of the rubber plantations they 'd started down in the Philippines. There 's palm-trees, he said, and the sea thick with flying-fish. . . . If I could only. . . . But there 's Ma. It 'll be like this always. Her sleeping behind me, inside, while I sit here on the porch and watch the village lights caught like little lanterns in the branches of the trees.

Only there 's one thing 'll be different for me from now on, ever after. When I look up onto the range, where the big peaks shine in the moonlight. . . . It 'll mean something. Something nobody 'll know.

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As Every Farmer Knows

His Relegation to the Dodo Class

By Elizabeth Littleton Bradley

America was settled by dissatisfied people. They are still dissatisfied. Another outstanding characteristic: our ancestors wanted to get rich quick. This latter has developed into two extremes: the energetic scrambler after wealth, and the schemer who wants something for nothing.

A great hodgepodge of other nations, the false and the true are so mingled that they often cannot be distinguished.

We have no such thing as purity of strain. Mendel's law is well demonstrated, for in one family can be found widely different types. Each child has separate dominant ancestors. A dairymaid in Virginia, a jailbird in Georgia, a locked-minded Puritan in Massachusetts, are likely to reappear in our supposedly best families. Family trees are considered by the many as the least valuable of all timbers.

Yet there were some remarkably fine people who formed this government of ours, and they have descendants, too. But we do not find the majority of our statesmen holding office. The spiritual descendants of the founders of our nation are found in other positions of trust; in banks, lawyers' offices, pulpits, colleges, and a handful on the farms. The restless spirit of their forefathers has driven them into the front ranks of art, science, and letters.

Side by side with these, that same spirit of dissatisfaction, that wanting something for nothing, has grown into the special-privilege class that thinks it right to rob Peter to pay Paul provided its class be Paul.

At first we were farmers only. Rhode Island in the Articles of Confederation was "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations." The Boston Tea-Party had the sympathy of all the colonies. Those who could not be present at the party sent refreshments to sustain the brave farmers during the blockade. After the Revolution these same farmers, finding their climate and soil unsuited to agriculture, and encouraged by the difficulty with which goods were imported from Europe during the embargo incident to the struggle between England and France, turned their attention to manufacturing. When European conditions became calm, and the home manufacturers were again brought in competition with the foreign, they saw no wrong in making a law that would force the domestic consumer to buy manufactured articles from them at a price above the world market. New England succeeded in doing what England had attempted.

It was not until 1824 that this spirit of getting something for nothing bore fruits in the first protective tariff act. Up to this time the agricultural class

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was the leading class and the bulwark of the republic. The date marked the beginning of the end of farming, and heralded the advent of the Great American Peasant. The farmer realized that henceforth there were to be a goat and a rider, and he was the goat.

Only because the South was agricultural, with all to lose and nothing to gain, she opposed the tariff. To-day Uncle Sam has nieces and nephews from all sections crying out, "You gave Bill Bricklayer and Micky Mechanic tickets to the movies; now give me some."

Any uncle who has ever given sister's children a present without giving brother's one, too, can appreciate just how Uncle Sam must feel.

For a long time the farmer let him alone. Now he thinks turn about is fair play. We all know that the farmer has absorbed some of the qualities of his mule. We are in for some kicking. Agriculture is the most important industry in the United States in point of numbers, purchasing power, and selling power. It will be only a matter of time until the Farm Bureau will enter politics and demand that something drastic be done, something that will hurt while curing.

At first the farmer was dazed. He was told that all sorts of businesses were on the rocks, that conditions were bad everywhere, that he should be patient, and things would return to normal. He went into a state of watchful waiting, but continued to sell low and buy high. The promises at election times did not add to his rapidly shrinking dollar. He at last decided that he had waited long enough and so set out to see just what in the Sam Hill was the matter with farming, anyway.

Thinking that buying retail and selling wholesale might be his chief trouble, he formed buying and selling organizations. Since men and not angels had to be the officers of these organizations, some mistakes were made, but not enough to make them all disband. These organizations helped and will continue to help and to grow; and yet every farmer now knows that his trouble does not lie altogether there.

Each farmer thought he was to blame for his individual failure. He tried diversification, land development, reduction of crops; he floundered and he flopped. Bewildered and discouraged, many quit cold; many went broke. They rushed to the cities, already bloated with a too sudden growth, until to-day we have evolved four distinct types of farmers or would-be farmers: landowners who make their living elsewhere than the farm, who have bought for speculation, or else expect to retire as gentlemen farmers when old; landowners who by heroic measures have managed to wring an existence from their land; tenants who hope in vain to become landowners, and tenants who have stayed on the farm because there is little else they can do, ignorant and thriftless, fit only to be farm laborers hired by the day under a foreman.

The landowners who do not farm themselves are of little importance in farming except in their relation to other farmers. While they do glut the market at times and run up the price of land, perhaps, they are not the stumbling-block. It is through them that tenants who wish to own land can have their little fling at farming. These landowners are gratified if the farming operations of the tenants pay the taxes. They are willing to put all their profit

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on farm improvements and to help the tenant as much as he will receive help.

Those tenants who farm from necessity cannot be helped. The members of this class are congenitally out of the reach of help. There is little that can be said in their defense. They are human sponges. I know. I see them every day.

I have in mind a typical example. It was a slack season on the farm, and he was induced to accept common labor at a lumber mill. Through his own carelessness his hand was cut nearly off. With the aid of unscrupulous lawyers and a jury of his peers such as is to be found in Mississippi any court day, he collected five thousand dollars. At once he bought a car and tore it up. He drank a little, gambled a little, until, six months after receiving his check, he was back to taw.

This class cannot save. But do not forget that it can *vote*. Land nationalization would win most enthusiastic indorsement from it. A peasant's wife said to me just the other day, "If they ever do divide the land agen, I know the spot where I'm a-goin'."

The "spot" is a field which my husband has limed, terraced, stumped, and developed from a production of ten bushels to one of seventy bushels of corn to the acre.

The tenant farmer will not coöperate in any system of land development, but wants to rent the land on the same plan as he rents the undeveloped land. His greatest drawback, which is his most unlovely trait, is his vast storehouse of knowledge that is n't true.

The term, so familiar in the cotton belt, "worn-out soil," is a reproach to us. We have allowed the tenant absolutely to mine out the fertility of the soil. No manner of legislation can bring back the thousands of dollars of plant food that has been piled and burnt for the last sixty years, just because it was easier to pile and burn the cotton stalks than to plow them under.

The real farmer is fast becoming relegated to the rank of the dodo. He is like a man whose house has fallen down upon him. Instead of removing the wreckage so that he can get out and begin rebuilding, he is given bread and water to keep him alive a little longer.

If we wanted to try the experiment of a world without the farmer, why did we take such a roundabout route? Why not pass a law to shoot all farmers at sunrise? Perhaps we are afraid that such haste would be unseemly even for Americans. Also, we hate to be called copy-cats; landowners were shot in Russia. Well, we have n't much longer to wait. Pretty soon farmers will be as scarce as snow in that place General Dawes associates with Maria.

§ 2

In colonial times the center of political life in New England was the town; in Virginia there were great plantations grouped into counties with the local government in the hands of a few prominent men.

The stamp of these two forms of government, county and township, can be seen to-day. The old-fashioned Southerner does not like the crowded town. He loathes factory smoke. His idea of union labor is hazily associated with all kinds of unwashed foreigners, who are always plotting for shorter hours and more pay. Leisurely in his habits, enjoying a neighborly chat, he has been called lazy by some people. His climate is against haste. But he *can* hurry. With a region that

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is naturally agricultural, the South also has factory sites and water-power in abundance. The factories are coming, thus holding in the South many who otherwise would be forced to go North.

When all the Southern farmers give up plowing and turn to making plows, when they manufacture shoes instead of raising raw hides, weave cloth instead of growing cotton, we are going to look around and say, "Where are our customers?"

There is only one way to keep a steady run of customers. The real farmers must come back to the farm and give us a network of homes made up of steady, honest folks. A nation composed in this way is invincible.

Farming is an instinct based on the law of self-preservation. There are few men who think they would not like farming, provided they could be equipped just as they would want. There are many who look upon farming, as it is now carried on, as dreary slavery. There are thousands upon thousands who like farming for its own sake. A poet who cannot understand writes about the back-breaking job of picking cotton, while the cotton-pickers gather in the fields, as soon as the dew permits, eager to fill their baskets, singing, vying with one another, happy. Harvest-time is a great time on a well ordered plantation.

A plantation has a soul of its own. It is something alive to the man who guides it. His tenants look up to him and come to him. When he sees the plantation is no longer profitable and moves away, a piece of him dies. He carries a lonesome little ache in a secret corner of his heart. The tenants work alone, or drift to the cities.

How are we going to give these people their farms? By giving the farmer as much on his investment as he would get in any other honest business, as, say, the small-town grocery.

Free land is gone, and to expect it to return is preposterous. What storekeeper demands from society a building and stock furnished free? A man saves "in order to go in business for myself," except when he turns to farming, and then he thinks a farm should be handed to him on a silver platter. Cheap land is gone the way of cheap everything else, and the inevitable must be accepted. Property is property. We look to our Government to protect it, not to lower its value.

I do not think that high-priced land is the trouble with the farmer. At least it is not so in the cotton belt. The small farmer can begin farming on the same investment that his brother makes in the corner grocery. By living at home and raising stock-feed, he can have seven bales of cotton for a money crop. His chickens, pigs, cows, should buy his clothes. But shoes, work-tools, fertilizer, fencing, upkeep, taxes, take the lion's share of that cotton.

If he "breaks even" he is congratulated by his brother farmers. Of course he accumulates no reserve. He meets with a bad year and has to borrow money to pay taxes. It will not take this type of farmer long to get back into the grocery business where he made his money in the first place.

§ 3

Not all men make good grocers, but when they fail, they fail as individuals, while the farmer is failing as a class. On account of general conditions the man who would make a successful farmer is leaving it to the man who cannot succeed at anything.

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Here in the cotton belt we have developed a class of merchant known as the "carrying merchant." He takes the farmer whom the banker would not touch with a forty-foot pole, and furnishes his temporal needs at an interest rate of anywhere from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. This system is everywhere censured. But without it a vast number of the present-day farmers would starve. When a sure-enough farmer gets down to where he has nothing left but the "carrying system," he generally has spunk enough to get out. The merchant does not want such a class of unsafe customers, but they are forced upon him. Just the other day one of the largest carrying merchants in South Mississippi was complaining of the personnel of the farmers, and of how they had deteriorated.

"When I was a boy," he said, "the farmer could borrow money just any old time and not even give a note. I have seen my father go to the safe and draw out a roll of greenbacks, and the farmer would stuff it into his pocket with nothing said about a note. The idea of giving a note would have insulted him. Now you have got to tie him up hand and foot in order to get anything out of him, and even then it is risky. I have yet to ask any farmer to let me carry him."

Is the South, where people like to farm and want to farm, going to be turned into a manufacturing region? The few farmers yet alive, and their few friends, want this question answered. So they look at their Uncle Sam and say: "Now, look here, uncle; you make me pay more for a sewing-machine than I would have to pay, including transportation charges for the same machine, in Europe. Is that fair? And also, why does a coal-miner working two days a week get more than I do who work six?"

One of my country friends used to be a coal-miner in Illinois. He came to Mississippi in a colony of twenty, lured by the fairy-tale of all cut-over lands being as fertile as the valley of the Nile. They were native Italians from vineyards, and dreamed of making their living from grapes. While waiting for the grapes to grow they must live, but two years of hard unremunerative work began to discourage them. When they received a freight-bill of six dollars due on a car-load of Irish potatoes that they had collectively shipped, they threw up their hands and threw down their hoes, and all but my friend went back to the mines. He tells me his Illinois neighbors write that with the exception of one young man who landed in the penitentiary for grand larceny committed while on strike, they are getting along very well, working two days a week, and expecting any moment to strike for higher wages.

"Somebody has to pay for those days of idleness, and it 's the poor farmer," he said.

True. "Six days shalt thou labor," thundered from Mount Sinai, was not meant as a prelude to Sunday golf. The ten commandments contain no superfluous word. "Six days shalt thou labor" is a law we must keep or die physically, morally, and mentally as individuals, and hence as a nation. This is not a spiritual law but a physical law upon which the whole law is based.

When the workers become a leisure class, the nation dies. Ships of state float on sweat. Money is only frozen sweat. Not all sweat is money, but

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all money is sweat. The man who creates a utility is the man who creates the real economic dollar.

First principles are simple. This law of work is back to first principles. A man's body needs the amount of exercise that it would require to produce the food he consumes.

The best way to make a man work is to force him to realize that he has it to do, not by civil law but by the old law of the survival of the fittest.

Moral waves can sweep over a country and do more lasting good than laws piled mile high. Remember how we bought Liberty Bonds? We of the South believe that slavery would gradually have died out. My grandfather freed some of his blacks and had promised freedom to others as soon as they showed themselves capable of self-support. If the church had not shirked its duty and put it off on the state, whisky could have been run out sooner and easier than it is ever going to be now. Child labor is decreasing in Louisiana because of public sentiment. Snuff is taboo. David would not be tolerated in polite society today.

§ 4

We Americans are inconsistent idiots. We do love to uplift the masses, but we want to do it without personal contact. The good people of the North get all stirred up over the way we mistreat the poor, defenseless negro; and we of the South send money to Africa. We all pass laws to give the working-man leisure to do the things that we love to do but that the poor man cares nothing about. We investigate and legislate, expecting to scare away the devil and his angels and have heaven on earth.

History teaches us that paternalistic governments fail. They fail because such government is impossible, a contradiction, and unfair. A parent does not rob one child to give to another, but the government when it gives to one group has to take from another group, for the government is a collection of people bound together for protection, and not a separate entity as is a parent.

If the state did not tax us to the limit we could afford to pay more for the church to handle the moral side of man. As it is, we have one paternalistic bureau after another trying to take the place of a daddy: some of them sink into little tattle-tale sister's niche and go around "investigating"; others act like stepmas and grant privileges to their supporters which the stepchildren have to pay for; some are merely poor relations receiving pensions.

Uncle Sam, instead of being pictured as a benign old gentleman, should be held before us as a growing child whose growing-pains are acute. That Virginia was a colony longer than she has been a State, is hard to realize. We have turned our Government over to little fellows too soon, and turned it over before it had solidified. We must make the big men of our various counties come out and become our statesmen, putting back on the farm and elsewhere the silver-tongued orators of the country picnics. We have enough left to save the day.

But we have no time to lose. We are like the Irishman's oxen. He had been a sailor but hired himself to a farmer who put him to plowing. The oxen turned the yoke, and the sailor did not know what to do. He ran post-haste to the farmer and reported,

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"The larboard ox is on the starboard, and the starboard is on the larboard, the mainmast tangled in the rigging, and the whole thing drifting to the devil stern foremost."

If this sounds too pessimistic, visit your state legislature and see how many fingers you need to count those who look like professors of political economy. Go into any large department-store and observe a big, husky fellow selling dry-goods. Talk to him. You'll find he wants to get his wife and children out on the farm. Go into the big factories. Again you will find men farm exiles. Turn to their wives, cooped-up town women, who would take an absorbing interest in a farm incubator. They and their bright-eyed children would peep into the nest, the day the speckled hen was expected to hatch, with more excitement than they ever watched a movie—women who live in flats when they love birds, trees, and sweeping fields.

These would-be farmers do not constitute a menace in themselves. They will fill patient graves. But their children are filling the criminal and divorce courts, habitués of movies, their ideas of life colored by literature that would make a Frenchman blush. The vital part of the foundation of our country is unprotected. We are allowing a vaste horde of incompetents, collected into one class undiluted by level-headed neighbors, to guide public opinion. The real farmer, a country gentleman, if you please, a philosopher, somewhat of a scholar, is crowded out of his natural heritage into places which he does not like, and his influence lost to a great extent, like a little rivulet running into the sand.

The farmer's dollar must be made equal to anybody else's dollar. This cannot be done by the Government's paying the farmer a certain price above the world market, for where will the Government get the money? Will it not take it from the pockets of the people; and will not the farmer, when all is said and done, get his same old dollar back again? The farmer is the only man in America who buys on an import and sells on an export basis. Little by little, so that panics may be avoided, the tariff can be lowered. In proportion taxes, salaries, commodities, will come down, until the farmer's dollar is a dollar. In other words, the farmer's dollar cannot be expanded by inflation, but the other man's can be made to shrink.

"Lower American standards of living!" somebody begins to exclaim. *No.* But raise them into saner, calmer, slower ways of living. Our American standard to-day is not one of living but one of wild spending.

It has been the tendency of our Government to build great cities. The time has come when attention must be given toward building a great "country."

David Starr Jordan says, "Some day, not so very far off, men will have outlawed war." Is it vain idealism to predict that some day, not so very far off, farming will no longer be outlawed? The two prophecies go hand in hand.

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A Chair in Alcohol

Prohibition as a Required Course for America

By Dallas Lore Sharp

I HAVE just been talking to a convention of Anti-Saloon Leaguers, a body that up to that time I had never seen, save single corporate members, and was surprised to find that the large assembly, which was normal and college-bred, was discussing conservation. They were using an anti vocabulary, as prohibitive and obsolete as their own cantankerous name, but their point of view, their principles, and some of their methods were those of the workers for conservation with whom I have been associated for thirty years.

These men were dealing with my old public, which was reacting in the same old way to the same old bills and laws. It had not occurred to me before that prohibition and conservation were merely different aspects of the same problem, that I had covered all of this ground, used all of these arguments, fought for all of these convictions. I was startled by their similarity: one concerned with wild life and our natural resources, the other with human life and our made resources, the Eighteenth Amendment only a human turn to the program for conservation which modern conditions have thrust upon the social world.

It seems too strange for me to tell that, as a child, I used to watch the men of our town line up on the bridge in the long summer evenings and shoot the night-jars, the bats, and the swallows hawking over the river, just for the fun of killing them and to keep themselves in practice for the gunning in the fall.

It is n't pleasant for me to tell that I made a shocking collection of birds' eggs when a boy, even subscribed to an egg-robbing magazine. Every boy in the school was an egg collector. I was never rebuked.

Bird-study has been a regular part of school work for my boys. I wonder if one of them ever thought of robbing a bird's nest. Here is one of my neighbors, all his life a sportsman, leaving off his shooting entirely to take up bird-banding, the greater adventure, the larger meaning of the new hunting making crude and tame the killing with a gun. Conversion is the name for this.

The nation is being born again. But it has taken a lot of travail. A wise, persistent, and tremendous educational campaign for conservation is being waged, and has been waged for years. Many new laws are involved along with these new minds. Many of these laws are broken. But many more are kept.

The mind of the country toward

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conservation is no longer truculent. The doctrine has been accepted. The subject has become a matter for study. It is believed in, and largely lived up to, with wholesome fear and clear understanding. Those who for years have agitated and educated can scarcely credit all they see.

We shall not soon forget the passage of the federal migratory bird law. It was bitterly fought by honest men as an infringement of their natural rights. They had always shot these birds in migration. The desire to kill a flying bird is natural, therefore imperative, and not to be stultified by law. And moreover it was n't specified in the Federal Constitution. Neither was Marbury *vs.* Madison. But they are *now*. There be two divinely inspired, letter-perfect documents revealed to man, the King James Version of the Scriptures and the *unamended* American Constitution.

The migratory bill became a law. The winging wild life had certain social values, involving things economic and esthetic, values as great as those of sport, and belonging quite as much to the future as to us who have inherited them from the past. So the Audubon Society, and others just as fanatical and pestilent, got behind the measure, even Henry Ford. This should have damned it utterly, for Mr. Ford, they say, is an enemy of the people. He is a real friend of the birds, anyway; and every fool wild goose that migrates north and south now passes over us honking, "Ford! Ford! Ford!"

Take the recent law protecting the bobolinks, "reed-birds," on their way through New Jersey. That bill had often been defeated. Doubtless the Philadelphia sportsmen went to Trenton again last year as they had in previous years, expecting Trenton to pass only Philadelphia laws. But the leaven of education had been at work in Trenton. The public had come to understand the spirit and purpose of the protective bills, and what with the spread of bird-study for the sheer beauty of it, New Jersey was able to put the bobolink upon the protected (prohibited) list. A few days of shooting will be denied Philadelphia, but many days of delicious music will be assured the Eastern States, and much destruction of insects to balance the rice destroyed in the South.

Am I mixing drinks, pouring bobolinks into the beer? Certainly the two cases, as matters for legislation, are analogous, their laws alike, their reactions on the people quite the same, and the processes of education for the birds so closely paralleled by what is happening educationally to the beer that we can expect a parallel result.

The game-laws meet three sorts of opposition: the indifferent public; the poaching and pot-hunting public; and the sporting public, who protect to kill. All three are alike in need of education. The prohibition laws encounter the same indifferent public, the same pot-hunting public, the same sporting public. But as there is no open season for drinks as there still is for ducks, this sporting public pulls a 100 per cent. American face and appeals to liberty, equality, and the rights of man. It will defy the law for citizenship and suffering philosophy's sake.

Christmas day and our recent "Defense day" are not further apart in spirit than the pot-hunter and the sportsman. But a dead duck is as dead in the sportsman's bag as in the game-hog's, and leaves as empty a

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space in the marsh. The bootlegger and the millions-for-defenser may be different. But a broken law is a broken law, and who can tell, when he picks up the fragments, which defier did the breaking?

The arrest not long ago of a Massachusetts mayor, and sixty-seven other ardent citizens of a rum-ring, reveals a mind for sacrifice and a machinery for restoring the Constitution to its primal and perfect estate which is most heartening. Vicarious soaking may save the country and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. But here is the Eighteenth Amendment, a hard legal fact; and, though a sumptuary fact, it still received the speediest, most thoroughgoing legislative sanction of all the nineteen amendments to the Constitution, and it either must now be established in power, if the Government is to stand, or else be at once abolished. It cannot be evaded, nor defied, nor ignored, left null and void, a dead letter in the Constitution, turning that instrument into a tomb, though this is plainly the recent counsel of ex-President Hadley.

It may be a vicious law. But breaking it won't prove it vicious nor remedy it. Mr. Clarence Darrow, in his honest wrath at its petty tyranny and the danger to freedom it portends, is alleged to have told the Harvard students to break it until by breaking they destroy it. Laws may be destroyed that way, but states may crumble first. Such advice is the essence of lawlessness, jeopardizing all order. But such order as we have Mr. Darrow thinks is hardly worth saving.

There is a better way. Multiply the police, and let enforcement do its partial work. Meanwhile multiply our teachers thirty, sixty, a thousand fold, and let education do its thorough work. Prohibition is a scientific problem now, and has completely entered the educational stage. It is a required course in the curriculum of the nation. It has not passed out of the Sunday-school, but it has entered every other school; it has not passed out of the pulpit, but it has entered the research laboratory, the public press, the public roads, and the councils of state. President Nicholas Murray Butler, in his abiding wisdom, might with most peculiar grace be the first to give the subject academic standing by establishing at Columbia a *Chair in Alcohol.*

§ 2

During our kindergarten days we studied alcohol as temperance. Just to mention John B. Goff, Frances E. Willard, Sign-the-Pledge Sunday, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," and "Father, Dear Father, Come Home with Me Now," is to prove how many are the grades we have skipped, how different our present point of view, how profoundly social and more than national the scope of this question which once was settled by a personal pledge. From the realm of physiology and domestic tragedy, the liquor question has smashed into politics and crowded into every federal and every foreign court.

It is difficult to indicate the extent of this change—the new factors, the radical answers. The bartenders still have a union of thousands, but the old saloonkeeper is as dead as the dodo. No one even wants him to return. The Anti-Saloon League did for him a good job, and earned its place, along with the W.C.T.U., the horseless carriage, and other useful relics, in the Smithsonian Institution. Miss Willard

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has her monument and deserves it. Mr. Pabst has Milwaukee, a great and favored city, and deserves it. Good brewers in his day went to heaven. Since then society has gone to tanking up on good gulf gasolene, and every man who brews to-day is bound for hell.

One might drink and drive with impunity when Milwaukee was so famous. But these are Detroit days, when driving for the sober is difficult, while driving for the drunk, or those who try to get that way, is deadly.

No caterpillar ever crawled into its cocoon and came out so changed as came this drink question out of Congress. It went in temperance and came out prohibition. It went in license and came out enforcement. It went in personal choice and came out a national mandate. It went in an individual right and came out a social responsibility. It went in a brewer and barkeeper and came out a bootlegger and a kitchen still. It went in local option and came out the Eighteenth Amendment. A part of the people went in with it and has not come out at all. A considerable part of the public, especially the academic public, still pupates.

And it is the public that is concerned. The disturbance is *social*. This storm is central over the *custom* of drinking. The area of low pressure covers the *people*. Whatever has, or has not, happened in the last half-century to me as a person, there is no doubt of my changed condition as an aggregate: I am as never before a society, the most distinctive product of these times, and its most dominant force.

I still am that I am, as my fathers were; but by reason of new world forces unfelt by them, while not less one and alone, I am infinitely more plural than they. Ignorance or hatred or refusal of the fact in no degree alters the fact. I have, or I must speedly acquire, a social consciousness so far beyond that possessed by my fathers, or required of them, so much more ranging and binding than theirs, as to call for a new legal and moral code. The new laws are comparatively easy to acquire. It is the new morals that are causing us trouble.

One of the constant charges against the national dry law is its untimely coming—before the people were ready for it. The people are not yet ready for it. They never are ready for the untried, the difficult and dangerous.

The people in the Garden of Eden were not ready for prohibition. Moses did not find his people in the plains of Moab ready for the laws he fetched from Sinai. They were chosen people, too. Instead he caught them bowing down to a golden calf. Had he waited for the Hebrews to weary of that worshipful veal he would still be on the peak of Sinai, he and his Ten Commandments both in stone.

Washington did not find his people ready for the Constitution, notwithstanding the crack in the Liberty Bell, the years of hazardous war, and the long months of anxious convention. If ever a people should have been ready for new laws it was the American people at the end of all the fighting and debating between the Stamp Act and the close of the Constitutional Convention. But so evenly divided were the Whigs and Tories, so stubbornly did some of the States hold out against the new compact, that when Washington took over the government at New York the whole national enterprise was in peril as im-

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minent as when he had taken over the army at Cambridge.

Lincoln did not find his people ready for the Emancipation Proclamation. The North was as zealously unready as the South was belligerently unready, while the slaves themselves, wretched "contrabands," were unreadiest of all. More than half a century has since gone, and we seem almost as unready to give the negro what is due him under the Constitution as on the day he was proclaimed a citizen and free, so slow is the tortoise of acceptance catching up with the hare of enactment in the field of law.

Doomsday will find none ready but the unborn, and there are some grounds for the not uncommon belief that Adam has inhibited even them.

Another frequent dry-law objection, the certain concomitant of such a law, is the temptation to break it, a strain too terrible for feeble flesh, and more than the people can bear. Senator James A. Reed in a recent magazine article says as much. "A vast multitude of men who formerly reverenced the law," he writes, "now deliberately and avidly conspire for its breach." That is awful. But it is nothing new where law is concerned. It must have been the old license law they reverenced, a noble piece of legislation, doubtless, for its day. This is a different day, with a different law, which this vast multitude of men do not like, and presto! their reverence for law is gone. Then what shall they do but with fine American spirit deliberately and avidly conspire to break the law?

Not a very powerful argument. But that 's the political mind, and a fair sample of the U. S. Senate. Mr. Reed could n't get away with that as Professor of Alcohol in a Columbia class-room. Reverence and obedience may rest on foundations so flimsy; but will the senator from Missouri tell us on what we are to bottom law? Here is a multitude of Western furniture men who have suddenly lost their reverence for law, and who deliberately and avidly conspired to break it—the anti-trust law. Sixteen refrigerator concerns, fifty-seven persons and firms making chairs, have entered pleas of guilty, and 190 bedroom-furniture makers—all indicted—"have yet to enter pleas." What are we to do with such a wicked law? Whom are we to consult about enacting such a law? The furniture people of course, and everybody else who might, thereby, be made to lose his reverence for law, and legally run down, lose his power of resistance.

But somebody runs that risk with every law. Adam was the first victim, and he used Senator Reed's argument against Eve: the woman tempted me. It holds for all women and for all laws. If valid, it should forever stop the creation of women and the enactment of laws. The *argumentum ad absurdum* runs: If laws are enacted they will be broken. The more laws the more lawlessness. Therefore, beginning with the Ten Commandments, we should abrogate all law, should enact no more law, and thus create a perfect, law-abiding world.

The laws of nature take small account of human frailty, or of men's likes and dislikes. Neither do the laws of conscience and of society. That human nature should not be strained for fear it break, may do for the U. S. Senate, but the doctrine is too feeble for nursery and Sunday-school. This is Senator Reed's defense of lawless

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America against its Eighteenth Constitutional Amendment!

The coddling, O Lord, how long? Still bottle-fed as a people on the protective-tariff pap, we are so used to softness and to the cant of our industrial-diaper talk as not to feel the shame and sham of it, that we are a weak-kneed nation morally, bred to contempt of law by special legislation —a sure cause of lawlessness. Much of the petulance and pouting and bad behavior over the prohibition law are only the spoiled manners and poor sportsmanship of that portion of the people which is unused to hardness and sacrifice through the pampering of special privilege.

§ 3

Mending our bad manners and worse political morals would not, however, cure this acute case of social indigestion which we call prohibition. The disease is endemic, attacking only the under-socialized. The treatment depends on our determining the nature of drinking, whether it is now a personal right or a social evil. Senator Reed in his recent magazine article says, "The old and true concept of freedom embraced the right of the citizen to choose his own religion, think his own thoughts, indulge in his own habits, and live his own life without interference by the state, save that he should not trespass upon the rights of others." That is a true concept, and both old and modern. The question is: does the old unfettered habit of drinking trespass *nowadays* upon the rights of others? Senator Reed implies that it does not, ignoring in his discussion the fact that there have been some social changes recently which have deeply affected old habits as well as the interpretation of old ideals.

High among the white-piled clouds above the house and the treetops roars an airplane from Boston for New York. That pilot is n't drunk. No matter what the bibulous habits of his father might have been, this child of the sky, driving like Icarus but unscorched by the sun, needs no tingling drop of alcohol to fire his courage or to steady his nerve. His father may have swigged apple-jack by the jugful at harvest-time, for threshing in those old days was a sweaty, heavy job. Times have changed; machines and manners have changed. The flail is now the steam-thresher, and apple-jack adds nothing to its power. We plow by tractor, sow by tractor, thresh by tractor, bag and transport by tractor; and in none of these operations would a jug of apple-jack be anything but a possible source of personal injury and a social menace. The caterpillar-tractor is a water-wagon, as "dry" as the biplane in the sky.

Machinery must be "dry." So must be the people who run it, and those who repair it, and those who build it. If this is a mechanical age, as it is certainly called, then it must perforce be a dry age. Its genius is dry. This dry thing which has overtaken the United States is by no means suddener than the steamboat, the telegraph, and the automobile. Because they are, it is; it is their logical and essential consequence and condition.

This land at a former time could not exist half slave and half free. No more at the present time can it exist half drunk and half sober. We cannot drink and drive. Nor shall we drink and ride. Compel your chauffeur to sign a prohibition contract, and he will

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vote a prohibition country upon you. The man who steers the car also steers the country. He is morally bound and bound by contract to stay no soberer than the tipsy Liberty Leaguer in the tonneau behind.

We blamed the Eighteenth Amendment on the absence of the American soldiers. They were the real Americans. But they were abroad fighting for the world when they should have been at home fighting the water-wagon pounding over their prostrate country. Now suddenly we turn and blame the darkened Fundamentalists. Then we must blame them for Fulton and Morse and Edison and Selden and the Wrights.

No, if anybody is to blame it is the Wrights and their ilk. But nobody is to blame. The people were not ready. It is the Times that were ripe. The Times have a way of getting ripe and ready and falling down on the people. It is not without meaning that they fell upon the people of the United States, this inventive, practical, unpoetical, pioneering people of America, the most innocent of sentiment, the most impatient of tradition, the most believing in standardization, the most bent on quantity production and rapid action. The Times were ready, whatever one can say of the people, and the Times made use of the driving mind of America—the real Eighteenth-Amender of the Constitution.

Our elemental passions are constant, but let any overturning invention, like the automobile, be adopted by society, and civilization undergoes a change, involving an entirely new set of privileges, and for every privilege a new prohibition. We can do a thousand things with a motor-car that we could not do with a yoke of oxen. But see the old things we can no longer do! Massachusetts has 2400 laws under which a person can be fined, 2000 of them, possibly, put on the books to prevent our doing 2000 things the high-spirited Father of our country was free to do, and utterly unable to do, and never dreamed of doing.

No one quarrels with Senator Reed and President Butler for disbelieving in either the wisdom or the rightness of the prohibition law. What we do ask is that they see the scientificness and the *inevitableness* of the law. We would further suggest that President Butler establish a Chair in Alcohol at Columbia, and appoint Senator Reed or Mr. Darrow, if that seems good, to fill it. For fighting such a law by defying it will neither stave it off nor make it a better, juster law. This country needs to go to school to law —to this law, and to the idea and the logic of law. "A vast multitude of men" have lost their reverence for law since prohibition came to pass. If they had worshiped less and informed themselves more they would not now so deliberately and avidly conspire to make fools of themselves and criminals, but would go and sell their flivvers. It 's the car that 's done it.

There are fifty million persons in the United States to-day who have never heard the real reason for prohibition.

Enforcement will take care of the bootleggers generally. Make it expensive enough and the bootlegger will quit his legging and return to his former crimes. The bootlegger has a footpad soul. The prohibition law has not, as Senator Reed affirms, created a new criminal class; it has merely diverted the criminal class.

As a game-warden I have seen enforcement work a mighty change for

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wild life: seen it stop the wretched pot-hunter, closing the markets of the land against the sale of certain kinds of game; seen it stop the low-down plume-hunter and the vain wearer of plumes—the hand of the law laid upon the American woman's hat! That is possibly the most daring piece of legislation ever enacted, and the most remote from anything contemplated in the Constitution. The snowy heron wore these same lovely plumes when the Constitution was written; but recently they have taken on a new, a national, even an ethical value, so that no hunter now can strip them from the bird's back, and no woman can wear them upon her hat, without committing a crime against society and against nature itself.

We may be a long time convincing ourselves that alcohol is not essential either for peace or prosperity or the pursuit of happiness. I lived before the Volstead Act and still survive, and I honestly do not see that we have any less of these three American necessities than we ever had. Certainly we have a great many more automobiles, and family outings, and individual bank-accounts, than we had before. And whatever you say about the average man's bank-account, you can't attribute it to the possession of an automobile. We live and move and have our being as before. I am just returned from celebrating my thirtieth year out of college. I had a good time. We all did. And not a boy was drunk, which is more than I could say for them thirty years ago at commencement.

We ought to make short work of the bootleggers, at least as short work as we have made of the tax-dodgers and the alien-smugglers and breakers of the anti-trust laws; but it will be slower handling desire and aspiration. A man who will break the laws of God to drink is not going to leave off for the laws of country. And the more force you bring to bear upon the patriotic defier and the Constitutional Liberty Leaguer, the more defiant he will be. This country was founded in defiance and revolution; and it was nearly rent asunder by defiance and rebellion. These were honest defiers, both armies of them, defying with all the might and all the light they had. But time has shown that one was right and one was wrong; that one moved forward with the van of things toward an evolving democratic state, the other backward in the wake of things to an ancient, enslaving, theocratic state, outlived, outlawed, and at the last outfought and finished.

§ 4

I am not arguing either side of this question, though I am reasonably sure which is the inevitable side. As a student of American life, however, I am deeply concerned, and I see nothing unusual or discouraging in our reaction to this drastic prohibition measure. It is such men as President Butler and such arguments as ex-President Hadley's that alarm me. But both are hopelessly out of touch with the real drift of things. The apparent suddenness of prohibition; the extent of the territory involved—from Caribou, Maine, to San Diego, California; the millions of souls concerned, not all of whom had signed the pledge; the staggering amount of property to be turned into cars and filling-stations and radios—taken, I say, as miles, or multitudes, or dollars, or drinks, separately or together, the Eighteenth

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Amendment constitutes the greatest single social turnover that history has ever witnessed.

We have stood the change pretty well, it seems to me. I drove my car from Boston to Santa Barbara last year, a trip of 4040 motor miles, then drove it back again over an entirely different route, and did not see an open saloon, nor to my knowledge meet a drunken driver, nor have a glass of liquor offered to me except by some of my pious ministerial friends! And the stuff they drank their ancient liberties in was a bitter stew of dandelions.

This is pathetic. The world laughs and scorns—but Europe looks on much alarmed—the more alarmed that we have done this thing, and are keeping it amazingly well done, considering its size, at a time of deep moral confusion. Our spiritual slump since the war is profound. When has this nation, or any nation, experienced a greater moral crisis? Our war frenzy subsided on Armistice day into petty politics and cunning business. Safety First became our national slogan and our working philosophy in everything—in literature, religion, business, politics, and particularly where politics concerns our part in the large welfare of the world. The moral attitude of the United States as we skulk listening and whispering outside the door of the League of Nations should make the sun ashamed to look upon us.

The League is pure logic, the work of events and not of men. Events are greater than men. We can stay out of the League. We can continue to hinder the League. But we cannot destroy the League, nor escape the League. The League is the world's, not ours. So is prohibition. It has us, not we it. It is a tide in the affairs of men, though we give it local American names. The current is so set. We may not perceive the drift until, in this or that shape, act or amendment, the gathering forces, backed up like the bore in the Bay of Fundy, suddenly break away and sweep forward, carrying spiritual lethargy, moral turpitude, and outraged freedom with them in a tidal wave across the land.

Evolution or revolution, set-back or social advance, this struggle with prohibition is the old struggle of liberty against authority, of Cain against the burden of his brother, of the divine rights of kings against the sovereign majesty of the people. All the half-lost battles, all the half-won victories of our civilized past are being lost and won again in this fresh fight between person and people, self and society. It is a warfare without beginning and without an end, a peace without a victory, wherein I yield somewhat my primal, personal hates and loves and fears for social sympathies, interests, and supports. I shall lose nothing of my single soul, but I shall win the conscience of a people. And if I sacrifice somewhat of self I shall be conquered by nothing less than my country.

Prisoners of Prohibition? What larger freedom have we ever known than now? What other state or people wears fewer, lighter bonds than we?

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Stevenson and Henry James

The Rare Friendship Between Two Famous Stylists

By George S. Hellman

In 1884, the year during which the acquaintanceship between Stevenson and Henry James so rapidly developed into affectionate regard, James, as the author of "Roderick Hudson," of "Portrait of a Lady," and of "French Poets and Novelists," had already risen to distinction in the fields both of fiction and criticism. Stevenson's "An Inland Voyage," "Travels with a Donkey," "Virginibus Puerisque," and "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" had established his position in belles-lettres, while the "New Arabian Nights" and "Treasure Island" had shown the quality of his imagination as a writer of fiction. It was thus two men very much in the literary foreground who enjoyed each other's society at Stevenson's home in Bournemouth and who, during this first year of their lifelong friendship, tilted at one another in the pages of "Longman's Magazine" in controversies regarding the methods of literature.

The immediate success of "Treasure Island" made Stevenson, as he was always to continue, a popular writer of fiction. Henry James, although he became the most distinguished Anglo-Saxon artist of his day among novelists, was, of course, never widely popular. The self-consciousness of his characters, the somewhat limited sphere of his canvas, the subtlety of his delineation, and the complexity of his style were qualities that necessarily confined his appeal to the comparatively few. Stevenson wrote along other lines, but the two men were alike not alone in their devotion to craftsmanship but also in their attitude to the limitations imposed by the Victorian spirit on the subject-matter of art. Each was thus sympathetic to the other philosophically as well as professionally, and they formed with Flaubert an unapproachable trio in the European world of letters.

The circumstances of their lives afforded Stevenson and Henry James lamentably little opportunity for meeting; and if we follow their correspondence we may swiftly note how greatly lamented, especially on the part of James, was the separation brought about by Stevenson's ill health and foreign sojourns, and how constant were the appreciation of each other's qualities and the admiration for each other's art. In the first of the published letters of the American to the Scotchman, James writes that "the current of your admirable style floats pearls and diamonds. . . . I find you a genius indeed." In the next, three years later, "To be not only

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witty oneself but the cause in others of a wit that is not at one's expense—that is a rare and high character, and altogether yours." In the third, where James discusses Stevenson's admiration of "Roderick Hudson" coupled with Stevenson's dislike for the "Portrait of a Lady," their author writes, "Even your censure pleases and your restrictions refresh." In the next group of letters, written when Stevenson was in the islands of the Pacific, James shows time and again how intensely he misses his absent friend and confrère. "You have become a beautiful myth. . . . I literally care for nothing but your return." Later, "I miss you shockingly. . . . I have a hope, a dream, that your mother may be coming home and that one may go and drink of her narrations." In 1890, when there was some talk of Stevenson's again visiting England before making the South Seas his permanent home, "It won't, of course, be news to you at all that the idea of your return has become altogether the question of the day"; and in this same letter James writes, "The intensest throb of my literary life, as that of many others, has been 'The Master of Ballantrae'—a pure hard crystal, my boy, a work of ineffable and exquisite art." At about this time James had sent Stevenson a copy of "The Tragic Muse," and wrote, "If I were sure it would overtake you on some coral strand I should n't hesitate [to cross the ocean to see R. L. S.]; for seriously, and selfishly speaking I can't (spiritually) afford *not* to put the book under the eye of the sole and single Anglo-Saxon capable of perceiving—though he may care for little else in it—how well it is written." And then, having paid this tribute to Stevenson the critic, he praises the style of Stevenson the creative artist in the following Jamesian metaphor: "Roast yourself, I beseech you, on the sharp spit of perfection, that you may give out your aromas and essences!"

By the beginning of the next year Stevenson's London friends were aware that he would in all probability never again return from the Pacific, and James, after writing of "the tragic statement of your permanent secession," adds a phrase that perhaps more poignantly than any other in all this correspondence indicates the intensity of the human as well as the intellectual need of Henry James for Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a sentence that he neither wrote nor, I think, could have written to any one else in all the world: "Missing you is always a perpetual ache." And even from the point of style one notices, with understanding and indeed with liking, that here the subtle wielder of words, the arch-connoisseur of verbal shades and connotations is swept into tautology by the sheer sincerity of his emotions. But if his affection leads him to follow the adverb "always" with the adjective "perpetual," Henry James yet remains true to those ideals of the artist and the critic which even the dearest friendship shall never sway, and in this same letter writes unenthusiastically of Stevenson's recently issued volume of ballads, suggesting discontinuance of further efforts along these lines: "But, my dear Louis, it's only because I love so that divine prose and want the comfort of it. Things are various because we do 'em. We must n't do 'em because they 're various."

In letters written during the next

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two years one may find further evidences of the attitude of Henry James toward Stevenson in such sentences as, "You see how much I need you close at hand to stand successfully on the tip-toe of emulation"; . . . "Sometimes I think I 've gotten through the worst of missing you and then I find I have n't. I pine for you as I pen these words, for I 'm more and more companionless in my old age—more and more shut up to the solitude inevitably the portion, in these islands, of him who would really try, even in so small a way as mine, to *do* it"; . . . "The mere thought of you is better company than almost any that is tangible to me here, and London is more peopled to me by your living in Samoa than by the residents of almost any but those in Kensington or Chelsea"; . . . "Life and letters and art all take joy in you."

Stevenson's side of this correspondence does not indicate that his separation from Henry James left so large a gap or that he experienced any intense yearning for his absent friend, but he gave the strongest indication of his affectionate trust in Henry James when, in Australia, he made his last will. "This is the last Will and Testament," it begins, "of me, Robert Lewis Balfour Stevenson, known as Robert Louis Stevenson, Advocate of the Scot's Bar. I hereby revoke all former Wills and Codicils. I appoint Charles Baxter, Writer to the Signet, Edinburgh, and Henry James, Novelist, London, to be my executors." Thus it was to the oldest, except his cousin Bob, of his lifelong friends, Charles Baxter, "the only person I ever knew who could *advise*, who could both make helpful suggestions and at the same time hold his tongue when he had nothing to offer," and to Henry James, that Stevenson intrusted the care of his estate. The will itself was witnessed by the artist Alfred James Duplyn and by Graham Balfour, at that time an inmate of the Vailima household. But when Balfour later came to write the official life of Stevenson, a biography to whose suppressions I have previously had occasion to refer, he omitted all mention of this will, as, similarly, did he omit mention of the will made at Honolulu, in 1889, wherein also Henry James was named by Stevenson as an executor.

The only misunderstanding that seems ever to have arisen between Stevenson and Henry James took place in 1894. It was really a trivial matter and is explained in James's letter to Edmund Gosse of August 22. Stevenson, in July, had written James a letter largely given over to a description of a man-of-war that was visiting Samoa, and realizing that his subject-matter was not especially interesting had used the phrase, "I decline any longer to give you examples of how not to write." Somehow or other James had misread or misremembered the phrase and had quoted it as "I decline to tell you any more about it"; as if James (to use his own words) "had prescribed the usurping subject." A trivial affair, as I have said; and in any case one that did not alter Stevenson's desire to have Henry James as his executor, and that so little affected James's friendship as still to make it inevitable for him, a few months later, to feel Stevenson's death as an utter calamity. "I meant to write to you to-night on another matter," he says to Edmund Gosse in his letter of December 17, "but of what can one

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think or utter or dream save of this ghastly extinction of the beloved R. L. S. It is too miserable for cold words—it 's an absolute desolation. It makes me cold and sick—and with the absolute almost alarmed sense of divisible material quenching of that indispensable light." And again here we see how, under the stress of emotion, Henry James overlooks his meticulous verbal selection, using in such quick and, for him, careless succession the same adjective, "absolute."

When Henry James received from Charles Baxter, then at Port Said, the telegram informing him that he had been named as one of the two executors, I think there can be little doubt that he, as well as the London world of letters at large, had thought that the duty would have fallen to Sidney Colvin, who had been a dear friend of Stevenson's for many a year, and his confidant in personal as well as business matters. It was Colvin who introduced Stevenson to Leslie Stephen in the early days when the "Cornhill Magazine," under Stephen's editorship, published various of Stevenson's essays; and in later years Colvin had received, on behalf of his friend, royalties from publishers.

Although Henry James, pleading inexperience in business as his reason therefor, could not see his way to taking part in the management of Stevenson's estate, his love for his dead friend was of continuing duration. "He always wanted the conversation to be of Stevenson," Katharine D. Osbourne, the first wife of Stevenson's stepson, writes in a letter that reached me only yesterday. From the pages of this letter the following paragraphs interestingly bear quotation:

"Did you know Henry James? He always made me think of the Family Physician. He was a splendid talker but kept silent if some one else would do the talking. One had to show a desire to have *him* talk. He would ask questions as if he were trying to get at a patient's symptoms which he was weighing in order to know what medicine to prescribe.

"When I knew him in London my older son was a baby only a little more than a year old. James loved him and wanted to hold and hug him which I am sorry to say Alan did n't like. He always wanted the conversation to be of Stevenson and Samoa, and he told me that since Alan was born in Vailima I must see to it that he learned to speak Samoan. James was not a happy man: he needed some one on whom to expend his great affection. I think he had a fatherly feeling for Stevenson.

"Once when James was having tea with us in our lodgings in London Alan became troublesome and his nurse was called to remove him to another room; James was telling us that he had long wanted and yearned to have a house in Rye but that now he had it, it was n't what he thought it was going to be. Lloyd said, 'What you need to complete your happiness is a baby to smear the furniture.' James said, 'Yes, that is just what I need.'"

§ 2

The suppression of many of Stevenson's manuscripts, including that mass of early lyric poetry which I had the good fortune to discover and the interesting privilege to edit, and without which it were impossible fully to understand Stevenson's life, I have commented upon in an earlier paper.

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There, too, was offered to Sir Sidney Colvin the opportunity to give all the facts concerning the disappearance of Stevenson's novel that had as, so to speak, the heroine a woman of immoral character. He could have corrected my belief that Mrs. Stevenson destroyed the manuscript while Stevenson was so ill at Hyères, letting it be known that it was Stevenson himself who finally gave in to his wife's exhortations and threw the manuscript into the fire. But Sir Sidney preferred to evade the matter when interviewed by a London newspaper, and the reporter went to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who was as unaware of the destruction of the novel as he had previously been of the suppression, on the part of his mother, of more than a hundred poems of Stevenson's. Yet how preponderantly significant is this act of well nigh vandalism in the consideration of the upbuilding of the Stevenson myth, how lasting a blow to Stevenson himself, and how presumably great a loss to literature, is suggested by Stevenson's intention, communicated to Colvin in 1892, eight years after the novel's destruction, of writing, if not the same novel, a book with a not unimpeachable heroine. This was possibly that "Sophia Scarlet," a novel which was to remain unwritten, no doubt because of wifely objections similar to those that had frustrated the earlier effort. "I hope," Henry James says in his letter of April 15, 1892, to Stevenson, "I don't give him [Colvin] away if I tell you he even read me a very interesting letter from you—telling of a project of a dashing *roman de mœurs* all about a wicked woman. For this you may imagine how I yearn."

It was of course impossible for James to refer in his letter to the earlier manuscript. Communications from friends in England, and especially from so famous a friend as Henry James, were among the most notable events in the life of the Vailima household. It would have been difficult for Stevenson to refuse his wife's request to read James's letter, and any mention of the destroyed novel would have been cause for embarrassment, perhaps even for distress. However, we need have no doubt that Henry James was fully aware of that unprecedented destruction of a work of literature. We need indeed have no doubt; we need but consider what use Henry James made of the episode.

Edmund Gosse discussed in his essay on Henry James the manner in which various of his tales were written, "the most characteristic of which is doubtless 'The Author of Beltraffio.' This exemplifies the custom he had now adopted of seizing an incident reported to him, often a very slight and bald affair, and weaving round it a thick and glittering web of silken fancy, just as the worm winds round the unsightly chrysalis its graceful robe of gold. I speak of 'The Author of Beltraffio,' and after twenty-five years I may confess that this extraordinarily vivid story was woven around a dark incident in the private life of an eminent author known to us both, which I, having told Henry James in a moment of levity, was presently horrified and even sensibly alarmed to see thus pinnacled in the broad light of day."

"The Author of Beltraffio," written in 1884, the very year of the destruction of the Stevenson novel, is an imaginative dramatic development, in the method described by Edmund Gosse, of the Stevenson episode that

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he had divulged. Without mentioning names, Henry James, in his preface to the volume containing "The Author of Beltraffio" in the edition of his works published in 1909, writes: "Sometime before the first appearance of the tale in the English Illustrated Magazine it had been said to me of an eminent author, these several years dead and on some of the embarrassments of whose life and character a common friend was enlarging: 'Add to them all, moreover, that his wife objects intensely to what he writes. She cannot bear it (as you can for that matter rather easily conceive) and that naturally creates a tension—!' *There* had come the air-blown grain which, lodged in a handful of kindly earth, was to produce the story of Mark Ambient."

Before outlining the story itself let me choose a few excerpts from it to show that, whatever may be the variations and additions in plot, Henry James, when he was describing Mark Ambient, the author of "Beltraffio," took no pains to disguise Mark Ambient's prototype, Robert Louis Stevenson:

"I surveyed him, askance, as we walked together; I had already, I had indeed instantly, seen him as all delightful. His face is so well known that I need n't describe it; he looked to me at once an English gentleman and a man of genius, and I thought that a happy combination. There was a brush of the Bohemian in his fineness; you would easily have guessed his belonging to the artist guild. He was addicted to velvet jackets, to cigarettes, to loose shirt-collars, to looking a little dishevelled. His features, which were firm but not perfectly regular, are fairly enough represented in his portraits; but no portrait I have seen gives any idea of his expression."

Here it is very interesting to note that Edmund Gosse, in his article on Stevenson in the Encyclopædia Britannica, comments on the fact that Stevenson's portraits are not thoroughly representative, and that for full realization of the charm, animation, and sincerity of the man one had to have seen Stevenson himself. But let us go on with what Henry James writes of Mark Ambient's appearance:

"There were innumerable things in it, and they chased each other in and out of his face. I have seen people who were grave and gay at one and the same moment. There were other strange oppositions and contradictions in his slightly faded and fatigued countenance. He affected me somehow as at once fresh and stale, at once anxious and indifferent. He had evidently had an active past, which inspired one with curiosity; yet what was that compared to his obvious future? He was just enough above middle height to be spoken of as tall, and rather lean and long in flank. He had the friendliest frankest manner possible, and yet I could see it cost him something."

The portrait of Mark Ambient is so unmistakably Stevenson's that one can hardly understand how this story has hitherto escaped the comment of biographers or essayists, all the more so as Henry James had not limited himself to physical portraiture, including such sartorial details as the velvet jacket and the loose collar, but had also in these pages, in commenting on the literary art and ideals of Mark Ambient, described an artist "to whom every manifestation of human energy was a thrilling spectacle and

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who felt for ever the desire to dissolve his experience of love into a literary form. On that high head of the passion performed—the attempt at the quest for which was to his mind the real search for the Holy Grail—he said the most interesting, the inspiring things. . . . It came to me thus that in his books he had uttered but half of his thought, and that what he had kept back—from motives I deplored when I made them out later—was the finer, and braver part. . . . At bottom the poor fellow, disinterested to his finger tips and regarding imperfection not only as an æsthetic but quite also as a social crime, had an extreme dread of scandal."

Here again we have Stevenson himself, fettered by the circumstances of his domestic life, hampered by the counsels of a dictatorial wife, prevented, both in the fields of poetry and of fiction, from giving to the public writings already finished, from engaging on themes that appealed to his art and his intelligence, from making explicit his social philosophy in its entirety. What he had kept back—for motives which others than Henry James may well deplore—had largely to do with the question of sex—his own experiences in, and his deep reflections on, the theme of the most elemental, as also the most elementary, phase in human relations.

And now we come to the manner itself in which Henry James elaborated the incident of the destroyed novel.

"The Author of Beltraffio" relates to a writer, Mark Ambient, whose wife is entirely out of sympathy with his work, considering it immoral. The two have a young son to whom both are devoted, but who is a cause for jealousy between the parents. A visitor, who by Henry James is referred to as "I," becomes immediately on cordial terms with the distinguished author, Ambient, and shows his sympathy with the point of view toward art manifested by that genius. The visitor seeks to impress on Mrs. Ambient the importance of her husband's work and finds occasion to ask her to read the proof-sheets of the new volume by the author of "Beltraffio." When Mark Ambient learns that his wife had carried off the proof-sheets of his new book he remarks that he is "really much afraid she would burn up the sheets."

Mrs. Ambient, however, neither destroys nor causes to be destroyed this masterpiece of her husband. What she does is (on reading her husband's work as she sits at the bedside of their little boy, who has suddenly become gravely ill) to forbid the doctor's entrance, and neglecting to give the requisite medicines or care to the invalid, she consciously permits her adored child to die, thinking this preferable to having him grow up and read what she considers the immoral writings of his father.

After the child's death the mother becomes frantic with grief; and soon thereafter she falls into a consumption and dies at Mentone. Her action of the sick-bed was, by his sister and by the visitor who relates the tale, kept a secret from Mark Ambient.

§ 3

The foregoing synopsis shows Henry James doing exactly what we might have expected him to do in view of his well known way of handling a theme based on a natural occurrence, "weaving round it" (to recur to the metaphor of Edmund Gosse) "a thick

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and glittering web of silken fancy, just as a worm winds round the unsightly chrysalis its graceful robe of gold." To have recounted the destruction of the novel would have been the act of a reporter engaging in fiction, while to conceive the idea of having the child, and not the manuscript, destroyed, is the mark of a writer who can develop along his own dramatic lines, leaving the actual occurrence merely the "air-blown grain" that has fallen into the fertile field of his imagination. Even so, the death from consumption of Mark Ambient's wife at Mentone gives, in its mention of the French town where Stevenson himself lay ill with consumption, a final note of association with the Stevenson tragedy itself.

We can understand that Mr. Gosse was "horrified and even sensibly alarmed" at the publication of Henry James' story. But Stevenson—was he horrified or alarmed? The best answer would seem to reside in the fact that he chose the author of his story, and not any of his literary friends and compatriots who *were* alarmed, as his executor. And if Henry James had served in this capacity, had examined the unpublished manuscripts which were extant at the time of Stevenson's death, and had possibly seen his way to writing Stevenson's life, we may feel well assured that there would have been far less need now to controvert the Stevenson myth.

In the last letter (September, 1894) that Stevenson wrote to Robert Allan Stevenson, the most intimate of his cousins and the earliest of his friends, he says: "If I had to begin again—I know not—*si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.* . . . I know not at all—I believe I should try to honour Sex more religiously. The worst of our education is that Christianity does not recognize and hallow Sex. It looks askance at it, over its shoulder, oppressed as it is by reminiscences of hermits and Asiatic self-tortures. It is a terrible hiatus in our modern religions that they cannot see and make venerable that which they ought to see first and hallow most. Well, it is so; I cannot be wiser than my generation." Seven years earlier, when Stevenson was at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, he had written to John Paul Bocock, who, in an article published on January 1, 1888, in the "New York Sun," drew on the letter in contrasting Richard Mansfield's interpretation of "Jekyll and Hyde" with that of Stevenson's. He wrote of what "prurient fools call 'immorality'"; that Jekyll was evil because of his hypocrisy—"not because he was fond of women"; that this hypocrisy let out the beast in Hyde, who was "the essence of cruelty and malice and selfishness and cowardice, and these are the diabolic in man—not this poor wish to love a woman that they make such a cry about." And he adds, with startling candor, that "bad and good even to human eyes, has no more connection with what is called dissipation than it has with flying kites." And this is the man who, in the official biography written by a cousin, and largely molded by his wife, becomes that "seraph in chocolate" which aroused the indignation of the poet Henley!

Let it not for a moment be thought that Robert Louis Stevenson led, except for perhaps a very brief period in youth, a dissipated life, or was in any extraordinary sense a voluptuary; and let it definitely be affirmed that his attitude toward sex was characterized

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by those qualities of generosity and courage which were the preëminent traits of his life and his philosophy. From the Edinburgh days, when he lamented the unfortunate outcome of his early love for "Claire," forbidden to him as wife; when he brought passionate worship to Mrs. Sitwell, his "Madonna"; through the period of chivalrous engagement to Mrs. Osbourne; and in all subsequent years of loyalty to the woman he married, Stevenson's attitude toward the relations of sex had in it the fine flavor of knightly days. Love of man for woman—in that he saw no immorality; but the woman must be protected, and selfishness and cruelty, malice and cowardice, "the diabolic in man" were, for him, the most real evils in the arena of sex.

In his article entitled "With Stevenson at Grez," published in the December, 1916, issue of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, Mr. Birge Harrison, after writing that "most of the unforgettable dramatic quality of the place and the time would have been lacking but for the presence of a very fair proportion of the female element," adds, "there was a certain return to primitive standards in the relation between the sexes. But primitive standards, nevertheless, in which honor and a regard for a square deal held a high place. In matters of morals Stevenson himself was the least censorious of judges, providing there was no infringement of the law of nature or the law of friendship; though perhaps it would be truer to say that he entered no judgment either for or against the accused, preferring to leave the decision in such matters to the Maker of all laws."

Probably in none of his writings is his point of view and his own temperament in these matters better adumbrated than in his essay on Robert Burns. It begins: "To write with authority on another man, we must have fellow-feeling and some common ground of experience with our subject. We may praise or blame according as we find him related to us by the best or worst in ourselves; but it is only in virtue of some relationship that we can be his judges, even to condemn." And then, as he goes on, he writes in detail of the amours of Burns with Mary Campbell and Jean Armour and Mrs. M'Lehose and the others, not with any condemnation of the liking of Robert Burns for all these women, but with obvious regret for the Don Juanism, the frequent departure from loyalty and unselfishness, with which Burns conducted his romantic affairs. Stevenson rejoiced at the decision of Burns to offer marriage to Jean Armour, even after he no longer greatly cared for her, and comments, "When we discover that we can be no longer true, the next best is to be kind." For in Stevenson's opinion there arise "relations in life which are wrong in themselves, and which it is equally wrong to break or to perpetuate." With such choices Stevenson himself was confronted both early and late in his life, and therein is to be sought the essential tragedy of that author, who, in his far grave in Vailima, still remains, apart from the charm of his writings, a foremost exemplar of chivalry in the relationships between men and women.

The attitude of Henry James to Mrs. Stevenson was that of the man of the world who not alone shows courtesy to the wife of a friend but who also is willing to appreciate the ability and magnetism of a woman despite her

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grave faults. He preserved the amenities with Mrs. Stevenson, and from time to time sent her pleasant messages when writing to her husband, although in these letters is apparent how much warmer were his feelings toward Stevenson's mother. In writing "The Author of Beltraffio" Henry James took care not to make Mark Ambient's wife in any way a portraiture of Stevenson's wife; and he changed even the motivation that underlay the desire of the author's wife for the destruction of her husband's novel. Mrs. Stevenson's insistence on the non-publication of the romance that was consigned to the flames at Hyères was not due, as in the case of Mrs. Ambient, to a moralistic or puritanical recoil from the theme in itself, but to considerations partly practical (as regards the revenues of an author whose "Treasure Island" and "Virginibus Puerisque" had made him the entertainer and the mentor of youth), partly sentimental it may be (in relation to the personal reputation of a writer in the decorous Victorian Age). Even after Stevenson's death, Henry James continued on courteous terms with Mrs. Stevenson when she was in Europe. It was about this time—1899, the "Letters to His Family and Friends," and, 1900, the "Life"—that the two works appeared which presented Stevenson biographically and autobiographically; and it is especially significant that when, in October, 1899, Henry James wrote to Colvin concerning the "Letters," the only one that comes in for separate mention is that epistle to Robert Allan Stevenson to which I have already referred. "How extraordinarily fine!" comments Henry James.

In writing to Gosse, November 20, 1901, in reference to Henley's article in the "Pall Mall Gazette" on Balfour's life, Henry James, who had not yet seen the article, seems willing to accept Gosse's statement that "jealousy and ranklement" caused Henley to inveigh against that biography. He adds: "I had, however, this A.M., a letter from Graham Balfour in which, speaking of Henley's paper, he says it 's less bad than he expected. He apparently feared more." Well, ranklement may have entered in, but reading Henley's essay a quarter of a century later who can doubt that it was essentially a true criticism, and that Balfour's "Life," although, as Henry James wrote to Gosse, "it seems very neatly and tactfully done for an amateur and non-expert," is not the true life of Stevenson? Tact and neatness are deft and pleasant qualities, adapted to arouse the commendation of family and friends; much, one might say, as a funeral panegyric is adapted to the sensibilities of the mourners. But in the course of time the student must seek, and the public is entitled to, *all* the essential facts that make clear the life, and explicate the artistic theories and the intellectual tenets, of an author who belongs to all the world.

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The Black Fan

By Lee Foster Hartman

Inside the decaying pier-house at Guayanaco, piled high with cases of oranges making pungent the air while awaiting shipment to northern ports, Elbert McMullen was exhibiting his opened traveling-bag to the customs inspector.

The purser of the *Cormorant*, from which McMullen had just disembarked, appeared suddenly at his elbow.

"Would you mind stepping over to the steamship office? Mr. Dixon, the agent of the line, would like very much to have a word with you."

McMullen, fumbling with the straps of his bag, looked up blankly. It was a very new bag, and in addition to his initials it bore the lettering, "Elmira, N. Y." This and McMullen's suit of blue serge marked the inexperienced tourist on his first venture to West-Indian ports. A hard, stiff straw hat —obviously new like the bag, and purchased out of season in New York— was now pushed back from a round, perspiring face, bland and almost childlike.

"What for?" McMullen demanded in bewilderment.

The purser was sorry, but could not say. It was only a step across the waterfront. He would take charge of McMullen's luggage and have it sent on to the hotel.

McMullen combined a hard practicality with an easy good nature and unfailing readiness to oblige. To this conjunction of virtues was to be attributed his signal success in building up a wholesale hardware trade second to none in his native city of Elmira. Starting with nothing at all, he had risen to a state of modest affluence. But in his zealous devotion to a constantly expanding business, the years had slipped by, spent almost wholly within the confines of his office, until at the age of forty-one, still unmarried, he began to experience vague misgivings. It occurred to him that he ought to stir about a bit and see something of the rest of the world, if only to convince himself that the rest of the world "had nothing on" Elmira, as he confidently phrased it.

And thus far his venture had all but confirmed that belief. The sea-trip had been an acute disappointment. The surroundings on shipboard were cramped and unfamiliar; the edge of his appetite had been dulled by the ship's fare; and in the thick air of the smoke-room, filled with a disconcerting chatter in Spanish, dark-skinned Latin faces, and other travelers seemingly conversant with the ports of half the world, McMullen felt diffident and out of place.

Jamaica, the first port of call, had only bewildered him, with its trees and flowers unseasonably in bloom in

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the hot January sunshine. The low, white buildings of Kingston bespoke a commercial activity too measured and sedate, over which he shook his head. Indeed, the one enterprise that had caught his instant and sympathetic interest was a rising structure of steel and concrete destined to become the new colonial prison. In company with Major Carruthers, a somewhat stiff but obliging prison official, he had inspected the foundations and rising walls of the stupendous new edifice, and after a tour through the damp corridors of the dingy old jail he had been doubly impressed by the striking modernity of this civic improvement. Kingston in one respect would be up to date.

Jamaica had given him enough of the tropics, but as his passage was already engaged, in an itinerary that embraced still more southerly ports, he had boarded the *Cormorant*. And now, after two days' steaming, he had set foot upon Central-American soil.

Emerging from the cavernous gloom of the Guayanaco pier-house, McMullen confronted the white, blinding glare of the shabby dock-side. Unfamiliar signs in Spanish bewildered his eye, but the steamship office was unmistakable. He entered and was directed to a room in the rear, where a thin, dyspeptic-looking man, coatless in the noonday heat, looked up with care-worn eyes.

At the mention of McMullen's name the agent of the line displayed a sudden, shambling energy. He scrambled to his feet, murmuring something that sounded like an apology, while he went to close the door, shutting out the noise of the typing-machines.

McMullen, mopping his forehead, glanced curiously around. Here were the usual dismal evidences of that listlessness which seemed to mark all business procedure in the tropics. As he surveyed the decrepit chairs, the old-fashioned letter-press, the dingy walls where fly-blown and yellowed shipping-notices were affixed, he thought of his own glistening and immaculate precincts of mahogany and glass in distant Elmira. Suddenly he was aware that Mr. Dixon had returned to his desk and was eying him doubtfully.

"You wanted to see me?" asked McMullen crisply, to cut short the mournful stare.

"Yes, very much," said the agent, and sighed. He began searching among the littered papers on his desk in a sort of helpless way. "You were a passenger on the *Belvedere* from New York to Kingston. State-room 78, I believe." Ignoring McMullen's nod of surprised assent, he went on: "You must have seen something of the young gentleman in 79, the room adjoining yours. His name is—Roderigo Calderón Silvestro López."

"López!" exclaimed McMullen. "Oh, that young chap—"

He remembered perfectly the queer, reticent, black-haired youth with the dark, smoldering eyes, who would bow ceremoniously to him whenever they chanced to pass in the corridor leading to their state-rooms.

"Oh, yes, that fellow—"

But instantly he regretted the words. It flashed upon him that López might be involved in one of these revolutionary intrigues which were continually fomenting in these bellicose little Central-American republics. Good heavens! It would never do to let himself get involved in anything like that!

"But I know nothing about him,"

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McMullen disclaimed stoutly. "I just vaguely understood that he was on his way here to Guayanaco."

"Evidently you have not yet heard," the agent proceeded to explain in his weary, vacuous voice. "Between Kingston and this port it was discovered that Señor López was no longer on board the *Belvedere*. In fact, he has most unaccountably disappeared."

"I don't see how I can help that," said McMullen. Surely the fact that he himself had left the *Belvedere* at Kingston and had proceeded to Guayanaco three days later by the *Cormorant* should free him from any complicity in the affair.

"It is very mysterious," sighed the agent. "The *Belvedere*, on arrival at Kingston, coaled during the night and sailed again very early in the morning. So early, in fact, that all the passengers slept on board. There is indisputable evidence that Señor López went to his state-room as usual and retired for the night. We have the cabin-steward's testimony that on the following morning the bed showed the customary evidences of having been slept in. It was not until afternoon that he was missed and a search was instituted. The *Belvedere* had run into very heavy weather, and few of the passengers had ventured out on deck. One of them, however, recalls having seen Señor López pacing the deck before breakfast."

"You think he was swept overboard?"

The agent dubiously shook his head.

"Well, then?" McMullen inquired, vaguely uneasy.

Mr. Dixon made a wry face and looked up at the ceiling. "There remains the possibility of suicide."

"Why should he have committed suicide?" demanded the practical McMullen.

"Now, I ask you—why, indeed?" echoed the agent with a sudden show of languid warmth. "It 's quite absurd, to my thinking. You see, Señor López, who had been studying medicine in the States, was returning home to be married."

"In love, eh?" In the light of this information McMullen began to reframe his impressions of the dark-eyed, reticent youth. "I see. That might explain—"

The agent looked up hopefully. "Yes?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only thinking that might explain why he was always mooning about by himself."

"Very likely," agreed Mr. Dixon. "And in view of the feelings of Señorita Menéndez it seems ungallant even to suggest the possibility of suicide. One would much rather believe—if one must—that Señor López was swept overboard accidentally. And yet, it seems very strange."

McMullen, having shifted his straw hat to the back of his head, mopped his forehead while he dolefully contemplated the harbor-front through the open window. The heat was stifling, and the stuffy, lifeless air in the room almost made his head swim. He was uncomfortably aware that he was steaming at every pore. For the hundredth time he regretted this ill advised trip to the tropics. He was in a perilous, unhealthy climate which disagreed with him, and amid alien, queer-spoken people whom he instinctively distrusted.

López, he remembered, had puzzled him. He had ventured to exchange words with the dark, taciturn youth

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only once. That had been in the smoke-room of the *Belvedere* one afternoon when a college professor named Lonsdale had been holding the attention of a group by talking about thought-transference. To the practical mind of McMullen it was nothing but bunk. It was incredible that any one would believe the preposterous stories which the professor gravely recited. Telepathy was the high-sounding word that all this rot went by. McMullen, fortified by his hard-headed knowledge of the world, took it all in amiably, and then at an opportune moment covertly winked at López. He leaned toward the silent, attentive youth at his side. He would like to see anybody try to read *his* thoughts, he breathed *sotto voce.*

To his surprise, López after a moment's reflection turned languidly to answer, "Why don't you ask Professor Lonsdale to try it?"

"Try it! Why, you don't really think—"

McMullen had paused there, incredulous, and López had shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Who knows? You might prove an easy subject."

"Easy subject! Humph!" McMullen, vaguely affronted, had let the matter drop there.

". . . A perplexing point about this affair"—McMullen's wandering thoughts were suddenly drawn back to the steamship-agent dolefully proceeding with his argument—"is that the passenger who saw Señor López—out on deck that rough morning—only *thinks* he saw him. He won't swear to it. And yet, having gone to bed on board the *Belvedere,* where else could he be?"

Where else, indeed? Of a sudden McMullen's jaw dropped, and his eyes popped ominously. There had flashed back into his mind a brief and wholly forgotten moment—an illusion, a trick of his brain, he had thought at the time—during his tour of inspection of the old prison at Kingston. He had been following Major Carruthers along a corridor of dimly lighted cells when his eye had caught the sudden shrinking away of a figure from an iron-barred door—as if to escape recognition. Something about the fellow had seemed vaguely familiar . . . López!—that chap on the *Belvedere.* But that, of course, was absurd. McMullen, striding after Major Carruthers, had instantly dismissed the idea, and it had completely dropped from his mind.

Now it returned upon him with an almost physical impact. Could it, after all, really have been López? McMullen was no longer listening to the agent's droning words. Instead, with handkerchief arrested on his forehead, he was desperately trying to recapture that vague, elusive image that had almost faded from his mind.

"Ah! You seem to have an idea," Mr. Dixon observed with sudden interest.

The front legs of McMullen's chair came sharply back to the floor, and he began to mop his forehead vigorously.

"But I have n't," he stoutly asserted. With the queer, flickering eyes of the other upon him, McMullen was profoundly glad that the agent could not divine his thoughts at that moment. That silly talk about telepathy on board the *Belvedere* had suddenly recurred to him. What nonsense! There must be something in this infernal heat and treacherous tropic climate that was making his brain wabble in this unprecedented fashion. If only he

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could definitely recall that fellow in the Kingston prison! But it was useless. Besides, the agent was now looking at him in a suspicious way. He must be on his guard.

"Why don't you cable Kingston and have a search made?"

Mr. Dixon sadly shook his head. "That has already been done. There is no trace of López to be found. And since he went to bed on the *Belvedere*, why should he have got up and gone ashore again? In the small hours of the morning, mind you. It 's quite unthinkable."

A pause followed, during which the agent's gaze was once more fixed forlornly on McMullen. The latter was growing exceedingly uncomfortable. The stuffy little office seemed more and more oppressive. His mind, for some reason, was not working clearly. Witness this absurd idea, which had suddenly popped up in his brain, and refused to be dismissed. That fancied resemblance to López! What on earth about that jailbird should have suggested López for that one fleeting instant? For he had caught the merest glimpse of the prisoner, scarcely distinguishable in the gloom of the cell. He had certainly not seen his face, for the fellow's back had been turned. And it had been too dark to recognize his clothes even if he had tried to do so. And yet he had thought of López—and since López was most unaccountably missing—

This would never do! McMullen rose abruptly to his feet, impatient to be rid of the tantalizing thought.

"You 're not going, are you?" exclaimed Mr. Dixon, as if alarmed at being left alone with his quandary.

"I don't see what I can do," McMullen said uneasily. It would never do to confide to the steamship-agent the preposterous idea that harassed him. "If I could be of any service—but I can't."

"Of course! Of course!" Mr. Dixon agreed. "It 's been very good of you to come in. Naturally, being so completely at a loss for any light on this mysterious affair—and since you apparently were the last person—well, in close association with Señor López—"

"But I was n't! I hardly knew him!" protested McMullen. Why had n't he gone back to that confounded cell and made sure that it was not López? But it was useless to ask that now. He must dismiss the whole ridiculous thing. He must get away—out into the open air.

"To be sure. I quite understand. But occupying the state-room next to his—you must have seen something of Señor López from day to day. In a time like this—to the bereaved girl and her father—even what little you could tell them— It would be a great favor."

"Just what do you mean?" McMullen asked guardedly.

Mr. Dixon, absorbed in making dots upon a blotter with a lead-pencil, answered without looking up. "I mean if you would consent—if it would not be putting you to too much trouble—I'm sure Señor Menéndez and his daughter would be very grateful to you."

"Grateful? For what?"

"Why, for calling on them. It can easily be arranged, although they naturally are in retirement at this juncture. They are one of the oldest Spanish families in Guayanaco—"

"But you surely don't imagine that I 'd call on *them!*"

The agent lifted his mournful eyes. "I had rather hoped you would. You see, there is so little that any one can

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do, and you—well, I 'm sure you sympathize with them. Naturally, they 'd be glad to hear—well, any little details of those last days on shipboard. It would be a real kindness."

"Damn the fellow!" McMullen muttered under his breath. "Really, Mr. Dixon, it 's quite impossible. And useless. If I had anything to tell—"

He stopped short, as there rose again before him that problematic, teasing vision of a human form all but indistinguishable behind iron bars. López? . . . Once more he was helplessly in the clutches of that absurd idea. Dash it all! No, surely, it could n't have been López, whisked away to a felon's cell during the night from out of his comfortable berth on the *Belvedere*. It was ridiculous—absurd. It was this cursed enervating tropic climate that had twisted his brain. He must rid himself of the crazy notion before it completely obsessed him. And he must escape at once from the sour stare of the steamship-agent, seeming fixed on him forever. He made a step toward the door.

Mr. Dixon promptly got up. "I 'll go along with you to the hotel," he offered.

"There 's no need of your doing that," protested the distraught McMullen. "I 'm sure you must be very busy—"

"It 's the merest step from here," said Mr. Dixon, reaching for his hat. "And it 's just possible that something may recur to you on the way. You see, almost any trifling fact you might recall—some chance remark that Señor López dropped during the voyage—might offer a clue—throw some light on this strange case."

The agent's words as he strode ahead into the outer office were lost amid the clatter of the typing-machines. To McMullen it seemed like a sudden bedlam of sound after the oppressive quiet of the inner room.

"Might offer a clue—throw some light." The words danced and echoed in McMullen's brain. Desperately he tugged his hat down over his eyes, and he followed, out into the glaring sunshine, the agent forging ahead with long, melancholy strides.

§ 2

At the hotel, after a spirited verbal duel in Spanish between the proprietor and Mr. Dixon, McMullen found himself at last alone, installed within four cheerless walls loftily extended upward to a ceiling ridiculously remote. McMullen dubiously surveyed the mosquito-netting, which depended with funereal aspect, completely enveloping the bed. He shrank at the thought of the night hours of his incarceration in this dismal place. Meanwhile he divested himself of his coat and wilted collar, and opened up his clammy shirt. He felt feverish, and from uncomfortable sensations about the neck he was unhappily aware that he was breaking out with prickly heat. At least he hoped that it might prove to be nothing worse than that. But there was no telling what unspeakable disease he might be picking up in this insanitary part of the world.

Mr. Dixon, on taking his departure, had again expressed his hope that Mr. McMullen would not fail to call on the disconsolate fiancée of Señor López. He had even volunteered some directions for finding Señor Menéndez's house. But McMullen had hardly listened. Instead, his muddled thoughts kept harking back to that obscure jailbird in the Kingston prison.

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Could it really have been López, he was futilely asking himself for the hundredth time. Impossible!—and yet that familiar sag of the fellow's shoulders—the quick turn of his head—something *had* suggested López. If he could only recapture that hazy, baffling impression and hold it before his mental vision long enough to decide! But he could n't be certain, and the more he tried the more his uncertainty grew.

In desperation he put on his collar and coat and sought escape from his thoughts in the dining-room of the hotel. But the waiter's scanty command of English daunted him. The queer, unpalatable dishes that were forthcoming he left almost untasted, and he bolted out of doors in a manful resolve to walk the whole thing off. On one thing he was already determined, and that was to make a precipitate departure from Guayanaco by a steamer sailing north on the following day. He had had enough of the tropics; he wanted to get back to Elmira.

The afternoon was somewhat advanced, and McMullen in his aimless, restless wanderings had reached the outlying residential district of the town. White, ornate house-fronts, with close-shuttered windows and empty balconies, stood inhospitably aloof behind barred gates. His eye chanced to fall on a small tablet set in a wall corner; the street was Calle Nueva. It came back to him suddenly that this was the street in which the agent had said Señor Menéndez lived. As he walked along, he fell to speculating as to which of the strange houses might be the home of López's bereaved fiancée. It was ridiculous—that agent expecting him to call! This Spanish house of mourning was the last place in the world he would venture to set foot in. And yet he found himself absurdly looking up at screened balconies or peering into gardens as if anticipating a glimpse of a girl—dark-haired, of course—prostrate with utter grief.

In spite of himself, his walk had become a restless, involuntary quest. Some overpowering curiosity possessed him to find and identify the house which he shunned. At length he stopped a tattered, barefooted negro and inquired where Señor Menéndez lived. The fellow must have caught the name out of the jumble of English words. He pointed, and said something McMullen could n't understand. The gesture, at least, was unmistakable.

§ 3

"Bring a chair for the *señor americano*," commanded the girl in English.

From the open inner court of the house, whither a servant had conducted him, McMullen was blinkingly aware of a woman's form silhouetted against a blaze of color and sunlight—the tropical garden filling the patio behind her. It was a turmoil of strange vegetation, aglow with flowers of every hue—starry masses of white and blue, long trumpet shapes of flaring yellow, pendent scarlet blooms. A jet of water rose from a fountain, balancing a silver ball, which in the sunlight glistened above the spray falling back into the basin of cracked and ancient marble. All this, to the appalled McMullen, was for the moment but a confused mass of light and color, against which stood the girl who had spoken to the servant.

He could see that she was dressed in black and that from one hand, listless

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at her side, hung a black, half-opened fan. The habiliments of mourning, doubtless. Against the blazing splendor of the garden, her face was in shadow, and in any case McMullen was too aghast at what he had done to observe her closely. It was as if some tropic spell, working on his fevered brain, had lured him into the presence of this black-robed girl to find her actually awaiting him in this garden which glowed with a phantasmal splendor. Her words, spoken in a soft but strangely sounding English, seemed to come to him out of a dream, and when he sank down on the chair which he felt suddenly under his hand, he was conscious of a loud ringing in his ears, attuning itself to the murmur of the fountain.

"My name is McMullen—Elmira, New York," he managed to explain, drawing forth his handkerchief and mopping his forehead.

The girl, motionless, with eyes averted, like an abashed or sullen child, darted a swift glance at him. Only the flicker of her eyelids marked that oblique, flashing scrutiny.

"You are the gentleman Señor Dixon said might call."

McMullen looked up in surprise. "How 's that?" His eyes were caught by the flash of the silver ball in the fountain rising precariously on the jet of water. "Mr. Dixon—oh, yes—" He was blinking fatuously at the ball, which dropped suddenly from view.

In the silence that followed he could hear the loud ringing in his ears above the gentle plash of water brimming in the ancient marble pool. As if in a daze he floundered again into speech:

"Very glad, you know—in case I really— But I'm afraid this intrusion of mine—"

His eyes hung fascinated on the silver ball lifting again in the sunlight. There was a kind of hypnotic spell about it, for as he labored with his phrases, the ball, too, struggled upward in its slippery ascent.

"Quite glad to be of any service. Only, you understand—"

The ball had fallen suddenly, leaving McMullen speechless.

The girl had turned away to the garden. "I 'm sure it is very kind of you," she said in colorless tones.

He saw her clearly now in profile—her chin a little lowered, her brow clouded and forbidding, her lips wholly enigmatic. So sharply was she outlined against the light that he could detect the lift and fall of her breast, while her half-shut eyes searched among the bewildering maze of flowers. Her dark, sensuous beauty stirred McMullen uncomfortably. Suddenly she spoke.

"When did you last see Roderigo López?"

McMullen almost jumped from his chair, which screeched upon the stone flagging, rending the silence harshly.

The question went straight to the very crux of his own torturing problem. When, indeed, *had* he last seen López? He was relieved that she did not turn and look at him. He felt that under the swift probe of her eyes he would have babbled like a frightened child. As it was, he had a moment to debate his answer—which came fumbling but discreet.

The girl listened to his evasive words, rigid, expressionless. It came over McMullen that only the most devastating grief could have left her so inert. Clearly, to her, López must be dead. Some part of her own soul seemed to have perished with him,

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while a profound apathy had welled up within her, so that the physical perfection of her body was but a living, empty shell.

He was to get this queer sensation of her more than once during the fitful intervals of conversation that followed, when all life and sound and movement seemed gone from the earth forever or shrunken away into that malevolent, dancing ball flashing above the fountain. The ancient house was like a tomb, lying open to the air, with the massed flowers of the garden flung down as if upon a vast grave.

Heavy, exotic perfumes hung stagnant on the air. To McMullen they were like a drug to the brain. He struggled with a fierce desire to blurt out everything. Then his thoughts would clear for an instant, and he would see the folly of revealing that absurd incident in the Kingston prison. A mere trick that his brain had played him—and yet within it lay all the potency of some powerful explosive. A dozen words would shatter everything. She would be instantly aflame with a new and torturing hope. That would never do. And yet the horrid fascination of witnessing that havoc which his confession would create almost tempted the words from his lips.

"After all, there is still a chance that he has remained in Kingston. Something may have happened," McMullen skirted the edge of his declaration. Wholly ignorant of the ways of lovers, he was inspired to add, "He has merely neglected to send you word."

She shot him a swift look of scorn, but he did not notice.

"I would n't give up hope yet, Miss Menéndez. It 's just possible, you know, that—" He had edged forward on his chair. "Why, suppose, for example—" For a moment he was on the point of revealing that bizarre uncertainty that dominated his thoughts. Then caution triumphed. "I 'm returning to Kingston to-morrow," he temporized, "and it 's just possible that —well, I should like to take up the investigation myself."

He sighed and dropped back in the chair. He had saved himself by the narrowest of margins. The clammy handkerchief in his hands was again applied to his throbbing forehead.

The girl seemed strangely to awaken. "Spoken like a true *Americano*. Inquire, investigate"—her shoulders lifted disdainfully. "As if Truth had always to be—hunted down!"

McMullen moodily debated. Should he tell her, regardless of the outcome? Some powerful, hypnotic urge, quite outside himself, seemed to goad him toward that desperate revelation. He did not notice that she was now watching him with singular intentness. Mopping away the bright beads of perspiration that constantly broke out on his forehead, he felt that he *must* say something. With a supreme effort, he fought back the words that were all but slipping from his lips, and he began to tell her of the *Belvedere's* trip from New York, recalling such details of López as he could muster.

The girl listened in silence. Once, looking up, McMullen surprised the ghost of an amused smile hovering on her lips. Could she suspect that he was holding something back? McMullen floundered in his story.

"But all this is really nothing," she broke in.

"So it is," assented McMullen, as if suddenly awakened to the fact. He drew a long breath and braced himself. "But it is all—*all* that I know!"

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She turned suddenly upon him with a strange intensity. "Why, then, did you come here?" she demanded.

The ball bounded aloft and danced violently, as if the fountain were shaken with silent, diabolical laughter.

McMullen clutched desperately at his chair. "Well, the fact is—" Nothing could save him now. He was lost. The whole absurd, damning business raced through his mind like a flash, while the first stammering words slipped from his lips. But a moment of dizziness intervened to save him. He recovered himself and began mopping deliberately with his handkerchief. "I don't think you should give up hope, Miss Menéndez," he faltered.

"Hope!" she flung back at him almost in derision. She seemed strangely triumphant. She turned away toward the garden, with arms flung out to their widest reach. "Hope . . . Roderigo . . . hope!" Her words came back to him wholly unfathomable.

McMullen, with his chin propped in his two hands, felt exhausted. He experienced a queer sense of unburdenment within himself, as if in his struggle the tension of his secret had given way. As he sat staring at the fountain it seemed as if hours had passed. He was suddenly aware that in the waning light of the afternoon the silver ball now danced with a diminished splendor.

Steps were heard—a measured pacing through the silent, echoing rooms, and drawing nearer.

"It is my father," said the girl briefly. Her demeanor had swiftly changed. The black fan in her hands was spread open to its full expanse, and she began to waft it with languid dignity. "Naturally, I must show respect for his grief."

"I don't understand," said McMullen.

"He thinks that Roderigo López is dead."

McMullen started violently. "Then *you*—you don't think—"

The girl checked him with a quick, regal lift of her head, and her dark eyes regarded him aslant, half veiled under heavy lids.

"My thoughts—" She tapped him lightly with the fan. "Dear *señor americano*, you would never understand. . . . My thoughts are my own."

§ 4

Late that night, under a soft sky flecked with stars, McMullen followed the ghostlike whiteness of the roadway that led back to the hotel. Silent house-fronts, immured behind blank walls, echoed his footsteps. An occasional street-lamp shed a feeble glow of radiance, into which McMullen's figure would abruptly plunge; then his shadow would leap out before him and grotesquely lengthen as he walked on. He carried his straw hat in his hand, and now and then he would wave it about him, watching with a sort of idiotic delight the fantastic gesticulations cast upon the ground. He was not yet sure that he was altogether himself. But he felt that he had at last escaped—from what, he could hardly say. Already his recollections of the past few hours were taking on a fantastic and doubtful guise.

Sitting at Señor Menéndez's table—for the austere gentleman had gravely prevailed on him to remain for dinner—the girl had at length left them to their coffee and cigars. A prolonged silence had followed. Señor Menéndez's scanty English had given out, or

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the tragedy that enveloped the household once more absorbed him deeply. His angular white head hung dejectedly forward as he smoked in silence during what seemed to McMullen an interminable time.

At length the girl again appeared, and Señor Menéndez rose stiffly to his feet. He bowed to McMullen. In his halting English he begged to be excused. The *señor americano* could see that he was very old, and recent events had shaken him sorely.

McMullen, watching his slow, dignified departure, was unaware of the gaze which the girl now directed on him, as if she were studying him, doubtfully, to some special purpose. He was still bewildered by her last startling words to him in the afternoon. Evidently she clung to a secret belief that her lover was still alive. Now, alone with her once more, and warmed by several glasses of Señor Menéndez's heady Madeira, McMullen was moved to a rash declaration.

"When I return to Kingston—" he darkly promised.

She shrugged her shoulders with that now familiar gesture of skeptical disdain. "But what of that? You will look about, inquire perhaps—"

"Till I find him!" McMullen burst forth with oracular conviction.

With head thrown back, her eyes were sardonic yet indulgent to his sudden fervor. "Who knows?" she said softly to herself.

"And when I do—" McMullen's voice throbbed thickly.

"Give him this from me!"

Like a flash she caught the black fan to her lips, kissed it passionately, then thrust it into his hands. Abruptly she turned and left the room.

McMullen, completely astounded by this unlooked-for climax, stood listening to her departing footfalls. They died out, and only the distant murmur of the fountain in the patio reached his ears. Somehow the sound suggested that the silver ball was dancing in malevolent glee over his discomfiture. Clutching the black fan, he waited and wondered. Had he been made a fool of?

Then, at last, he went back to the hotel.

§ 5

When the tile roofs of Guayanaco had merged with the shore-line, and the whole had become an indistinguishable blur on the horizon, McMullen, heartily glad to be once more at sea, had leisure to reflect on the strange way of the tropics. There was something unhealthy and suspiciously stage-like about these purple, palm-fringed shores lying in a perpetual heat and breathed on by mysterious enervating airs. As for the queer ordering of events that had disrupted his itinerary and was now impelling him back to Kingston, he could imagine how monstrous and incredible it would all seem, once he was safe in Elmira and in the thick of his spring trade in garden tools.

A jumble of fantastic impressions haunted him like a preternaturally vivid dream: the death-like spell of that garden with its strange scents, the black-robed girl, the almost spectral apparition of her father, the solemn, ceremonious dinner by candle-light, the massive Spanish plate and porcelain. He would have been tempted to deny it all, now that he was again at sea and the floor of his state-room gently lifting to the ground-swell, had it not been for the tangible evidence of

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the black fan. It lay in his traveling-bag along with his safety-razor outfit and the bottle of quinine tonic with which he was accustomed to give a touch of sleekness to his thinning hair.

Its presence among these incongruous objects seemed to mock him. That girl's fan! Hang it all, he supposed he had not acted quite like himself. Women, he was frank to confess, were not in his line. And as for this queer Spanish girl—and her fan. No, he was very sure that away from this tropic environment he would have acted differently. For one thing his brain would never have been tricked and badgered by that fancied recognition of López in the Kingston prison, when it stood to reason that he had only glimpsed some jailbird. But, after all, could it really have been López? He would have no peace of mind until that question, one way or the other, was set at rest.

§ 6

Late the following afternoon the vessel rounded Port Royal and drew in to the Kingston waterside. It would be after five before they docked—very likely too late to find out anything that day. But he would attempt it. In a fever of impatience McMullen paced the deck, and when the gangway was at last put down he was the first to bolt ashore. He leaped into one of the waiting vehicles and had himself driven without further ceremony to the prison.

At the office a clerk met his impetuous question with a puzzled stare. "I think Major Carruthers has left for the day, sir," he informed the perspiring American gentleman. Impelled, however, by the strained urgency of McMullen's aspect, he added: "But I 'll make sure, sir. It 's just possible he may still be somewhere about." He disappeared through a barred door opening into the prison.

McMullen, looking after him, was seized with an irresistible desire to follow. After a moment's hesitation, he slipped through the gate, stole softly down the corridor, turned into another. Tiers of cells confronted him on each hand, into which he peered as he tiptoed cautiously along. His heart was thumping at a prodigious rate. Tingling all over, and short of breath, he came upon, and recognized, the corridor he had traversed once before. Here, if anywhere . . . he was suddenly face to face with López, with only an iron grating between them.

The abruptness of the encounter took the last of McMullen's breath. He had been right after all! He started to speak, but López checked him:

"Get away from here—quick! They will make you identify me!"

At a loss for words, McMullen drew out the black fan. "I was asked to give you this—"

But López had already snatched it between the bars. "Go!" he commanded.

Just then an attendant appeared at the other end of the corridor and bore down at once upon the intruder.

"You were looking for some one, sir?"

"For—for Major Carruthers," McMullen managed to stammer.

"This way, please," said the attendant severely. "Visitors are not allowed in the prison unaccompanied."

He escorted McMullen back to the office, where after some delay the

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obliging clerk returned to inform him that Major Carruthers had gone.

On the following morning, in the lobby of the hotel, a large envelop was handed to McMullen, bearing the impressive black lettering: "On His Majesty's Service." It proved to contain a courteous but peremptory notice to the effect that McMullen would incur the king's displeasure if he did not put in an appearance at Mr. Carruthers's office without delay. McMullen, thoroughly alarmed, hastened off at once.

There was an edge of chill to the politeness with which the British official ushered him into a private room at the prison office, where, without mincing words, he informed McMullen that the prisoner he had contrived to visit surreptitiously on the preceding afternoon had escaped during the night.

"I take it that you were well acquainted with him," said Major Carruthers.

"No, indeed!" protested McMullen. Here was more hot water into which, it seemed, Fate had decreed that he should be plunged. "He was just a passenger I happened to meet on the *Belvedere*. I was n't even sure that he was in prison."

Major Carruthers probed his visitor with a thoughtful glance before he proceeded:

"Complicity in a prisoner's escape is a serious matter. Just what was it that you contrived to pass to the prisoner through the bars of the cell door?"

McMullen went pale, and then red —red to the ears. He hesitated, stammered, and finally, out of a harassed and desperate innocence, he blurted:

"It was nothing but a black fan!"

He knew it must sound unspeakably absurd. The whole incredible affair of the fan was absurd, and he felt that now it was all going to be dragged out of him somehow.

Major Carruthers held up a thin, flat file for McMullen's bewildered inspection.

"This was found in the cell. By means of it the prisoner succeeded in cutting through a bar of the window-grating."

"I did n't give it to him!" protested McMullen.

"While climbing over the prison wall to the street," the official continued with his dry recapitulation, exhibiting the black fan, "he presumably dropped this."

"I told you, I did give him that!"

Major Carruthers seemed a little puzzled by the frank avowal.

"But I was n't even sure he was here in jail," McMullen labored to explain. "It was—well, just a hunch I had. And the fan was—sort of a joke—on me, I suspected. Just a souvenir . . . from a lady."

Obviously, Major Carruthers could make nothing of these inane words. He frowned, crossed one leg over the other, and thoughtfully studied the distressed gentleman from Elmira.

"Had n't you better tell me the whole story? Of course, you 're not called on to incriminate yourself, and the facts seem to point pretty definitely to your complicity in the prisoner's escape. However, if you can clear yourself, I advise you to do so."

Whereupon McMullen yielded up his story in complete detail.

"That 's the positive truth, Major Carruthers," he concluded at length. "If it is n't, I hope to die on the spot. I know nothing about this file that López got hold of. I only gave him

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Miss Menéndez's fan, and surely there could be no harm in that."

For answer Major Carruthers spread the fan open and showed McMullen how the slender file fitted snugly and quite unobtrusively into a pocket between the thick ivory ribs.

"Holy mother of Mike!" ejaculated McMullen, completely dumfounded, and quite unaware that his innocence stood out unmistakably in every line of his face—a fact which the watchful official did not fail to observe.

McMullen continued to stare at the fan in a sickly, helpless way, while Major Carruthers rose and walked over to the window, where he stood looking out thoughtfully. "Señorita Carlota Menéndez," he kept repeating to himself while he searched his memory. It sounded strangely familiar. He had come across it somewhere very recently. "Señorita Carlota Menéndez." . . . Then he suddenly remembered. A volume of reports of the Society for Psychical Research, which he had lately been perusing, lay on his desk. He recalled some extraordinary accounts of a woman in Guayanaco gifted with remarkable telepathic power. He turned over the leaves of the index in the back of the volume, and his finger moved down the page and paused:

"Menéndez, Carlota, of Guayanaco—pp. 271–6; pp. 325–8; pp. 349–54."

Major Carruthers closed the book and smiled to himself. The cocksure, practical, but now unhappily distraught gentleman from Elmira offered a tempting field for a little harmless psychological adventuring. Major Carruthers resumed his official frown.

"This Señorita Menéndez must have got more than an inkling of the truth from you to have prepared this artful device. You must have revealed something—"

"But I did n't!" McMullen insisted stolidly. "I did n't breathe a word. Because I was n't sure myself—that López was here in jail. It seemed too impossible. And to have even hinted at the idea to her—why, she would have gone right up in the air. Can't you imagine? No, sir, I kept my lips shut tight, and all the time I kept thinking—could it have been López I had seen, here in this jail—"

"Precisely," agreed Major Carruthers. "Perhaps that very thought got over to her. You 've heard of telepathy, I presume."

"Telepathy!" echoed McMullen. "But that 's just bunk."

"But what possible explanation have you"—Major Carruthers shook the file at McMullen significantly—"to prove that you have been merely an innocent and unsuspecting intermediary in furnishing the prisoner with the means by which he effected his escape? If not telepathy, then what?"

McMullen blinkingly considered the uplifted file. He was in a pretty pickle, and with a foreign government. Suddenly a ray of hope broke through his gloom.

"By the way, there was a Professor Lonsdale on the *Belvedere* who seemed to think there was a lot in telepathy."

"Well, surely, Mr. McMullen, are n't you inclined to agree? In your present very unfortunate predicament—this fan and this file, as evidence before a jury—can't you imagine?"

McMullen could. He twisted uneasily in his chair and mopped his perspiring face. "That Professor Lonsdale is still in Kingston. I saw him this morning. His testimony ought to

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have weight with a jury. Why, he 's familiar with dozens of cases much more extraordinary than this one."

"And you believe him?"

"Oh, absolutely!"

Major Carruthers got up from the desk and threw down the file. "Since sending for you this morning the aspect of this puzzling case has greatly altered because the woman involved in it has had the courage to come forward and make a statement in the prisoner's behalf. I presume that López could n't sleep while the *Belvedere* was coaling and so got up and went ashore some time after midnight. He got into a stabbing affray with a negro, and has been held pending the outcome of the latter's injuries. It seems that this nigger was annoying a woman on the street, when López, coming along the waterfront, very gallantly interfered. He escorted her to the only near-by place of refuge—a rather disreputable music-hall. The nigger followed them in. López was only befriending the girl from the brute, but the latter was quite drunk and started to fight—with a knife, mind you. López had practically to brain the fellow in self-defense. The row quickly brought the police, but the girl slipped away. López, involved in a music-hall brawl of that sort, naturally refused to reveal his identity. The woman's story this morning practically clears him, and since the nigger is coming round all right I 'll confess I 'm not exactly sorry López managed to slip away and thus preserved his incognito. In short, Mr. McMullen, you 're excused. The case will not be pursued further."

McMullen heard, as if in a daze. He groped his way out of the building and started down Queen Street, mopping his forehead at every dozen paces. Was he really out of it at last—this miserable business of the black fan? That strange girl back in Guayanaco—he would swear until his dying day that he had n't divulged a syllable to her. Then, how in the world . . .

He had almost collided with some passer-by. Looking up, he discovered that it was Professor Lonsdale.

McMullen, a little startled at the encounter, and not yet mentally himself, was moved to salute the professor with profound respect.

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The Professional Russian

And How He Took Us In

By James L. Ford

The Professional Russian now swarms in New York and, like the Professional Irishman, Southerner, and bohemian, owes his existence to a grievance. The Irishman was created by the turmoil in his native country, the Southerner by the Civil War, and the bohemian by the success of certain of his contemporaries despite their handicap of neat, clean linen. The Russian outsteps all the others, for his beginnings in New York were far humbler than theirs, and he has risen to social heights of which they never dreamed. Moreover, he was quick to grasp the opportunity offered by the deserved vogue of Russian music, painting, acting, and ballet.

There is a certain kinship between him and the former owner of great plantations and myriad slaves, for which property the Russian has substituted the vast estates of his native country, where all estates are vast, and the caskets of jewels seized by the Bolshevists.

The origin of the modern Professional Russian in his native country cannot always be ascertained, but we can trace the beginnings of the New York variety to an East Side saloon kept by a peaceful German named Schwab more than half a century ago. Schwab, having noted the growing number of *gebe-mouche* in the town, conceived the idea of converting his humble place of refreshment into a chamber of assembly for what the newspapers soon began to term the "local Nihilistic group," the term Nihilist having recently been introduced to the Western world by Turgenieff in "On the Eve." Fully conscious of the value of publicity, Schwab kept up the illusion of Nihilism by maintaining at one of his corner tables three or four long-haired aliens of fearsome aspect who played penuchle when the place was empty, and muttered ominously to one another, with much pounding of the table, when strangers entered. To credulous visitors Schwab explained that the gentlemen at the table were Nihilists whom he believed to be plotting against the czar, and it must be said that there was not one of them who did not look the part. The saloonkeeper, who did not know a bomb from a turnip, was not slow in claiming affiliation with the occupants of the corner table, to whom he was always ready to introduce his patrons. Bred in the ancient tavern tradition which ranks "taking a shingle off a man's roof" a "cardinal sin," the plotters never refused a cigar or a drink, and thus,

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with the lunch-counter within easy reach of their long nails, nine tenths of the problem of life was solved for them.

The saloon furnished reporters and out-of-town correspondents with much welcome material and figured conspicuously in descriptions of "Anarchists' Dens on the East Side," which soon took rank with "Christmas in Many Lands" as perennial features of cheap magazines and Sunday supplements.

Under the wholesome impetus of this wide-spread publicity the peaceful Schwab built up the evil notoriety of a saloon that never caused either our own police or the Russian secret service the least anxiety, so that it became the haunt of salaried reformers, almoners, and special investigators "engaged in studying the great problems of poverty and unrest," an occupation that to this day keeps the wolf from many a door. No essay on "The Volcano under the City's Crust" could find acceptance in a magazine unless it contained mention of the Schwab headquarters. The number of visitors from up town and from distant cities increased to such a degree that Schwab found it profitable to engage a bartender and himself take the floor as a master of ceremonies, receiving visitors at the door and, having seen to it that they first patronized the bar, performing the ceremony of introduction to the Nihilists. His approach, with wide-eyed visitors clinging timorously to his arm, caused every fist to clench and every brow to darken until an invitation to "have something" cleared the atmosphere.

Schwab died and his Nihilistic group melted away, but the Professional Russian soon reappeared in another form and in another city.

It was at the very beginning of the Irish literary renaissance that a Lithuanian named Lipman, a pathetic, undersized figure, with lanky black hair and a thin face, emerged from obscurity and proceeded to bore his way into an intellectual society in Dublin that knew more about the classics and mathematics than modern literature, and made an impression on such men as Faulkner, the eminent authority on Irish source history, and George Coffey. Lipman posed as an undergraduate of Trinity College, though it came out later that his name had never been on the books of that institution. He lived at the Temperance Hotel kept by that eminent liberal, T. W. Russell. Here he gave parties at which he appeared in a velvet jacket and made a deep impression upon ladies, especially those of a certain uncertain age. One of his poses was that of extreme personal chastity, but that assumption was later disposed of when an elderly Dublin father of a large family came back home from a trip to London, and told of his astonishment when the pure Lipman had spent an entire evening conducting him from one all-night club to another, introducing him to scores of members of the oldest of all professions.

Such was Lipman's temporary vogue that he later became careless in the matter of checks and finally landed, as a prisoner, in the Green Street Court-house, where he was convicted of forgery and sent up for a term of years. On his release he disappeared from Ireland and afterward turned up in Boston as Count Zuboff, a member of one of the most illustrious of Russian families. He took Boston's newly awakened interest in Russia at its flood

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and ran his course there with considerable success for several years. The annals of social imposture reveal few careers as remarkable as that of Lipman, who leaped at one bound from a Dublin jail to a place in the most exalted intellectual society in the Modern Athens. Boston was ready for anything or anybody bearing the Slavic stamp and, with an utter lack of that caution which dominates all financial transactions in New England from the placing of a loan to horse-trading, took Zuboff to its bosom, despite the fact that he bore about as much resemblance to a Russian nobleman as does a negro roustabout from the Norfolk docks to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Madame Modjeska, who paid a professional visit to Boston when the adventurer was at the height of his career, was delighted to learn that a member of the Zuboff family—nobody could tell her exactly which member—was staying in the city, and one can imagine her amazement when the Lithuanian was presented to her. She addressed him in Russian, but he turned aside with a shrug of the shoulders and remarked that the actress spoke one of the dialects which he did not understand. All in vain did this cultivated Polish woman remonstrate with her friends for their credulity. They refused to believe her. Had not Mrs. "Jack" Gardner received him? And did he not own a samovar in which he brewed caravan tea served with a slice of lemon? Who indeed but a Russian could have entertained in this manner?

Zuboff never sought to better his fortunes in New York. He paused there on his way to Europe in pursuit of a Boston heiress, was exposed in the columns of a press more vigilant than that of to-day, and committed suicide in Jefferson Market Jail.

§ 2

There is a long gap between Lipman's tragic finish and the renaissance of the Professional Russian in New York, after the close of the World War. Then came the first of our grand-ducal immigrants, not, like his predecessors of the East Side, in the steerage, but in a first-class cabin. He smote the dry rock of our native snobbishness, interlaced as it is with rich veins of credulity, and a stream of reception committees gushed forth.

As Boston was ready for Zuboff, so was New York prepared for the advent of the Russian horde. The near and distant relatives to the throne were seen as thick as blackberries along Park Avenue and in the cabaret district, while countless American women of the highest fashion sought instruction from dancing-masters in the art of courtesying before royalty. The Russians brought with them tales of matchless wrongs suffered at the hands of Bolshevists. The value of their jewels stolen by the Soviet Government could only be estimated by expert accountants. Nearly every one of them had seen the czar murdered and knew the names of his destroyers. They all knew where the crown jewels were hidden, who stole them, and who sold them. They all knew Rasputin intimately as a familiar guest in their ancestral homes. Scars, received by the Professional Russian in drunken encounters, figured in his romantic recitals as wounds received in a duel fought to maintain the honor of a lady, not infrequently a duchess.

From the proficiency shown by these

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Muscovites who are now following various occupations in New York, it is evident that dressmaking, hair-dressing, and selling Eastern products for more than they are worth must have been considered part of the education of young nobles in the time of the czars. There are now five Russian cabarets in New York which are precisely like other places of entertainment save for their red table-cloths and the presence at the door of a moujik in red flannel trousers and Hessian boots. There are also shops where the frugal housewife may procure caviar for four dollars a tin more than is charged elsewhere. Some of these toilers have priceless jewels which they are willing to sell as soon as they can lay their hands on them.

§ 3

The difference between the boastful, whisky-smelling Professional Southerner and the courteous, soft-spoken visitor from below Mason and Dixon's line is not greater than that which exists between the Professional Russian and the real or amateur alien from the East. The latter is a normal person who neither sings nor dances, save for his own amusement, nor offers to give instruction in those arts, and is entirely devoid of the mysticism and passionate yearnings and soul-throbbings generally attributed to his fellow-countrymen. When compelled by necessity, he will follow any honest calling without being ashamed of it. When the Grand Duke Alexis visited New York he discovered an old friend in the person of the Russian who kept the cigar-stand in one of the hotels, and was often to be seen in pleasant converse with him across the counter. The cigar-seller was a real or amateur Russian of high station and worthy of his caste. Let such as he once cross the line into professionalism, and he will straightway become an object of solicitude to the world of pseudo-fashion.

Such charity as a Professional Russian deigns to accept takes unto itself something of the splendor of his former estate. Motor-cars transport him from place to place; the food offered him must be served in some costly restaurant; only the most expensive seats at theater or opera-house or amateur performance are for him.

The invasion of these Russian nobles is not a matter for serious consideration, as it has not affected our commerce to any great degree, while the money-market remains undisturbed by the negotiation of countless small loans on fragile security. But as it has been said that a wise purpose lies behind everything permitted by Providence, the Professional Russian is not without value, for he has become a food for laughter to the few wise ones who still dwell within the limits of the town.

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Richard Kane Looks at Art

The Society of Free Spirits and Eternal Things

By Irwin Edman

When Richard Kane, nearly ten years ago, came into my office at the university and described himself as a "nearly," he came as close as any one could with a single epithet to describing himself and his type. He was a "nearly" in precisely those realms in which he might have wished he could move and arrive, the realms of the fine arts. There was certainly about Richard now nothing that suggested the artist. He had the faintest gift for creation in words, but five years of advertising work for a publishing house had scotched if not killed it. Nor was there anything about this trim young American to suggest the esthete or the connoisseur. If I had now met him for the first time I should certainly have thought of him simply as a fairly typical, finely cut young American business man.

But one cannot spend an evening with Richard even now, after he has been eight years away from college and after he has been fixed in five years of standardized and tepidly happy married life, without feeling that every now and again the urgency of the artist simmers in him. There are moments, occasional and futile, when he feels there is almost nothing he would not give to translate a fleeting impression of loveliness into something enduring, beautiful, and his own only. One would hardly care to use the word religion at all about a mild young pagan like Richard living in an irreligious age. But Richard himself might, I fancy, be willing, if he were to admit having any religion, to define it in language in which beauty would certainly have a part. Certainly it is only beauty now that can carry him to peaks from which he may cry sincerely, "O Altitudo!" It is now principally from beautiful things that he gleans from time to time a peace that has about it something of the intensity of a grace and benediction.

I like to recall now that, in the French sense, I assisted at one of Richard's early awakenings to beauty. It was when I took him to his first symphony concert. I do not think he had ever heard fine orchestral music before. The two chief numbers were César Franck's D-Minor Symphony and Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration." The performance was none too good. It was clear to me, anyway, that Richard's musical sense was still too incipient to grasp anything but the massive power and clear volume of the music. But he responded with a sincere and surprised pleasure, deeply moved by the rising resonances of the brasses, so characteristic of Franck,

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and even more by the massed ecstasy of the strings in Strauss.

Richard found then, and has since found in music, a nervous thrill that nothing, certainly nothing but the climaxes of love, has ever given him. He is inclined to think with Pater that in their perfection all arts approach the condition of music, the mystical union of form and matter, until they merge in a voluminous march of vibrancy and power. It is from music, too, that Richard gets the sentiment that about first-rate art in any field there is something more than sentimentally holy. That feeling comes to him largely from those moments in a concert-hall when a noisy, vast, miscellaneous audience is hushed for a moment, by the absoluteness of great music greatly played, into the stillness of awed delight. And, though he has attended hundreds of concerts, Richard will never all his life be immune to the excitement that comes with the first massive attack by the violins or horns.

Any character is more than a single theme, and I am not trying to convey the impression that suddenly, at twenty-eight, Richard's mind turned freshly and finally to the fine arts, that the life of business and of his family became for him only a transient interruptive nightmare, that he lived for and only in pictures, symphonies, and books. That was hardly possible nor would it have been agreeable to Richard, who found a certain robust interest in his day's work, and an unmistakable delight in his family life. But life had become fairly smooth and easy now, and Richard began once more to look out upon it with the eye of the unillusioned but cheerful pagan. Certainly if there was any faith for a young man in our generation, it was faith in the loveliness he could find or make—Richard had his doubts about the latter—in the world.

Making beauty was not for the mediocre like him. It was ten years since he had made himself ridiculous by writing a rather terrible sonnet. He had never had the remote illusion that he could do anything with plastic materials, though he had almost painfully wished he could when he had been with his Dutch friend, Dey Essers, in Taormina. He learned then how an artist begins to look at the environing landscape as a possible composition, and to see the world always in a frame. Richard had envied his friend the power to turn those Sicilian images into colored memories on canvas, and he knew when he wished it that the wish was pathetic and absurd.

The making of beauty, Richard early decided, was not in the hands of the yearning and the sentimental. The business of making a work of art was a matter for technic and training. And the final quality was dependent on something which, even if one had years of freedom to spend on discipline, made discipline and technic secondary. Great beauty, the kind that seared itself into your senses and flowed like a river of fire through your memory, that was not—as the sentimental democrats believed—everybody's possibility, "every man's genius." There was a lot of wistful foolishness talked about the creative impulse. Richard knew better. There were soggy human animals by millions who could never remotely be thought of as stepping or wishing to step out of the regiment or the machine. And the "creative impulse," where did it lead? The hell of mediocrity was paved with artistic good intentions. The divine

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afflatus, the deep perennial spark—there had been a good deal of footless rhapsodizing about it, but it was real, and it was lavished upon few. Richard had read all those encouraging little books about pottering in a garden or making your own crockery. Thus, "in a small way," "after a fashion," you were supposed to be doing the Muses' business. He had attended evenings of the little tinklers at the Poetry Society. He had seen some of his friends fumble hopefully with clay. He knew how Bob Sobel, who played the cello bearably, was studying composition evenings hoping to acquire enough theory to make himself a composer. But Richard was not fooled. He had not seen Michelangelo, read Milton, or heard Beethoven for nothing.

No, considered from the standpoint of eternity, the world of affairs and the intimate satisfactions of a family might seem trivial. They might appear dull and transient in comparison with those great achievements of loveliness in which the life of imagination, the life beyond life as Cabell called it, the dreams more real and solid than reality, endured. But Richard respected the communion of genius too much to place any one, last of all himself, casually among that great society. The most that a sensible person could hope to do was to live vicariously among them and quietly and discriminatingly applaud. This Richard found the time and inclination to do in all the arts.

§ 2

Though Richard had thus become an amateur critic and taster of all fine things, there was about him nothing of the limp esthete. He had had his "Yellow Book" period. There had been a time at college and nearly a whole year abroad when he tried to maintain a stained-glass attitude in a sunset scene. That was almost impossible now. Richard had been for too long a time absorbed in the broad daylight of business and the healthy trivialities of domestic life to be able to relapse completely into the tepid literature and the tea-time philosophy of the esthete. Richard now could hardly read the "Discus" (the monthly organ of the "most advanced esthetic interests in America"; interests—on the whole—pallidly imported from Europe), so ultra-refined was it and so essentially sickly. It was filled with pretentiously abstract poetry that none save latter-day Pythagoreans could understand. Its fiction was corrupted with a soft poison of perfumed decay. Its ideas seemed the cold, belated light of stars long since dead. It seemed to whisper abstractedly of a cosmos that had disappeared. Richard had always opened the tan sheet with a reluctant, morbid curiosity. He had finally dropped his subscription after hearing the editor remark at a luncheon that the circulation of the "Discus" had now been whittled down until it was read only by those seriously interested in esthetics.

Occasionally he and Helen would have in to dinner, or for the evening, people interested in one or another of the new movements in the arts. But Richard preferred reading in the evening or hearing Helen play. These nouveau-artists were, he supposed, rather more than all right in their way. They were trying sincerely to make new experiments in form and in subject-matter. But there was something about them: he could not tell:

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he did not like them, Dr. Fell. It did not seem really necessary that esthetic interests should make people either wan or ridiculous. And the great heroes of the arts had certainly not resembled the hero of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience." Once when a particularly fine-spun young esthete had been with them for the evening, Richard remarked to Helen after he had left, "Let 's go to the Albany Lunch and have a ham sandwich; this has been really just a bit thick."

Richard was in the obvious sense no esthete, and he was not particularly persona grata in the circles of High Art. But it remains true, none the less, that esthetic sensitiveness has become, perhaps, the most positive fact about his character. He is less inclined to generalize than he was ten years ago; but if he were he should be inclined, I know, to say that beauty is the only thing that matters any more. Certainly nothing else does permanently or vividly. About religion, as traditionally conceived, Richard says little and does not think much. To all intents and purposes, those old theological formulas are out of the modern world completely, and no little flare-ups of fundamentalism can stop the progressive petrifaction of the church. Those fair, false myths of Christianity he had come only to appreciate after he had ceased to believe. They are now, too, only things of beauty, lovely images which the Christian world has made of its compassionate divinity, or delicious prefigurings, as in the naïve imaginings of a Fra Angelico, of an immortality of bliss.

Social service? Richard had as a high-school boy been caught up before the war on the optimistic flood-tide of Wilsonian liberalism. But was it not as far back as his junior year that he had outgrown the shibboleths of the political Messiahs who were always so busily campaigning for the good life and so seldom illustrating it? And there were dozens of reasons why the hopeful formulas and sour indignations of the liberal weeklies left him cold. Business? Well, about even so charming and pleasant a one as that of publishing, Richard had no illusions. Business was where one earned one's living, at best not too unpleasantly, and life began after five. Marriage had become a pleasant routine; he would not exchange it for more thrilling patterns or kaleidoscopes of life; the children were interesting, promising, and lovable; home was a harbor. All this could be called happiness, if one could be happy without scaling any heights.

Perhaps that God in whom he no longer believed knew that intense joy was a nervous strain. Anyway, God or physiology made tense delight come in flashes, and those flashes came principally from the arts. The eyes of this settled young man turned, as they had first clearly turned in Paris, to the achieved loveliness that men's hands and imaginations had created.

§ 3

Richard regretted always that as a child his eye and his esthetic attention had not been trained. For he had learned, by watching and listening to his young Dutch painter friend, how little one actually saw with the routine eye one used for ordinary pursuits and casual objects. The things about one were simply labels or signals for precipitating action. One hardly saw at all, in the sense in which for an artist every landscape fell into a composition,

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and all sights fell naturally into imagined colors on canvas. Richard had learned much in Europe, but perhaps chiefly he had come into the birthright of the artist's vision. He had envied Dey Essers. Dey had brought Taormina home with him personally in his portfolio; Richard had only fragments in his memory, and post-cards that were parodies of his recollections. But he had learned with and from Dey to look at picture or at landscape for what was actually there to the eye, instead of using the so actual and beautiful thing as a spring-board to go off into sentimental reverie. He had learned how one might follow the lines of the picture until one's being lived and moved among the lines on canvas; he had learned to look at color until for the moment those reds and greens and blues became the vivid and pervasive air in which one lived. Perhaps one could never get quite the artist's feeling before a canvas, the intimate sense he must have in his fingers of how that broad brush-stroke was made, his craftsman's awareness of just how that particular subtlety of repetition in color or balance of mass was done. But Richard had come a long way from loving girls in pictures because they were wistful or passing by the silver radiance of the early Corots to flee to Correggio because his themes were sweet.

Richard had come to have an almost astringent attitude toward painting. To limit one's attention to what was actually there to see, to exclude all sentimentalism and all literary interpretation, to get painting through and only through the organ to which it was addressed, the eye—that became the goal which he set for himself in painting. For a time after his return to America, he had been a little surfeited by all the painting and sculpture he had seen, and he had hardly gone into the Metropolitan twice a year. For a time, indeed, he had come to hate the sight of a museum. A living human being, caught by the tumult of contemporary interests, he reasoned, had no time to waste on the mausoleum of beautiful things that a museum was at best. One entered its turnstiles only to come into a smug, upholstered, and irrelevant tomb of dead beauty embalmed in frames.

But now Richard found the old hunger for line and color coming back, and himself tramping the private galleries again trying to find out what the new painting was about. Perhaps the latter-day critics were right, and there was progress in art as there was in science. Once he would have denied the meaning of time in art and insisted that the last word had been said in plastic art two thousand years ago on the Acropolis, or, at latest, five hundred years ago in Florence. New times, new visions, and new hands to translate insights into durable images on canvas or in marble—sometimes he thought he knew what these latter artists of the new day were doing. It had been hard after Italy, especially after the Florentines, to adjust one's eye from the habitual classic structures and patterns to an interest in surfaces of sheer-colored light that, as in Monet's pictures of Rouen, sometimes seemed hardly to reveal structure or clothe a pattern at all. But how quickly one came to love those subtle façades of the pure tinted radiance that was Monet's special gift! If he ever got back to Paris, Richard promised himself, it would be that little Collection Camondo in the

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Louvre, almost always neglected by the tourist, that would interest him more than a dozen of the famous Grande Galerie. But painting had moved far since those plein-airists had shocked the academicians, and Richard was by no means sure, especially after reading their more metaphysical propagandists, that he knew what they were driving at.

He had been invited by a wealthy Philadelphian to see his collection of modern French painting, which was said to be one of the best in the country. This energetic and informed gentleman spoke almost as if there had been no painting before Cézanne. Perhaps Richard saw what they were all trying to do, or told himself and his host that he did. He saw landscapes that seemed to him really to have depth and perspective, still-lifes that gave him an acute sense of living things actually seen before one, full and round. But it seemed to him also that he had seen something like that before in those unnoised, old-fashioned Chardins in the Louvre. Cézanne, at least, he could get; and the unmistakable movement and glamour of Degas's ballet-girls; and the fullness and absolute authenticity in movement, the astonishing naturalness and perfection of composition in his portraits of those seared, full-bodied working-women of his.

There were points in the recent pioneer movements in art that frankly left Richard puzzled. There were those artists who were reducing painting to sheer abstraction and to what one of their unofficial spokesmen called "significant form." Richard would have liked to know just what they were talking about, and even more just what they were painting. It was very well to talk about eliminating all elements of representation in painting, and certainly the painter owed his first responsibility to the eye. But likewise line and color had to be the line and color of something; and though the human being saw with his eye only, it had to be the eye of a human being. You would have to destroy memory and imagination, and all those half-conscious reverberations of mood that came with any sensation, before you could reduce painting to sheer relations of form and color. Richard was most puzzled when he came to the exhibits of the so-called Independent Artists. He spent a whole Saturday afternoon among the crowds who gaped at the novelties and gabbled at their meaning. We had gone together, and Richard, still feeling that I had once been his teacher, would occasionally, in vain, turn to me for enlightenment.

"There!" said Richard, pointing to a strange thing that howled at you in a savage medley of crazy line and incredibly scolding shrieks of color. I could make nothing more of it than he. But I reminded him that the classicists had always howled down the modernists, and one ought to be careful. "Well, I 'm a little suspicious," Richard said somewhat petulantly, "of that violence which goes for power. These new artists can get my attention by howling at me, but I don't feel obliged therefore to give them my praise."

Richard often remarked to me and his other friends that he thought there was a good deal of obvious buncombe about much of this professed modernism. "The other day a young writer, who is doing a book on the modern painters for us, came in with a recent discovery created by a very modern

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young friend of his. He told me it was a picture of Brooklyn Bridge and represented symbolically the striving and upward reach of American life, its large dimensions, its overreaching arches, and what not. I turned the picture right side up after he had explained it to me, looking at it upside down. Well, a good deal of so-called modern theory is like that; it 's a rational theory about a crazy practice."

§ 4

So he gave up painting for a while. He had only Saturday afternoons for the galleries, and the galleries were crowded then with the sickening matinée chatter of the embryo connoisseurs. The galleries, too, made him homesick for Europe; and it seemed now as if it would be decades before he would have time or money enough to be in Europe again. He might as well take the best in art at the place he happened to be. And New York had certainly in the last decade become the musical capital of the world.

In Richard, too, musical sensitiveness was more native and voluminous than was his response to the plastic arts. At best he got out of painting the pleasures of a careful discrimination; except in the greatest painting you never got quite the sense of mystical union that the arts at their high points gave you. He had been genuinely stirred by some of Michelangelo; there was one Cézanne—simply a bare tree among fallen snows—that gave him a sense of having caught a tree, in its absolute and beautiful essence, for the first time in his life. There were a few paintings in which your life became for an instant an intense and overpowering plane of vision. But most paintings looked at you aloofly, and it seemed to be altogether immaterial whether you looked at them or not.

Schopenhauer put it melodramatically, perhaps, but in listening to music it was the soul itself that was tormented by the strings. And music Richard had loved ever since he could remember. Of that much, at least, in the way of imaginative stimulus he had not been deprived in his dull suburban home. He had learned to play the violin, and the feel of the fingering and bowing was with him yet. The development of his musical taste had been genuine and slow. It began when, as a boy, he kept his ears close to the door of the victrola in a vague childish rhapsody over the "Angels' Serenade." It had grown into an indiscriminate thirst for the large massive sound of a symphony orchestra. There came that rapturous discovery of the inerrant splendor and simple perfection of the Beethoven Fifth Symphony and, after wandering among many moderns, a return with fervor to the three great B's. Where in the modern musical world could one find such clarity and power?

Richard likes to think now that he has outgrown the period when music was simply a "drowsy reverie interrupted by nervous thrills," though one observing Richard at concerts, his head bent forward and his lips parted at moments in a smiling surprise at some sudden glory of counterpoint or some unbelievable sustained sweetness of flute, would hardly believe it. But the thrills now come from different music than formerly, and the absorptions of following theme and structure make musical concerts for him now something more than lotus-eating to orchestral accompaniment. His chief intensities come now from that vibrant

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and voluminous mathematics that is a Bach fugue; he would come through wind or storm, or break any ordinary engagement, for even a poor performance of the intricately tender wanderings of Brahms's First. César Franck, his first introduction to symphonic music, now remains his constant and familiar friend. How clear and strong and resonant a friend is this master of austere pattern and exultant singing!

Richard has not, in the evolution of his musical taste, lost the simpler values and joys in finding the more exquisite and subtle. Of the latter, the chief glory for him is the infinitely complex structure of music itself, a flowing architecture, a Platonism become articulate, a mathematics that has found a voice and sings itself sinuously into the mind. There is the never-to-be-outgrown lusciousness of massed strings; the Philadelphia Orchestra has taught him the full miracle of that beauty, and the still imperative flare of brass and drums. But there was one pleasure and one mystery that outranked them, that no sophistication of musical structure could ever destroy. There was in music a profound singing undercurrent that flowed out of unimaginable depths to something deeper and simpler than anything perceptible by the senses or legible to the mind. In the greatest music there was something at once engulfing and compassionate, whose commencement was a stirring and a signal, and whose close was a quietude. It was music, not books as Anatole France had suggested, that constituted the hashish and opium of the modern world. It was often said in New York that musical audiences were of all audiences the most intelligent. "Rather the most sensitive," Richard thought to himself as he turned one evening to look at his fellow-concert-goers at a Philadelphia concert; "the most sensitive and the most neurotic." Music had become the safety-valve of the sophisticate's emotions: the beginners got it in the more obvious hysterics of Tschaikovsky; the more discriminating in the subtle singing movements of Brahms. But all alike, whether they admitted it or not, got out of music tense renderings of dark ambient forests of emotion. They read into the high treble waves of the violin passages moods for which they could not find vent in action, for which they could find no words in themselves or in the brittle, skeptical writers on whom they fed. Once in that unapproachably tender second movement of the Brahms First Symphony, Richard found to his confusion that he, who had trained himself to avoid sentimentalism in music, could hardly refrain from breaking into tears, although he said nothing more to Helen than, "How wonderfully Stokowski has disciplined those strings!"

In music, too, Richard was facing confusion. In his resolve to keep an open mind to the novel in all the arts, he had subjected his ears to every possible outrage of assault by the musical moderns. Here, too, it would have been helpful if one had known just what these men were trying to do. They talked much and loudly about it, to be sure. They were writing in new scales; they were dropping the easy fluency of melody for the neo-Greek music of detached chords. They were exploiting the striking and stirring power of dissonance. A place was being found for the grotesque. Richard, at a concert one evening, found himself hissing along with several others who found an abominable shriek

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of confusion called Hyper-Prisms too much even for tolerant ears. He knew he ought to be ashamed of himself and more cautiously open-minded as to what posterity might think about it. Wagner had been hissed, too; and the critics, some of the best of them, had thought Beethoven in the Ninth Symphony had gone mad.

But one could be too tolerant, and there had been a lot of noisy fools now forgotten who had been hissed into the oblivion they deserved. Debussy had certainly brought new pastel shades into music; Strauss now seemed almost tame. Perhaps Richard Junior would one day find loveliness in these mad things the Group of Six were doing, and be able to sit without fidgeting through a concert of the International Composers' Guild. For the present, Richard would stick to the three B's.

Confusion everywhere, even in the arts, where in a crazy world one had thought to go for the repose of clear intention and clean form; even in the arts, where a person with Richard's interests might have expected to feel at home.

There was the theater, for example, though for the contemporary theater Richard had little use. Counting out the vast miscellany of vulgarity and nonsense that was produced each year to fill buildings that were called playhouses, there was to Richard always something second-rate in the theater compared with other arts. It was so invariably theatrical. Recently dramatists had learned to abandon the more obvious conventions and clichés and routines of the theater; but the stage remained a place ultimately of tinsel and artifice; the glamour of it was so obviously cooked up and conventionalized; the effectiveness depended upon so many accidents and tricks of voice, of scene painting, and of light. Two or three times a season —one had given up expecting to find it oftener—one came away from the final curtain with a sense of having seen something that cut deep into the meaning, beauty, and terror of life. But Richard had never learned to be at home in the theater. He came into it frankly for moments of nonsense or enchantment, and he seldom got the latter even from the most subtle new effects in lighting or from the high-art productions of the Theater Guild. So he turned back to books chiefly as to a first and persistent love.

It was sweet of a winter evening to find that even in New York it was possible to resist distraction and spend a happy evening in the quiet security of books. Richard had often pictured to himself the solitude of a rural retreat. If one were living in a hamlet, one might have the peace and leisure to read through the books one had for so long been wanting to read. There flashed back upon his mind the picture of that charming English business man at whose hedged suburban home he had spent a week-end. He had marveled at the man's genial erudition, his roving acquaintance with Burton and Thomas Browne, little private byways he had cut for himself through the eighteenth century. If he were only living in one of the despised Main Streets of the country, he might, like his English friend, simply because there was no one to talk to, read himself deep into urbanity and civilization.

It was possible, even in New York, to have that final luxury of isolation, solitude in the market-place. Now

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Helen and he made it a habit to stay at home several evenings a week: the children were asleep; the household was stilled. Often they would read aloud to each other. Helen preferred to have her husband do the reading. I came upon him one evening reading out of Wordsworth's "Prelude." I begged him to continue. He has a clear, well pitched voice, masculine in its strength, with a surprising, almost feminine, justness of intonation. There is an unpretentious expressiveness in his reading, and Richard has always had a native feeling for rhythm that might, with a little more spark of originality, have turned him into a poet.

It was odd, this resurgent, persistent entry that poetry made into his life. For a few years after he had left college, poetry had signally failed to thrill. In Europe it had seemed faint and verbal compared with the substantially realized beauty of the fine arts. On his return, when he first was plunged into affairs, the voices of the poets had seemed to him thin echoes in a void. What dinky little noises these poetasters made! After all, the men who controlled the tides of commerce, managed education, swayed government, or even those who made their lives into lyrics were so much more interesting and effective than those who sang wanly in words. If the Philistine had only the language of poetry, what poetry he might make of his coming and goings and intrigues, buildings and destroyings! The poet battened off what the unpoetic did. There was as much poetry in ten minutes in Wall Street or in New York Harbor as in a hundred little lyrics in the little reviews. Then poetry would come suddenly into his life and tell him that he lied.

His eye happened one evening to fall upon a familiar line of Wordsworth:

"The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone."

Or in a magazine or an anthology he would find a line that would release old incredible uprushes of emotion. There was an irreplaceable magic about good verse; by a word it turned mere brute being into a beatitude. "Poetry"—he recalled that passionate defensive sentence of Shelley's—"is the center and circumference of knowledge." Almost it seemed that. Certainly if he could have imagined himself an artist, it would have been as a poet he would have wished to be known.

But poetry, too, had become mad. It had gone in for a thin brilliance of epigram, which little minds substituted for littler passions. Poets now wrote lyrics with a back-fire of apothegm. They corroded their already unhealthy emotions with the acid of intellectual malice. There were dozens of puny little neurotics trying to imitate Whitman's roaring freedom. In the austere intellectual passion of E. A. Robinson he found almost the only poetic food of his own day.

It had, indeed, almost come to seem that the age of poetry had passed and that nowadays only fools would try to be or could be poets. He had been irritated at first when Elmer Griff, a solemn young man, assistant editorial director of the firm, had assured him at lunch that poetry was an adolescent passion. "Nobody," Elmer had assured him, "writes poetry to-day who has any decency or sense of shame; everything sensible can be said in

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prose; the poet wallows in a pigsty of his unnecessary emotions."

Elmer Griff had been exaggerating a little; but perhaps he was right. There appeared to be good reason why fiction was peculiarly the art of the modern world. It could follow the sinuosity of emotion; it was a free and wandering form; it could move among details and among ideas which would corrupt and kill poetry. Richard found in the modern novels something new, beautiful, and strange. In those new weird works that were now appearing (he had bootlegged a copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses") Richard thought he had found a form of literature that rendered in terrible and intimate accents the perturbed heartbeat of the modern spirit. The Parthenon frieze was the quintessence of Greece; sculptures at Chartres revealed the core of the medieval mystery; perhaps these new half-articulate novelists were finding a form to turn into beauty the chaos of the modern scene and soul.

§ 5

It might appear from the foregoing that Richard was an esthete completely living only in the arts. I often wondered what would have happened if he had suddenly inherited a hundred thousand dollars from the rich bachelor uncle who had sent him to Europe. Would he have spent his life in making the most of the sensations that freedom might have made possible for him? I doubt it.

There was evidence from time to time that Richard found it troubling to lead the life of the sensitive imagination in America. Not that he felt he must follow the mobs of the new genteel to the golf courses and country clubs. He had not been dragooned by the surrounding money-madness into the lust for money; Richard had never been badly bitten by a passion for luxury or standard amusement. But there were many reasons why even Richard, free from the usual corruptives of the spirit, sometimes feared the current poisons in American life would, like the carbon monoxide in the motor-crowded streets, ultimately "get him." The great enemy of the soul was the daily wear and tear. Richard found himself at the end of a day at the office a "tired business man." There were relatives to be visited; there were boring people one could not escape seeing. Helen and he had certainly been ruthless in cutting out of their lives the major bores. But there were limits to bad manners, and good manners were greater restraints to life than good morals.

There was something more than that. Richard had the feeling—how is one to escape it in America?—that being interested in the arts was the least bit exotic. Perhaps Henry James in fleeing America had been simply acting honestly on the inescapable truth that the sensitive and the fine-tempered had no conceivable place in America. Well, Henry James had had an independent income for one thing. And Richard had said thumbs down to this expatriation business long ago.

Would it not be wiser to give up going against the current, and become one of the bovine herd, so unthinking and so untroubled in its days; to become one of these men met at lunch whose talk was all of golf, these women Helen saw whose talk was all gossip and bridge? When one lived in Carthage, why not do as the Carthaginians did? Why not go after money and spend it in the grand manner?

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Richard had turned down two or three attractive offers from large general advertising agencies because he liked to be in a business that dealt with books. Helen and he did not want luxury. He was free even from the ennobling taint of ambition. He was content to be a stingless Voltaire cultivating his garden. That was all true. But one could no more help being distracted from devotion to the things one truly cared about than one could help noticing the bill-boards that were stuck up maddeningly along the roads through the gentle New England hills. It would be possible to resist luxury and vulgarity, but their presence polluted the spiritual atmosphere. One could not walk on the heights or among the gods when one lived in a vulgar and cheap civilization. Why try to live as if you were a young Athenian promenading with slim aristocrats on the Acropolis, when you were only an aging young American lunching with golfing money-grubbers in New York? Why not become a good citizen, a respectable neighbor, a standardized member of the great middle class, the backbone of the country?

Why not indeed? Richard often thought that these careless young vulgarians, with their motors, their golf, and their jazz, got a certain continual pounding vividness out of life that he, for all his tutored tastes, did not. Why not become one of them completely, and cease to be an alien in his own land? Become one of them? It would be easier to break with his friends or with his family than with that invisible society that had "no birthday and no native land." It was possible, even in America, with a few friends, a little money, and a little leisure, to move in that community among which in any age few had moved—the society of free spirits and eternal things.

A Priest

BY L. A. G. STRONG

A little liked, more feared, his dark
Black-coated way he goes.
His chin is strong; his eyebrows meet
Thickly above his nose.

And who can tell, so grimly schooled,
Such lord of self he seems,
If devils that are mute by day
Assail him in his dreams?

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Old Words Made Over

There Is a Fashion in Them as in Art

By Lillian Fryer Rainey

THERE was, once upon a time, an astounding period in American letters when such words as fine, beautiful, pretty, elegant, nice, and handsome were used descriptively. Think of it! But now with a nap sadly worn, even threadbare, they are, it appears, no longer fit to upholster current thought. There is a fashion in words as in music, as in art, and as in hair.

One innocent morning I went shopping with a friend. The thing she wanted to buy was a pretty and becoming hat, but she did not ask for one. Oh, no, she mentioned a smart hat, a clever hat, expecting on top what presumably went under. The ones shown at this milliner's were uninteresting—perhaps lacking early advantages—so we went to another shop just off the avenue, to one who had a flair for the right thing. Now, to know a dressmaker or a hatter who has this flair is just as important to a well dressed woman as a private personal bootlegger with discriminating taste is to a man. Here a cunning hat of folded black satin was unearthed from swaddling tissue-paper. It was a perfect darling, so that was that.

Shopping for one thing leads on to others. Lured into a blouse shop by a window display of soft, filmy evolutions de luxe of the old shirt-waist, Janet picked up a sweet thing in dull tones of mauve which went perfectly with her ensemble. Picking up things is done often now even by honest people.

At the corner we turned irresolutely, then halted, pressing our powdered noses flat against the dusty window-pane of a shop offering objets d'art.

"Such a quaint old one, is n't it?" Janet was pointing at a hooked rug.

"Looks faded to me," I answered incautiously.

"Faded!" She looked at me blankly. "Oh, it 's mellow and soft!"

My fingers twitched and my mouth watered in remembrance of certain big yellow apples.

"Let 's go in and poke around," she suggested; "sometimes I chance on a real find in here."

To define this word would seem a clear and simple thing. The trouble is that it shifts. A find is not a find to everybody, and strangely enough that is exactly why it is a find. The find in this case was an old chair of rosewood with roses carved on the back. It was dignified, handsome, comfortable, or ugly, just as one viewed it, but the salesman appraised its significance in no such fashion.

"I see you 've discovered my latest find," he beamed. "Amusing, is n't it?"

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Amusing! What a word to describe a chair! But then I knew right off that my education had been sadly neglected and that I bordered on that frightful person, a mid-Victorian.

"Now, if you are interested in this sort of thing I have an unusual piece I should like you to see," he offered.

Perhaps my expression had betrayed me, for from this time on all of his remarks were directed to the understanding Janet.

"A rather nice old thing which I picked up in London. Reasonable, too —considering."

It was a footstool covered in needle-point. Not that he said covered; not at all; what he said was done—done in needle-point. However, I understood what he meant and grasped greedily at the word nice. It was an old familiar friend, one that I could use, too.

"It *is* a *nice* stool," I put in, sure of my ground.

At that he smiled at me, a gentle, condoning smile. "Oh, rather nice."

I am not stupid, though a little slow. After turning nice and rather nice about in my mind, it all came to me: nice, plain, unequivocal nice may not be used to describe, but coupled with rather it assumes a virtue it did not have.

To think this thing out had required such concentration that the objets d'art man and Janet had gone on and left me in the amusing chair; so I just sat on and thought about words I had once known.

In a way it was like turning the pages of an old album; some beautiful, others homely. For instance there is tacky. I have never known just how reputable tacky was, but it had a meaning all its own. A tacky hat or dress or bonnet—well, if anybody called it that you never wore it again. It was far worse than merely ugly. But tacky has gone; perhaps it went away with cotton stockings.

Then there is cute. I had to acquire a taste for cute, and now it is going. But it is high time. Surely more than the nap is worn from it; we must have made holes in it.

Shopping takes time even for the innocent by-sitter, and the hour was approaching noon, which fact may have brought to mind another word—victuals. Think of roses, think of violets, and you get their fragrance; think of victuals (vittles) and you get boiled cabbage.

And then there is puny. With a grimace of disgust I got to my feet. Perhaps after all the English language had not changed for the worse. I 'd learn to use the new words and the old words in new ways. If beautiful and pretty and handsome were moth-eaten, then I 'd say charming, distinctive, interesting, unusual, smart, amusing, and clever. I had no intention of letting them grow stale. I 'd use them right off.

On the way to Janet's house, for she had asked me to lunch with a group of friends, I went over my new vocabulary and concocted perfect sentences.

After we settled down to soup and the bread had been broken and the spoons were moving off into the cream of tomato, the talk veered around to clothes, and I grasped my opportunity and made the noble gesture.

"You really must see Janet's new hat," I murmured; "it 's rather amusing."

Six spoons were suddenly becalmed in the creamy sea, and twelve eyes looked at me in a—well, a most unusual way.

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The Roving Critic

By Carl Van Doren

Desire Under All Desires

"It is a question," I wrote about Willa Cather four or five years ago, "whether she can ever reach the highest point of which she shows signs of being capable unless she makes up her mind that it is as important to find the precise form for the representation of a memorable character as it is to find the precise word for the expression of a memorable idea. At present she pleads that if she must sacrifice something she would rather it were form than reality. If she desires sufficiently she can have both." Since that time she has published three novels which have greatly increased her eminence, but I still think that the moving reality of her work is hardly matched by the form she gives it. I no longer think, however, that she has as much choice in the matter as I formerly thought she had. It begins to look as if her imagination were not the sort which can always foresee or control the shape its materials are to take. And it is a somewhat striking fact, which I have never seen noted, that she is at her best in this regard only in every other novel. After "O Pioneers!" she relaxed a little in "The Song of the Lark"; after "My Antonia," in "One of Ours." Now again, in "The Professor's House,"[1] she seems to me to have fallen off from the masterly order and structure of "A Lost Lady." Between peaks, her imagination draws breath.

Miss Cather comes at so many points so near perfection that she invites a strict scrutiny to which more rough-and-ready novelists neither need nor deserve to be subjected. "The Professor's House" particularly invites such scrutiny because it is built on a scheme more complicated than any of her earlier novels. Each of those is in a sense a biography, delicately, austerely following the fortunes of a single character through a long curve of growth. This latest novel is essentially a situation. A net of circumstances, already growing, closes in around Professor St. Peter. Though his whole past is involved, and indeed is subtly indicated, the story deals with the moment in which he becomes aware of his plight. Not if the outcome were an actual surprise, of the type which ends comedies, could it have been kept more deftly out of sight nor could it have thrown more light upon all related events than it does here. The entire action lies within the spirit, but it is as positive as any train of swift adventures.

I suspect that the germ of "The Professor's House" came to Miss Cather from some momentary confession, some chance-dropped word,

[1] "The Professor's House." By Willa Cather. Knopf.

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of some man who told her, whether he meant to or not, of the bleak hours through which all men pass when they first realize that youth is irrevocably gone, that the sense of being inseparably involved with other human beings is delusion, that they must henceforth endure the unavoidable loneliness which gradually prepares them for the one experience more lonely than birth. Perhaps the germ lodged in her imagination as a statement; perhaps it lodged there as an observation in flesh and blood. In any case, she was moved to exhibit it on a scale which would do justice to a mood so general. Around Professor St. Peter she created a family, friends, a university, a continent, a world, in order that his discovery of his isolation in the midst of them might have the fullest emphasis. To give it a dramatic touch which would sharpen the narrative, she brought in Tom Outland, picture and essence of youth, to furnish the needed contrast. Having left a fortune to one of St. Peter's daughters, Outland drops seeds of confusion in the professor's house. Envy springs up between the two sisters. The daughter is thrust further from the father, the wife from the husband. That friendship which has been the most charming thing in all St. Peter's life as a teacher is the thing which precipitates the situation. Yet the precipitation is but an outward matter. The gist of the theme is inward. Sooner or later, St. Peter must have reached his troubling conviction.

Now that the story has been told, it is easy to analyze its meanings and implications. Miss Cather, however, is better at representation than at analysis. She chose to tell her story in a way which is at once the most natural for the reader and the most difficult for the writer. When I, for example, began to read the book, I felt at first that it was thin. I did not see just what the situation was, nor did I get hold of the characters as rapidly as, from my previous acquaintance with Miss Cather's books, I expected to. Indeed, I was nearly through the story before I saw whither it was tending. Then suddenly it took hold of me, as it must of every reader. Without perceiving it, I had slipped into the secret, precisely as if these characters were real persons into whose circle I had come and among whom I had lived a good while before making out the drama in which their lives were arranged. The sons-in-law of St. Peter I comprehended first; then the daughters, Kathleen and Rosamond in the order named; then Mrs. St. Peter. Outland, dead before the story begins, hovered in the background till almost the end, when the professor was editing the younger man's diary. Finally he too became clear, only the next instant to step aside and let the light of comprehension fall upon the chief personage. And in that instant all that had gone before was focused upon the situation thus revealed. The situation might have been made clear in a more downright manner, but it could never have carried the weight of impressiveness without this increasing revelation, this casual, gradual unfolding of the evidence.

Such a method lays a heavy burden upon the narrator, who must at every step prepare for the solution without carelessly giving it away too soon at any point and without yielding to the temptation to put in details which do

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not contribute to the whole. Miss Cather in "The Professor's House" does not seem to me ever to be premature, but I think she occasionally delays the movement by being interested in certain elements of her story for their own sakes. Looking back over the narrative, I have a feeling that she took longer to get started than was really necessary; the earlier chapters already have grown slightly dim in my memory, which I think they would not have done if they had not been diffuse. And I am sure there is too much of Tom Outland's history. It is a touching history, of a boy who found a lost cliff city in a romantic cañon, and who thereby was lifted to a long view of life by which to measure the world when he entered it. The scene, of course, is charming, and Miss Cather devotes to it some of the loveliest pages which she has written since she wrote the somewhat analogous pages in "The Song of the Lark." But charm and loveliness Miss Cather can always command, and she could here have commanded those qualities in less space and not have let her story drag on the threshold of her dénouement. As in "One of Ours," she has again fallen under the spell of a splendid youth, and she has let him have the center of the stage for a longer time than he earns by his services to the plot, however much he may have earned it by his undeniable intrinsic merits.

Some proof of the delay which Outland causes in the third quarter of the book may be seen in the rapid acceleration of the pace which comes the moment his history has been concluded. I then realized that I had from the first been primarily concerned with St. Peter, and that less of Outland would have explained why the professor was all of a sudden so overwhelmed with a sense of his lost youth. For though the adventure on the mesa is novel and exciting, it is not so novel or exciting as St. Peter's profound conviction that the boy he had once been still survives in the man he is now. "The boy was a primitive. He was only interested in earth and woods and water. Wherever sun sunned and rain rained and snow snowed, wherever life sprouted and decayed, places were alike to him. . . . He seemed to be at the root of the matter; Desire under all desires, Truth under all truths. He seemed to know, among other things, that he was solitary and must always be so; he had never married, never been a father. He was earth, and would return to earth. . . . What [St. Peter] had not known was that, at a given time, that first nature could return to a man, unchanged by all the pursuits and passions and experiences of his life; untouched by even the tastes and intellectual activities which had been strong enough to give him distinction among his fellows and to have made for him, as they say, a name in the world. Perhaps this reversion did not often occur, but he knew it had happened to him. . . . He did not regret his life, but he was indifferent to it. It seemed to him like the life of another person."

The passage by itself is notable; in its setting it rises like a peal of bugles. Of course it would not do that unless the plot had been conceived with the beautiful lucidity which characterizes "The Professor's House." I believe, however, that it would bite even more deeply had the novel been shaped with a little more of the fierce economy which makes art perfect.

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Announcement

In reviving, after a lapse of several years, the name of the Roving Critic which I bore in an earlier connection, I should like to quote two passages which seem to me to sum up the only statement of principles I am called upon to make. One is from Sainte-Beuve. "When speaking sympathetically on one occasion," he says, "of Mme. du Deffand, I did not pledge myself not to deal on another occasion with Mlle. de Lespinasse. The critic should have no partiality, and take no sides. He espouses the interests of people for a time only, and only passes through the different groups, without ever linking himself to them. He boldly crosses over from one camp to another; and his having done justice to one side is never a reason for refusing it to the other side. Thus he is by turns in Rome and Carthage, now for Argos and now for Ilion. Mlle. de Lespinasse had at one time a deadly quarrel with Mme. du Deffand, after living for ten years in intimacy with her. The friends were obliged to choose between one or the other of these declared rivals, and there was no possibility for any of them to keep in with both. We have no need to choose: we appeared to be very attached and very faithful to Mme. du Deffand, we shall none the less pay great attention to-day to Mlle. de Lespinasse." This quotation is for the benefit of any readers who may inquire on what rules of choice the books taken up in these pages are selected. The other passage is from Ring W. Lardner. "Laughter is supposed to keep a man young but if its forced laughter it works the opp. When a guy is named Ring W. and is expected to split their sides when ever somebody asks if your middle name is Worm which is an average of 365 times per annum over a period of 35 annums, why it can't help from telling on you." This quotation is for the benefit of any readers who at this late date may inquire again whether the Roving Critic might not more properly be called the Raving Critic.

A Touch of Gossip

When I was lecturing in Richmond last spring, I had occasion to refer in terms of praise to that joyful masterpiece "Jurgen." Mr. Cabell, it happened, was in the audience, and I did what I could to temper my praise to his modest ear. But he was not to be let off so lightly. A lady sitting behind him whispered audibly and uprightly to her companion: " 'Jurgen'! The nasty thing! I have n't read it."

Hint to Philosophers

Though I myself have not quite the disposition and not at all the leisure to write technical dissertations upon moral problems, I am always anxious to be of service to the more happily disposed and more leisurely persons who do. Here, for instance, is a query which I offer for their consideration. What would have happened in Europe and America if moral philosophy had paid less attention to Aristotle's "Ethics" in its search for first principles, and more to Aristotle's "Poetics"? In other words, what if moral philosophy had paid less attention to the distinction between right and wrong and more to the distinction between comic and tragic? To me it seems possible that in the second case, no longer, alas, to be hoped for, there might have been a chance to avoid a

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great deal of dogmatism, a great deal of fanaticism. The theologians could not then have fastened so ruthlessly upon the notion that good and evil somehow exist in the very constitution of life, even before what is called a good deed or an evil deed has been committed. They might have discussed the actual consequences of conduct among actual men, and have saved themselves many agonies over whether or not human conduct was pleasing or displeasing to more or less hypothetical gods. They might have left morals where they belong, a department of manners and not a separate realm of thought and action. Perhaps in this second case there would not have been theologians at all. How greatly would they have been missed? Might not moral philosophers of humaner instincts have dealt with sin in the more practical temper in which jurists have dealt with crime? Could not, indeed, sin have been left as properly to science as to superstition? But I ask so many questions that I seem to be dealing with the problem myself, when I mean only to put it in hands which will know better how to deal with it.

Far-Sighted Collector

In Ambroise Vollard's "Renoir: An Intimate Record," just published by Knopf, there is, among many delicious anecdotes, one which is particularly delicious. A certain Monsieur B. was brought to Renoir as a "serious" collector whom it would be worth the painter's efforts to conciliate. While in the studio Monsieur B., talking partly to impress King Milan of Serbia, who also was present, remarked:

"'I don't buy pictures with my ears, you know. I 'm not that kind. . . . One must always think of the sale later on.'

"'You are thinking of selling?' inquired Monsieur de Camondo.

"'That will depend on the kind of marriage my daughter makes! It 's not that we won't have enough to give her a dowry, even if she should marry a duke, or a prince—indeed, the son of a king. [At this point a slight grimace imperceptibly altered the placid features of King Milan.] But in the latter case, my Renoirs, my Meissoniers, my Besnards, my Rembrandts would no longer be of any use to me. With a royal son-in-law, can you see me keeping up a picture gallery to attract people to my house!'"

A Note on Distribution

Who originates the witty sayings and naughty stories which appear every day or so and run over the country as wildfire never ran? Who carries them on what wings? I hear one of these good things in a club or at a lunch table down town in New York and hurry up town to try them on my colleagues at Columbia. Half the time, however, the thing has got there before me. I leave town for Chicago, say, and I am still like as not too late to surprise anybody with my goods. There is a belief firmly held by many people that the telegraph operators spend their free hours during the night spreading the news. If this is true, the services of those useful men ought to be recognized, if not rewarded. What a charming idea it is that wit goes whispering over the wires while the wits rest from their labors! It makes the country resemble a sleeping person in whom the unconscious sends the strangest messages along his dreaming nerves.

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Short Cuts

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1892–1916. By Viscount Grey of Falloden. Stokes. 2 vols.

A disarmingly straightforward account of the public services of the cultivated, well intentioned, weak man who was head of the British Foreign Office when the World War broke out, and who by his memoirs further confirms the reasonable surmise that the war came less because hard men made it than because soft men were unable to prevent it.

THE TRAGEDY OF WASTE. By Stuart Chase. Macmillan Co.

A shrewd, documented analysis of the ghastly waste of human life due to superfluities, idleness, bad workmanship, and extravagance.

THE HISTORY OF MATERIALISM. By Frederick Albert Lange. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The best account of a doctrine which has never been theoretically held by many philosophers but which has always been practically used by most men of sense.

THE TAMING OF THE FRONTIER. By Ten Authors. Edited by Duncan Aikman. Minton, Balch & Co.

Pungently if plangently these ten authors, calculating from the meridian of the "American Mercury" and speaking as far as possible in the accents of H. L. Mencken, survey the process of standardization going on in ten Western cities.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER. By Frederic C. Howe. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Primarily the record of a single career which took a scholar through philanthropy, through local politics, through federal officialdom, through disillusion, and into a kind of philosophical retirement, this fascinating book is incidentally a history of public idealism in the United States during the past generation.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Edited by James Weldon Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamond Johnson. Viking Press.

A thoroughly satisfactory collection of the finest achievements in folk-art which this country has produced.

THE TALE OF GENJI. By Lady Murasaki. Translated by Arthur Waley. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A translation from the Japanese of about one sixth of what is called by the translator "by far the greatest novel of the East," and what is certainly one of the greatest novels given to Europe or America in many years.

SOUTH WIND. By Norman Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A novel which is the suave, satirical forerunner, if not the positive ancestor, of the newest school of sophistication in fiction.

DARK LAUGHTER. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni & Liveright.

Another of Anderson's pilgrims leaves his world behind him in search of peace of spirit; the drifting search is recounted with a richness and a precision which Anderson has never before maintained through a long narrative.

COLOR. By Countee Cullen. Harper & Brothers.

Exquisite verse by a poet who promises much and who, though still a boy, has fulfilled much.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER AMERICANS. By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf.

Hilarious caricatures by a young Lochinvar who has come out of Mexico and has carried away all witty hearts.

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The CENTURY MAGAZINE

Vol. III *February*, 1926 No. 4

Being Human

A Great Mayor and What Happened to Him

By Emanie N. Sachs

It happened in New York, a city built of blocks by giant children who dared to defy the sky. They built great gray pillars and golden domes and brownstone towers and spires that whitened in the sun. These were tumbled down to be put up again.

In one of those gray pillars was the mayor's office. And John Purroy Mitchel, New York's newest and youngest mayor, sat on the edge of his desk. His long legs dangled. He twisted them contortively. He was never still.

He had pointed features, like a faun's. His ears, the tip of his large nose, the corners of his thin lips and of his eyelids pointed. His eyes were blue, steely when he was enraged; gray when they twinkled with fun. He was six feet tall and very slender, and he had a quick, alert grace.

"You'd better build you a political machine, John," said his caller, an old friend who wore a frock-coat and a long cigar.

"What for?"

"Oh, to take over the details. . . . You're going to be swamped with every district leader who wants a job for a pet scrubwoman, coming right to you for it. A machine comes in handy in lots of ways. It can set the public pulse and feel it, too. . . ."

"That's all rot," interrupted the young mayor. "This city is like a corporation. I'm its executive — "

"Yeah, I heard you the first time you made that speech. It went fine with the city fighting graft and corruption. This town loves to fight graft and corruption every now and then. Makes everybody feel good. But, son, I'm talking practical politics."

The mayor filled his pipe. His long fingers gathered the tobacco cleanly. Not a grain spilled.

"To hell with practical politics," he said. "This is my job, and I'm going to run it my way."

"Boy, but you're young! Do you think you're going to run it?" The man chewed his long cigar. "Listen. There are 2068 election districts in Greater New York. That means about 4000 back rooms. Some of 'em are clubs. Some of 'em are just the back rooms of saloons. And the first time you forget 'em, boy, they're going to forget you. Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive'll let you alone. They won't even bother to go to the polls to reëlect you.

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But this country is a damned sight more of a democracy than you high-brow reformers give it credit for being!"

"Help! Stop calling me names, you scoundrel." Mitchel, laughing, edged off his desk and put his arm around the shoulder of the frock-coat. The cigar was still unlighted.

Its owner was followed by two men who came to the mayor about the transit question. The men, technical experts, had studied its most complicated feature. It was new to the mayor, but in fifteen minutes he understood it and discussed it in language which was clearer than theirs.

The men left. It was lunch-time. Mitchel began to stride up and down the room. His long fingers reached for a sheaf of tax reports from his drawer. He wanted to take them home that night. He was to have appointments through the rest of the day.

The door opened.

"John," said his secretary, "you're wanted in Brooklyn to-night. You're to tell 'em what a fine borough they've got."

"I can't do that. I'll be busy until midnight with these reports. Get me those notes on pensions."

"You'd better go over there to-night, John. Brooklyn is borough conscious. They have to have 'ray-'ray-Brooklyn stuff."

"That's all rot," said the mayor. "Brooklyn can go to blazes. I don't give a damn. I'm going home."

"Say, I wish you'd use this side door. That outer office is full of people waiting to see you. They won't like it if you go right through without talking to them."

The mayor got into his coat.

"I haven't time to talk to a lot of empty-headed yaps."

The outer office was filled with old friends and new ones, mostly job-hunters. Some twirled hats; others read papers. All looked up when the door from the mayor's office went *"Fff-bang-g!"*

A triumphant, patrician young figure strode through. The head was held high. The blue eyes looked neither to right nor to left. The thin lips, slightly sardonic, pointed in at the corners. The face was aloof.

"Is that the mayor?" whispered a man in a rusty derby.

"Sure. Can't you tell he's the boss?" whispered his neighbor.

"Well, I voted for him, didn't I?" said the man in the rusty derby.

"Yeah. So did I. Wunst. And we're gettin' swell little hand-shakes for our trouble, we are! He looks just like we was dirt."

§ 2

John Mitchel's political career had begun seven years before, because his uncle, John Purroy, had been a friend of Mr. Croker's, late of Tammany Hall. His first appointment came from patronage, mixed with accident, and a little rift between Mayor McClellan and Tammany.

It came also from investigations made by the Citizens' Union, and what John Mitchel made of them came from his power and his brain. He had an amazing supply of both. He could absorb facts and estimate them and act on them. Here he did not have to foresee them.

The Citizens' Union had been investigating city streets. They found supplies illegally bought, without public letting. Favors had been given to

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friends who were more valuable to politics than to the streets, which suffered atrociously under Borough President Ahearn.

The Citizens' Union told the world. Others had told the world and nothing had happened. But the Citizens' Union's telling it coincided with that little rift of Mayor McClellan's. (Ahearn was a Tammany man.) Mayor McClellan sent their report to the commissioner of accounts.

Similar reports had gone to the commissioner of accounts and nothing had happened. This time a special counsel was appointed to investigate it. Mr. Ellison, who made the appointment, was a Democrat and loyal to his friends. He named a lanky young lawyer, John Purroy Mitchel.

So far, John Mitchel had distinguished himself in college as an expert fencer and boxer. He had gone to the West Indies for his law firm and there contracted an infection that gave him violent headaches throughout his life. There he had had an adventure with a tribe of aboriginal Indians, hostile to the diamond mines which his firm represented. One day they surrounded him and his guide. The chief's feathered head-dress outlined against a large tree-trunk. Mitchel shot it, scattering feathers and tribe. This was brisker than parley and simpler than diplomacy. Doubtless it was more effective than either with frightened savages. And it showed Mitchel a quick method of handling a crowd.

At twenty-seven, he had been an embarrassed youngster, totally ignorant about city streets; from the Citizens' Union and from the facts he learned about them. Then Ahearn's counsel protested against a city official's being prosecuted by a representative of the city's law department.

The inquiry adjourned.

"We'll ask Van Skal to resign and appoint Mitchel commissioner of accounts," said Mayor McClellan. To Mitchel this gave unquestioned authority.

He used it. It brought about the dismissal of Ahearn and three other borough presidents. It brought about a reorganization of the Board of Water Supply, the discovery of rotten fire-hose and of rotten practices with public funds. It gave Mitchel a clear view of inefficiency. Through investigation he learned each department from the inside.

No man ever had such a laboratory training for mayoralty, and for mistaking the trees for the forest. He thought that city government was taxation and administration, never realizing that it was people.

Had he realized it, he would have ignored it. Being an idealist and an aristocrat, he dealt with a world as it ought to be.

Now he had made a vital job of a perfunctory one. He had searched for truths, found them, proclaimed them. He had neither measured motives nor created policies, nor had he been in contact with the public. Again he had shot at the head-dresses of hostile chieftains, scattering feathers and tribes.

He was made collector of the port, then president of the Board of Aldermen. When Mayor Gaynor was shot, Mitchel became mayor. Later New York elected him.

New York was voting against something. It was voting against graft, a nice, clear issue. Each man who voted for Mitchel voted for honesty. This

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would swing the vast army of independent voters and elect any fusion candidate who had also the Republican machine, plus the "New York American," which said:

"The paramount issue is whether this always active, always aggressive, always alert and intelligent man of thirty-four who has devoted seven years' hard work to the problems of city government; who has turned more rascals out of office than any other man; who is under obligations to no party and to no individual, but who has never trimmed or faltered in keeping any promise to the public, shall be elected mayor, or whether the city government shall lapse back again to the . . . wastefulness, inefficiency and corruption of Tammany."

Mitchel's stand against the dual subway contracts was against the "interests." Conservative papers called him radical, even socialistic. Others called him the "friend of the people." They made him a demagogue when he was not one. But the people wanted a demagogue, and they thought they had it in this "young fighting mayor." They loved his youth and his integrity and his good looks and his having fought for them. He was elected in 1913 by a majority of 121,000 votes.

§ 3

And so into the mayor's office came a young humanitarian with no sense of humanity. He would not kiss dirty babies; he would imperil his career to fight conditions which had kept them dirty.

Actually he liked to fight. He liked to work and to shoot and to dance and to flirt. He was of Spanish and Irish descent. He applied his pride, his integrity, his courage, his logic, and his stubbornness to his public life. From it, he kept his intuition, his magnetism, his vividness, his passion, and his petulance. From the people he kept the qualities they would have adored. He, who was naturally dramatic, would not dramatize himself for them, though they loved drama. They oughtn't to love drama; they ought to love an efficient administration.

That he gave to them. He surrounded himself with experts who knew everything about cities and nothing about people. Together they alienated every group in New York save that small and passive minority which judges an administration by its constructive accomplishment. They didn't know that New York preferred dirty streets, with Brother Mike on the job, to having them cleaned by a foreign engineer.

They made a scientific study of the street-cleaning department. They found that street-cleaners could be put on part time, thus saving the city thousands of dollars, while scrubbing it as much as before. On charts, this figured beautifully.

To stimulate effort, medals were given to the man with the best outfit, the best groomed horse, and the best kept instruments.

One day Frank Dowling was bestowing these medals.

"Say, Bill," said he to a winner, "how many days did you work this week?"

"Two, sor," said Bill.

"Two days' pay, eh? I guess you'll have to hock this medal to pay your rent, won't you, Bill?"

Frank Dowling belonged to the left wing of Mitchel's cabinet. Its members understood Mitchel intuitively;

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he was devoted to them. They touched his human side; they gave and took of magnetism, which was something you couldn't reason about; therefore, Mitchel discounted it. He wouldn't listen to them.

He listened to his right wing because they were men of the highest caliber. Their integrity was unquestionable, their ability renowned. Any one of them was capable of running a big business successfully. All of them could draw charts.

They charted the police department. Bills were passed to put checks on it. They made it the most efficient police department that New York had ever known. You could get no favors from its chief. You could get any favor from the kitchen cabinet which formed below stairs. Rats played there, nibbling at cheese. But the chief in his parlor never heard their squeals of delight.

There was a rule that the man who protested an order, or who asked a friend to intercede for him, must be punished. This was a necessary measure.

But there was a young officer, who had saved hard-earned pennies to buy for a very new little wife a very new little home in Brooklyn. Just as he made the last payment on it, he was transferred to the Bronx. He did not dare to protest.

A tender-hearted man on his "beat" knew an Important Person in the police department. Without telling the young officer, he approached this Important Person. Whereupon the young officer was moved to even further confines of the Bronx. He had broken a rule. He must be punished. His friend's tender heart bled in vain. It was taken to Mitchel.

"I can't interfere," said Mitchel. "I don't meddle in the departments. And you can't say that this city isn't better policed than it ever has been."

Even a bleeding heart could not say it. The city was better policed than it had ever been. Vagrant crooks sought other cities. Crimes were few, and criminals were caught. These were facts that people forgot. They remembered pathetic little human stories which made their hearts bleed. Moreover, they forgot that they liked to have them bleed.

§ 4

Brooklyn was annoyed at its mayor. He had offended its borough consciousness. (He said that borough consciousness was rot.) He wouldn't speak there. And he wouldn't consider the superior merit of Brooklynites when he made appointments. He would consider nothing but the merit of the person appointed.

He wouldn't even consider his party. In fact, you couldn't tell what his party was. The Republican machine, dismayed, found that it was not Republican. He would not give the Republican machine—he would not give anything—any patronage.

He was approached about a lady who wanted to be chairman of the Child Welfare Board. She was backed by a powerful influence which had helped to elect him.

"She could swing the job all right," said the approacher, one of Mitchel's left wing.

"Has she had any training? Is she an expert?"

"We-ll. Not exactly."

"Then she isn't the right person."

"She's mighty right in one way, John. This would be a good move."

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The mayor pounded his desk.

"I'll be hanged if I make it," he said. "If I yield one inch in that quarter, I'm done for."

"I'm not so sure, but I'm blamed sure that if you don't, you're done for," groaned the man.

"I won't be dictated to!" the mayor flared. His blue eyes steeled. His patrician head lifted, alert. "Now. You've been in Albany. What's the yapping about that police bill?"

As the man talked, Mitchel flashed in a question, cleared a point here, a snag there. He literally absorbed the man's mind.

But a few months after his election, the "New York American," which had helped to elect him, said:

"It may be merely a coincidence, but it is a fact, that the support Mayor Mitchel produced for his bills at Albany was mainly from the silk-hatted, fur-coated class."

Since the mayor could not dramatize himself for the people, his enemies would dramatize him for them. Though elected as the "friend of the people," as a demagogue (which he was not), he had become the "friend of the rich." The people felt betrayed.

He performed for his enemies. He refused to attend passover balls and Labor day rallies. He said: "I'll be damned if I will. I work hard, don't I? I'm human. I've got to have some recreation. I want to dance with my friends. Now, about this home rule question. Let's put it through."

He went on dancing with his friends, though he had pitifully little time for them. But the public resented his dancing and the fact that his friends had wealth. Boyishly, Mitchel enjoyed pretty women in pretty clothes, a good floor to dance on and good music. He liked sport. For recreation he sought his own kind.

People like a nice clear issue.

John Mitchel had begun to alienate factions because he would give them no patronage. He was beginning to alienate the people at large. Elected as the "friend of the people," he had become the "friend of the rich." That was a nice clear issue.

In the second month of his administration there was a snow-storm for which nobody but God could be blamed. But the "New York American" had it:

"Why does the mayor need to go to Tuxedo to coast? Mr. Fetherston can furnish him with snow right here at home."

At Tuxedo you consort with the rich.

And in back rooms, where men huddled around oil-stoves which gave no heat, they said:

"Yeah. The mayor's having a swell time coastin' with his swell friends. Coastin'. Our street's so bad they can't get into it to get the slop. Snow's two feet high. My wife slipped on an orange-peel this morning. Hurt her leg, too. That's the kind of coastin' we do! And we ain't wearin' any fur coats to do it in, neither."

Mitchel ignored the necessity for party organization. He saw no sense in it. He, who could penetrate any fact expressed in figures, could penetrate none that concerned human beings whom he neither knew nor liked.

His left wing begged him to cultivate district leaders.

"Rot! I don't see where those ivory-heads come in. They're all for themselves. I haven't time for them," he would say.

He had no time. No man ever

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worked harder or longer. But the district leaders feared and disliked him.

One of them asked to meet Mitchel at a public dinner. He admired Mitchel extravagantly. With real hero worship, he had talked to his crowd about "our fighting mayor." He came forward, beaming; every line in his round face was an upward curve. This was the event of his life. His hand was outstretched.

The mayor had had a hard day. He had dressed for dinner in four minutes because he had been studying a survey of the civil service which was to change it permanently. It was to alienate eighty-five thousand civil service workers and to influence the civil service conditions in the progressive cities of Europe.

At any time John Mitchel hated gush. He was shy. And he was talking to a pretty girl. There was to be dancing.

"John, I want you to meet Tom Brown. He's a good friend of yours," said the man who wore a frock-coat and a long cigar.

The mayor wheeled. Perfectly garbed in perfect evening-clothes, he looked the imperious young patrician.

"How do you do? How are you?" he said coldly. His blue eyes did not see the outstretched hand. He turned his back. To the pretty girl he said, "May I have the first dance?"

After that Tom Brown, hating him, said that he was just a machine, he wasn't human. He was "as cold as the devil."

Others said he was "as peppery as hell." For he was subject to explosions and rages, when he would curse and throw books and knock down chairs.

Once while he was conferring about the city's prisons (he and his commissioner did wonders with the city's prisons) his secretary announced an important visitor.

"I'm busy," said the mayor in his crisp way. "He'll have to wait."

The conference went on about city prisons. Marvelously the mayor was absorbing each fact and its significance. As he strode with great strides, restless, up and down the room, his mind went on two tracks at once. It was understanding the situation and planning what to do with it.

The secretary came back. The visitor, a personage, was not used to waiting. He objected to the process.

"I don't give a hooray who he is. Can't you see I'm busy, you bonehead? That's all rot, he can't wait." The mayor's thin nostrils quivered. He calmed. "What would be the best thing to do?" he asked, back at prisons again.

But the best thing was not a politic thing.

"Could you afford to do that?"

"Could I!" Any dare would create his decision. "I'll bring it up at the Board of Estimate next week."

The door opened again. "John, he says —" the secretary began.

The mayor pounded his desk. He seized a book and flung it. His face whitened. His eyes narrowed to steel-blue slits. "You damned fool!" he shouted. "Ivory-head! Haven't you got sense enough to see that I'm busy? Get out of here!"

The secretary turned. His face whitened, too. He put his hand on the door-knob. His shoulders sagged.

John Mitchel saw them. Suddenly his whole face changed. He smiled, and nobody could resist John Mitchel's smile.

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"Teddy," he said softly, "I love you."

Such scenes would have appealed to the people's dramatic sense. Few learned of them, for what has drama to do with an efficient mayoralty?

John Mitchel had terrific headaches, which sometimes lasted for twelve hours, racking him almost unconscious. And sometimes he would work until midnight when his pointed features were twisted and swollen with pain. The people never learned of this, though it would have touched them. But what has personal suffering to do with an efficient mayoralty?

He went to a doctor, who ordered a diet and a strict régime that Mitchel was too impatient to follow. He said: "The doctor thinks I'm doing all that. He doesn't know how I'm fooling him."

The people never saw the boy in him. They never saw him when he was discouraged, when he slumped down into a chair and said: "I guess I'm no use anyway. I guess I'm just a rotten sort."

Mitchel adored his mother. He spent every Sunday evening with her, no matter what might call him elsewhere. A photograph of "The Young Mayor Asking His Mother's Advice" would have won support from a sentimental public. John Mitchel would have cursed any man who suggested it.

Occasionally he allowed himself to be photographed, "Canoeing in the Adirondacks."

He was an aristocrat. He had even a feudal attitude toward erring subjects if he happened to come into personal contact with them.

There was a nimble person who used money, supplied to Bellevue Hospital for delicacies to comfort the sick, to supply delicacies for his friends. He gave champagne suppers with it. Though nimble, he had fears. He burned the account-books and then feared for his soul, whereupon he confessed to a priest, who advised him to tell Mitchel about it. Mitchel had him discharged, and arranged matters at Bellevue so that such a thing could never recur. And when this nimble person had no job and no food, it was Mitchel who got both for him, in a niche where his talent for graft could not function.

Mitchel liked to be liked. In certain moods he could like the crowd itself. He might protest, "Everybody runs this place but me; where do I come in?" but he could occasionally be persuaded to do things.

A love-feast was arranged on the East Side one night. There were to be speeches. And the climax was to be the presentation to the mayor of a statue two feet high.

The speeches were made, and the statue was given. The mayor accepted both, with all his grace and his charm.

On the way home, he said, "It was a pretty nice evening, wasn't it?" Boyishly he exulted over its success.

Suddenly he gasped. He put his hand to his head. "My God!" he shouted, "I forgot that damned statue."

§ 5

He was said to be antisuffrage.

Actually, he believed in woman-suffrage. But some suffrage committee, seeking a favor, sent an emissary who was long on facts and short on tact. She was homely. She had a tart voice.

"Now, Mr. Mayor," she began. She rehearsed the suffrage movement, tak-

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ing the line that somehow he, being a man, was to blame.

The mayor looked bored. He had a way of shortening interviews with pungent questions of his own. She ignored them. She told him what he was to do and when. She told him what he was to say and where.

"That isn't a thing I can do," said the mayor.

And he wouldn't. His cabinet tried to persuade him. They told him that it would be reported that he was anti-suffrage. It was. Tart voices carry far. But the mayor wouldn't be pushed.

Once his mind was made up, you couldn't change it, though where no human factor entered he always sought advice before any decision. He would seek it from experts, and absorb it expertly. He was ever eager to learn.

He learned about the Gary school plan. The children could rotate their lessons with carpentry and cooking and garden work, thus solving the problem of the New York school-children for whom there were not enough seats. Childless himself, schools were an abstraction to Mitchel, but he studied them from every available source, and said: "This is clear. Let's put it through."

Of course the public slurred the merits of the Gary plan, which faced the fact that there were not enough school seats, and they blamed the Gary plan for trying to put the children on part time. The public slurred the fact that on any other plan many children would be on no time at all. Gary was a steel magnate. The plan had his name. Again Mitchel was being the friend of the rich.

The "New York American" said: "I am opposed to Mayor Mitchel because he has made the public schools the football of politics and the sport of faddists. He has put our children on half rations of education when in a republic the hope of the State is the fully educated and enlightened intelligence of the coming generation." And again, "He is now seeking to deliver the schools to the Rockefeller interests under an innovation called the Gary Plan. . . ."

When some one suggested that the plan be called by some less gilded name, Mitchel blazed: "Truckle to 'em? Give in? I should say not!"

And in that super-corner-grocery known as Tammany Hall, leaders rejoiced. In back rooms all over the city, men were saying:

"Huh! He'll teach our boys to be carpenters, will he? He'll teach our girls how to cook, will he? Aren't they as good as he is, he and his rich friends? Does he think we're sending them to school to learn how to work for him and his kind? Like hell we are!"

The charities were the storm-center of Mitchel's administration. When he came into office he had reason to believe that funds given by the city for the support of twenty-two thousand children in private charitable institutions were not used for that purpose. An investigation blacklisted Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic institutions.

The storm blew hardest over the city asylum at Randalls Island. Its superintendent, Mrs. Dumphy, had influential friends. She told Commissioner Kingsbury that he was the fourth commissioner to try getting her out. The others had failed; he would fail also.

To Mitchel the commissioner said, "You know who Mrs. Dumphy is, don't you?"

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"Don't let that bother you," said the mayor. "Kick her in the pants."

It was a long kick.

In a public hearing it was asserted that Mayor Mitchel had taken God out of the hearts of little children.

"What do you say to that, Mr. Mayor?" he was asked.

"Your Honor," he answered, "I was trying to take the lice out of their heads."

Mrs. Dumphy was a Catholic; Mitchel himself was a Catholic. Fellow-churchmen begged him to fight from the inside and not from the outside. His right wing said, "Oh, well, if you want to compromise . . ."

Whereupon Mitchel flared:

"I won't compromise. I have to keep my self-respect. I won't let them dictate to me. I can't do it their way."

Concerned in this affair was an unfrocked Protestant minister named Potter, who was charged with having received financial assistance from charitable institutions whose accounts he audited while he was employed in the Department of Finance. Under Mitchel's orders telephone wires leading from Potter to a priest's house were tapped to get at facts needed for the investigation. Friends begged Mitchel to see Cardinal Farley before publishing this story, to let the cardinal handle his own erring priest.

An appointment was to be arranged. But instead of asking for it with proper respect, one of Mitchel's secretaries telephoned the cardinal's office thus: "The cardinal wants to see Mayor Mitchel. What time shall we make it?"

The answer came: "No time. His Eminence does not want to see the mayor." For cardinals do not "want to see" mayors. Mayors ask to see them.

The wire-tapping story was sprung. It sprang even further than Mrs. Dumphy's kick.

However Mitchel alienated the temporal powers of his church, he remained a Catholic. He claimed that it was the only consistent faith.

One night at a Catholic gathering, a priest spoke to him.

"You don't know me, Mr. Mayor."

"You have the advantage of me; you have the advantage of me," said the mayor in his quick way.

"I am the pastor of your parish."

The mayor threw back his head and laughed.

But people, hearing this, were convinced that a Catholic who had "attacked his church"—for kicks at Mrs. Dumphy and Potter were so interpreted—and didn't know his own pastor must be no longer of the faith. They didn't know that there was another priest from the Jesuit College in Brooklyn who had the right of way to the mayor's office past any one. They didn't know that Mitchel chose the confessor he wanted, regardless of geographical efficiency.

They were never allowed to know anything that they would have liked to hear.

§ 6

And Mitchel went on telling the public how he would reduce their taxes from $2.75 to $2.50 a thousand, when they wanted to hear jokes. He went on putting things through on their merits, forgetting Brother Mike and remembering administrative efficiency.

Although he had liked to fight, he was growing weary of fighting. By

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nature a heroic warrior, he could not endure pettiness. It was petty to fight lice in children's heads, to fight dollar graft and ward-heelers, to be hammered in the papers because of his pleasures and his friends, to be banged at by one faction and preached at by another, because he wouldn't consider human prejudices and he would consider human rights.

He had had the equipment and the desire for a political career, and he had lost the desire. A political career meant compromise and catering. Mitchel could do neither. A political career demanded personal decorum. Mitchel, still a boy, wanted a "good time." He was human. And because he liked to dance, the "New York American" pronounced him:

"Svelte as a fawn in a natural history,
Limber and swift as a young kangaroo,
With all of the Russians' interpretive mystery,
He shakes his emotional shoe.
Opinions may differ about his ability,
The fussy may look at his record askance,
But there can't be a doubt of his grace and agility;
John Purroy Mitchel knows how to dance!"

Certainly this proved that he was human and not a machine. But the people detested his brand of humanity. They detested a dancing mayor who danced with society people whom they could not know. Had he danced with ten of his own children on a parental farm, he would have been "our John." To dance with the Vanderbilts was sinister. He was "their Jack."

Meanwhile the war came. Mitchel got into it before America did. He denounced everybody who didn't have his brand of patriotism. Offending thousands, he expressed his own fighting soul. Here was a chance for heroic warriors. Here was no pettiness. Here, to him, was a nice clear issue. The kaiser was a hostile chieftain who could be shot.

When the foreign commissions arrived, he welcomed them perfectly. To New York's best element, who would be golfing on election day, this was a deep human appeal.

Marshal Joffre came. At his reception, the mayor, unprepared, was called on to speak. He gave no statistics this time. He strode to the edge of the platform. He was a winning, patrician figure, with his poise and his dignity and his charm.

"This is Marshal Joffre. He stopped them at the Marne." That was all he said.

The crowd went wild. New York's best element insisted that John Mitchel must run for reëlection.

John Mitchel did not want to run for reëlection. Each month he had to struggle to make ends meet. He had no money, and he liked luxury. In business he could have both. He could exercise his administrative ability without benefit of Brother Mike. He wanted to go to war and then into business.

But the best element said it was his duty to protect New York from the Germans.

"All right," said he, "I'll run. But I'm a lamb led to the slaughter. I know it's no use."

§ 7

If the charities were the storm-center of Mitchel's administration, the

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West Side plan was its earthquake. The West Side plan would have given the New York Central a perpetual right to have its tracks underground along the upper West Side. While this would redeem Riverside Drive, it would save the railroad millions of dollars.

Mitchel studied it from every angle. To him, it seemed a constructive achievement. He told two friends about it at the Bankers' Club one day.

"It's a fine plan," said his friend, "but it's political dynamite in a campaign year."

In childlike wonder, Mitchel's blue eyes widened. "It is?" he asked. "Why?"

"Dealing in millions with large corporations won't appeal to the Vox Populi."

"But this is the best plan we can find."

"To bury you under, John."

"But look at its merits," Mitchel insisted.

"Nobody's interested in the merits of any plan. Everybody will be devilishly interested in the amount of money involved and in the fact that it concerns a big corporation." They were.

The man who wore a frock-coat and a long cigar came to see Mitchel.

"See here, son," he said, "you're riding for a mighty big fall. Why don't you put out feelers in the papers? See how the people are going to take this idea. Remember you're giving franchises in perpetuity. Educate the public to it first."

"What! I haven't time to let a lot of empty-headed yaps pass on it. What do they know about it?"

The man groaned. "All right," he waved his unlighted cigar. "It's your funeral. But for Pete's sake, while you're dealing with the capitalists, stop dancing with them! You can do that, can't you?"

"I'll be hanged if I can!" said John Mitchel. "I work for the city, don't I? I'm not going to play for it! Haven't I the right to choose my friends?"

The man reached for his derby. "You have the right. But that isn't the point. Aren't you ever going to learn that things are as they are and not as they ought to be? You blamed young fool!"

Mitchel put his arm around the man's shoulder.

"This is no time for truckling, old man. This is the time for fighting," he said.

§ 8

It was January, 1917. Mitchel had been working until midnight at the City Hall, trying to reduce the city's indebtedness. And from the City Hall, through a hard rain, he went to the Ritz Hotel to join his wife and some friends.

The ball-room glittered with crystal and glowed with rose silk and the shimmer of green draperies. Lovely women, lustrously dressed, sat with men in blackest cloth and whitest linen at tables which circled around a shining dance-floor. Obsequious waiters served rosy bits of lobster and dusky caviar. Music played, music that beat-beat-beat on your brain and thrilled on your nerves.

The mayor danced. Ah, life was joy when it merged into rhythm and beauty; when all of you merged into

"Po-or but-ter-fly, te tum-te tum-te tumm,
All a-lone she is wait-ing;
He will come back to her
Bye and bye, te tum-te tum-te tumm."

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Oh, the world was sweet when you lost yourself in something that was like electricity, starting in your throat, filling your heart, making you one with youth and motion and sound.

But it grew late. The mayor's party started for home.

While they waited for their cars, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt waited for hers. Hers didn't come. The rain fell faster and faster. Mitchel, who knew her slightly, offered a lift. (Cornelius Vanderbilt was Mitchel's friend.)

As the Mitchel car, turning west at Fifty-seventh Street, reached Sixth Avenue, there was a collision with another automobile—a sickening thud—a grinding of brakes—the screech of wheels swerved swiftly. The impact was between the right rear wheel of the other car, which belonged to a man named Sherrill, and the mudguard of Mitchel's machine. Nobody was hurt. Neither car was seriously damaged. But it was an unpleasant shock.

With Mitchel were his wife, some old friends, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. And Mrs. Vanderbilt's presence, advertised, would only dramatize Mitchel's nickname, the Little Brother to the Rich. And his West Side plan was supposed to favor the "interests."

Mitchel didn't think of this. In a flash he was out of his car and at the side of the Sherrill chauffeur.

"Where do you think you're going?" said he. "What do you mean by driving like this? Where's an officer?"

A crowd gathered. Somebody ran for an officer.

"Put this man under arrest and take him to jail!" said Mitchel.

"I don't think you can put me in jail. I haven't committed any crime," the chauffeur protested.

"Oh, officer! Here you are! I am the mayor of New York. I want you to put this man in jail."

"But what am I to arrest him for?"

"You have your orders!" Mitchel returned to his car.

The chauffeur couldn't be put in jail. He was given a summons for violating the rules of the road.

The case, drenched in publicity, was taken to court. The mayor contended that only the quickness of his chauffeur saved the lives of his party. He said the Sherrill chauffeur was going forty miles an hour. Sherrill denied this. He said that Mitchel had used his official position. Mitchel said, "I don't care to enter into a controversy with a fellow like that."

But the party in Mitchel's car included Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Later, a cartoon appeared in the "New York American." It portrayed the New York Central as king, robed in ermine and wearing a crown. With a scepter he touched a kneeling Mitchel, saying: "Rise, Jack and be one of us. You are a credit to our set."

The kneeling Mitchel's answer was: "Joy! The Vanderbilt bunch calls me Jack!"

Men said: "Let 'em call him Jack. They won't be calling him mayor much longer. Not if I'm running this district. Selling the city to the interests so they'll carry him around in society. We'll elect a mayor who's a friend of the people!"

They didn't believe that John Mitchel had given them the most honest, the most efficient administration that a man could give a city. Being human, they allowed facts to get lost in animosities.

The Republican party hated him be-

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cause he gave them no patronage; so did the Democrats. District leaders hated him for snubbing them. He had antagonized the Catholic Church. He said, "The state must keep its hands off the altar of the church, and the church must keep its hands off the altar of the state." He antagonized the German element. He went to war before America did. He put the buying of city supplies on a scientific basis, thus saving the city thousands which would have gone to contractors and an army of laborers who hated him for taking it from them. When he wasn't creating a group animosity, he was alienating an individual.

In 1913 he had been elected by a majority of 121,000 votes. He was defeated in 1917 by a majority of 147,000. Elected as the friend of the people, he was defeated as the friend of the rich. For voters, wanting human issues, clear simple issues, were presented with them.

§ 9

In a back room on Third Avenue, fumes from black cigars and blacker pipes circled and sank. The windows were never opened. It was a barren room, furnished with a few rickety chairs, a table, and several brass spittoons which gleamed dully. An oil-stove *sszzz-sszzz-ed* and smelled.

It was a district club, where men gathered and talked.

In one corner stood a red-faced man with curly gray hair. He had wide, kindly gray eyes and a mouth with a cruel twist at the side.

"Boys," he was saying, "we've got to do something about Robinson. He's been having trouble with Officer O'Grady again."

"What's the gaff this time?"

"Leaving his ash-cans out front after hours. If he loses this job, we'll never find him another as janitor, and that's sure. He'd forget his head if it didn't grow on him."

"How about thim tiniments on West a Hundredth Street?"

"His missus doesn't like the West Side. Her relations are all over here."

A man who wore a frock-coat and a long cigar sauntered in and over to the corner. "Well, Brother Mike, how's tricks?" said he.

"Never better. But I see your friend Mitchel's lost his job. He had it coming to him. That guy wasn't any human being anyhow. He's just one of these efficiency machines."

"Think so? Well, take it from me, if he'd been a little more efficient he'd 'a' had you fellows eating out of his hands. He'd 'a' been cool enough to handle this town."

"I don't get you," said Mike, twisting his mouth.

"He thought running this town was a matter of taxation and administration. See? When he found he was wrong, he didn't like it, and wouldn't give in. He was too human to know when he was wrong, and to ever give in about anything. He was a fellow that banked a lot on whether he liked you or not, and whether you hit him right. Aw, he was just a kid. Liked a good time, and not efficient enough to choose friends who'd be a help to him. Mike, his trouble was, he was just too damned human."

For the man who wore a frock-coat and a long cigar knew that John Mitchel had been too human to realize that the body politic was human. And the body politic was too human to realize that he was human.

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The Religious Refugee

The Non-Combatant, as Usual, Is the Chief Sufferer

By Gerald W. Johnson

It is my pleasure to number among my acquaintances several academic gentlemen who are regarded by large numbers of their fellow-citizens as something in the nature of regrettable incidents that must not be allowed to happen again. These gentlemen are teachers of various branches of science that have to do with palæontology. Earnest efforts are being made to deprive them of their professional positions and to strip them of all authority, dignity, and prestige in the academic world. In a word, formidable powers seek their ruin. Yet they are, without exception, blithe spirits, intellectual sword-blades, if you please, bright and keen.

I have the honor also of the acquaintance of certain leaders of the movement to cast into the ignominy of outer darkness all biologists, geologists, behavioristic psychologists, and the like. These leaders see visions that seem to me sufficiently appalling. From their private as well as public utterances I gather that they contemplate the possibility, if not the probability, of the total destruction of religious faith, which, in their opinion, involves the repeal of the moral law. They envisage the dissolution of all the bonds that hold the social structure together. Yet if no one would venture to describe them as gay dogs, still they are not melancholiacs. They customarily go into action with the grim resolution that must have characterized Cromwell's Ironsides and that certainly characterizes a Southern police squad raiding a negro crap game. One is left with the impression that, like the Ironsides and the patrolmen, they find a stern but tremendous joy in the impact when they crash through and scatter the devil's myrmidons.

Thus the great religious war of the twentieth century goes on, as far as the active combatants are concerned, right merrily, as wars usually go among the men who fill the trenches. The Modernist professor who sees ruin rising before him feels every emotion except sorrow. The Fundamentalist clergyman who sees hell opening at his children's feet is not acquainted with grief. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, the war-horse saith among the trumpets, "Ha, ha!"

But this generation's unusually complete schooling in tragedy has taught it where to look for woe when war breaks out. We all know that the profoundest suffering is not to be found in a shell-whipped field where the infantrymen are dropping faster

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than one can count, or even in the hospitals where the wreckage of the battle is swept up. The most hopeless misery is to be found along roads bordered with clocks and cradles and bundles tied up in quilts. There the vacant-faced refugees trudge endlessly from the wrath behind toward a cold and hopeless vacuity ahead. From the first shot it matters not who wins the war; they are certain to lose it. They march forever and never fight. They bear all hardships and no medals. They die in huge numbers but without glory. Surely their fate is worthy of a passing word of pity, even in war's alarms.

But they seldom get even that. Dr. Jacques Loeb and Mr. William J. Bryan are bewailed by countless thousands. To be sure, the obsequies of each gave intense and wide-spread satisfaction, also; but each had mourners to beat their breasts and dolefully proclaim that a prince and a great man had fallen. The dust that thickens over the arena has not blotted them out. On the contrary, looming through it indistinctly, their figures already assume a superhuman stature. They verge upon the legendary. But the man who is neither Modernist nor Fundamentalist, but merely religious, may be trampled underfoot, and few will realize that he is gone.

§ 2

Yet one who has come into personal contact with the refugees remembers them when the lines of guns and caissons and lorries and marching men have almost faded from his mind. It is my fortune—whether good or ill I am not sure—to be acquainted also with some of the refugees of this war; and there is nothing else in the Modernist-Fundamentalist controversy quite so moving as their suffering. It is high time that at least one despatch from the front should take note of it.

For instance, I could name a certain ecclesiastic who is typical. It has become somewhat the fashion to speak lightly of ecclesiastics, because some of them have shown themselves so light that they bring the average weight of the whole class close to the imponderable. Still, I have the temerity to ask serious consideration of the present state of an ecclesiastic. The man is an intelligent clergyman, which, in the South at least, is not yet a contradiction in terms. He has a streak of the mystic in him. That, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of certain scientists, is by no means incompatible with a high degree of intelligence, but in so far as the present religious combat is concerned it is the equivalent of flat feet. It renders the man so afflicted unfit for service.

For a mystic obviously cannot qualify as any sort of materialist, and in the tremendously active and arduous campaign now in progress none but able-bodied materialists are fit to march under either banner. The behavioristic psychologist, who makes John Calvin resemble a twin brother of Arminius as regards predestination, is all right. His doctrine that his whole physical, mental, and moral future was long since predestined by the mating or mismating of chromosomes is materialistic enough to carry him through the hottest theological encounter. The literalist, with his conception that the whole world might be damned by a printer's error, is materialistic enough to meet the psychologist on even terms. Whether

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one stakes his hope of salvation on baptism or on metabolism, he stakes it on a physical process and he is not in any wise handicapped by spirituality. He can fight unimpeded.

But my friend the ecclesiastic gags at both doctrines. His mysticism humbles him. He conceives that it is possible for him to be mistaken. He is acutely aware of the truth of Guedalla's assertion that any stigma will do to beat a dogma, and therefore eschews dogma, scientific or theological. I have no doubt that if one were to present to him to-morrow irrefutable proof that the pavement of heaven does not consist of a metallic element bearing the chemical symbol Au, having a specific gravity of 19.2 and an atomic weight of 197, he would, far from being appalled, not even be much interested. If one brought him Mrs. Lot's forefinger and demonstrated by laboratory tests that it did not consist and never had consisted of sodium chloride, he would consider it merely an irrelevant detail. How, then, is it possible for him to become excited over the fact that modern biology texts accept the Darwinian hypothesis of organic evolution as the best guess made to date?

This same mysticism has always caused him to cherish a certain distrust of the more ruthless manifestations of Calvinism. I suspect him of harboring a secret belief that old John was a good bit of an idiot anyhow, and Calvinism seems to him no less idiotic when it is presented under the name of behavioristic psychology. About the future life he may hesitate to venture an opinion, but he clings to the fixed idea that neither God nor chemistry has condemned many men to destruction in this life. He will not be shaken from the belief that the average man has within him the capacity to choose between good and evil, because God has not willed that he shall go to hell, and neither has chemistry decreed that he shall go to the electric chair for a murder done on account of inscrutable reactions within his body cells.

Obviously my friend is a noncombatant in the present conflict. But he happens to be an ecclesiastic, which is to say, he lives within the war zone. To his charge have been committed certain interests of his church. With his inveterate mysticism, he persists in regarding that charge as a sacred one. As the shell-fire increases, and the interests he cherishes are progressively knocked to pieces, his state becomes forlorn indeed. He cannot fall back upon predestination and say, "Since God has willed all this uproar, I should worry." He cannot fall back upon behaviorism and trace the whole situation to some unknowable and unpredictable mechanistic accident which he could not prevent and therefore might as well regard philosophically. All that he can remember is that it is he who was given the responsibility of taking care of this little plot of earth through which the high-explosive shells are ripping, and he cannot avoid the belief that it is his duty to salvage all that can be saved.

The particular part of the work of his church over which he has supervision has been going to pot for two years. Nobody any longer pays attention to his appeals, not that any one denies their justice, but because the crescendo thunder of the guns drowns his voice completely. Who can be interested in pruning and

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cultivating the vineyard of the Lord while the doctors of divinity and the doctors of philosophy are bayoneting and dynamiting each other all over the place? Even if the workmen do not take sides, the show is too stupendous to expect them to wield their tools vigorously while it goes on. So my friend the ecclesiastic looks on, frantic but helpless, while collections dwindle, attendance dwindles, interest in the work of the church dwindles steadily toward the vanishing-point.

§ 3

In the long range of the absolute, measured by the criterion of ultimate truth, it may well enough be that the shooting up of this farmstead is wholly inconsequential. But that point of view is absolutely unattainable by the distracted owner as he watches the roof go up and the walls come down. He was engaged, a few years ago, in building hospitals, in endowing schools, in establishing and maintaining churches in remote and poverty-stricken communities. Delusion or not, it is his firm belief that when the physically lame walk, the mentally blind receive their sight, and the poor have the gospel preached to them, the work is both good and important. At present he is engaged in stopping prospective enlargements of hospitals, in narrowing and reducing the curricula of schools, in closing churches in fields that have been fruitful, all in order to bring his expenditures within his narrowing income. Even since this war waxed furious some have continued faithful, which means that some hospitals can be kept open, some schools can be maintained, some missionary preachers can be kept at their posts. In a desperate endeavor to save the largest possible proportion of the work, my friend is working at a pace that means hardened arteries and frayed nerves. His sleep decreases as his gray hairs increase. At any moment he may become a casualty on the field.

As it happens, the militant members of this cleric's sect are largely enlisted under the Fundamentalist banner, and they have scant sympathy to waste on him. He stands by the side of the road, guarding his clock and his cradle and his quiltful of pitiful odds and ends, wringing his hands as the troops march by. Perhaps they do not actually jeer him, but they certainly do not cheer him. Their thoughts are tinged with scorn. He has little to do, they think, to be fussing about collections when the army is on the march to make the world safe for theocracy. Great events are impending. Every wood and ravine is filled with artillery standing wheel to wheel. Every road is choked with marching columns as division on division deploys for the assault that presently will shake the world. And all that he can think about is his wretched little field and farmstead, all that he can do is struggle to drag some valuables out of danger. The gross materialist!

If a Modernist detachment passed, it would be no better. This fellow, they would say, claims to be an orthodox Christian, but he will not even stand up and fight us. All he can think of is the effect of the war on the worldly affairs of his church, and the disaster to his finances and his organization fills his mind to the complete exclusion of higher considerations. A priestly politician. A sanctified opportunist. A spiritual father without

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as much spirituality as a bacteriologist or a psychiatrist. Faugh!

So there my friend the ecclesiastic stands, target for the contempt of both sides. Stronger is the contempt of the complete cynic, who understands what is in his mind and acquits him readily enough of sordid aims, but sees in him only a pathetic imbecile, suffering horribly in his effort to preserve something for the benefit of war-crazed fools who, if they ever come back, will never give him a word of thanks for his trouble.

He is not a materialist, but is he an imbecile? It must be taken into consideration that, after all, refugees do come back. When the armies have warred to exhaustion, when one has been defeated and the other disbanded, then the flood of the dispossessed streams in again. In the long run the artillery cannot compete with them for possession of the land any more successfully than it can compete with the grass. A single season's cultivation of the most hotly contested field will wipe out or conceal the deepest scars of battle.

In this simple truth the mystic sees his parable and will not be persuaded that it is a false analogy, because he believes that the same Voice that said, "Let the earth bring forth grass," speaks to him, not, indeed, in words printed or spoken, and not in stained slides under a microscope, but in ways too subtle for him to understand, much less explain. If parados and parapet along the hills of Picardy have become mere grassy hummocks, if cattle pasture in the gun-emplacements of Verdun, the Power that wrought this work is certainly greater than the wrath of man, so why set any boundary to it? It operated before there were either Bibles or microscopes. It would continue to operate were both swept from the earth. When theological warriors are all gone, all dead or scattered, will not the Power that sends grass back to the blasted earth, renew the green fields and vineyards in which its servants labored?

What is to be done with such men? You may rend the very earth under their feet, but they are as persistent as the grass, and they come back with it. They defy the analysis of the laboratory. They defy the exegesis of the literalists. They obviously have something that is absent from the make-up of the more furious combatants on both sides. It must be spirituality.

It is great fun to be an idealist and keep a rendezvous with death at some disputed barricade, or, in Mr. Pickwick's less thrilling phrase, to shout with the crowd, and if there are two crowds, shout with the largest. But as I see my friend the ecclesiastic standing by the roadside, desolate, idealism somehow loses its glamour and assumes an uncomfortably convincing resemblance to idiocy.

For the future of idealism is uncertain, but the future of this materialist is as sure as anything human can be. A year, or two years, or five years hence, when the captains and the kings depart, he will be back in his old field, cleaning up the mess the demolition squads have made. His clock will be on the mantel, and his quilt will be on the bed. By that time Moses may have been shot against a brick wall, or Darwin may have abdicated and fled to Holland, but in either case the field over which my friend has been given charge will be green and the

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harvest promising. The vineyard will be pruned and tended.

My friend will be growing old then, with little money, less fame in the world, and apparently no honor at all. He will still be occupied with the worldly affairs of his church, still concerned over finances and organization, still regarded by militant spirits as a dull fellow, whose soul is incapable of firing to a great crusade. Of the earth earthy—so will he be regarded as he potters among the young vines and cares for the walks and hedges of his small inclosure. No man will go there to do him honor.

Yet I, for one, am afraid to set him down as a person of no consequence. Being neither a theologian nor a scientist, I am not informed of what Deity may do next. Therefore I cannot sniff at this man. After all, he might be right in his conviction that as the sun of his life goes down God will walk in his garden in the cool of the day.

Search

BY GRACE STRICKLER DAWSON

I have come home from church.
Somehow I could not find God there to-day,
Search as I would. Things crowded in the way:
The discord of the choir
(Not of the music; that I scarcely heard,
Remembering some word of discontent,
Of higher salaries for singers spent).
The sermon? Well enough, perhaps,
But pallid stuff. Is that unfair?
Then say the fault was mine. I tried—
It may be I was tired, or vexed.
I know I could not find Him there
Where many times in song or text
I felt His presence at my side.

I have come home from church.
Here, in the small hot hand slipped into mine,
In the new wind's kind touch upon my head
Through curling curtains,
In the sweet light shed across our table
By luminous nasturtiums from my garden,
In whimsical companionship that lives
In changing play of glances,
I know Him near.
Oh, very near He stands
And gives, with quiet hands,
For old misdeeds and old mischances,
Calm, and new faith, and pardon.

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A Corner of the Housetop

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Undoubtedly he was ill, undoubtedly he was no longer very young, undoubtedly he was a failure: nevertheless, it seemed to Barnaby Graem that loyalty might have reinforced the affections of a beloved woman so that even with a complete awareness of these facts she could still have dug with him some gold out of their joint claim on living. He found considerable gold unaided; with her help there would have been a vein. But Maydie was not, when all is said, a prospector or a pioneer. She wanted, Barnaby had learned to believe, her gold refined and even shaped and stamped to coin. At least this was certainly the demand of her family for her. Her mother and her sisters—all with the same kind of face and figure as Maydie, fair and light, that is, with shining gray eyes and curly hair—articulated her probable disillusionment concerning the gold of her marital claim. It had not—Maydie's mother would have said, did in fact say with no very clear understanding of her simile—"panned out."

Barnaby was a failure. The sale of his first book had promised other sales as flattering; the second book had fallen flat; his third had not crept into a second small printing. Maydie and he were living in a New York apartment on the savings from that first book and on Barnaby's insignificant but sure inherited income. They were not living very well. Maydie was better at expenditure than at economy, just as, in reverse similarity, she was better at being loved, perhaps, than she would ever be at loving.

"You'd think poor Barnaby with a wife like you—and you do look so pretty and distinguished in good clothes—would have more ambition," said Maydie's mother. "Why doesn't he try some real business . . . and drop this *writing*?"

Maydie, who had been proud of marrying an author, twisted her pretty lips and moved her pretty slender shoulders.

The talk of these quick-spoken, thin, and bright-eyed women filled the apartment during the hours of Barnaby's work. They were either on the telephone inspiring Maydie's complaints, or one or more were there to "help her out" or to "cheer her up." Barnaby told himself that he ought to be grateful for their devotion. But that devotion damaged his product irretrievably, and so, by fret and frazzle of nerves and gnawings of self-despair, it damaged his health. When a doctor, to whom he made a stealthy visit, told him that an open-air life in the country was a grim necessity, Barnaby laughed, coughed, and laughed again.

"It's not a joking matter, Mr. Graem. Your chest—"

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Barnaby turned his thin, dark, expressive face on the medical adviser, and the latter, too, smiled. The laughter of Barnaby's eye was eternally contagious.

"My chest isn't the joke, you see," he explained. "It's your prescription that amuses me. It's so . . . well . . . so spacious."

And he went home, still with a laughing eye, and tried to write the third movement of his "Symphony in Prose." But Ellen, Ruth, Margaret, and Mrs. Brettel were trimming a hat for Maydie in the adjoining room. Barnaby gnawed at his pencil, ran his hands through his hair, and suddenly lost his sense of humor and his magnanimity. He flung open the door, and the four thin, fresh, bright-eyed, sharp-featured faces turned to him with a look of startled scorn.

"I must have quiet," he said. "I must ab-so-lute-ly have quiet—Q—U—I—E—T—or I might as well give up my profession."

There was a momentary silence; then Margaret, the youngest, giggled; Mrs. Brettel made a gesture too expressive; and Maydie, throwing up her deer-like head, looked at him, straight, and said, "Well, Barnaby, why not?"

He walked across the room and went out into the narrow vestibule. It was too narrow. He opened his front door and found himself in one of those strange and soulless halls common to apartment-houses where life seems to be held in a vacuum, half of resignation, half of vague suspense. Not quite knowing what he did, Barnaby began to run lightly up the spiral staircase which wrapped itself like a horny reptile about the passageway of the shaky little elevator. Wincing with his wound, he did not want to go down into the heartless street, but he wanted air and peace and silence. He came out, breathless, at last upon the roof.

He stopped, his mood arrested by what looked like a group of dancing clowns. Fantastically with a snapping of wet muslin they danced against an immediate blue sky: a bellied burgomaster night-shirt, a frilled matronly nightgown, a marvelous, inflated, and active pair of pantaloons, and alongside of them, some short, plump, lacy articles, coquettish and most immodestly insouciant. They flung up their limbs and leaped, not touching the earth. Even to the nerves of Barnaby, even to his wounded spirit, their dance seemed gay. He watched them until their insouciance, their comedy, had infected him and, smiling, he went past them to a corner of the roof.

He had forgotten the beauty of his city, its aspect of cliffs and cañons, depths and towers, the fluttering of its banners, and the drifting of its plumy smokes. He had forgotten how it lay between two gleaming waters, how there were leaping bridges, masts, steam-stacks for voyages to the far ends of the sea, ferries for little jauntings to and fro. The tumult was distance-muted; the confusion of traffic was an affair of ants and beetles, faceless, without a history. Above him two silver-headed clouds trailed their shadows, toppled nearer, dwarfing all human experience of height. The wind blew. It smelled of smoke and ocean harbors, of cargoes and adventure. Behind him the clowns snapped all their jolly joints and leaped again, holding up their arms.

Barnaby breathed, slow and deep,

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with the cramp of misery releasing his threatened chest. He leaned there and looked around him. Immediately beside him, only a few feet lower, was the roof of the neighboring apartment-house, a studio attic evidently, for through a half-opened skylight he could see a workman. He wore a smock and was charging to and fro before an easel with the scissors aspect of bodies seen from a height. His model was somewhere out of the angle of Barnaby's vision.

The sight of that artist, the sound of his whistling, dreamy and absorbed, stung Barnaby like salt on a raw cut. He tightened his fingers on the coping and looked away. A man at work upon the work he loved, a man who saw that what he did was good, a man in full vigor of creation . . . health! What was it the doctor had said? "An outdoor life—fresh air—quiet!"

Barnaby coughed, flung up his head, turned right about, and stared at the top of his world. Air? . . . here was all humanity might want of it . . . and here was sun, a bold round ball of it . . . and here—O God of still creation—there was peace. Some quotation, a text perhaps, took a quaint sharp stitch across his memory . . . "better to dwell in a corner of the housetop . . ." He seemed to be looking into a wise brown face, sardonic, smiling, the face of a husband, the master and the slave of wives. This man was sitting on a carpet under a strip of gaudy awning, his knees folded. He wrote with some quaint instrument on a parchment. He had a jug of wine beside him and a great bowl of ripe pomegranates within reach.

Barnaby laughed aloud. A chair in the shelter of that chimney-angle, a warm overcoat, a rug, a sewing-board across his knees . . . he was better off than that artist-fellow, for he needed no studio, no easel, no palette, and no model. His brain had once been full of malleable color. It might be again—and life itself with every sharp and fragrant memory was a model. Almost he could feel the hurried tripping arrival of a host up through the trap-door of his consciousness. Thoughts stirred and came to life. He would have something to say again . . . something that must be said . . .

§ 2

For the first week, however, Barnaby did no writing at all. He lay along his deck-chair in the sun, half closed his eyes, and breathed—as he had forgotten how to breathe. Sometimes he was asleep. The stillness saturated him, seemed to massage him as the brown fingers of Hindu women take nerve by nerve and delicately disentangle them, deliberately, one by one. He did not go down to lunch but drank a bottle of milk slowly. He had a strip of canvas, and a rubber blanket, in case of storm. Maydie thought he went out to the library.

"Well, I hope and pray he'll do a stroke of honest work there," commented Mrs. Brettel bitterly.

Maydie flushed, and her eyes pricked. She had been very proud of Barnaby, and, though the key-note of such shrewd criticisms had first been struck perhaps by her own outspoken disappointment, she found the music on her mother's lip bitter to her ear. It was natural of course for mama to resent a daughter's misery; she could not protest against

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the expression of such a sympathetic resentment except by the flush and the eye-pricking which, being mute, were not observed by Mrs. Brettel.

The apartment, freed all day for unrestricted female chatter, seemed suddenly to Maydie a lonely place. She missed Barnaby. At night she missed him more when a strange, absent, bright-eyed husband came home to her, gently distant, self-contained, and curiously vital to her touch.

On the tenth day of his experiment in orientalism, Barnaby's brain-tongue seemed to wake from an enormous lethargy and to wag in silent, voiceless words. Upon its owner came the necessity to take down what it had to say. The work over which he had so long fretted had to be begun again; the tongue would have it so, speaking with an authority stronger than Barnaby's jaded will. It commanded that the first two movements—he had conceived his novel as a symphony—should be thrown into the fire. The new speech ran in a different vein, not like that first successful book which in an unconscious slavery he had been trying to imitate, less like the second, least of all like his third. There seemed to be a new mind in him, something that had matured in an ironic patient loneliness, in a pained humility, but which for all its over-disciplined childhood had a spirit by no means jaded or sad. It was not even bitter as it might have been; only reasonable. Its voice had the edge of wit and the resonance of poetry. Barnaby felt for the mysterious inmate a queer respect. At the end of five or six hours of work the writer on the roof would be exhausted, elated, happy as he had not been for seven years. He would fold up the closely written sheets, weighted beside him against the wind, and lie there in his chair, passive, until the nipping air forced him to a brisk, rapt pacing to and fro. It was then that the jinnee made his cloudy plans for the next morning.

In February Barnaby had to bring up to his corner a little kerosene stove which kept his feet and hands alive and made a small circle of ruddy human warmth at the bottom of his icy sea of pure deep air. When it snowed, the stove hissed and spluttered. He had to shovel clear his corner from the morning's drift. But day by day he felt the cold less bitterly, his thin body grew perceptibly heavier and more resistant, his blood seemed at once thicker and more nimble. He became unreasonably gay, could have danced with the Tuesday morning clowns pinned up by a stout incredulous person who mumbled "Mornin'" to him from a big Irish mouth contracted about a hedge of clothes-pins. She thought him crazy, doubtless, but what matter up here so far above the rational wash-day world . . . no madder than these sober clothes of every-day humanity, inflated and preposterous upon her line.

From Maydie, Barnaby kept jealously the secret of his sky workroom. Several times he hid at the turn of the concrete stairs when she, so straight and slim and unobservant, went in at their front door. She must never know where he was; if she should come to find him at the library, he would invent, he told himself, some explanation of a temporary absence. Part of the magic, the miracle, lay in secrecy, in the true and profound isolation, spiritual and

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physical, he had achieved. His only real companion was the unsuspecting artist, charging, whistling, or gnawing an anxious lip down there before his canvas. That man was a hard worker, but he had his diversions, too. There were hours of tea for two, and hours of evening revelry. At night, Barnaby fancied, his chimney, tiptoeing above the skylight, saw queer things.

Then, one strange March evening, humanity reached up and wounded his happy solitude.

All day the ragged clouds, pouring across his dizzied chimney-top, had threatened rain. The city had a blasted look, its buildings stared, its voices were the murmurs of imprisoned men. The river wrinkled and crawled with white snakes behind its stacks and masts and factory chimneys. Barnaby's work, happily progressing under a mysterious wind as steady as that which drove the clouds, kept him detached from the sad humor of the day, until, at four o'clock, the sun struck him with a great sudden glare. The city glittered, its smoke flamed, the clouds smoldered, the west opened to a clear green emptiness. Barnaby, excited by the shock of splendid light, got up and walked to the edge of his housetop.

The studio skylight was closed, and lamps were lit below. It was the tea hour, but evidently not for two to-day. A piano was tinkling to jazz, there was dancing, he could hear the rhythmic scraping of feet. Suddenly, hanging there alone above the gaiety, Barnaby had a taste of desolation. That long creative and absorbing labor had left him empty of flame . . . ashen. After all, a housetop is a lonely place. And it was just as he told himself this truth that, moving his eyes, he discovered that he was not alone. An immobile black figure stood against the coping of that other roof.

She was a woman of spare, tall, and elastic figure, not dressed for roof-tops but for drawing-rooms. Her black, sheer dress, cut with a Florentine neck, had lines both picturesque and elegant. A silver-colored scarf was drawn very tightly about her shoulders, giving her a sad, contracted, wounded look. Her head, dark and small, was bent, held rigid, staring down.

She was as entirely unaware of Barnaby as he, until that instant, had been unaware of her, and some instinct made him move out of range of any possible discovery, when suddenly she turned from what must have been a protracted stillness and began a very rapid, careless pacing of her roof. He could watch her, himself unseen, and had no scruple about doing so. In fact, he felt it, queerly, to be a sort of obligation. Her solitude was altogether too desperate, her walk too disordered. A woman slippered and draped in silver, bareheaded and bare-necked, is not normally a visitor of housetops. That other half of human tragedy had lifted itself up into his masculine refuge—the woman half. Perhaps a wound as shrewd as his own had thrust her out of her painful and cramped circumstance in just such an urgent need of space and air and loneliness as his had been.

But he was not slow to perceive that for her pain there was another and a deeper need, a craving for solitude and silence more complete than he had discovered. The woman's

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despair was not creative like his own. Her quarrel with life was furiously destructive. He could see her eyes glinting as she turned, the long silver ear-rings barbarically swinging; could see her mouth, her hands working at each other as though tearing a fine web. It was not so much an instinct as a conviction which, as she fled back suddenly to her roof-edge, sent him with a running leap down from his elevation, across the space, and with all his strength upon her. He was not too late—just not too late. She had climbed up to the top of the coping and was balanced, ghost-white and blind, above her plunge.

She fought him with a dumb frenzy then; as he persevered, she fell from a sheaf of vibrant resistance to a silken emptiness of strength. He half released her, penned her against the coping. They were both breathless, shaking. She had a wet brow and livid lips.

"Why did you stop me?" she panted, striking at him weakly. "You didn't know why, did you? Stupid . . . cruel . . ."

She passed from that bitterness into long weeping. Barnaby thought of Maydie one night soon after they had been married when they had quarreled and she, creeping against him for reconciliation, had cried like this, yielding to his arms. Her neck had looked so small and white and pitiful. . . . But for such a little reason! This woman . . .

"No," he said, "I don't know why. But life is pretty sure to be worth waiting for. It has a way of dragging you down—coming at you in waves—and tossing you up again. Can't you wait for the next wave? It's more than likely to fling you up against the sun. Don't shake so. Stop your crying. You're beginning to be glad already, aren't you? You know you're just a stupid poor sport . . . can't take punishment."

"Why do—they p-punish you for—l-loving?"

"Good Lord! What else have they got to punish us for? We all get that, don't we? Loving—or not loving . . . too little or too much . . . foolishly or coldly . . . Is that all your complaint? You might as well try to kill yourself for an attack of measles or a toothache."

She looked at him; her face had lost its distortion and won back a shade of natural color. It was more pale, that is, than livid . . . but bitterly desolate.

"I know I'm a coward . . . pain . . ." she quivered.

"Physical . . . you're ill? No? Mental? He doesn't love you any more, and it hurts?"

She answered him in a low voice as though she were speaking not with her lips but with her mind . . . into space . . . the space that lies around the door of death.

"He loves me—he dances on my heart—breaks it off piece by piece and gives it to—" her voice dropped brutally—"to dogs. When he comes to me from the—easy women—his hands seem hot and—perfumed. In the dark I can hear what he thinks—remembers . . . I'm so many women . . . in the dark. . ."

Barnaby's nerves quivered. This was a revelation too revealing. He could not silence her any more than one can silence another person's heart-beats without forever silencing them. "I've learned to be ashamed—of this . . . this . . ." She gathered her

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hands into her slender breast . . . "all this . . . I mean . . ." There she stopped as though reality had fallen on her head and looked at him. "Was I speaking? Who are you?"

"Never mind. Just an intruder. Call me . . . Life. You'd be crushed now—all broken up and bloody on the stones . . . all this that you hate . . . far too lovely. You must learn to respect it more."

Staring at him, unable to hold the thread of a complete awareness, hypnotized, too, by his deliberate impersonal outspokenness, she began again to stammer in that queer intimate, almost inner, voice.

"But I don't. My pride's gone."

"Why don't you leave him to his easy women? Perhaps, after a while . . ."

"That's worse than dying. I see him . . . always. I'd freeze without him . . . if he took his touch away from me. He's all the comfort and the ease I have—like air for breathing . . . In his way . . . he loves me . . . *most.*"

"Haven't you any life of your own, then, apart . . . you poor fool . . . you . . . woman? No child?"

"No child."

"No talent—no work?"

"I used to. He took it away. He was jealous."

"That's when you lost him and took your first step toward self-obliteration. You see how stupid you've been. Is it music?" She had long, clever hands.

"No . . . sculpture. Won't you please—let me go? I'm . . . tired."

He stepped back a little from her. He was horribly tired himself. "You could go away from him, you know, in a certain fashion—take yourself from him a little way—lift yourself out and up—without the help of death. Death," he told her, "is altogether too final, too obliterating to be either a release or an answer. There are any number of anesthetics for your pain. You can even stay with a person, you know, and keep your pride, your life . . . even your bodily life, out of his reach. I can tell you all about that, my dear desperate fool. It's one of the secrets of a housetop."

At that she looked all around her slowly and back at him.

"You know . . . I'd forgotten where I was. It's . . . you were up there?"

"A corner of the housetop."

She heard the music suddenly below that skylight. Her senses seemed to be coming back to her control one by one, like startled birds, gradually reassured.

"He's down there . . . dancing," she said.

"Better a corner of the housetop," Barnaby quoted, and added from another portion of the script, "where peace is."

"What do you do up there?" She had seen his chimney angle and his chair.

"I'm writing a novel about men and women like the chap dancing down there, and like you, trying to die up here . . . and like my little . . . blind wife . . ."

"Oh, is she *blind?*"

"And deaf and dumb . . . poor child!"

"You're a writer?"

"Yes."

"And it makes you happy enough to keep on living?"

"For a thousand years."

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"I think I used to feel that way, too—about my work. I did animals —wonderful cats . . . Don't laugh."

"I'm not laughing. I'm keen about cats. They mean all sorts of things to me. There are several models for you upon this roof. And if you were only a painter, there's something merry and sardonic and altogether original—I could show you—a troupe of dancing clowns."

She put her hand to her head.

"I'd better go down. I feel queer—and horribly ashamed."

"So much the better." He walked with her over to the trap-door. "Don't come back again," he said, "unless you bring a lump of clay. I don't allow triflers with life upon the housetop."

She went down . . . a small white face uplifted . . . a strange slave face . . . faintly smiling, vague with a returning consciousness of life.

"And nothing," Barnaby told himself, half rueful, half relieved, "is more certain than that she will never want to see me again."

He walked for a long while across her roof while the city rippled up in light and the music in that blind bright studio room throbbed and jingled like an Oriental dancing-girl. Then with some difficulty, he climbed back to his own corner, collected his papers and his wraps, praying as he did so with vehemence that life would leave his roof alone from henceforth, would not tamper again with the clean passion of his solitude.

§ 3

Barnaby's roof was higher by six or seven feet than the roof of his neighbor; and it was in the shadow of the cliff, where this difference made a spot least visible from his usual quarters, that he rediscovered his desperate intruder about a fortnight later. How many days she had been working there he did not know, but she had the air of frequency. She was so changed by a straight painter's apron and a face of keen self-forgetfulness that only the certainty that she couldn't be any one else made his recognition positive. A lump of clay on a sort of pedestal occupied her attention and both her limber hands, until his shadow, falling across her roof, made her look up. She brushed back her hair with an elbow.

"I've been working," she said in the tone of quick apology used by a child caught in mischief, "but my hand's hopelessly out. Does that animal look like anything to you?"

"It looks like all the story of Cleopatra reincarnated in a peculiarly degraded alley cat."

She smiled, darkly brilliant, as though shadows were struck away to gather somberly again at their leisure. "Then I haven't failed. The alley cat dozes over there in that corner by the hour—" Barnaby saw the tattered ears, mangy body, and rheumy eyes of her model—"dreaming of slow peacock fans, spices, a striped awning, and sunshine on the Nile . . . Romance wrapped up in dirty brown paper . . . That's like life, isn't it?"

"Except when it's silver paper wrapped round a dirty stone," said Barnaby.

"Don't let me talk to you. I want least of anything in the world to interrupt you—" the blood tumbled across her brows down to the collar of her apron—"again."

"I won't let you interrupt me," he murmured, lingering and lighting

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his pipe. "April isn't so bad on a housetop," he remarked. "What do you do when it rains?"

"I go down. Please get back to your work. It's been going well?"

"Wonderfully. I feel possessed. I'm almost daring to hope it's really good."

"It must be good." She gave him a grave upward look. "And—brave," she added.

Presently he went back to it—his work. But, though he had said she wouldn't interrupt, she had given his jinnee pause—a little time of obsession while he thought about her, smiled over her earnest, literal obedience, and remembered her eyes. Was she older or younger than Maydie? Older . . . no matter what her years. Twenty-five years of blindness, deafness, dumbness had left Maydie the apple-blossoms and clear eyes of sixteen, with much of a girl's hardness . . . incomprehension. . . . Here the jinnee roughly took Barnaby by the shoulder, and he returned to his duty of masterful amanuensis.

Like a rare stitch in heavy cloth, small evidence came to him during his hours of work that there was another frequenter of the housetop. When the studio piano jingled he could hear her rattle her tools and move her feet. Sometimes she went walking rapidly, with a clip-clip of heels, across her roof. Once in a while she stretched prodigiously; occasionally, not quite under her breath, she swore. Several times she addressed, in one tone or another, the alley cat. Before leaving her roof, she would breathe a cautious, timid murmur of good-by. He would answer robustly, not moving from his chair. But he usually half rose to see her vanish through her trap-door, her dark short hair ruddy with sun or beaver gray with wind.

One day at four o'clock when the skylight was rosy and quietly intimate, petaling some soft-laughing interview between four eyes, the interpretress of Egypt invited Barnaby to tea. She had a spirit-kettle, metal cups, sugar, lemon, crackers, jam, a delicate, rare-flavored tea. In the chill shadow of her cliff, they were driven to greatcoats and made an amusing picture, like two shipwrecked people on a story-book desert island where some kindly *deus ex machina* had washed up a five-o'clock refreshment complete. A quaint and bitter gaiety enlivened his hostess. They laughed a good deal, talked foolishly enough, catching and releasing shyly, daringly, each other's eyes.

"I feel," said the woman, "Martian—released. We're not really in the world of other people, are we?" Then abruptly, "Does your wife ever come up?"

Barnaby dropped his eyes to his tea-cup, his sensitive dark face shadowed and flushed.

"She doesn't know." He lifted his lids, laughter and sorrow shining out of his hurt eyes.

"Then it's you who keep her in the dark. I've been wondering what you meant by saying that she was deaf and dumb and blind."

He rested his elbows on his knees and stared past her.

"Why . . . please?" she asked him.

"I'm a failure—a disappointment. She married a successful man and found herself very soon harnessed to another, drearier sort of fellow."

"I wish," she gasped, "that *I* had married a failure. Little does *she*

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know . . . about successful artist husbands. But—suppose this book you're writing now turns out to be a huge success?"

Again he flushed, but very much more deeply, as though he were shrewdly stung. His face drew itself together, even his body, as though to present as small as possible a surface, too shrinking for blunt touches. She laughed as sadly as though she had wept. "I understand. It would hurt now . . . to win her back for any success. . . . What a shame!"

Their party, so recklessly Martian in its beginning, ended in the sudden overshadowing of April's influence.

"I wonder how they'll manage to pull us down again from the housetop," she asked, delaying for an instant his departure.

Barnaby set his mouth. "I've pulled up the ladder," he said.

§ 4

Shortly after that boast, he finished his book. It was at the end of May, a very warm close evening. Across their tiny dinner-table he announced his achievement gravely to his wife. Maydie's small face tinted itself.

"You must have worked awfully hard, Barney . . . five months."

She spoke with her eyes lowered; between the light of two candles this narrow, lowered face had a Madonna's air of soft absorption in some mysterious tenderness.

"I did work hard," said Barnaby. He had a desire, brutally unlike himself, to hurt her, to change the lovely expression of her still young face.

"It's quiet . . . at the library . . . I suppose."

His eyes laughed stormily. "Q—U—I—E—T—" he quoted.

Maydie's delicate May day pink ripened to June.

"You'd have been quiet enough here lately," she said in a very small voice. "They—they haven't been coming."

"What do you mean . . . haven't been coming? . . . Your family?"

"Mama and the girls are angry with me. We—we quarreled last March just before they went out to the country."

"Quarreled? You—quarreled—with Margaret—Ruth. . . ?"

"And mother and Ellen . . . all of them . . . yes!" Her gesture expressed an epic.

"But—for heaven's sake, what about, Maydie?"

"About you," said Maydie in her very smallest voice, and scraped ice-cream carefully and childishly from her plate. Her eyes flashed up at him, beseeching, timid.

"Shall we go to the theater, Barnaby? We ought to—celebrate."

Ah, Barnaby commented, she knows this book is going to be a success! Maydie always had a nose for good fortune. He would never have won her in the first place if it hadn't been . . . He checked his comment with a whip of self-contempt.

But his foresight and perhaps the instinct of Maydie justified themselves. From its initial reception through all its prosperous history the book was a success. Original . . . witty . . . dramatic . . . beautiful . . . profound . . . an epoch-making achievement . . . Barnaby turned giddy with praise.

Maydie, however, concealed from him any giddiness the sudden augmentation of their bank-account might well have caused her. No prospector ever showed less elation at the striking

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of a vein. She watched Barnaby, was silent, a little pinched. But Barnaby took her elation for granted, was generous and unobservant. Feverishly, secretly, every day, the successful author visited his housetop, where, in the delicious sunlight and the small harbor winds of adventure, he paced, as lonely as a cloud.

Toward the middle of June, no plans having been spoken of by Barnaby . . . "It's very hot in town," said Maydie. "Mama has asked us down to Seabright."

They were at breakfast. Barnaby pushed back his chair with a harsh, rebellious sound. "You can go . . . if you like, of course. I'm spending the summer here."

Her eyes remained upon him, less bright than usual. "Very well. I'll go to-morrow."

She stood up. She was very thin in her sheer rose-colored dress. She lingered for an instant near his chair. "You—you're writing something else —already?"

"No."

"But you're still going to the library?"

"Er—I'll be ready for something, I dare say—soon—something quite different . . ."

"I see." She went out. A perfume lingered on the air . . . an evanescent perfume of roses. Well, wasn't it somewhere . . . June?

On the housetop it was August, it was desert weather, it was Arabia, Sudan. The city thrummed with an Oriental monotony of sound. The smell of hot asphalt reached his nostrils through the smell of warm harbor-water and rotting wharves. The Tuesday morning clowns were languid ghosts, criminals deservedly hanged by the neck till they were dead. The washer-woman muttered her "Mornin' " plaintively.

Maydie had been gone two days when on a sultry thunderous afternoon his neighbor came up to him.

"I've read about it," she said, coming close to stand beneath his cliff. "I knew it would be a success. Is she pleased?"

"I don't know," he answered dully.

"You don't look elated. Give me your hand. I want to come up to your housetop." Beside him, after a comprehensive look about his quarters, she went on in her casual fashion of speech. "We're spending all June and part of July in town. My poor ostrich-husband tells me he has a piece of work to finish. A certain pretty actress's play runs until the end of the month, maybe longer . . . Poor Horrie! Oh! I forgot to tell you—that Egypt has found her way into an exhibition. She is labeled 'Reincarnation' and is considered 'clever.' I brought you three clippings . . . two about 'Reincarnation,' and one announcing a new novel by that distinguished author, Barnaby Graem."

"How did you know?"

"There's a picture of Barnaby Graem, very unlike Solomon of the Housetop, who always had rumpled hair . . . I think I like Solomon's looks best—not that the public would agree with me. Mr. Graem is charming, reserved, clever-looking—almost sleek." Her restless and unhappy eyes, flitting about, rested on the studio skylight. "Your housetop is better than mine. *You* haven't a peep-hole." She laughed. "You don't know what a temptation that skylight has been to me—and by the by, I wish Horrie would close it.

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There's going to be a real thunderstorm in a few minutes . . . Shall I call down to him? I've wanted to so often. Poor Horrie! Little he knows!"

"Looking down is against the code of a Martian," said Barnaby.

"But . . . *think* . . . what I might see, myself unseen. I wonder if he ever looks up—or thinks about the roof? Horrie has never craved a housetop. We're going to be caught in that storm, my dear author . . . do you know?"

"I like storms."

"So do I when they're upon me . . . but it's quite horrible just before . . . portentous. I always think of that dreadful knocking on the door in . . . 'Macbeth,' isn't it? Look at the river. What a dreadful color!"

"Livid."

"Just the word. And all the tall buildings with their eyes stretched, scared to death. Don't the streets look deep and black? I've never once dared to look down since . . . since. . . "

Fear caught at Barnaby's heart. He clutched her arm . . . they were leaning side by side against his coping. . . . "Don't . . . don't look down," he besought her harshly, and, as though to save himself in her, he caught her tight, held her, and, in a rush of starved emotion, a craving for life . . . for consolation, reassurance, he kissed her mouth.

All her body drew itself in, the strangest diminishing, shrinking of flesh and spirit.

"I'm sorry," he gasped, letting her go. Her face was turned from him.

"Even in the corner of a housetop," she sighed. . . . "This means that I must . . . indeed . . . *go down.*"

But before she, leaving him desolate, dry-lipped, burnt by the shame of a betrayal, could reach the cliff edge, there came an enormous windy blackness over their high world, a crashing of cloud and air, the rain trampling across the city. Barnaby ran to her, dragged her close into his chimney-angle. "Don't dare to cross that roof! The wind might throw you over. It's a hurricane."

In fact they had to cling to each other, press against the bricks of their shelter in order to hold themselves to earth.

"They want us back in Mars," she laughed uncertainly, the wind whipping her voice away.

Barnaby could neither speak nor laugh. The storm was as much within him as without: madness, tumult, and violent, tragic rain.

At the first lull he guided her across his roof, helped her down to her own, and started beside her toward her own trap-door. The thunder was already distant, the rain still falling, the wind gone.

"After all," she said, "lord of the housetop, it is you who are dismissing me. I have been found unfit for high companionship. I am punished for my intrusion."

"Don't hurt me," he besought her. "Folly has a way of reaching up into high lonely places; that's the old history of pride."

Life reached up to them at that instant in a cry . . . a human cry, tearing their wet stillness . . . an agony . . . a name . . .

"Marion . . . Marion . . . Marion . . ."

They found themselves together near the skylight, in Martian possession of the horror of humanity . . .

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a man below there, blind, in anguish, fighting with a physical hell of smoke and flame.

§ 5

Oriental rumor starts always on a housetop, but it was in the black and white of Western gossip that Barnaby read the sequel to his neighbor's tragedy.

"The celebrated artist, Horace Steele, was terribly burned yesterday in his studio apartment at ——th Street and —— Avenue. Returning from a matinée and not finding his wife in the apartment, he had gone to his studio to prepare for her a cup of tea in case she should come home wet and cold. By that time the storm was in full fury, thundering across the housetops of the drenched an wind-torn city. Mr. Steele refilled his alcohol-lamp, which seemed to have been blown out by a gust of air. The flame was merely flattened, not extinct. His bottle exploded in his hand, scattering its blazing contents about his head and shoulders. He was found unconscious by his wife on her return. She, with a neighbor, Mr. Barnaby Graem, the distinguished author, arrived only just in time to put out the flames and save Mr. Steele's life.

"Mrs. Steele is with her husband at the hospital. His eyesight is injured, but it is believed not irreparably. His present disfigurement will no doubt be greatly ameliorated by the skill of surgeons experienced in the World War. As soon as he is sufficiently recovered, Mrs. Steele will take her husband to Europe . . ."

Barnaby read with a bitter sort of relish, a distorted sympathy.

The failure she had longed for had drawn that desperate intruder down altogether from her housetop to a darkly radiant giving of her necessary self, her most necessary love. Barnaby could not forget that voice crying for "Marion . . . Marion . . . Marion . . ." Her quarrel with life was ended. Romance, wrapped in disfiguring brown paper, had opened in her hand. But . . . let her in her memory do the lord of the housetop justice! From him she had learned the lesson of patience; it was he who had saved her for that next uplifting tragic wave of life. He had taught her; now he must re-teach himself. He would go up again.

He went, that evening after dark, without going into his deserted apartment, passing its door on his return from a solitary dinner at the near-by restaurant.

As he came up on the roof, a soft desirous wind flowed into his face and cooled his eyes. The sky was a garden of small pale blossoms. He moved across the flat dim space, pensive, very much alone. But the tranquil pulse of solitude and contemplation suffered a desperate great leap. There, on his own roof, crouched against his coping, tense, dark, slim, her head bent rigidly toward the depth . . . a figure dressed in black! The blood of his body thundered in his ears. Something had gone wrong . . . her husband . . . dead . . . He was beside her in his flash of terror—caught her in his hands. She cried aloud and looked up.

Maydie . . .

His Maydie—looking down? Hating her loveliness? Thirsty, body and soul, for that sudden peace of death? . . . What had frightened him, angered him for the other woman,

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made him, for his own blind, dumb Maydie, mad, so that a white mist crossed his brain. He could not even hold her safe . . . his hands were weak. She lay against him, weeping in long breaths. He could see her pitiful small white neck. She was stammering, her dumbness shattered into speech.

"I n-never helped you . . . your success has nothing to do with me . . . you were ill . . . I let them sneer at you . . . I sneered at you myself . . . You left the house—to escape from me . . ."

"To escape from—everything . . ."

"I've been so lonely—so desperate, hating myself. I couldn't tell you . . . all winter . . . you seemed so far away . . . as if you had gone . . . up somewhere out of my reach. Tonight when I came in . . . reading about that other husband frightened me so . . . When I came in and didn't find you I wanted, all at once, to die. You'd gone so far away from me. I came out into the hall and saw the stairs going up. I couldn't bear to go down into the street . . . I'd been crying—and yet I couldn't bear to wait for you . . . you might not be coming in at all . . . I wanted air and space, and to be alone—out of doors. I ran up and found myself here and quite close to the edge looking down. Oh, Barnaby . . . how did you find out where I was? Thank God for your arms! Just before I felt them . . . I had such a horrible . . . desire . . ."

She crept to him as though she wanted to creep into his very heart. He trembled; his body seemed to open for her like a rock, cleft deep.

"Let's go down. There's nothing here for either of us . . . Love me again."

"Not . . . *again*. . . . If this book had only been a failure, then I could make you believe in me . . . again . . . I only needed to be alone a little . . ."

"Alone? . . . I hate this housetop. . . . Let's go home."

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Balancing the Baby Budget

The First-Born Costs One Tenth of His Parents' Income

By Grace Nies Fletcher

"Jimmy and I are trying to decide whether we want a flivver—or a baby!" remarked a casual young woman at a college alumnæ tea the other day. "And honestly, if the infant in the apartment next to us doesn't stop its midnight jazz soon, it'll be tin Lizzie instead of little Elizabeth."

Half in fun and flippant though they were, her words held much significance, and frankly stated a situation which, in one way or another, most of her classmates around the tea-table were facing. She was typical of her generation in that instead of casting half-fearful glances at her problem, she pulled it out into the light of day and had a good look at it. Her flippancy was merely the cloak that she substituted for the reticence her mother would have chosen.

Nor is it fantastic to compare babies with the other luxuries we enjoy. It is a startling fact that in 1922 2,339,840 passenger automobiles were produced by United States firms, while the births for the entire country included only 1,774,911 babies. Of course, a large number of these cars were exported from the United States; many were used for business as well as pleasure; but cut down these figures as radically as you will, and the pleasure car still has a claim as a competitor of the baby for popularity. The figures for 1923 are still more significant with 3,637,216 passenger cars put out, and only 1,792,646 babies added to the population.

Few people, unless they have recently investigated the situation, realize that the initial cost of babies, especially in our large urban centers, and the cost of a motor-car may be virtually identical. And if there are any complications that necessitate continued medical attention, it doesn't take long for the baby to shoot up out of the flivver into the limousine class. It has been estimated by the head of a large gynecological association that it costs the young husband at least ten per cent. of his yearly salary to usher in his first-born. And this cost merely includes medical care up to the time of birth.

The price of medicine, in common with everything else, has been steadily advancing during the last ten, fifteen, and twenty years. Specialization in medicine has added its bit to the already higher costs, so that the fees of the obstetrician, one of the most specialized of specialists, have become dismaying to the ordinary young married couple who are just starting out. Where it cost her mother twenty-

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five dollars to hear the first lusty cry of her offspring, the bride of to-day who is living in the city faces an outlay of from one hundred to one thousand dollars for the *same personal care* her mother received. Add to the doctor's fees the hospital, nursing, and incidental bills, to say nothing of the layette and necessary baby furniture, and the amount needed goes up by leaps and bounds, till the total cost of the young hopeful often ranges from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars.

§ 2

Take the case of Betty and Tom, for example. They were young New-Yorkers who had been happily married for a year when they decided they very much wanted a baby. Tom was receiving a salary of three thousand dollars, which was three times as much as his father was getting when Tom was born. They had $201.26 safely reposing in the bank for emergencies, which they had saved during the past year, and Tom expected a raise soon. Altogether they were as well off as most of the young people they knew.

As this was one of the most important steps in the building of their new home, they decided they would look carefully into the matter of expense and find the best possible way of bringing a baby into the world. They hadn't needed a doctor during their brief married life, so they picked out five doctors who were recommended to them by friends and the local health agency and went to see them. They went to three maternity hospitals in their vicinity and asked about prices.

"The thing for you is a small ward," the hospital authorities told them. "You can go to the clinic for examination, or you can pay a little more and go to the doctor's office."

They went down to look at the clinic, Betty's heart beating a little faster as they passed through the bare gray corridor with its strange odor of antiseptics and scientific cleanliness. Now and then there came a low moan from behind one of the white screens which they glimpsed through the open ward doors. Betty slipped her hand into Tom's as they trailed after the calm white-clad nurse.

The clinic was a wide sunny room, filled with long lines of oaken chairs. At first sight it seemed to be bewilderingly full of women, two hundred of them, in fact, white-faced, uneasy, whispering. There were careless middle-aged women to whom this was an old story, with babies whimpering at their skirts; tall haggard women; fat sloppy ones with greasy rings on their fingers; clean shabby women, neat as wax; women with hats and women with shawls; old wizened women—and just girls. One of the girls in a sleazy red skirt didn't look a day over sixteen, and the fat woman who sat next to her was whispering in her ear with quiet relish. The girl's eyes when she raised them to Betty's were like a frightened rabbit's.

Betty clutched Tom convulsively.

"Let's go!" She was panic-stricken—two hundred women like this, with that look in their eyes! "I—I could not stand this, Tom. That awful whispering! What do you suppose they are saying?"

Tom soothed her expertly while the quiet nurse pretended not to notice. No, of course she didn't have to go to the clinic. Nor should she be in a ward with them—not any of them.

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She'd have a nice quiet room to herself where Tom could come and see her. He turned to the nurse.

"How much would a private room cost?" he demanded.

"Fifty-two dollars a week. You'd be here at least two weeks," she replied. "Then you would have to furnish your day and night nurses, at sixteen dollars a day for the two of them, including their board. Many hospitals furnish nurses for the private rooms, but we do not. The doctor's fee goes up, too, as soon as you become a private patient; two hundred and fifty dollars he would cost you, instead of the one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar fee for the small ward patients. The incidental hospital fees would be about fifty dollars additional."

"Six hundred and twenty-eight dollars!" added Betty, thinking of their poor little savings-account. "And that doesn't include the layette or the carriage or anything! I guess we'll have to wait a while."

As far as the actual care goes, Betty could have gone into a large ward and had all the absolutely necessary medical attention for less than a hundred dollars. But she would have had to accept whatever doctor the hospital saw fit to give her, whether she liked him or had confidence in him or not. She would have had no choice as to her room-mates. Probably in a city like New York half the room at least would have spoken a language different from her own. She could only have the comfort of Tom's presence at a stated hour when all the other husbands were casting furtive glances about the ward. In short, she would have had careful, necessary attention, and just about as much privacy as a goldfish.

"That's all nonsense!" snorted one obstetrician, contemptuous of all the Bettys as a class. "The clinics and the wards are good enough for any woman!"

And yet this same doctor, when his daughter was expecting her first-born, provided a private room and special nurse, which the daughter could not afford. The difference was that it was not "any woman"; it was his daughter.

It is the mental attitude of the young mother that makes all the difference and has such an important bearing upon her physical well-being. If she thought she could be well and happy in the ward, there is no doubt that she would be. But her previous training all points to privacy and protection. Little boys think nothing of doffing their superfluous clothes and going in swimming *au naturel*, but the ordinary little girl simply doesn't do it that way. She keeps on her little chemise.

The attitude of the Bettys in wanting a private room and care is therefore not difficult to understand. Gently reared by indulgent parents and trained in schools and colleges to high standards of living, the young wife wants and expects this protection in the most crucial period of her new life. Probably this is her first great turning-point away from home. Many a girl goes with her young husband to a distant city, perhaps a continent away from mother and friends. She feels herself entirely alone as her day approaches inexorably. Is it any wonder that in her bewilderment and timidity, and perhaps even terror, she seeks the privacy and care of a doctor in whom she has confidence, and a personal nurse?

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"But is the hospital necessary at all?" demanded a young woman of her obstetrician friend. "Why not bring the baby at home?"

"What would you do if your automobile broke down on a country road?" the doctor countered with another question.

"Try and fix it," said the modern chauffeuse.

"And if you couldn't?"

"Have it hauled to the nearest garage."

"Exactly. Where the trained mechanics and their necessary tools are," agreed the doctor. "It's the same with the hospital. I can do my best work—and the best we must have in medicine all the time—not in some cramped little apartment or private home, but where I have the proper facilities and trained helpers. If anything goes wrong, I have all known aids to meet every emergency."

Facts would seem to indicate that the doctor is right in insisting on the hospital. In a New York maternity hospital last year, for example, 5408 women were sent home to their families and only twenty-three died in childbirth; and the majority of those who did not survive were brought to the hospital already at the point of death. While this is a record that can hardly be surpassed, the percentage of patients lost in any well run maternity hospital is amazingly small.

And yet—why is it necessary to spend $104 for two weeks in a private hospital room? There isn't a hotel in the country that would dare charge so much for the same amount of space.

"It's a question of supply and demand," explained the head of a big maternity hospital recently. "There are so many more calls for private rooms than can be supplied that prices are high. If a number of hospitals could be built with private rooms only, and endowed by philanthropists or organized groups of people, these rooms might be put within the reach of the young salaried people. There is at least one such hospital with a number of endowed rooms now in New York."

If even these high prices were the end-all of expense, young people of moderate means might feel more courage in starting out to raise a family of sturdy United States citizens. But there is nothing more uncertain than the cost of childbirth. Even when the expenses are carefully estimated beforehand, complications often set in which plunge the new family into a sea of debt before it is fairly launched.

The wife of a young minister who received a salary of fifteen hundred dollars fell desperately ill after the advent of her first baby. Specialist after specialist was called in by the anxious family physician—who incidentally charged the minister no fee. The specialists looked the young woman over, shook their heads, collected a fee, and departed. She was sent to a sanatorium, where she was given such drastic treatment that she fell away to a bundle of skin and bones which her young husband could hold in his outstretched hands. Naturally he was frantic; he would do anything to save her life. So they kept trying new cures, new doctors.

And all this time expense was piling up, specialists, sanatoriums, day and night nurses, making a crushing total. The young minister had to hire a housekeeper to look after the baby, for he had to go on with his work, or even

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the steady trickle of his salary would cease and there would be nothing to go over the great dam of debt. After five years in bed the young woman was cured by the simple expedient of living out of doors the year round, and the young husband received her home with thankful heart. That was fifteen years ago, and they have just paid the last bill.

The argument that this was an unusual case, a catastrophe like earthquake or fire, is quite valid. But to a lesser extent such things are happening every day in hundreds of families. Is it any wonder that young people just starting out, with a slender background of savings, should fear the coming of the first baby with its possible attendant ills?

§ 3

Yet the obstetrician is not overpaid in comparison with other professions. Half to two thirds of his time may go to charity work, either at the hospital or in his own office. He works with a fine disregard of hours, recreation, and fatigue, and must be on call any moment of the day or night. He certainly earns his salary, if any man does.

A phase of the matter rarely mentioned, however, is that the patients who pay the high fees really furnish the support for the doctor's welfare work. The doctor is the middleman who makes the fees of one group pay for the charity to the other. If all who paid the high fees had a sufficient income, this would be an admirable plan. But unfortunately this arrangement hits the low-salaried man as well as the wealthy. The doctor also benefits by his hospital clinic work even though he receives no pay for it at the time, for by dealing with wholesale numbers of patients with every complication of disease, he becomes more skilled—and incidentally may raise his prices.

"Medicine, in the natural course of events, is becoming more and more of a business," said the head of a large maternity hospital recently in defending his scale of prices, which were moderate enough in a city where many obstetricians charge from five hundred to a thousand dollars for their services. "Why shouldn't the specialist in medicine have his assistants as well as the big business man? People accuse us of charging high prices because of our secretaries, our nurses; they even criticize our furniture and Oriental rugs! Would you expect a bank president to do his own typing? The doctor needs his office assistants to rid him of details so that he may turn his entire detached attention to the problem of making his patients well. In a larger sense, you do not pay for these helpers, but for the doctor's *concentrated attention.*"

At the other extreme lies the opinion of a rapidly growing group of doctors who assert that no doctor should be paid by the patient he is treating, but that he should be reimbursed by the state or by an organized group of individuals *to keep people well.*

In the natural field of competition, no one can deny the skilled man the right to a higher fee. But medicine differs from other businesses in that the doctor holds in his hand not only the pocketbook but the life of the patient. When life and death are in the balance, as is so often the case in obstetrics, one cannot afford to choose the Ford man when the Packard doctor is available, so to speak. In no other business does the merchant

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have such a hold upon his clients. That so many doctors are considerate and temper the wind to the shorn and wabbly lamb is a cheering commentary upon human nature.

There is no question that the high cost of babies is cutting down the number in the family of the young, low-salaried man of education. Waiting for the finances of the new family to become established, while it is practical from a money point of view, has many drawbacks. Parents should be young enough to *grow up with their children*. The natural elasticity of youth is needed to withstand the endless and tyrannical demands of small children, and the nearer the point of view of the parent approaches that of the child the easier it is for them to understand each other, and correspondingly greater are the chances for a happy and normal home life.

The remedy for such a situation, which runs its roots in so many directions in our delicately adjusted economic life, remains still to be found. It is certain, however, that until the doctors and the young people and the philanthropists looking for good dividends in human life, and possibly the government, get together and work out some form of practical arrangement, whereby each shall contribute his proper share to the expense and effort of bringing the little new citizens of the United States into the world, babies will continue to become more and more of a luxury in the middle-class home.

How fortunate it would be if all the doctors were financially able to put a premium on babies as did the humorous country doctor in the South! He made an agreement with one of his patients that he would charge her one hundred dollars for the first baby, fifty dollars for the second, twenty-five dollars for the third, and so on down, reducing the fee every time, so that the fifteenth child would be free, gratis, for nothing!

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Judges of Books

Criticism Springs from Temperament as Well as from Knowledge

By H. M. Tomlinson

When I was recently invited to address an assembly of the custodians of libraries, I happened to glance at a book-shelf of my own, and saw there, in the following disorder, Smith's Classical Dictionary, Thomas Dekker's "The Wonderfull Yeare," Butler's "Unconscious Memory," "Robinson Crusoe," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Meredith's "Poems," Washington Irving's "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," Chanter's "Lundy Island," Parry's "Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage," and so on. It is impossible to make the wildest guess at the next book on that shelf; a reasonable guess could be made if a good librarian had arranged them. I know nothing of librarianship, though the generous supposition is that I should at least know something of the judging of books, for I have been paid to criticize them.

One ought to know the job one is paid to perform, and the rules of that particular task should be of some interest to librarians, among whose many duties is the spending of public money on new books. How are they to know that they are spending that money to the best advantage? Without doubt they have their own standards. If they had the time to examine all the new novels, there would be fewer mistakes on their shelves; but they must die some day, and there is much else to do. They must trust, therefore, I imagine, largely to the criticism in the press. Can they trust it? That was the question for me, as a journalist, to answer, and I gladly did so. They could not. Their duties as librarians, spending public money that the light of the mind should be at their call for any citizen who applies for it, are onerous. Very much that is published is rubbish, and a little of it is poisonous. I mean by rubbish the mass production of standardized fiction, the derivative and expensive biographies of ladies who were gay, but are dead, and who, from our reading of history, are better dead; not a little of the feverish expositions of that political economy which some men prefer to other systems; and some of the books of travel, which are usually very dear, and give us nothing but misconceptions light-heartedly; their photographs are the best of them. But one's own purchases, prompted by press criticisms, will show what I mean. As to the poisonous books, what constitutes poison depends on temperament, as well as on acquired taste, so we had better say nothing about it.

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Let me remind you of the press criticisms of Mr. Wells's latest novel, "Christina Alberta's Father." One critic was sure that if Mr. Wells had omitted Christina it would have been a fine book; another thought the whole thing was spoiled by the father; and yet another decided that if only Mr. Wells could have excluded himself from his own industry then his work would have been the better for it. What are we to make of it? Only this, that literary criticism is mainly a matter of opinion, and is no more absolute than is one's taste in tobacco.

A mathematician might be able to say to what end he hoped his calculations would lead him; a biologist might make a plausible show at explaining the nature of life; a musical critic, may be, could tell us wherein resides in harmonics the profoundly disturbing nature of some music. But as to the judging of books, all I know is that I have had money for it, and—if it will not be allowed to go any further—it has been nothing but my own views of things. Opinions vary, even about truth itself, as the debates in the House of Commons prove. They vary remarkably, even in a group of sincere people, and that is why there is as much confidence shown about literature as there is about God; about God, however, we often feel we are free to have a private opinion. We do not care what the parson thinks. But concerning literature we are more diffident; we are inclined, if good readers, to defer to authority, and by authority I mean any one who is sufficiently well read, has singular confidence in his own good taste, and is agile in his apologetics—who is, in fact, well armed and formidable. Some critics, among them the Countess of Oxford, have felt that in "If Winter Comes" there is something to remind them of the sublime tragedy in the four Gospels; others have felt a desire, equally sincere, to throw the book down violently. How reconcile, scientifically, so striking a difference in the emotions provoked by but one literary document? I think we had better make up our minds that these phenomena can never be reduced to formulas. Human nature, even the nature of a learned critic among his volumes, is more varied, more elusive, than we are assured are the principles of genetics.

The literary critics, we will further remember, have produced a library, part of which explains that Hamlet was mad, and part that he was wonderfully sane. They have also discovered recently to their great surprise, what some of you may have suspected all along, that Keats did more in twenty-three years than others have done with longer opportunities. I would not say that I attach no value to literary criticism, for sometimes I enjoy it, and what we enjoy must be more or less right, of course. Among the moderns, we would not omit to read anything Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch or Professor Saintsbury has to say about books.

But here is a puzzle I should like to commend to genuine critics of reading-matter. Its solution would interest me more than a dozen new volumes on Shakspere. A publisher's reader told me that he bought the copyright of a certain novel, which had had little success in its original form, for a modest sum. He thought the risk was fair. Within a few weeks of its reissue as a cheaper book, that novel occupied the full capacity of several great printing works. They could not produce

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enough of it. The publisher's reader thought I ought to be able to explain this unexpected success. The scientific explanation would mean money to him and to me. The story concerned the abduction of an English girl by an Arab—she made, of course, a plausible show at resistance—and the Arab removed her to idleness in luxury under the palms. I ventured to hint that poor folks, whose instinctive desires are like those of the rich, but who are confined to a routine of typewriters and tea and buns, and a train home again, nevertheless must live somehow. Therefore, compelled by our moral conventions, they live also a dream life apart, to which imaginary dark chieftains offer savage but happy release. This explanation, however, the publisher did not wholly accept. There were, he told me, similar novels on the market at the same time, with Arabs, abductions, and palms all complete, but very little happened to them. Moreover, the publisher went on, this same Arab, when he got to America, went past all his swarthy and handsome rivals, and had exceptionally good luck.

Now, will some critic explain why? A sufficient explanation would be a genuine addition to knowledge. The critics who know why Shakspere did this and that, who can guess the springs of *his* activities, surely ought not to find the shy little creature who sits in all our tea-shops so utterly beyond them. But they never so much as glance at such questions. Yet obviously the secret that the Arab unlocked here, the secret which his rivals knew nothing about, was the one he unlocked in America. In what remote recesses of the human heart is it hidden, and what does it look like? It is easy to speculate on the problem of style. Everybody does it who touches books. That is like discussing the mystery of immortality. The evidence may be chosen according to desire, and what does not assort with our predilections may be ruled out, quite reasonably, as irrelevant. But what I want to see are exact reasons for the joy some folks show over reading-matter which to me looks ugly and deplorable. And so does my reader.

§ 2

There may be absolute criteria for the judging of books, but I do not know them, and cannot submit any. A learned critic may somehow manage to convey the impression that, like a chemist, he has an array of apparatus of which every item has its designed purpose, and that his measuring is done by impersonal scales which never fail to distinguish the just from the unjust. Yet we need not believe him unless we want to.

But I should be sorry if it were thought that I decried good taste and think it unimportant; or that good taste may be got like any other pleasing commodity, and added, if necessary, to reduce the asperities of a compound of scholarship. Good taste is our taste; or how should we know that it is good?

Yet what is it? That is the puzzle we are to examine, but shall not solve. Let us suppose—for there is no reason why all illusions should do us harm—that good taste gets its value from those clouds of glory which, so Wordsworth assures us, we brought with us. We are not—some of us are not—entirely forgetful.

We had better not suppose that good taste in books is something the chil-

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dren may acquire at school, if they are diligent; or that any one may cultivate it, as a hobby. It does not come with industry, like success in commerce. Yet I am sure that it might be more general than it is. I have noticed that children, by no means clever, who have had easy access to such books as the Bible, the Iliad and the Odyssey, to Dickens, to Bunyan, Defoe, Shakspere, Milton, Keats, and others that could easily be named, and have not been ordered to read them, but have been casually induced to find treasure there; who have heard read aloud some of the greater passages of the best that man has done—such children, with a free run on all sorts of new volumes in later years, show a native distaste for shoddy, and a ready detection of the insincere and pretentious. I am inclined to think there is nothing much more valuable in the public library near my own home than its carefully selected library in a room for children, where the readers may take what they want, sit among those of their own age, and have the kindly direction of a skilled attendant by asking for it. It is possible to induce in the young the faith that in books they may find happy reflections of truth, which they may know by their beauty. For even if we know of no absolute criteria for the judging of literature, or of any art apart from its technicalities, we need make no mistake about one thing. Art certainly is not, as some commentators would have us believe, a choice and decorative thing set apart for the privileged who have been initiated into its mysteries, as though it were like the cunning collecting of old French clocks or Chinese snuff-bottles. For my part, if literature is not a flowering of life, just as is any rose, then it is no better than any other indoor game. It is not something ornamental to be added to the house when business improves and leisure is won. Literature and religion have so much in common that, for my part, I find it impossible to separate the works of Isaiah and Swift. There is a passion for truth in these religious and writing fanatics, a terrible zeal, which puts upon what they do the sign of beauty. Some prefer to call it the love of God.

What! you expostulate; is the judging of books as vague as that? Is that what you call exact guidance?

I do. What more could we have? I am convinced that the man who sins against the light, who is a time-server, and prefers comfortable obscurity with a bucket over his light, and thus recognizes things as they are, in the long run gets the lie in the soul so much at home that he cannot even tell a good book from a bad one. After all, the light is not without its uses; in our search for realities we omit it at our peril. I will refer to some current art criticism in the press to show what I mean by the lie in the soul, and what that lie will do for us. The reader may have heard of the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park; the noise in the English press over it has been like the din of a riot. A deplorable uproar, for I was aware that some of the more violent press critics of Epstein—for whom I hold no brief—had never read "Green Mansions," did not know anything of Rima, and so did not understand Epstein's problem. It must be remembered that nothing so quickly arouses the coarse derision and even the anger of barbarians as what is beautiful. They will even take pleasure in destroying it. They don't like it, for it makes possible an unfortunate comparison. If that is right, then

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what are they? And here I would ask: did any one hear of an attack in the popular press on the Edith Cavell Memorial? That exhibit stands alongside our national collection of art. When foreigners visit us, Londoners cannot escape their critical eyes. There our testimony to Edith Cavell, that noble woman, stands. Now, in what I shall say I shall not criticize the work of its artist, but those who should cherish the memory of Edith Cavell. There is a lion on that memorial, associated with the cross. That association may be resolved as one pleases, but to me something about it seems rather odd. That lovable woman's last words have, of course, not been forgotten. She was about to die, and she rose then, as a great soul, above the battle, in which we still were heated and violent. "I find," she said in that moment, "I find that patriotism is not enough." Is it credible that we could allow her monument to stand there, with lions and crosses about it, but with the truth omitted, that truth she left for us just as she went out to die? It is. It was omitted for some years, and was inserted recently under protest; and the press, which now finds so horrible Epstein's conception of an image in a romance, said never a word.

§ 3

Now to return to Rima. I do not think there is much to be said about the Hudson Memorial either way. It is a worthy tribute to a poet, and open to criticism, of course; but the memorial was obviously designed to be overshadowed by trees, and to have the reflections from the fountain before it playing over its surface, that the austerity of Rima in white marble should be softened. Rima was a spirit; and it is not easy to render a spirit in stone, and, may be, it is impossible. As you leave Epstein's attempt to render it, come out of Hyde Park by St. George's Hospital. There you will find a gigantic bronze figure of a youth with only a fig-leaf and a huge sword, and may wonder what it is. Well, it pretends to be a tribute to the men of the machine-gun corps, who died in the war. But on its pedestal you may read these words: "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands." The fig-leaf is a silly evasion and a snigger. David was not a hermaphrodite, nor was any machine-gunner that I have met. That inscription, however, proves the inhumanity, the essential ugliness, of the whole conception. For it is not at all a tribute to the men who fell. It is the deification of Carnage. It is a tribute not to the poor machine-gunners who died, but to the machine-gun itself. The inscription might just as well have been in German, for certainly most of our own men were slain by the German David. There that testimony, an unconscious falsity in itself, as its inscription shows, stands to Moloch, and not far from Westminster Abbey. But they who have been so outraged by Epstein's conception of a phantom in a book, a book some of them have not read, appear to be unable to discern that mockery in bronze, in central London, too, of the sacrifice of the boys we lost. If you want to know what can happen when, with a lie poisoning the mind, we judge a book or a work of art, there it is. Studious nicety can be shown over the adjustment of a fig-leaf. The harshness of Rima's marble breasts can be most unladylike. But the triumph of a brute god over the young who perished can pass unnoted.

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Is that unimportant? To me it is the choice between life and death; no less. If we can find no precise rules for the judging of literature, we see, nevertheless, that on our choice a very great deal depends. We may, and without knowing what we do, deny the light. We may hail for our choice, and again without knowing what we do, Barabbas. For we may be always quite sure that the choice of Barabbas is a sincere choice, and entirely the consequence of a genuine and heartfelt preference. And we can be always quite sure that for us to challenge such a choice will prompt reasonable and even righteous indignation. For can it be doubted that an instinctive desire, once it is rationalized, is no longer a desire at all, but an intellectual conception worthy of reasonable men? Well, we never doubt it in the heat of the argument.

The judging of books may be all that to us. But we will not deceive ourselves. For it is a fact that you may say just what you like about literature, and yet never raise that intensity of joy or resentment which might come of hinting that a famous politician had spoken favorably of tinned tomatoes while knowing in his dark heart he preferred them fresh. You may, as a literary critic and in a responsible paper, couple the last popular novel of Miss Jones with Hardy's "Tess," and even hint to Hardy that time flies, and the young have all their life before them; and yet the chances are that your host of silent readers will fancy there is something shrewd and clever behind such a remark. One feels too sorry to laugh over it. It is funny, we know, to see a dignified fellow-creature go down on a banana-skin. But if such an accident were to be witnessed at all hours of the day in any street, we might begin to feel at last that some control should be exercised over the banana-skins of the irresponsible. Yet consider the happy abandon with which slippery stuff about books is thrown around nowadays for the unwary, how wonderful is the literature that is issued every week, how great the novels of Miss Jones, how majestic the prose style of Mr. Churchill, and the poetic genius of Mr. Potts! Can it all be true? But if it is ridiculous, as no doubt it is, does it really matter, some may ask?

Of course such bad and indifferent criticism of books is of serious concern, like bad drains. Of course it is important, for at least frivolity appears unseemly, and carelessness something worse, about the springs of life and death. Though it may be largely true that our literary criteria are only our personal prejudices elegantly disguised in reasonable argument, yet one does see errors in criticism which ought not to be made by any one who knows a book from a toast-rack. I remember reading, in one important London newspaper, that a certain popular novelist's prose style, though admittedly bad, must be quite all right after all, for was not the prose style of Carlyle also ugly? I gathered that it was the *matter* of a book that was of importance, and not the style.

I must say that any press critic who makes such a fundamental mistake as that ought to be dismissed instantly. The style of "Past and Present" ugly, and not beautiful, though it so perfectly embodies its noble purpose! Was there ever a good book with a bad style, or an attractive flower with a disgusting smell, or an honest politician with a dishonest soul? Such

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fallacies are by no means unimportant, even though our literary standards are only our personal preferences. Commonly held, they may prove of no less consequence than the cheerful faith that war is inevitable, that all men are liars, that statesmen are great, that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and the other phrases, freely advertised, which we use because they are handy and we cannot be bothered to think them over.

The little things matter, even in books. They are significant. Even the style matters. For style is not ornamentation, nor even, as some people think when they remember Lamb and Sir Thomas Browne, useless ornamentation. Only a bad style can come of artful deliberation, as Oscar Wilde and others have shown. Style depends, first and last, on what a writer has to say, and the kind of man he is. It is not his dress, but the essential man, the man even his friends may not know. And yet there are, among those critics to whom one must often go for guidance, some who suppose that a good book can still be ugly; that is to say, that a bad book can be a good one. It may be complained, as a correspondent did once, to a paper for which I was writing, that these are but personal views, as in fact I have confessed, and not *objective* criticism. I wish I knew how to recognize objective criticism, but I fear it is like the objective and fabulous monsters seen when our minds are not quite right; we think it is there, but it is not. That is the reason why there is no perfect and objective style, and no absolute and impersonal criteria by which literature can be judged as a thing in itself. Good style is more than the use of the right words in the right order, if by right words we mean technical exactitude, and not that indefinable appeal which is in the form, color, and poise of a daffodil when the light favors it.

§ 4

But along with the warning that every one had better depend on his own judgment, let me put in a plea for the unfortunate reviewer. It is but fair to him to say that he is scandalously underpaid. His is the worst rewarded job on the press. No intelligent advertising salesman—and they are all very acute—would change places with a reviewer of books. Naturally, it follows that the best reviewers, who themselves would be good writers, prefer to get their bread in some other way; if they can find another way, that is. Some years ago, when visiting Conrad, I noticed in a corner of his room a stack of brown paper parcels. Several of the parcels had their wrappers torn, and I could see they held books. I recognized some recent publications and was indiscreet enough to look closer. The great man, a model of courtesy, patience, modesty, hospitality, and other gentle virtues, seeing my curiosity, dropped his monocle from his eye, fluttered his hands before him, raised them, clenched them, beat them down, and stepped closer to me with his face thrust forward and tense with annoyance. Though obviously trying to say something, he failed, because his sudden emotion had choked his utterance. Luckily, I could see it was the parcels he hated, and not me. I waited calmly for his words to burst, for clearly I was no more responsible for those parcels than for the day of the month.

"Why do they do it?" at last he demanded. "You're a newspaper man.

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Why do they do it? Is it done to annoy me?" I took these words of his, and other fragmentary exclamations, assembled them with that ready improvisation toward a hidden meaning which a journalist at length acquires; for not infrequently he has to settle the doom of nations on the back of a hotel bill, having no more writing-paper handy; and so I concluded hastily that one of the many newspapers with the largest circulation had sent all this mass of new publications to the famous man for him to review. Indeed, at last Conrad said so. It agitated him like an unremitting leak in a water-pipe which he did not know how to stop. It appears that at first the parcels came unannounced. They kept coming; Conrad thereupon demanded to know why this mistake was continued. Then he was informed that he was supposed to review them. Somewhere, no doubt, a news-editor, prompt and clever, but lacking in judgment, and without that knowledge of letters which is so hard to acquire in the hurry of modern journalism, had noticed that Conrad was famous, and that there were books to review. It gave that news-editor an immediate conjunction of irrelevant ideas, one of those curious associations which at times do supply a newspaper with some of its most popular features. Hence the parcels. The great man said to me, "What shall I do with the damned things?"

A question of closer pertinence than he knew, for he was addressing a reviewer; but an unanswerable question. Perhaps in ignoring them he was doing the best thing possible; for the art of reviewing, as we hurried writers must practise it, is one of the many idle occupations in a society which has developed an excess of such means for tapping ready nutriment out of essential wealth and labor. Yet even the reviewer of books, it ought to be pointed out, though his work is not so dreadful as that of the gatherer of samphire, often has a wretched time of it, creaking and groaning, rusty-minded, through the latest gritty volume, urged to such a task by rent and taxes, and a hypothetical public alleged to be anxious to know whether he can endure the thing or not—the dog the new book is tried on.

That, of course, can easily be guessed; but what I am asked to give is a touchstone by which, independent of the reviews, we may know whether an author deserves to be placed where readers may have access to what light he brings.

And here I have to say that we must depend on ourselves. For whether we regard the perfunctory but laudatory reviews of new novels which flow through the press like a chant of unvarying praise, or whether we turn to the scholarly and patient examination by fastidious intellectuals, which are occasionally to be found, we may be, nevertheless, just as unguided or misguided. I will, to conclude, recall a review which one fastidious intellectual, who shall be nameless, but who is really a scholar, wrote of another excellent and more *humane* critic of letters, when the last had just published a book of essays. The review appeared in the "Athenæum."

He began his serious assault on his contemporary by a reference to a third critic, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who, he alleged, said once of a fourth critic, named Matthew Arnold, that he, Matthew, might have been a great

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critic, with study and discipline. But the critic in the "Athenæum" said that to him it seemed but a superstition to suppose that Matthew Arnold, by study and discipline, could have been a great critic. For my part, I hazard no guess. I have said that I have no ambition in this matter of literary criticism; but I do submit that it is only comic insolence to suggest that what Matthew Arnold lacked —though we may be sure he lacked something—was the discipline of study. I mention this because, from the rest of the review, I gathered that a critic should never begin a criticism by making strange faces and funny noises in order to gain attention. He must be, as this serious critic explained, *serious*.

"What is the matter with the criticism we get?" asked this critic of letters. And then he went on to say that that was the "inquest" to which the review of the poor book was going to take him. The inquest! He made it clear throughout his review that it was a post-mortem inquest he was conducting. He was overhauling a dead body in the damp silence of a morgue for the seat and origin of the taint which needed a skilled dissector like himself, just before the undertaker's arrival. But though my own literary criticism is infrequent and amateurish, I think the trouble with criticism in England, of the *intellectual* kind, might have been seen fairly soon by this scholarly critic if he had kept his eye on his own word, inquest, till he saw daylight through it. Yet how often in this life, when looking for the truth, may we not stare at the simple, familiar, but unrecognized light itself, without knowing it; and so continue our drudgery, through two more columns, or a few more years, when a touch of alert humor at the right moment would have saved us!

There is no joy in an inquest. And there is no understanding of literature which is not won with joy.

The deep gravity of this critic became like dull lead because the author of the book of essays he was reviewing was never quite serious. But living men, who are enjoying their work, and are trying to sustain in us a cheerful faith in the living world, keep their thought in the open as much as is possible. One does not go to the mortuary sooner than is necessary. Yet worse than his cheerfulness, this essayist, it appeared from his scholarly critic, was unable to treat a book "austerely by criteria of art and of art alone."

Let us ask each other a few questions. What are the "criteria of art and of art alone"? What is art, anyhow? Was Tolstoy right, or Walter Pater? Or did this learned critic really know? Is it likely that Shakspere had read Aristotle's "Poetics," or the advice of Longinus on the Sublime? Or did Whitman feed himself thus? And supposing both those poets had been so careful, would the advice of Aristotle have made any difference to "Macbeth," or "Leaves of Grass"?

Our critic went on to declare that what a *great* critic requires is "analysis and comparison methodically, with sensitiveness, intelligence, curiosity, intensity of passion, and infinite knowledge." The request for infinite knowledge was a happy last thought. Perhaps, in view of that demand, the Deity might prove a good reviewer. As to comparison, I suppose he meant that mass of examples which would at

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last crush with conviction the densest mental timber. Yet what writer worth the name writes anything without compensating it instinctively with comparative reference to all his experience of life and letters? I suppose a book—what all good people would agree to call a book—is sublimated personality. Using, without taking much thought of it, all the knowledge that was added to his mother's milk, a poet proceeds to express his mind, without consciously doing that, either, in describing the world as it appears to him. And if another man chooses to occupy himself later in describing the mental complexes of the first, and calls it literary criticism, then it is a highly interesting pursuit, and may, if well done, improve the heart and understanding of many people; but they who engage in that kind of by-play cannot dress like serious priests, and pretend to be performing sacred rites, without causing a little amusement. Literary criticism, I fear, springs from temperament as much as from knowledge. Just like the books with which it deals, it comes out of the nature and the circumstances of the beast. It is nearly all opinion; and a little of the opinion may be accepted by succeeding generations, and so get fixed as a sort of law, till some stout man comes along to play puffball with it. To talk of the criteria of art and of art alone is like seriously intoning the Abracadabra of the Absolute. There will be no such literary criticism till the last day, when the Book of Doom is opened.

Rupert Brooke

[*Remembering His Years in the South Seas*]

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

Like fine bright flame he passed from our dazed sight,
This burning torch that God touched with His fire,
That flamed wind-beaten by the great desire
Of Beauty, Truth, those lodestars of the night;
So raced he on a singing meteor bright
That men might see and make their low aims higher,
That men might hear and heed this questing lyre,
And follow on from height to his soul's height.
Now when the southern dusk croons her night hymn
And brown throats sing a lonely saga brave,
A white flame dips on the horizon's rim;
And we, our ears attuned to wind and wave,
We lay our hearts, like flowers, on his grave
And thank life richly for the joy of him.

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He Twanged a Merry Mandolin

By Franklin Holt

I AM thinking of Maria and Alberto, two street singers whom I knew in Genoa, back in 1916. She had a deformed foot which she dragged smilingly about with her and a tumor under her ribs which was gradually pressing the life out of her brave heart. She knew death had marked her, and I suppose had her periods of fear and depression. She must have had, for life is sweet even to a girl who has one foot that is inches shorter than the other, but she never showed her dread to the world—much less to Alberto. He didn't even know she had a tumor. That was the sort of courage Maria had. She used to listen to him planning for the operation which was to cure her lameness—some German doctor he would take her to as soon as the war was over—and she would kiss him to show her delight; but she knew all the time that she would never live to see the end of the war. I don't know whether she shared his delusion in the miraculous doctor's surgical powers. At any rate she never suggested the possibility of failure to him. She knew too well the pleasure he got from planning and saving for the great day. She knew more than that, poor girl. She knew that Alberto had no more chance of living through the war than had she. He was tubercular—acutely so. Her one desire was to make as happy as possible those last months he had to live. Therefore she humored his plan for an operation and concealed from him the fact that she had a tumor that was killing her. She even planned far enough ahead to hope that he might go before she did in order to spare him the grief of losing her.

I wonder if I can make you see them as I still see them in memory. They were insignificant to look at—she with her big, round face, her clumsy foot which made her walk with a singular humping motion that heaved her hips up and down see-saw fashion while she bore her weight on a cane. She did the singing while Alberto twanged a merry mandolin in accompaniment. He was pale and sickly. Everybody saw it, but he had a cajoling smile that lit up his thin face and made his deep-sunk eyes luminous and sympathetic.

They were almost without education. They could hardly speak Italian and depended entirely on their local Genoese dialect—probably the most uncouth of all the dialects in Italy and as different from pure Italian as French is. Its words are drawn from Arabic, Portuguese, and French. I met them in a low-class restaurant on the waterfront, a place frequented by the poorest of the day-laborers. For months I ate there and spent only two American cents a day for food. Two cents was twenty centesimi at that time, and

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that was all I could afford to spend. However, I didn't mean to start talking about myself. When I think of Maria and Alberto, though, I just naturally am carried back to old memories. They are glowing memories, too. The days of struggle and hardship are generally the best to look back upon, I think.

The restaurant was in a cellar—dark and rather damp. I used to eat at one of the wine-and-grease-blackened tables in the back near the kitchen. Long, plain wooden tables they were with no table-cloths or napkins, but quite highly polished from the rubbing of many arms over their surfaces. The benches were also of wood and just the length of the tables. On the floor was scattered sawdust, which at ten in the morning was likely to be clean. By one in the afternoon, however, it was dirty, and it stayed dirty till the next morning.

Maria and Alberto ate at the same table with me. They got their food for nothing in return for the music and singing they supplied afterward. The meal, which invariably consisted of a great bowl of thick vegetable soup or *minestrone*, would progress in noisy silence. The poor folks who ate in that restaurant were too tired and hungry to waste time talking until the meal was completed. Their earnest desire was to get on the outside of that food just as expeditiously as they could. They devoured everything appreciatively but without stopping to masticate or roll it over their palates. Food to them was something to fill an empty and gnawing stomach. I know, for I felt exactly as they did about it.

But once the meal was consumed and the last drop of coarse yet indispensable wine had been washed about in the mouth, the tongues were loosened. Alberto would disengage his celluloid mandolin pick from among the strings where he had thrust it after playing the last piece and begin industriously to clean his gleaming white teeth. Maria would wait a moment till the operation was completed, then struggle awkwardly to her feet and with the help of her cane limp over to a corner of the cellar, where she would take her stand and sing to Alberto's accompaniment one after another of the many popular war airs in her deep voice.

How she got that rich voice from her pathetically twisted body always amazed me; and as she sang she would glance around from one diner to another, catch his eye, and seem to have a bit of gay banter with him, just by the twinkle of an eye or the twitch of a lip. Then with a bow and a *buona sera* they would leave.

Frequently I would go along with them to the nearest *piazza*, where they would stop to play again. On the way, Maria would drop behind and limp along beside me, chattering of the day's doings. Sometimes in a low voice, lest Alberto hear her, she would ask me how I thought he seemed. Was he noticeably worse? And did I think he could go on much longer without discovering that he was dying? Poor girl! She thought because I was an American that I must know everything.

"I haven't told him that he is sick, you know," she said, and smiled at me gently. "It would make him so melancholy to know he wasn't going to last very long."

"I know," I nodded.

"You know about me, too?" she queried then, suddenly worried lest

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I had guessed her tumor and might tell Alberto. "Don't tell him. He doesn't know. I don't want him to." She patted her breast as if bidding it to conceal its secret. "I can feel it growing. It will finish me before long, but—" she gave me an earnest look from her black eyes—"I want him to go first. He'd be so miserable thinking about me. He's happy now saving up money to have my foot fixed. Poor lad!" She would break off suddenly to look with keen maternal eyes after his figure that went ahead of us.

"Hi, you, Alberto!" she would cry as if in a passion. "*Will* you button that coat around your neck! You seem to think that just because you are as healthy as a dog you can take chances of catching cold." Then she would turn to me. "He *will* throw open his shirt at the neck, and it only hurries him off the faster. But then, maybe it's better so—I'm not as strong as I was a week ago."

So night after night for several months I ate with them at our corner table in the cellar restaurant, waited while Alberto cleaned his teeth with the mandolin pick, and until the singing was over—and then walked with them up to the Piazza della Madonna. Little by little they were slipping away—and I didn't know which would go first, though I thought it would be Alberto, because Maria's voice was deceptively strong.

Everybody could see what was going on. All Genoa knew them and watched them with pitying eyes. I remember one night as they sang at a street corner a gendarme appeared from behind them. It was his duty to make sure that they had their license as street singers—and if they did not have it, to send them packing. A license cost only fifteen lire, which at that time was only a dollar and a half; but Alberto would not spend the money to get it, not until he was forced to do so, for every ten-lira note was just that much more saved for the great operation; so they sang without a license. The gendarme knew they had none, and for a moment he looked at them irresolutely. Then with a shake of his head he turned his back and slipped away. It was that way with every one. They were filled with loving pity for that brave couple who were singing and playing their way toward death.

§ 2

It was near the end of December that Alberto suddenly began to sink.

"I've caught a bit of a cold," he told me in a voice that was hardly more than a hoarse wheeze. Then he twanged his pick across the mandolin strings in a joyous chord and gave me an engaging grin from his pallid face. There was no suggestion in his manner that he realized that his condition was serious. Maria knew, however.

And then finally there came a night when only Maria appeared in the restaurant doorway and made her way toward my table. She limped a bit less bravely than usual, and her eye didn't sparkle. That was all. There was no play for sympathy.

"He's in the hospital," she whispered when I questioned her. Her lip trembled, but she ate her soup as usual and, having finished, made her way to her accustomed place for the singing. She couldn't sing all the songs that night, however; hadn't the heart without Alberto; so she came back and sat down with me. Together we walked up to the *piazza*, and

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she tried to gather the usual crowd with her singing, but she had to stop.

"I can't sing as well without him," she said simply. "The people like the mandolin. Only half as much money to-night as usual."

I asked then if I couldn't see Alberto at the hospital, and her eyes shone with gratitude.

"Let's go," she urged. "It will please him so to see his friend the *Americano*."

To reach the hospital we had to go up the hill. It had been a public school before the war turned it into a hospital; and most of the beds about Alberto were filled with soldiers. We heard the tinkle of his mandolin as he played softly to them. He was very popular with them already.

"Eh?" he cried when he saw us. "How did it go to-night?" And Maria had to confess that the people missed the mandolin.

"Pshaw!" Alberto said, "I'll be up again in a week." But when we had started to go he called me back alone. "I'm no good any more," he told me. "I knew it would have to happen pretty soon. But Maria needn't know yet, eh?"

He fell silent, evidently thinking about Maria.

"She should have some one to play for her; but she won't take up with strangers. Such a pity, for we had saved almost enough for her operation!" Then his face lighted up. "Why, you could play for her, couldn't you? Yes?" To his Italian mind every one was a musician, but I shook my head sadly.

"I can't read a note, Alberto," I confessed. "I can only strum half a dozen tunes or so by ear; that's all."

"Good! Good!" he cried. "That's all I do. Who needs notes?" He held out his mandolin to me. "Come now," he urged. So I took the instrument just to please him, expecting that my first notes would disillusion him.

"I don't know any Italian airs," I said, and struck out into one of the few tunes with which I was fairly familiar in English. It was "Turkey in the Straw." From constant repetition of it I played with a certain facility.

Alberto lay back in his pillows delighted with the lively air, and the soldiers about beat time with their hands and feet. It was new music to them. The sound brought Maria and several of the nurses back. They stood with tapping feet until the end, when I was greeted with a chorus of *bravos*. Can you imagine such a thing happening in an American hospital? I suppose it was only the war-time atmosphere that permitted it even in free and easy Italy.

Alberto would not rest till I had promised to accompany Maria and play "Turkey in the Straw." He could make up Italian words to it, he said, if I would call for them before I went to supper next evening. He was humming the tune to himself already.

When I went to him on the following evening, I found the little ward turned into a chorus practice. They were hilarious with delight over Alberto's war lyric to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw," and I was obliged to play it anew for them. He had worked out a jingle of words that were really screamingly funny, using, as many of the war songs did at that time, the royal Austrian family as an object of ridi-

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cule. Words and tune together were delicious.

Maria sang it that night with tears of laughter streaming down her cheeks, while her street-corner audience was nearly convulsed. It was an instant hit in spite of my inexpert playing. The pennies fairly rained upon us, and the crowds followed us from one *piazza* to another in order to hear it again. I played it a hundred times a night for a week, I believe, and by that time all Genoa knew it by heart. It even made its way to the front, I am told, and was passed across the lines from Italy's front trenches to those of Austria. I wonder if it ever reached the august ears of Cecco Beppe, as Franz Josef was universally nicknamed.

The tune became so mechanical that I could take count of the pennies as they dropped into my hat and inform Maria of our gains as the lire mounted up. Indeed, the money came in so fast that our friendly gendarme finally decided he must interfere.

"See here, *Signor Americano*," he said to me one night. "You are going pretty strong. You are not only a foreigner but you have no license. You can spare the price of a yellow ticket now. Look in that hat of yours! You have enough right there." Nor would he let up till I had gone with him to the *questura* and paid for a permit.

"Never mind," Maria consoled me. "I will never need that operation anyway. All I care about is to have enough to carry a little fresh fruit to Alberto and pay for his hospital expenses. He thinks the hospital goes for nothing. He doesn't know I am paying."

"La-la!" I scolded her. "Don't talk like that!"

"But yes," she insisted, "I must talk like that, because that is the way the truth is. I know. I don't fear. I only don't want to go ahead of him. He is so sure I can get a whole leg again. That is all he has lived for for nine months now, and I couldn't bear to disappoint him." Her face suddenly fell, and she added pathetically: "But then, I suppose once he gets beyond—up there—he will look down on me and know everything. They read our minds, don't they? He will know—he will see this lump inside." She put her hand to her heart. "Still, while he is living I can keep him from finding out. He won't be here much longer now."

That at least was true. Alberto was getting nearer and nearer the end. Every day showed its change, and when they reach that state it is pretty serious. Such loving attention as Maria gave him! A visit every moment she could. She had no thought for herself; nor did I consider her as I should have done. I ought to have seen that she was getting weaker, but she was so courageous that she kept it from me till at last one evening she grew deadly pale and backed up against a building to keep herself from falling. That was in the middle of a song; and I refused to let her sing any more that night.

§ 3

Next day she declared she was quite recovered, and so we set out once more. It went finely till after supper. She was tired then. I noticed it when she got up from the table to take her place in the corner. She wouldn't give in, however.

"Singing is good for me," she said. "This song of yours and Alberto's

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makes me feel good. I laugh every time."

Yes, she laughed and twinkled her eyes and twitched her lip at the diners just as usual till they were all laughing with her; and then, without any warning at all, she keeled right over in a dead faint. We couldn't make her come to, either, which frightened me.

"Call an ambulance, please," I asked, and when it came I helped carry her out to the long, narrow, green-covered little hand-wagon which is used in Genoa on account of the steep hills and narrow alleys through which no ordinary machine would go.

Maria woke up as we started off and called out sharply:

"Let me out! I want to get down! I am all right now." Before she could set foot to ground, however, she had fainted again. I was afraid that time that it was the end, for she didn't come to till we were in the hospital. I had them take her to the same one where Alberto lay, though it was upstairs above where he was—a thing for which I was afterward glad, for Maria's first words on discovering where she was were: "Oh! Don't let Alberto know! Poor lad!"

"There! There!" I soothed. "He has got to find out."

"No! No!" she almost screamed. "Don't tell him!"

"But when he finds you don't come in to see him—" I reasoned.

She covered her face then and lay still.

"He mustn't know it is my heart. Nothing to scare him. Tell him I slipped on a wet pavement and broke my leg—not badly. The doctors can fix it. The good leg. Tell him it was the good leg. He will keep right on hoping for the operation then. See? Just make him think it is something for a couple of weeks—that I'm not suffering at all." She looked up at me pleadingly from her sheets. "He would be miserable if he knew that I were done for."

"Have you much pain?" I asked her, for I could see a fine perspiration that was forming on her so pale forehead. She smiled a singularly sweet smile, and her lip twitched in her characteristic way; a sort of humorous agony, if you can conceive of it.

"It's not so bad that it won't get worse," she answered. Then very soberly, "I can't let it finish me till after he has gone." And thereafter it seemed only this desire to keep him from knowing her condition that kept her alive. She never complained, however. She had a smile and a twitch of the lip with which to greet us all, whether it were doctor, nurse, or friend, yet they told me that she must be suffering horribly, for in her sleep when she could no longer control herself they said she moaned and held her hands to her heart.

Alberto, on the other hand, seemed to be improving. He wanted desperately to live, although the doctors told me there was absolutely no hope.

"I'm getting better," he would say to me. "I'll be up and around in a few days. Tell Maria that, will you? It will make her leg better to know I am improving." Then he told me a plan he had conceived during the night. He said the money we had added to his little hoard was almost sufficient to pay for the operation that would save Maria's deformed foot. He had discovered that a certain Roman doctor could do it just as well as the German. There was only a little more money needed, and the

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soldiers in the beds about him had asked to contribute the rest.

"We want to do our bit for a plucky girl like that Maria," the soldiers told me. "We aren't rich, but we each have a little."

"And now will be a good time to do it," Alberto interjected. "She has to be in bed anyway with her broken leg, so better do it all at once."

I didn't tell him that even if Maria were healthy there was no hope for her foot. Why disappoint him? Maria had humored his plan, and it was not for me to disillusion him now. I told her, however, of his wish. The tears started from her eyes as if forced out.

"Poor Alberto!" she murmured. "Poor lad! He doesn't know how bad I am, does he?"

I told her he thought she was getting well rapidly.

"You're so good!" she thanked me, and I noticed how weak she was. The words passed her lips in a hardly audible whisper. "You'll tell him the operation has been made?" she asked then. Under the covers her hands stole up to her heart and clasped there. Her eyes begged mine, and I told her I would say the operation had been made.

The nurse across the bed wiped her eyes and nodded at me to show that she would play her part in the deception, too. There was that in her face which told me a soul was passing away beside us. I felt my throat contract then, and my eyes stung.

"How is he?" Maria asked anxiously, her voice a mere thread.

I thought to cheer her up with the news that he was looking better, but the nurse, who understood her better than I, cut me off.

"He's very weak," she said. "The doctor says he can't live another night." Her voice broke with a sob she could not repress—but Maria's face smoothed out.

"Ah!" she sighed contentedly. "I have prayed the Blessed Virgin that he might go first."

The nurse raised her head, and our eyes met in a look of understanding. It was as if a common thought had possessed us in the same instant, a thought which overleaped conventions.

"Maria," breathed the nurse with a voice that shook, "thy prayer has been heard. We hesitated to tell the truth before—but Alberto has already passed on ahead of thee. He died last night," she lied softly.

Maria's face was angelic as the words penetrated to her waning consciousness.

"Ah, the Blessed Virgin!" she whispered. It was the last she ever said.

It wasn't so easy to face Alberto with a smile on my face after that, for the pain of Maria's sweetness had left a scar, yet Alberto was so cheery.

"Well?" he demanded eagerly. "And her foot—will it be all right?" The wounded soldiers who lay near lifted their heads to hear the reply. It was partly their operation, too. My heart beat hard for a moment as I debated how to tell him the truth. He was so eager.

"It will be fine," I answered, for I hadn't the courage to blast his pleasure. "The doctor has promised a well foot in another month."

Alberto looked to the nurse, who had followed me down. She nodded her head in affirmation. It was all she could manage to do. She had to turn away quickly and leave us.

"A month? So long?" Alberto

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asked wistfully. It was as if he knew the time was too long for him to survive. "But pshaw! It is fine that she will walk straight again." He called to the soldiers about him. "Did you hear, comrades?" he cried. "Our operation was successful! Maria will be able to walk as well as you or I in a month."

The men cheered.

"Oho!" bantered one fellow who had lost both legs. "Now she will be able to go for a stroll with me." Every one laughed.

For ten more days Alberto lingered, and each day his first inquiry was for Maria.

"Eh? And is she getting up yet?" he would ask, and I would invent for him all the convalescing tricks that Maria could perform with her new foot.

"She can wiggle her toes now," or, "You ought to see how she can raise the sheets; both legs are the same length." It all pleased him immensely. But one morning I arrived to find that he had slipped away in the night.

"A brave fellow!" said the soldier next him. "Never a complaint, never a word. He should have had his chance in the trenches with the rest of us. Eh, comrades?"

"But it will be hard for Maria when she hears it," another one said. "A straight leg won't make up for a lost sweetheart."

So then I had to tell them the truth; and it was hard to see the faces fall soberer even than before.

"I should have liked to hear her sing that American song of yours again," one lad said. "Could you play it for us just once more?"

They were funny words that Alberto had jingled together for it, words that had made thousands of men and women laugh, just the sort of words to twang out merrily on a mandolin while the people held their sides, but played that morning in the ward of that little Genoese war-hospital it wrung—not laughter but tears. Can you imagine "Turkey in the Straw" making anybody cry and choke up with sobs? Well, it did.

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The New Group

And the Snuff-Boxes in the Senate-Chamber

By Edward G. Lowry

The Senate was born with the gift of perpetuity and a sense of timelessness. The Continental Congress passed a resolution to build a monument to Lafayette. By reason of the poverty of the Confederation in that day the resolution was not made effective. In Washington's first administration somebody called attention to the fact that the monument had not been erected, to which Roger Sherman answered, "The vote is the monument."

Decades passed, and George F. Hoar, a grandson of Roger Sherman, came to the Senate from Massachusetts. "I was led by this anecdote," he records, "to do what I could to have the long neglected duty performed. The statue and monument now stand at one corner of Lafayette Square."

The Senate is, and always has been, as unhurried as the procession of the seasons. What it leaves undone in one era, epoch, or eon it can always repair in some succeeding period.

I remember almost the first time I ever went inside the Senate-Chamber. It was in 1905. Dear old Senator Morgan of Alabama was on his feet. He had been talking for hours. He loved to do it. Words came from him as effortlessly and as flowingly as water from an inexhaustible reservoir. He was of the old school and had the high deportment and manners of other and spacious days. As he talked this afternoon when I first saw him, a figure appeared in the doorway under the gallery at the top of the center aisle. The presiding officer intoned the usual formula: "The Senate will receive a message in writing from the President of the United States."

The senator stopped talking. The White House secretary delivered his message and retired. Mr. Morgan had lost the tenuous thread of his discourse. He appealed to the chair.

"Mr. President, was I addressing myself to the Pure Food Bill or to the Statehood Bill?"

"The senator from Alabama was addressing himself to the Porto Rican Citizenship Bill."

And so Mr. Morgan went on talking about the Nicaragua Canal route, as he usually was through those days. Nobody ever thought of stopping him. He would have been appalled at such rudeness. This practice of long discourses in the Senate is known as "submitting a few remarks."

Essentially the Senate has never changed, but the senators have. It is as true now as it was in the beginning that senators are a distinct species. But habits, manners, modes, disposi-

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tions, and styles are not what they were.

Of all of the thousands and tens of thousands of federal office-holders only 533 are elected by the people. The list is quickly recited: the President, the Vice-President, ninety-six members of the Senate, and 435 members of the House of Representatives. That is all; and it is only since 1913 that senators have been elected by popular vote. But they still occupy a preferred position. The President and Vice-President are elected for four years, members of the House for two years, but the senator is elected for six years. Not only that; only one third of the chamber comes up for election every two years. Two thirds of the Senate, sixty-four members, are always in office and functioning.

In briefest terms, the Senate is a continuing body. Nothing else under our form of government is so intrenched. There lies the Senate's power, its strength, and the explanation of its unchanging characteristics. Presidents, Vice-Presidents, cabinet officers, members of the House, and even individual senators come and go, but the Senate goes on forever. It runs as Alph, the sacred river, ran through caverns measureless to man down to a sunless sea. It is housed in a windowless chamber. Fresh air is pumped into it and when exhausted is sucked out again. You may take that as symbolical if you will, but it isn't, not really.

The Senate is just a poignant fact and to be accepted as such. Always it has been in high favor with itself, hardly ever with anybody else.

When George F. Hoar came to the Senate from Massachusetts in 1877 that body was in his opinion "at the very height of its Constitutional power. It was, I think, a more powerful body than ever before or since. . . . What was called Senatorial Courtesy required every senator belonging to the party in the majority to support every other in demanding the right to dictate and control the executive and judicial appointments from their respective states. . . . The most eminent senators would have received as a personal affront a private message from the White House expressing a desire that they should adopt any course in the discharge of their legislative duties that they did not approve. If they visited the White House, it was to give, not to receive advice."

When that condition prevails the Senate is happiest. It is the ideal. The Senate and the President, and the Senate and the secretary of state, are always in conflict. This is as it was intended. The "founding fathers" arranged it in making the Constitution.

The Senate is safeguarded from the impacts of public opinion and public sentiment. It does not represent the people; it represents the States. Its membership is not based on population, wealth, or territory but on state borders. Hence the belief once so strongly held (now somewhat abated) that senators were ambassadors from sovereign States.

The whole designed condition makes for unending conflict. The clash from the very first has been between the "overshadowing Senate" and "executive usurpation." Sometimes one side has a temporary advantage, sometimes the other. There is never a final decision. In the very nature of things there cannot be one. When one of these conflicts comes about, it is called in the press, for purposes of identifica-

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tion, a "crisis." It is a perfectly familiar and regularly recurring phenomenon at Washington. It is not affrighting except to the uninitiated. Nothing ever happens.

The Senate always bites the naughty thumb of its distemper when confronted with a treaty for ratification. It distrusts all secretaries of state and never allows them to forget that the Senate is a part of the treaty-making power. I can tell one little story here, by way of illustration, that I have often told before. The senators wore on John Hay until they broke him down. He was too sensitive for such conflict. They played hob with his treaties. I remember one minor convention, particularly, that related to the Congo Free State.

Augustus Octavius Bacon, then one of the ambassadors from the sovereign State of Georgia and for many years the largest individual consumer of semicolons and dependent clauses in the world, was the chief participant in that enterprise. When he had got through with the convention and the Senate had ratified it, it related not to the Congo Free State, a political entity, but to the Congo Basin, a geographical reference, and was so bedeviled as to its verbiage that it might have been an extract from a Delaware traction charter. It was returned to Mr. Hay. I went over to the State Department to ask him what he was going to do about it. It was of vital moment at the time but forgotten now. Mr. Hay was rueful but amused. "I am going to have it parsed by a commission of expert grammarians and then filed in the archives of the department," he said gently. That was in the "gay horrid days" of his acid humor.

Men with the spirit of leaders of forlorn hopes are always coming forward with plans to reform the Senate. Vice-President Dawes is the latest of these. His is one of a long series of such attempts, none of them successful. The record of these essays runs back to about 1804. Usually they have originated in the Senate.

§ 2

The Senate has forty rules easily set forth in fair, clear type on thirty-nine printed pages, but their index requires thirty-four pages, and the compilation of precedents which have arisen fills 584 pages in a volume made even more bulky with the form and phraseology which characterize senate procedure. These rules have come down without substantial change from the foundation of the Government.

But that is a tricky statement. It is true the rules have not been changed, but the Senate has never hesitated to alter, modify, or flatly reverse any interpretation of these rules. What can be done under the rules in one situation cannot be done when that situation arises again unless the Senate sees fit. The Senate makes its own rules and makes them mean what it wants them to mean to fit its moods and needs.

The Senate is the only parliamentary body left under our Government where the individual member retains any power or potency. Less than half a dozen men control the House of Representatives. The average member of that body is absolutely impotent in controlling or affecting legislation. He can introduce bills and resolutions, but he cannot bring them up for discussion or amendment without permission. Because their rules do not

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cramp or bind them, the senators are collectively and individually the most powerful, the most feared persons at the seat of government. One has only to be at Washington a little while to see how much a senator—any senator—counts. None of the senators is negligible, because each one of them has the power to obstruct, if not destroy, any proposal that does not meet his favor. It is not likely that men so fortunately placed will of their own motion tie their hands.

Present-day divisions in the Senate, as a senator points out, are not between Republicans and Democrats. "It is, of course, axiomatic that the majority has the right to rule. But majorities differ from day to day, and the majority in the Senate is no longer partizan or even political. In point of fact, except through artificial means, strict party division is rarely to be had nowadays at either end of the Capitol, and the engrossing questions of federal legislation nowadays are those of economic import affecting the material interests of sectional groups of States. Under these conditions a bloc system has arisen in Congress, and the changing exigencies which should be met by operations of economic law are sought to be remedied by federal statute. The inevitable result is a series of coalitions differing from day to day and with the character of the proposals which the various groups espouse."

§ 3

Twenty years ago the Senate was as conservative as any institution well could be. It was called the Millionaires' Club. The senators were elected by the state legislatures, and they were obedient in too many cases to great Eastern economic and corporate interests. The Senate does its work through committees. Important committee assignments and chairmanships are "key" positions. The ten important committees of the Senate are: Agriculture, Appropriations, Commerce, Finance, Foreign Relations, Interstate Commerce, Judiciary, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, and Post Offices and Post Roads.

In 1905 the chairmen and ranking members of these committees were: Proctor of Vermont and Hansborough of North Dakota, Allison of Iowa and Hale of Maine, Frye of Maine and Elkins of West Virginia, Aldrich of Rhode Island and Allison of Iowa, Cullom of Illinois and Frye of Maine, Elkins of West Virginia and Cullom of Illinois, Platt of Connecticut and Clark of Wyoming, Hawley of Connecticut and Proctor of Vermont, Hale of Maine and Perkins of California, Penrose of Pennsylvania and Dolliver of Iowa. In that whole list, Dolliver is the only one who was ever tainted with progressivism or radicalism or liberalism or whatever you choose to call it. Dolliver ceased to be "regular" on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. He had been as steady in harness as any of them up to that time.

Now compare with that list the present chairmen and ranking members of the same committees: Norris of Nebraska and McNary of Oregon, Warren of Wyoming and Smoot of Utah, Jones of Washington and Fernald of Maine, Smoot of Utah and McLean of Connecticut, Borah of Idaho and Johnson of California, Watson of Indiana and Cummins of Iowa, Cummins of Iowa and Borah of Idaho, Wadsworth of New York and Warren of Wyoming, Frederick Hale of Maine and Pepper of Pennsylvania,

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Moses of New Hampshire and Phipps of Colorado.

The conservative lump has been considerably leavened, though the survivors and descendants of the old-time regulars are still present in numbers. A comparison of the Senate as a whole, member for member, shows a greater change. A record of the votes would disclose even more vividly and clearly that the present Senate is more responsive to the economic and sectional interests of the South and West than to Eastern interests. Direct election of senators has promoted this end.

The signs all indicate that Mr. Coolidge presently will discover that the Senate has not been awed or impressed by the great popular majority he received in November, 1924. The East names the President because of its population and its weight in the Electoral College. The West and the South control Congress because of their weight and control in the Senate. Keep in mind always that the Senate represents States and not population or wealth. Nevada's seventy-seven thousand people have two senators; New York's eleven million have two. On a basis of population New York would have 286 senators if Nevada had two.

When the East was dominant in the Senate the body was popular in the East. It was a bulwark. Now that the new control has assumed charge, the Senate is unpopular in the East but the President is in high favor. This present control lies in sections of the country where wealth is least and where financial and corporate interests are weakest. The dominant group in the Senate—and it is made up of both Republicans and Democrats, as every fundamental division shows—is fearful and suspicious that an effort is in the making to dehorse them by putting the direction of the Senate's business in a few chosen hands. They think the East is trying to regain control by depriving the individual senator of his freedom to debate and to obstruct.

The Senate does recognize that it is under fire from and disliked by the Eastern interests that were once so potent in its control. That is an old fight. When the Senate was dominated by Aldrich, Allison, Hale, Spooner, and Platt of Connecticut, there were Western and Southern "insurgents." It was Borah of Idaho who was chiefly responsible for the direct election of senators. He led that contest in the Senate. The balance of power in the Senate has definitely shifted.

In the days of the old control the Senate was harsh, arbitrary, exacting, imperious. It made short work of opposition. The new control may prove to be equally peremptory.

Every year those who play for the power of government play for bigger stakes. From the very beginning there have been two great groups of players, one representing the producing and agricultural interests, the other the business, financial, and corporate interests; the South and West against the East; the country against the cities. Once this cleavage could be clearly discerned along political party lines. That is no longer true. The division is now along sectional and economic lines. Whoever holds the Senate has power over the tariff, over prohibition, over income, inheritance, and other taxes, and over the regulation of commerce. That power affects everybody; for example, the

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farmer who buys in a protected market and sells in a free and open market. It makes for discussion, and the present control of the Senate has been fighting too long and desperately for the power it now has to relinquish or abate either discussion or action.

By a happy good fortune it is possible to indicate precisely and exactly when the change of control in the Senate began, when the producing and consuming West and South began to supplant the corporate, financial, and manufacturing East. It began at 12:30 o'clock on the fourth day of January, 1906, when Robert M. La Follette of Wisconsin walked down the center aisle of the Senate-Chamber on the arm of his colleague John C. Spooner, took the oath of office, and was conducted to his seat in the Cherokee Strip on the outskirts of the Democratic side. There were so many Republicans in the Senate then that there was not room for all of them in their own side of the chamber.

President Roosevelt, who had almost uncanny political instincts and perceptions in those days when he was at the top of his stride, was the only man in Washington to my knowledge who recognized in La Follette a portent of changes to come and an overturn of control in the Senate. I remember talking with him about it after La Follette had been elected and before he came to Washington.

"They call me radical and dangerous and turbulent and a trouble-maker," remarked Roosevelt, "but wait until that new man from Wisconsin comes down here. Give him time, and he'll put them under a harrow. Then they'll wish they had come along with me instead of fighting and opposing my policies."

From the first, La Follette was hazed as no man before or since has been hazed in the Senate. He said of this experience: "I was alone. When I entered the cloak-room men turned their backs upon me and conversation ceased. Members left their seats when I began to speak. My amendments to bills were treated with derision. For nearly two years I went through an experience that had seldom failed to bring a fresh independent member to terms."

Once when every single one of the Republican senators walked out on him, leaving only John Kean of New Jersey on guard, La Follette pronounced a threat and warning frequently recalled in after days. "Mr. President," he said, "I pause in my remarks to say this. I cannot be wholly indifferent to the fact that senators by their absence at this time indicate their want of interest in what I may have to say on this subject. The public is interested. Unless this important subject is rightly settled, seats now temporarily vacant may be permanently vacated by those who have the right to occupy them at this time."

This was said in April, 1906. La Follette never ceased in his efforts to make his prophecy come true. At this moment only four senators, of those who then sat in the Senate, now remain.

The growth of the new group in the Senate (first they were called Insurgents, then Progressives, and now they are all Republicans again) has been called the most significant development of recent years in Congressional government, reflecting, as it does, a change in political view and a shift in political power in the country. The

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new element in the Senate had become plainly visible in 1909 when it made a fight on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. Note the geographical derivations of that group: Dolliver and Cummins from Iowa, Beveridge from Indiana, La Follette from Wisconsin, Clapp from Minnesota, Dixon from Montana, Bourne from Oregon, Borah from Idaho, and Bristow from Kansas. Not an Easterner in the lot! That was the beginning of the end of the Aldrich domination in the Senate, representing the Special Interests and Big Business, as the familiar heated phrase had it. As one of the Insurgent group put it long afterward:

"In all his long leadership in the Senate on all questions, tariff or otherwise, it had been sufficient for Mr. Aldrich to say, 'It is so,' or, 'It is not so,' or, 'It is necessary,' or, 'It is not necessary'; but a new day had dawned. The Senate boss was thrown into confusion. He had been accustomed to issue orders, not furnish reasons."

Since those days the Senate has never had a boss. More often than not it has not even had a leader; at any rate, not a leader with followers. The Senate has nominal and titular leaders, but they have no followers. Mr. Borah is the outstanding figure of the body at this juncture and possibly may be called with some right the head of his little group, but the cohesion among his associates is slight. Arthur Capper of Kansas is often called, for purposes of identification in the newspapers, the leader of the Farm Bloc. But that is just a pleasant advertisement. The Farm Bloc is a varying quantity, and like the wind, it bloweth whither it listeth.

With this change in the control of the Senate has come a virtually complete change of personnel since 1905. Only one State, North Carolina, has retained both of its senators. Mr. Overman is more typical in appearance of the old Senate than is Mr. Simmons. The two other reminders of a past day are Mr. Smoot of Utah and Mr. Warren of Wyoming, who was called by Senator Dolliver the "greatest shepherd since Abraham." Senator Warren owns sheep in Wyoming and was solicitous about the wool duties in the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill.

§ 4

How do the new senators differ from the old types? There are as many answers to this question as there are senators. The type as a whole is distinctly different. Just as different, for example, as Aldrich, Hale, Allison, and Spooner were from Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and Sumner. Just as different as Brookhart, Heflin, Schall, and Frazier are from Aldrich, Hale, Allison, and Spooner. The present senators do not exact the deference, awe, and respect that were accorded the men of twenty years ago. The same legends and myths do not surround them. These here to-day seem just plain, average, ordinary, every-day human beings. It may not be their fault. It may be due to the new realistic, unromantic attitude that we are now taking toward our public servants. More and more we are learning to look at them as so many hired men instead of as superior beings who give us guidance, authority, wisdom, and direction.

But there can be no speculation about the assertion that we as voters choose another type of senator than the legislatures in the old days chose for us. The New York legislature elected Elihu Root. The people of

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New York elected Dr. Copeland—if I make myself clear. The legislature of Alabama elected Mr. Morgan and General Pettus. The people elected J. Thomas Heflin. The legislature sent Knute Nelson from Minnesota. The people sent first Magnus Johnson and then Thomas D. Schall. In each of these instances the legislature must be credited with winning points, as I score the game. But I could cite other instances where the people have scored. The tendency has been to level down to the average. Neither the people nor the legislatures are infallible. Odd figures that do not measure up to Calhoun, Clay, and Webster will somehow creep in. Taking it by and large my vote is for the direct election of senators by the people. What the Senate has lost in dignity and manners and deportment is more than made up by its quicker responsiveness to public demand.

Comparisons are not only odious but unfair. Daniel Webster was in the Senate and was an orator. Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota and J. Thomas Heflin of Alabama are now in the Senate and are orators, but not Daniel Websters. You shall see. Mr. Schall came into the Senate on March 4 last. He is the newest of the new. He is not an unknown quantity to the people of Minnesota, for they kept him in the House of Representatives ten years before translating him to the upper chamber. Mr. Schall says:

"I have exceptional ability of public speech. The foolish may think this a boast, but I assure you that I am very humble in its assertion and only make it in explanation of some of the things that have happened to me. I have a high dome in the roof of my mouth which serves as a fine sounding-board for speech. My jaw is hung on loosely, so that it waggles easily. My education is sufficient to get over the message, provided my understanding and intuition is delicate enough to receive it. There is no credit personally in the kind of instrument we are."

He attributes the belief his constituents have in him to his power to talk.

"Wherever I talked," he told me, "I was successful. In the campaign last year between June 16 and election day, I made 248 speeches outdoors over two hours in length and thirty speeches over a half-hour in length. Everywhere I got the vote. Magnus Johnson claimed to have a big voice, but we had one meeting where we both spoke to a crowd of about thirty thousand. On the outskirts of the crowd they couldn't hear him at all. They all heard me perfectly. We didn't have loud-speakers or any mechanical devices to aid us. I didn't need any. I just out-talked him.

"My campaign was just a talking one. I went about over the State in an automobile. Mrs. Schall went with me, and I took a negro with a banjo and two fellows to distribute dodgers in the towns before I spoke. Where I spoke they voted for me, and the places I didn't go I didn't get the vote."

Mr. Heflin is also a talker, and I let him sound a note for your delectation. He is talking disapprovingly about the Federal Reserve Board:

"The real reason for the murder of Cæsar was not because they thought he wanted to be dictator. It was not because they thought he wanted a crown. It was because he abolished imprisonment for debt, and the money-changers slew him. That is what brought about the death of Cæsar.

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When he abolished imprisonment for debt the dungeon doors of Rome flew open at his edict, and men wasting in cells were permitted to come out and breathe the air of heaven again. The mighty Shylocks said this man must be put down, and they set upon Cæsar in the Roman Senate, and at the base of Pompey's statue great Cæsar fell.

"What happened in Babylon? The farmers around about Babylon were the most prosperous people in ancient times. Their cattle grazed upon the plains. They were rich, prosperous, happy. They went into Babylon in order to get better educational facilities, to enjoy some of the comforts of the city, and drawing from the resources of their plantations and the cattle on the plains they were powerful in the financial circles of Babylon. Those who controlled the money powers said, 'The only way to get possession of these plains, to own these herds by the thousands, is to contract the currency, reduce the volume of money, make money scarce, interest high, and make these people get in debt to us.'

"The farmers felt the pinch of deflation. They felt the gripping hand of contraction. What happened? Their plains were mortgaged; their chattels bartered. They lost their herds, their farms, their cattle and plains. Then what? The curse of God Almighty came upon Babylon, and the Bible tells us that the angel came down and sat upon the walls of Babylon and said, 'The voice of harpers shall be heard in thee no more forever.' Why was that? Babylon had forgotten the purpose of her existence, lost sight of the purpose of life. Groping in the gathering gloom, Babylon had become degenerate. Babylon, as Dr. Lee told us in his 'Making of the Man,' had no man mentally endowed enough to give permanent mental setting to her civilization, and her faith, whatever it was, was lost and over her history sleeps the stillness of the desert and the gloom of eternal night.

"That is another example of the contraction of the currency and the control of the money supply and robbing the people of a sufficient volume with which to carry on their business. Babylon was a crying example of the evil."

Of course, not all senators are so gifted as these two, but their presence in the Senate and popularity at home indicate a present-day fondness among the voters for the musical talker and maker of phrases. But, after all, it is the essence of our form of government to choose the popular man and not necessarily the best man, isn't it? It is the increasing number of senators of this type that causes the old, conservative, inarticulate business interests no longer to look upon the Senate as a bulwark. They like the Aldrich type much better. But in politics, as everywhere else, the wheels go round and round. New figures come in; old ones go out. The republic will endure.

But I would invite any one who thinks the Senate as an entity can be reformed even in its inconsequential ways to come to Washington and visit the Senate-Chamber. On either side of the presiding officer's chair, inset in niches in the wall, are two snuff-boxes. Probably no senator has taken snuff since Millard Fillmore's day, but it is the duty of the sergeant-at-arms to keep those two boxes always freshly filled with snuff of the best quality. That, if you please, is symbolical.

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The Life of Louise Milbrook

By Louis Bromfield

"Yes, she was a wonderful daughter to him. She can always remember that, no matter what happens."

The old woman, fat and dowdy and much swathed in rusty crape, sat on the edge of her collapsible chair peering between black shoulders at the coffin surrounded by a few meager carnations and autumn flowers and one or two magnificent bursts of roses. The thin woman beside her sniffed the thick, scented air and answered: "Yes, she need never reproach herself with having neglected him. Few daughters have been so dutiful."

And again the fat woman who was so enjoying the whole affair: "Have you noticed the sweet expression it has given her? I tell you the lives of people show in their faces. She looks like a saint."

They knew then how she looked when her face was not hidden by a thick black veil, for nothing was visible now of Louise; her head, bowed a little as she sat by the coffin of her father, was completely hidden by crape.

"Shhh!" hissed the thin woman, and in the cramped, shabby little flat the voice of the fat little priest began . . . *"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. . . ."*

It was the funeral of a man who had come down in the world, of a man who had been well born and with riches, a shabby funeral in shabby-genteel surroundings. We sat there—the mourners—a strange assortment of remote and seedy cousins who came out of the earth only when there was a funeral in the family, immensely old and respectable men and women who never saw each other save at funerals where they spoke of dear Cousin Laura and dear Cousin William. And one or two rich relatives who somehow, in the midst of a decaying family, had managed to keep their heads above water and now sat here, rather fat and richly dressed and uneasy, pitying the obscure relatives who had come out of the earth for *dear* Cousin John's funeral. And last of all myself . . . who had nothing to do with any of the others, who was not even an obscure cousin, but simply a healthy, rather good-looking, successful man with a happy home and children, who had come only because once, a long time ago (how many years could it have been?), he had been in love, wildly and passionately, with Louise.

"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday; seeing that is past as a watch in the night."

And now, at last, old Milbrook lay in his coffin, and we had gathered to mourn him on this hot September afternoon. Why? A man who had been kind to none. A man whom all

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of us, even the two crape-laden old women, had known for a selfish monster. A man whom all of us had watched slipping down, down, down the scale as he wasted the money left him. Down, down, down from one house to another, each smaller than the last, from one flat to another, each shabbier than the last, until here it had all come to an end on the fringes of the fashionable world in a street where the urchins stood waiting about the hearse until John Milbrook came out for his last ride. None of us, sitting in that stuffy little room, could have loved him or respected him. Perhaps it was Louise whom we loved and respected . . . Louise, who sat there, the last of her family, her head bowed a little over her frail body. Perhaps *she* had loved him; for she had stayed by his side until the end, watching him, spoiling him, playing matador through long, dreary evenings, reading to him, gratifying his selfish whims as they slipped together down, down, down. . . .

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

What a horrid little fellow, the priest! Fat and oily like a white worm as he stood there reading in a bored, monotonous voice. He was an office-boy of the church (they had not bothered to send the rector), but he was good enough to bury old Milbrook, who ten years ago had been forced to give up his pew in fashionable St. Bart's. Still it would look well in the papers . . . "The Rev. So-and-so, curate of St. Bart's." It would be the last, faint, faint echo of the world from which the Milbrooks had fallen. . . .

The sound of a funeral whisper at my side. "I hate the smell of tuberoses." The fat old harpy sniffed the air. "They're so sickening."

Tuberoses! . . . Tuberoses! . . . Tuberoses! . . . It was the scent of tuberoses, thick and heavy, drifting up from the terraced gardens of Nice, that had enveloped us as we sat in the moonlight—how long ago?—twenty years, perhaps. . . . Louise and I . . . Louise, a frail, lovely girl in a lilac gown who blushed but clung to my hand passionately while I pleaded with her.

"I *do* love you," she had murmured. "Don't think it is because I don't." And then she had wept silently and said: "But father . . . You see, he is left alone so much just now, with mother dead. . . . I couldn't marry you just yet. . . . I couldn't leave him alone. I *do* love you, Robert . . . I do."

So we had parted.

And then again in Paris a long time afterward. "If we could only wait a little time. Father is so helpless and so unhappy. Wait a little time." Wait! Wait for what? Wait for this? It was only now, twenty years afterward, that John Milbrook's leathery, sodden old face lay still in his coffin.

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God in his wise providence, to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother."

In His providence! Perhaps it was just that. In His providence, Almighty God had set her free. She might be free now. She might be happy. She might marry. She might lift the veil of thick crape that hid her frail beauty and look out upon a new world . . . a world in which she might begin at last to live!

"The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen."

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They were closing the coffin now, shutting in old Milbrook until judgment day, and in the shabby room laden with the thick scent of tuberoses I got up and hurried away. I almost ran, but somehow, in the mazes of the narrow little hall, I came suddenly full upon the one person I had hoped to escape. She stood there, startled, staring at me through the thick veil as if she had not seen an old lover, grown a little middle-aged and contented and successful, but some unspeakable ghost. Then she sighed: "Thank you, Robert. It was good of you to have come." There was the sadness in her voice of terrible defeat.

And slowly she raised her veil to smile at me, wistfully; and the face was old and lined and worn, like the face of an old, old woman. Louise, who could not be more than forty! The sound of the coffin-lid being fitted into place came from the little parlor. They were burying more than the body of selfish old Milbrook. They had shut into the coffin something far more precious than all his existence.

The scent of tuberoses hung thick in the air. Behind, the fat old lady was telling some one else: "Yes, she was a wonderful daughter to him. She can always remember that, no matter what happens!"

If Ever She Be Found

BY CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

'Twas in the Strand I met her,
Close to St. Martin's Lane;
A tall, slim girl with sea-green eyes
And mocking lips!
Eyes that were like the placid depths
Of some East-Indian lagoon!
Quiet! Mysterious! Yet challenging!
Lips that might lure a cenobite
To folly!—Alas, for me!
But for an instant did my gaze hold hers!
Then was she swallowed up and lost
In the great human stream
Which waters London!
Aye!
I have searched and searched
From Paddington to Shoreditch;
And I haunt the Strand o' nights!
But all in vain!—Strange thought,
If ever she be found,
Then I am lost!

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If I Should Go Back to Mexico

Diego Rivera's Art Portrays the Tragedy of the Indian

By Ernestine Evans

If I should go back to Mexico for a single day, I know where I would spend it. If I could talk to one man only, you would find me under Diego's scaffold, holding his Gargantuan Stetson hat and shouting my questions, as, stroke after stroke, he laid his color on wet plaster. On the walls of the patios of the new building where the Ministry of Education is lodged in Mexico City, Diego Rivera has set all of the Mexican land and the Mexican people that is significant. The painful story of Indian Mexico is here communicated by a great artist. There are no scenes from history. The marks of the past lie in the faces of the Indian figures on these murals. There is no representation of the future. But he has so chosen his subjects from the present, so looked upon the visible world about him, and, in a time of social revolution, so profoundly felt what he has seen that the future seems to be revealed.

These pictures have all been painted since the spring of 1922. There is no mention of them in the guide-books. The building of which they are a part was itself completed only four years ago. It lies a quarter of a mile from the Plaza de la Constitución, the vast Cathedral Square that roughly coincides with the heart of the old Aztec city. It is in the old and poorer part of the town. You leave behind you the Museum, the National Pawnshop, and the Municipal Palace, and withstanding all temptation to buy the peanuts, alligator-pears, mangos, bright tumblers of colored gelatin, and mugs of pineapple-juice that are offered every few paces, you take the narrow street behind the cathedral until you come to an apothecary shop, by name the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Across the street, through the archway of a fine stone building, you enter the first of the two patios of the Ministry of Education, each spacious enough to hold five thousand people. Far down the court a single pine lifts its head to the third story and shows green against the tile dome of the turret on the roof. But not the pine, nor the gracious arches of the galleries that open on the patio, in the fine fashion of the old monasteries of the Conquest, claim you. You belong entirely to the visions on the patio walls.

As you stand receiving your first impression, not yet looking at any single picture but moved by the warmth and color of the walls of the three galleries, the centuries drop away. In Giotto's time the art of painting was truly and naturally a sister art to architecture. Painting was

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the proper decoration for walls and was not yet confined upon framed canvas. Here is a renaissance of the grand tradition, a recovery of the old technique, the possibility once more of great art, if the times have produced the artist.

The first afternoon that I visited the patio, I was alone and made my way quietly along the galleries, silent and amazed, but full of a tumultuous excitement, now looking at the pictures, now watching the stream of country school-teachers climbing to the second gallery to receive instructions or coming down with canvas salary-sacks full of silver pesos.

The general scheme of the paintings is quite clear. The pictures on the ground floor are chosen from the life of the common people, the rhythm of whose bending backs and lifting arms, at sowing, shoveling, hammering, and reaping, is the major rhythm of life.

The frescos on the higher galleries appear to rise unbroken from the ground floor. On the second tier, the subjects are chosen from the intellectual life. Where below we had the worker at the blast-furnace, above we find the hammer and sickle of revolution. The designs are full of the tools of laboratories and the symbols of philosophy. On the topmost floor the color warms again. There is a quickening of the rhythms. The frescos reflect the spiritual life of the people. From among their martyrs, Diego has celebrated those whom the peons in song and proverb had first chosen, Cuauhtemoc, Zapata, Montano—and Felipe Carillo. He has made his designs of old worshipful things, phallic symbols out of Aztec times and the insignia of religions that are a peasant people's invocation to the seasons.

When I paced the patio a second time, Diego Rivera was with me, now explaining with gusto something about the scheme of the patio, now answering a question about his childhood or his fourteen years of study in Europe, fulfilling in his person what his pictures had already told. Diego Rivera is thirty-eight. The frescos before which we stood were already more in number than survives as life-work for most of the painters of the Italian Renaissance. In Paris, Diego used to paint one picture on canvas in a month or two. In Mexico City he has been known to work twenty hours on end, his workmen laying the plaster while he painted. And yet, like the frescos, the man has a quiet about him the opposite of violence, an energy so harmonized that it flows.

He explained to me that he had divided the three walls of the patio so that paintings of the industries of the north, the mining in Durango and Nuevo León, should be on one side; the steel-foundries of Monterey, the haciendas of Morelos and the textile weaving, should be on another wall; and the potters, the dyers, and the sugar-cane workers of the south on another side. Sometimes we would talk of his sketching and the study tours he has made afoot to distant pueblos. Diego Rivera is a great story-teller. If he had not been a painter, he would have made heroic tales. He abounds in legends. He has the gift of peasant people for making them out of the day's work or of an old story.

§ 2

Diego was born in the Indian capital of Guanajuato in the north, where there are rich mines. His

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grandfather was Spanish; his grandmother was Mexican, almost wholly Indian. Of his father he told me nothing. His mother, I believe, was religious, a constant and devoted Catholic woman, but in Diego the strain of faith is otherwise. He has the revolutionary's implacability for the priests of Mexico who have so long left the Indians in poverty and superstition.

With beautiful irony he has painted the little white church on the mountain-side as background for the Shylock foreman weighing grain for the peons.

When Diego was eight years old, his family moved to Mexico City, away from the arid town, south to the capital. He went to the National Preparatory School. He had drawn as a little child and grew more and more absorbed in drawing. His teachers advised that he be sent to the School of Fine Arts. Two years there, and he was ready to go to Spain. He painted, he wandered, he contemplated the life of the people in the peninsula. Nearly three years he traveled in Italy. He settled in Paris. This time spent in Paris was a disorientation, but he does not believe that a painter can really lose his orientation. He was always bound to come back to Mexico. The piles of sketches in Diego's studio explain much that happened to him between 1907 and 1921. Early Christian art in Italy affected him deeply. The sketches he made ten years ago in Italy of Byzantine mosaics relate themselves to the extraordinary simplification of the Indian figures in the frescos. He found his inspiration in many different schools. Picasso, Cézanne, Renoir, were his masters and yet not his masters. He did not so much take something from them as understand them, achieve some organic growth with their inspiration.

One critic of his work who has studied carefully all of his canvases before the return to Mexico makes of the years in Europe the story of a painter seeking knowledge and a man finding himself. Diego entered into the Cubist movement, found nourishment there. He is still a Cubist in that he believes that Cubism is the most important single achievement in plastic art since the Renaissance. He does not change his opinion that the genius of Picasso was that he saw clearly and explained for the first time in modern life that hidden universal structure which other great artists perceived but could not explain. Diego the man, spending his late twenties and early thirties in the midst of Europe at war, modern nationalist society destroying itself, arrived at a philosophy of life not wholly different from his philosophy of painting. His interest was not in a society of manners, copying what had gone before; he began to perceive and feel essential creative forces. In a word, the artist at the happy moment of possession of a technique personal to himself also flowered as a revolutionist. Even before his return to Mexico City he had a theory of the artist which made expression of the social revolution inevitable for him. He conceived of the artist as primarily a worker, not a priest; a worker whose vitality required that he be more human than other men, with a greater appetite for liberty and a greater necessity to create.

The time came. He returned to Mexico to refresh himself with the forms, textures, and colors that were

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the stored images of his childhood. The journey from sea-level at Vera Cruz up through the tropics and the wonderful mountain ways of Orizaba, to the plateau where Mexico City lies ranged round with mountains and snow-capped volcanoes, he has commemorated on the stairway of the ministry.

There was a welcome for him. José Vasconcelos, minister of education under Obregón, had theories of his own. He believed that his duty as minister of education lay first of all in two things: he must send educational missionaries to the farthest pueblo to make some frontal attack on the black illiteracy of the peons; he must assist in a stimulation of the arts. The artist who would express the dreams of the people was the teacher above all others that he sought. Artists good and bad flocked to him. They were put down on the pay-roll as clerk, inspector of drawing classes, lecturer on art, but few of them had hours; their business was to paint. Their salaries were large enough to buy food, a room in the poorer quarter of the city, a little drink. They had as much security as an ordinary craftsman, a carpenter, or a cabinet-maker. Most of them had no wish to make money. "But if you want to make money," said Vasconcelos, "here is a wall for you to paint on, the wall of a public building that all men can see. Make your fame here, and charge the rich for private work when your fame is already yours."

I have wondered as I looked at the paintings not long ago, and as I sat at the feet of all who lived in Mexico City three years ago when the first of the miracles were being worked in the patio, and when the painters of Mexico used to gather in the Café of the Big Monkeys and shout their faith in art and in revolution, or quarrel, or depart for lonely wanderings on burro-back, what of the legend of Diego's syndicate of painters was true. One man's story is as solemn as the gospel; the next will be cynical buffoonery.

There was a period of union between all of the painters to whom the ardent Vasconcelos had delivered the public walls. The painters all believed in the restoration of their art in fresco; they were committed whole-heartedly to the social revolution, to the Indian in Mexico as against the foreign, Spanish, and mestizo landowners and business men. They stood together, aware that the despised peons had treasured in their native crafts, their pottery, their weaving, their dances, their horsemanship, their basket designs, a pure esthetic tradition. Bourgeois Mexico had only ill chosen and lifeless borrowings from Europe.

There was among the painters in the syndicate a belief in the gild, in the community of labor, as the basis for a unity in art. Unequal in talent, various in styles of painting—even so, acting as a trade-union, they signed a contract to decorate the walls of the preparatory school and the Ministry of Education.

The dream lasted a little while; they did work. They were happy at laborer's wages. There were among them extraordinary painters. Hardly were their first paintings finished when a storm broke. Middle-class Mexico did not understand them, or understanding them felt them what they were, strange, different, finding beauty where never middle-class Mexico had found beauty at all. Peons were dirty peons, not the exalted makers of

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the future. At the preparatory school Clemente Orosco was daubing the walls with magnificent Hogarthian caricature. He painted round the patio, where the sons of pious families walked between lessons or played basket-ball under the tropical sun, a Roman banquet of almost recognizable Mexican middle-class types: he had watched that fat *señora* on her way to mass; he had seen that *señor* and caught that line of the under lip in a brothel; beneath the banquet scene as part of the design he had drawn workers fighting with each other. The parable was too plain, the painting at once too gross and too recognizable as *papacita* and *mamacita*. The Catholic Woman's Association of Mexico City put their sons up to it. With chalk and chisel, the school-boys hacked. They despoiled the walls of all except evidence of Orosco's offense.

I will give you two versions of what happened next. The first version will explain to you as nothing else can what a magnificent soil for song and story is Mexico City. The other, alas, I believe.

From destroying the walls of the preparatory school, the school-boys, a hundred strong, with the taste of blood, as it were, in their mouths, pelted around the corner to the Ministry of Education. In the archway, Diego met them, pistols in his belt and pistols in his hand. Two plasterers with trowels, a janitor with a broom, Diego big, snorting fire, defending the beauty of the patio walls, stood them off. Crestfallen, the youthful rabble went away.

The other version, not half so true, but the one I believe, is that two young vandals did come seeking notoriety as destroyers of Diego's walls. They lost their nerve. Still a third version has it that they came with sticks and stones and remained mystified at his paintings of the mountains. They went away, like so many others, saying breathlessly whenever they looked at Popocatapetl, "How like Diego's mountains those peaks are!"

§ 3

That is always the difficult thing to explain about these murals. They seem more real than life. When I first saw them, I said of his Indian figures, "Why have you made them so ugly?" It is true that Diego has drawn his Indians with all the prettiness left out. Often their faces are ugly. But when I have returned to these walls again and again, that ugliness has turned to beauty for me; and as I looked at the Indian crowds bent under burdens the size of haystacks, squatting in the market-place, cutting the cactus in the fields for pulque, I have found what Diego found.

"Why have you come so far to see these pictures?" the photographer I had employed asked me one day. "I do not like them, any of them. They are not like life."

"And who paints like life?" I asked him.

"The old ones," he returned without a smile. "Raphael, for instance."

Some day Diego's ideal will be as old and as familiar.

These pictures must be seen. It is not possible in a few words even to describe their outlines, much less to convey the emotion they have the power to arouse. Nowhere have I seen paintings of machinery where the possible reconciliation of the spirit of man and the machine, which is

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the harmony that revolutionists have sought, is even suggested. I have known painters who worshiped machinery, painters who hated machinery. In these walls of Diego's, the multiple loom, the smelter's caldron, the sugar refinery, appear simply as the tools of man, as simple as the hoe or flail.

On one of the walls, Diego has made a design of a Mexican peon whose arms outstretch while the guards at the mouth of the mine make the daily humiliating search of his pockets. The stretched arms, slightly bent head, are perhaps purposely the design of the Man upon the Cross.

It is not hard to see why these pictures arouse so much hostility. Diego and his syndicate were accused of all crimes. They were mulcting the public treasury. The enemies of the pictures would not believe that the whole of these walls cost little more than the American restaurant-keeper, Sanborn, paid a Hungarian to spoil the white plaster of the ancient House of Tiles with stupid peacocks on balustrades. They did not understand why there were no generals on Diego's walls. They shuddered when he chose Zapata and Felipe Carillo to set in glory on the walls of the topmost gallery. Who were Zapata and Montano? Zapata, said land-owning Mexico, was a bandit, a faithless one. But the *corridos* that are sung in all the market-places north and south in Mexico know him for a hero.

Diego has painted these walls as if middle-class Mexico did not exist, as a prophecy that it will cease to be. Diego has taken the word of a singing peasant in Morelos sorting chillies and tomatoes on a straw mat at the market:

"I come from Cuautla, Morelos.
I have reached Amecameca.
I bring from Cuautla a black crape of mourning.

"Who doesn't know Zapata
Even if only by his picture?
He was a man
Worth his weight in silver."

There are hundreds of such songs of "The Death of Zapata," "The Ghost of Zapata," "The Treasure of Zapata." One song will tell you how the birds and squirrels and badgers fed and guarded him in his camp. In him the revolution lived. Where he was, the land belonged to the people. Where he led the fighting, it was against all withholding. He was with Madero against Diaz. When the revolution stopped, when the distribution of land to the peons stopped, he waited for the spirit of revolution to burn again. He was always the first to protest. Zapata had no faith in Mexico City when it ceased to fight and forgot its promises and, comfortably palaced, began to govern with compromise.

Legend has it that Obregón and Calles had knowledge before Zapata was killed. Legend says that Felipe Carillo was without arms in Yucatan because Mexico City had a fear of popular governors from the provinces. Still, no one in Mexico City has stopped Diego. The bullet-hole in Felipe's breast is black and red on the ministry wall. The people's songs choose no Presidents for Diego to portray. Cuauhtemoc is there, the last of the Aztecs, who killed himself rather than fall into Spanish hands. And Montano, school-teacher of Morelos, who fought with Zapata in the agrarian revolt.

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The Obregón revolution and the imagination of José Vasconcelos, Obregón's minister of education, in conjunction with Diego Rivera, gave birth to these paintings. Now the social revolution recedes like a tide, leaving an island with one survivor. Diego Rivera remains in the patio. The de la Huerta counter-revolution brought the end of any pretense of a syndicate. Some of the young men had always refused to paint as trade-union members. They called Diego's theories absurd. When Obregón was leading the defense against de la Huerta, others left their painting. They could no longer use the brush at all. They thought, even if they did not act, in terms of muskets. The counter-revolution was put down. With the election of Calles as Obregón's successor, the mood of unity that gave such vitality to the syndicate in 1922 was dispersed. The esthetic cult of the Indian had always had its sects. The Nationalists, devoted to the Indian because he was the bulk of the population, grew tired. Class solidarity no longer held the painters together. In the country outside, the business of dividing the land halted. Rapprochement with American business was begun by the Government. The budget for education was halved. Xavier Guerrero, a full-blooded Indian and the most promising painter at Diego's side, abandoned painting entirely to fight against the Calles régime.

Diego Rivera remains, but he will not fill the second patio with the social emotions that crowd the first. The syndicate has ceased to exist. The new minister of education renewed the contract with Diego alone. Vasconcelos, disaffected, went off to Spain on his way to India. A murmur from the lesser painters accused Diego of letting them down—off the pay-roll. They have no access to the public walls to make their fame. Diego manages somehow to get along with the new régime.

For the second patio of the ministry he has made his scheme. He has half filled the northern wall. He keeps his Indianism. But he is painting the Indian not at work but in his festivals. Diego has begun to journey again, to the isthmus of Tehuantepec, to Puebla, to Michoacán. He lives with the Indians. He will know their dances, their ancient rituals of seed-time and harvest, their rites for marriage and death. Last summer and fall he completed three walls of the second patio filling them with dancing Indian figures, glowing with blue and the pink of *chícharos*. And on the opposite wall he has drawn a May day demonstration—the old Diego still!

If I should go back to Mexico for a single day, I know where I would spend it. If I could talk to one man only, you would find me under Diego's scaffold as, stroke on stroke, he recreates the days before the Conquest, days that survive in solemn sacrifice and bacchanalia, sometimes presided over by the priests and called by other names, but essentially the same as they were a thousand years ago. All of the Mexican land and the Mexican people that is significant, their gorgeous past, their painful conquest, their enduring vitality, Diego has fixed upon his frescos.

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Childe Roland Leaves the Tower

By Arthur Stringer

To you I came, Dark Woman of the Tower,
And now the ghostly bugles bid me go
And will not be denied. Love knew its hour
And life its summit. Though you laugh or sigh
The nightingale is heard, then is not heard;
The rose must wither, and the lamp burn low.
So let it not seem strange if my last word
Above your quiet bosom seem the cry
Of one who from your beauty grimly turned
To face the wintrier pass, the lonelier height.

Yet here I once was happy. Here I spurned
These shadowy roads that past your casement flow,
And the clouded gold of cities in the night,
And the wine-dark seas that thro' your whispers burned,
And the far-off world where in a far-off light
The ghostly legions of my comrades wait.

But now the wanderer takes up his way,
His darkling way whereof you ne'er can know.
The hour has come; the tide at last has turned;
The sleeper hears the summons at the gate,
And he who knows the urge shall never stay,
And he who hears the whisper needs must go.
That mystic call from which we cannot hide
Runs through your shadowy hills. And I who yearned,
But yesterday, for music at your side,
Who sought you as the sky-line seeks the dawn,
Who bowed before your beauty as God's trees

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Bow down before His blast, must seek anew
That perilous world whereof my kin have died.

Oh, love is sweet, but love must be foregone;
And good is rest, but rest must be denied;
And you must mourn, and I must journey on;
And I shall be the strong, and you the true,
That I who stayed no longer at your side,
In going forth, might still remain with you.

Yet here I kneel and clasp your quiet knees,
For I have surely loved you from the first
Faint throb of Time. The wind's cry and the sea's
Far call to rivers, and spring waking through
Earth's silences, and waves that sweep and burst
On echoing shores, and all vast movements, these
Seem but my spirit crying out for you.

Yet now I know the darkness from the light;
I know that what we capture we must lose,
And what we lose we strangely still may claim.
So I shall think of you both last and first,
And in the desolation of the night
I shall remember, knowing all is well;
And in the dusk where dream and darkness fuse
The closer you will lean, who lived afar;
And now in falling cities and in flame
Your face shall float before me, and in thirst
And hunger and in tumult, like a bell
From lonely ramparts, I shall hear your name,
And know you wait, where God and Silence are.

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The New Palestine

An English Point of View on Zionism

By E. N. Bennett

I HAVE twice traveled in Palestine; the first visit was made some ten years before the war, and the second in March and April of last year. I found the condition of the country greatly altered during the interval. Some changes were naturally due to the march of invention. In the earlier days one rode on horseback by stages of, say, twenty miles a day, from Beirut through the lovely valleys of the Lebanon, with dragoman, servants, mules, and tents, taking one's own route, stopping and starting as one liked. Such a tour with old friends in glorious sunshine was indeed an experience full of delight and happy memories. Nowadays, of course, the horse and the tent have been replaced by the motor-car and the hotel. Huge steamers disgorge crowds of American and other tourists, who descend on the country like the hosts of Sennacherib, eating up all available accommodation and motoring over Palestine proper and portions of southern Syria in an incredibly short time. Rarely is a British car visible; the Dodge and, to a less extent, the Ford are everywhere in evidence. Trade, as far as motors are concerned, has certainly not followed the British flag in Palestine!

But far more significant than the inevitable changes in methods of transport are the changes in the economic, political, and social conditions of the people. Before the war, law and order were maintained in Palestine by half a battalion of Turkish troops and a few hundred gendarmes; and on the whole the laws were observed and travel was both safe and easy. It is true that occasionally the methods of the Turkish police seemed to the Western visitor somewhat unusual. At one village, for instance, in Galilee, a thief absconded and hid in the neighborhood. Thereupon the Turkish police officer rounded up the offender's family, including his father-in-law and mother-in-law, and incarcerated the lot, until, in less than two days, the whereabouts of the missing man were duly disclosed. But apart from such occasional eccentricities of judicial procedure, the administration of the law was, on the whole, efficient, and I do not hesitate to say that to-day, in many parts of Palestine, life and property are less secure than they were under the old Turkish régime. Crime has increased rather than decreased since the Ottoman days: robbery with violence is far from uncommon; only a short time ago a motor-car was held up in broad daylight by seven armed men on the main road between Haifa and Tiberias—and this in the middle of the

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tourist season with cars passing and repassing all along the route.

Another change, lamentably for the worse, is the practical disfranchisement of the inhabitants of Palestine. Under the sultan, the Palestinian enjoyed a more complete system of adult suffrage than ourselves at the time, and four or five representatives were duly elected to the Ottoman Parliament in Constantinople. Local self-government was also in force; municipalities, like Haifa, Jaffa, or Gaza, were administered by councils elected by the ratepayers. To-day the country is governed by an autocracy far more complete than any system found in a crown colony, for the Palestinian inhabitants have wisely declined to accept a form of "representation" which is illusory and humiliating. The proposed Legislative Council was to consist of ten nominated (and of course pro-Zionist) members and twelve elected members, two of them to be Jews and two Christians; a permanent majority for Zionism was thus assured and the "representation" of the vast Arab majority turned into a farce. In addition to the loss of any parliamentary representation for the nation as a whole, the local government of the municipalities has also been destroyed. With the single exception of Tel Aviv and some other smaller Jewish communities, municipal councils are no longer, as formerly, elected by the townspeople, but simply nominated. Not long ago an extraordinary spectacle could be witnessed at Haifa. An armed police guard accompanied the workmen engaged in the erection of standards and wire for Rutenberg's electric lighting contract —a contract signed over the heads of even the nominated town council, who were actually unaware of its terms but protested in vain against such a flagrant contempt of local opinion. And all this is going on after a war fought to secure the "self-determination of small nations"—a war, too, in which the armies of Great Britain were materially assisted by the very Arabs whose just claims are now contemptuously ignored. One of the most painful results of the World War in Islamic countries has been the utter loss of belief in the "word of an Englishman." The whole of the Near and Middle East is strewn with the wreckage of broken promises. No more flagrant example of such a bad taste exists than the famous pledge made by Lord Allenby in November, 1918, a year after the Balfour declaration:

"The object aimed at by France and Great Britain . . . is the complete and definite emancipation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks and the establishment of national Governments and administrations deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations . . . Far from wishing to impose on the populations of these regions any particular institutions, they are only concerned to ensure by their support and by adequate assistance the regular working of governments and administrations freely chosen by the populations themselves. . . ."

Another vital change has come over the scene. In the days before the war there were few traces of racial hatred in the towns and villages of Palestine. Bitter feuds did indeed exist at times between the rival churches of Christendom, but even these were mainly confined to the actual representatives of the various communities brought into

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contact within the precincts of certain holy sites, especially the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The normal attitude of Moslems, Christians, and Jews toward each other was friendly and tolerant. My dragoman called himself a Protestant; that is, an Arab who had abandoned the ancient Syrian Church of his ancestors in order to adopt a form of Christianity invented by British and American missionaries. Two of our retinue were devout Moslems; the third was a Jew. They got on excellently together, and I never detected a trace of racial or religious animosity among them. To-day the whole country is full of bitterness and ill will. Moslems and Christians have united in a joint detestation of the immigrant Jews, who are even distrusted and disliked by large sections of their coreligionists who dwelt in Palestine before the Balfour declaration.

On April 25, when Lord Balfour, in pursuance of a policy of sheer arrogance and exasperation, arrived in Jerusalem to open a Jewish University which had already been twice officially opened (by Sir Herbert Samuel and Lord Allenby), the action of the populace was an outward and visible sign of the indignation and bitterness which fills the country. Shops were closed, business came to a standstill, black flags hung from the houses, Lord Balfour was refused permission to read the lessons in the Anglican cathedral, and the mosques and churches were filled by Moslems and Christians asking for God's help in that day of national trial and distress.

Such is the state of Palestine to-day. Let us be quite fair and acknowledge, on the other hand, that the British occupation and the devoted services of many English officials have bestowed many real benefits upon the country. Roads have been made or improved, the water-supply increased, splendid work accomplished in the care of motherhood and infant life. Nevertheless any impartial critic must admit that to-day, under a mandate allocated as a "sacred trust" on behalf of the inhabitants, political liberty and freedom have vanished and the sum total of human happiness is less to-day than it was under the Turk.

To what are we to attribute this strange and unsatisfactory outcome of the war experiences and the subsequent mandate? The *fons et origo* of all the trouble and dissatisfaction—of bitterness, riots, and bloodshed—is the new factor of political Zionism. This amazing product of the World War accords to Jewish immigrants a privilege which no civilized nation has ever dreamt of offering to an alien population. Impoverished Jews from Russia, Poland, Rumania, or elsewhere are granted the right of entering Palestine, a right guaranteed internationally, in defiance of any regulations as to numbers or otherwise which the native population might desire to establish. In 1904 a British commission appointed to investigate the possibilities of offering Uganda to the Zionists reported that a vehement protest was raised by Englishmen locally against the immigration of "Galician and other undesirable eastern and south-eastern European Jews." In 1904 the scheme was abandoned by Mr. Balfour in deference to the sentiments of a few British settlers; in 1917 the sentiment of some seven hundred thousand Moslem and Jewish Arabs was contemptuously ignored by the same statesman. These imported aliens

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are further permitted to establish on arrival an *imperium in imperio* through the creation of a Zionist executive which exercises both directly and indirectly an enormous influence on the government and administration of the country. Lastly, these alien immigrants, once established in their new home, work persistently toward the conversion of Palestine into a Jewish state, "as Jewish as England is English or Canada Canadian," to quote the words of one of the best known Zionist leaders.

§ 2

This crazy experiment, riding roughshod over all the canons of international justice and national honor, owes its origin to one of those mysterious and sometimes corrupt war bargains made behind the backs of the peoples concerned, and treating whole communities as mere pawns in the war game. In 1916–17, when the fortunes of the conflict were still held in the balance, both Germans and Allies were anxious to secure the support of the Jewish race in general, and perhaps in particular the powerful interests of Jewish finance throughout the world. Allied diplomacy, as usual, prevailed, and, as a *quid pro quo* for Jewish help and favor, the Balfour Declaration saw the light in November, 1917.

The British statesmen responsible for the scheme were astute and experienced men who realized the vital necessity of securing a large volume of public approval for the declaration in the United States and in Great Britain. In both these countries the appeal of biblical and Protestant Christianity is always, when well handled, extremely powerful. British Protestants are not as a body particularly good church-goers, but they can always be roused to action by the suitable repetition of biblical texts, more especially if these come from the prophetic books of the Old Testament. Mr. Lloyd George, the British premier, was well versed in the political use of "Bible Christianity." Lord Balfour, whose books and speeches seem to indicate that he is at once a keen psychical researcher, a reverent agnostic, a devout Presbyterian, and a convinced Zionist, was ready enough to join in launching the Zionist argosy on a flood of Protestant enthusiasm. In every direction the pulpits and parish magazines of Anglican and Nonconformist enthusiasm were enlisted to support the crazy violation of our national pledges by indicating that Lord Balfour's declaration was an obvious fulfilment of biblical prophecy.

In the United States the enterprise met with complete success. A country which numbers its Fundamentalists by millions provided an admirable environment for the furtherance of the new crusade. The immigration of a few scores of thousands of poverty-stricken Jews from eastern Europe was represented as a powerful method of aiding the designs of Providence and the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy. Orators were apparently able to prove to the satisfaction of vast audiences that the dissolution of the world was at hand because thirty thousand Jews out of fifteen millions had returned to the Promised Land. "Zionism," wrote one well known American editor, "has conquered American public opinion." Few American Jews, it was admitted, were disposed to migrate to their new "cultural center and spiritual reservoir." But they would realize with pride and joy that "a

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Jewish flag floated over a state which was Jewish in language and religion," and would meanwhile contribute their dollars to induce their less comfortable brethren in Europe to occupy this "temporal capital for the spiritual empire of Judaism" with its "Jewish flag flying over a Jewish republic."

A less demonstrative response came from the more cautious emotion of Protestant England; nevertheless our churches and chapels indorsed the Balfour Declaration with practical unanimity. Thus it came to pass that at a moment when the Christians of the Holy Land were joining forces with their Moslem neighbors against the schemes of political Zionism the Christian churches of America and Great Britain were actually working in complete antagonism to their coreligionists in Palestine. The biblical and ecclesiastical mind is rarely proof against an appeal, however distorted, which involves the interest or invites the sympathy of its special sect or community. When the whole question of Constantinople's future was at stake, during the treaty-making activities of Lord Curzon and Mr. Lloyd George, many of the Anglican clergy subordinated every consideration of international justice or of national obligations of honor to the stupendous question of whether a cross or a crescent should crown the dome of Santa Sophia.

Still more powerful aid was sought and obtained in the field of British politics. The success which the Zionists have secured in dealing with our political parties is indeed amazing. Tories, Liberals, and Labor alike have indorsed the Zionist policy in Palestine. The vast political influence exercised on Great Britain by the Jews is due to several causes. All through our history the peoples of Europe have been either bullying and oppressing the Jews or else cringing to them; we are now living in a cringing and fearing period. "As a matter of fact," admitted a high official of the British Government, "the Zionists have got the Government by the throat." Apart from the general effect of this *Zeitgeist*, there is the admitted influence exercised by Jewish donations to party funds; from this influence none of the three parties is free.

§ 3

Lord Raglan in a recent letter to the "Times" declared that the whole case for Palestinian Zionism was built upon "fallacies and misrepresentations," and, one might fairly add, hypocrisies and bad faith. Apologists for Zionism invariably avoid such vital and fundamental issues as the right of self-determination, or the demand that Great Britain's pledges to the Arabs should be fulfilled. No verbal jugglery can gloss over the fact that Palestine was included in the promised kingdom of the Arabs; no irrelevant sentiment can conceal the fact that the people of Palestine have been robbed of their political liberty and that the mandatory power fulfils its "sacred trust" by the sheer coercion of an unwilling people with bayonets, tanks, and aëroplanes.

The central fallacy upon which the whole crazy structure is erected is the claim that the Jewish race possess some moral right to the possession of Palestine in 1925, which entitles them to enter this country on their own terms in open defiance of the wishes of the inhabitants who have occupied the territory for eighteen centuries. It is

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amazing that such a claim should be considered in the international politics of the twentieth century; nor, indeed, would it, were it not the case that interests of far more prosaic character —interests of finance, oil, strategic frontiers, and so on—were merely using biblical texts and religious sentimentalism to cloak the schemes and purposes of diplomacy and industrialism. History indicates that originally the Jews, emerging from their nomadic existence, forcibly occupied Palestine by the slaughter of the Canaanitish inhabitants, and after some six centuries of troubled existence in what may well be described as the cockpit of the Nearer East—harried and often defeated by Philistines, Assyrians, Egyptians—they were finally expelled by the legions of Rome. In 71 A.D. the Jewish nation practically ceased to exist, and the few pitiful embers of their nationality which flared up for a moment under the valiant Bar-Cocheba were finally quenched in the total destruction of Jerusalem under the Emperor Hadrian in 134 A.D. The Zionist appeal to the sacred associations of Jerusalem is feeble and unconvincing. The Temple Rock was certainly a center of religious veneration long before the Jews crossed the Jordan and expelled the Jebusites who held the hill of Zion. Scarcely a trace of any Jewish building survives on this famous site; on the other hand, the Mosque of Omar and the inclosed rock have been for centuries one of the most sacred places of the Moslem world. Small groups of Jews may weep and mournfully recite certain Psalms every Friday at fixed times duly advertised in Cook's office, but the disconcerting fact remains that, with the exception of a few imposing blocks of the foundation-stone work, there is absolutely nothing Jewish about the walls of Jerusalem, which were constructed entirely by Arabs. If the sentimental claims of any religious community are to be admitted, the Moslems appear to have superior claims to the Jews, but the Christians hold a position far stronger than either. Not only the great churches of Jerusalem and Bethlehem but the villages, hills, and valleys of Judea and Galilee recall at every step the life and death of the Founder of the Christian faith.

In more recent presentments of the Zionist case less stress is laid than formerly on the ultimate creation of a Jewish state. Before the enthusiastic dreams of Dr. Herzl and his *Judenstaat* were faced with the practical realities of post-war settlements, no hesitation whatever was felt in public or private demands for a Jewish state "as Jewish as England is English, or Canada Canadian." But the more recent declarations of at any rate the official advocates of political Zionism have rather faltered where previously they firmly stood. The Jewish state has in the famous pronouncement of Mr. Churchill become rather a protected and fostered settlement of Jews in an Arab Palestine than the control of an Arab Palestine by a Jewish government. Nevertheless it is difficult to believe that the Zionist fervor of the Jewish world would have been aroused and six millions of Jewish money poured into Palestine in order to achieve so feeble a result—a veritable *ridiculus mus*—in lieu of the expected offspring of so much zeal and self-sacrifice. It may for the moment be sound policy to keep the Jewish state in the background until either the enormous increase in the

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number of immigrants or other circumstances may allow the Zionist movement its former freedom of theory and practice. The "Jewish Chronicle" is at any rate perfectly straightforward in this matter and has recently denounced Sir Hall Caine severely because of his apparent failure to anticipate the "setting up in Palestine of a Jewish Commonwealth."

In private conversations with prominent Zionists one finds there is, as a rule, very little disposition to burke the issue; the demand, the hope, the certainty are all concerned quite definitely with the creation of a Jewish state with its own flag, its own nationality. I recently had an opportunity of discussing the future of Palestine with one of the most prominent Zionists in the United States, a gentleman of high distinction in university circles. The following dialogue represents in summary the results of our conversation:

MYSELF. "After all, Professor X, what is the actual *raison d'être* of Palestinian Zionism? Obviously you cannot be content with a few dozen colonies, most of them small, few if any of them self-supporting, side by side with an immigration so meager that it can never hope to give you a numerical predominance over the indigenous Arabs."

PROFESSOR X. "Certainly not. I will tell you plainly what we are after. I was recently in Geneva, and I saw there the Assembly of the League of Nations at work. Nations from all over the world were represented. We want to see a Jewish state represented there through its delegate; and that Jewish state with its Jewish flag is to find its home in Palestine."

MYSELF. "Thank you for your frankness. But what is to happen to the ever-increasing Arabs, both Christians and Moslems, who not only outnumber you at present by nine to one but are virtually certain still to outnumber you even in the distant future? You have already secured by purchase some two sevenths of the agricultural land of Palestine; if you succeed in getting the remainder, what is to happen to the dispossessed and landless Arab peasantry? Are they to become mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Jewish immigrants whom they hate and distrust?"

PROFESSOR X. "This question does not primarily interest me. History repeats itself, and inferior races must make way for the better equipped and more efficient. If the Arabs find no place left for them in Palestine, that is not our affair; let them trek to Iraq; there is plenty of room for them there. If they attempt violence we shall ourselves be armed; many of our young immigrants have served as conscripts in the war, and at our back we shall always have the support of British troops and aëroplanes."

MYSELF. "Do you really visualize the crossing of some five hundred miles of desert by seven hundred thousand pedestrians, denied even the assistance of manna or quails? And one last question, professor. Do you think it reasonable that the British taxpayer, crushed by heavy taxation and faced with unprecedented industrial depression and gloomy trade prospects, should be called upon to maintain indefinitely a garrison in Palestine in order to enable a small minority of alien immigrants to dominate the people of the country?"

PROFESSOR X. "Oh, if it comes to that, I am informed by a high official

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(a Jew) that Great Britain gets far more out of Palestine than she puts into it."

MYSELF. "Well, professor, all I can say is that if you seriously expect the British public to credit that kind of statement you must regard us as intellectually a far more inferior race than even, as you believe, the Arabs."

Can it be wondered at that British officers and officials, brought daily face to face with the arrogant and unreasonable spirit which distinguishes the Zionist movement in Palestine, should learn to mistrust and often detest the whole enterprise? Some of those who showed their resentment too obviously have been eliminated from the public services; others bow their heads in the house of Rimmon and carry on, doing their best in a disagreeable environment. From what they say in private one can realize what British officers feel when, according to regulations, they are compelled to rise and stand at attention whenever the so-called Jewish national anthem, the "Hatikvah," is sung in public!

Although the last high commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel, indubitably did his best in a difficult position, and strove to minimize some of the practical results of Zionist arrogance, the Arabs remain deeply convinced that the alien immigrants are treated with signal marks of favoritism. Go where you will, the complaint reaches your ears: why are we, the people of the country, compulsorily disarmed, while the Jewish colonists are provided with rifles? The official excuse is that even if the colonists possess depots of arms and ammunition, the magazines are sealed and can only be opened by an officer of the police. The Arabs, however, and indeed the Jews, too, point to a clause which is ignored in the official apologies; viz., that the seals can be broken in case of emergency; that is, whenever a Jewish colony may happen to indulge in panic or aggression.

Not even the processes of law, it is alleged, are free from this favoritism. A striking example is quoted in the case of two men charged with the illegal possession of weapons. An Arab convicted of having a Mills bomb in his house was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment; a Jew similarly convicted of possessing a revolver was fined 115 piasters (about six dollars). On the occasion of the Jerusalem riots in 1920 a Jewish ringleader, Jabotinsky, was sentenced, not by a court martial but in a civil court under a British judge, to fifteen years' imprisonment. The judge declared that no lesser penalty could be inflicted in view of the evidence before the court. What was the result? Jabotinsky was sent for six weeks to the Haifa jail, was allowed to wear his own clothes, and received visits and presents of food and the like from his friends, and was then liberated and simply requested to leave the country!

§ 4

As we have seen above, Professor X laid stress on the alleged racial inferiority of the Arabs. This is a favorite theme of the Zionists. They endeavor to persuade Western audiences that the Arabs of Palestine are a hopelessly lazy and inefficient race: they suggest that they are either Bedouin nomads or people of a similarly primitive and indolent character, who deserve to be expelled from land which they have shamefully neglected to cultivate, and

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from resources which they have failed to utilize.

What are the facts? The Syrian Arab is of course quite distinct from the nomadic Bedouin; and few impartial critics could regard him as essentially inferior to the average immigrant from the Ghettos of Warsaw, Bukharest, or Kieff. According to official figures, in 1922, 87 per cent. of the immigrants and in 1923, 84 per cent. came from eastern and south-eastern Europe; in general these immigrants strike one as possessing in small measure the finer qualities of the great Jewish race. Travelers, indeed, of authority and first-hand experience like Lord Cromer and Mr. Hogarth have spoken of the Palestinian Arabs in terms of high appreciation. It is most unfair to represent the Arab as incapable of agricultural or industrial skill. Arab masons can at this moment ask and get five dollars a day for their labor. Arab orange-growers at Jaffa yield higher returns than their Jewish competitors. I recently motored over an excellent Transjordanian road from Amman to Jerash, splendidly graded over a pass about a thousand feet high, the work of Arab engineers and laborers. To state as the "Jewish Chronicle" recently did that the Arabs "have done nothing in Palestine except maintain it in a piteously derelict condition" is grossly misleading. Palestine is an extremely poor country, its inhabitants very poor men and women, and under the Turkish régime it suffered the usual neglect shown by the sultan's Government for outlying Ottoman provinces. But virtually every inch of cultivated land is cultivated; can we say the same of Great Britain? Ride or motor where you will in Palestine, you will find that waste land is virtually non-existent, except in so far as some of the more stony slopes of the hills and mountains may be so described. The idea that the industrious Jew is reclaiming waste land on any large scale is a delusion; on one occasion a Zionist directed my attention to some bare fields on the sides of the road as a convincing proof of the existence of such waste areas; he had evidently never heard of the necessity for fallow land, more especially in countries where artificial manures are generally quite beyond the means of the small peasant farmer. In short, the whole story of a derelict country ready for development by an influx of industrious and efficient Jews is little else than foolish rhetoric. Article VI of the Palestine Mandate provides that the mandatory power shall "encourage the close settlement of Jews on the land, including State lands and waste lands not required for grazing purposes." "Up to the present, however," admits Mr. Leonard Stein, "this Article has remained a dead letter. With negligible exceptions no state or waste lands have as yet been made available for Jewish colonization!" Never was a political experiment based on such flimsy and unsubstantial foundations; the national home is indeed built upon the sand.

"The Balfour Declaration," as Mr. Stein justly remarks, "was issued in the atmosphere of feverish excitement created by more than three years of war. The Jews, like the rest of the world, had been thrown off their bal ance and were in no mood for sober reflection," and so "read into the Declaration more than it actually contained."

No one deplores more deeply than I

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do the unspeakable wrongs inflicted by Christian nations upon the Jews from generation to generation. I feel the real pathos of Mr. Stein's simple words, "the Jews are almost everywhere unhappy and uncomfortable." Nobody can detest more thoroughly than I do the hateful and unworthy spirit of anti-Jewish prejudice which prevails not only over wide areas of Europe but even in "freedom-loving" America, and has, alas, begun to find a footing in my own country. I yield to none in my sincere admiration for the splendid qualities of the Jewish race, their age-long courage under adversity, their good citizenship, their unrivaled ability, their generous care of their own poorer brethren. Nevertheless I find it quite impossible to discover any moral justification for the Zionist régime in Palestine. If I am bidden to look to the anticipated blessings of the future rather than to the facts of the present, I remember the words of one of the greatest Jews in history who laid it down that we must not do evil that good may come. The rights of self-determination and the pledged word of my country are to me more sacred than the fulfilment of the vague, if magnificent, dreams of a Jewish state. Such a state would be in any case a grave anachronism, for its citizenship would be based on a religious test. Non-Jews would no doubt be admitted, but they would *ipso facto* remain "strangers within the gate," accorded civil rights but never able to secure full equality with the members of the chosen and dominant race around them.

Only two courses appear to be open. On the one hand, we may let things drift, ignore Arab protests, encourage fresh relays of Jewish immigrants, and continue the process of piling up the fuel for the inevitable conflagration of the future. The days are disappearing when the imperial states of the world can successfully exploit and colonize weaker and smaller nationalities. Everywhere in the East imperialist races may find even now their writing on the wall. Empires like individuals share in the struggle for existence; and when our own British Empire is one day—sooner perhaps than we dream of—called upon to fight for its survival, grievous indeed will be our burden with an embittered Egypt on one side of our great imperial waterway, and on the other the disillusioned and angry forces of the Arab world. When that day of stress and peril comes, the lot of the Jews in Palestine would not be enviable. Happy indeed will they be if a voice once more is heard in their shrines, "Let us go hence," and they obey the call before the storm of Arab fury bursts upon their colonies.

In any case, sooner or later Zionism must inevitably perish, either from Arab hostility or from internal economic collapse. Even before the war, scarcely one, if indeed any, of the original Jewish colonies was self-supporting; and to-day the appearance of prosperity and success, which so greatly impressed Lord Balfour and others, is quite illusory. The agricultural colonists are all, as Mr. Jeffries described them, remittance men, i.e., they are equipped and subsidized *ab extra* by Zionist funds; a Zionist has indeed been defined as "a rich Jew who pays a poor Jew to go and live in Palestine." There are signs that even the generosity of American Zionists is being exhausted, and the following letter from the most munifi-

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cent of all their benefactors, Baron Edmond de Rothschild, speaks for itself:

"I am very disappointed with the Colonies which I have established . . . to this day I receive letters from the majority of the Colonies with requests for money; for this person or the other for his personal needs; for the repair of a road; the building of a well, the construction of a hospital, or a school. There is no end to these proposals—always loans of considerable sums to cover Budget deficits in Galilee, Samaria and even Judea. . . . If after years of work and effort, the Colonists cannot attain to the situation of the Egyptian Arab or European farmers, the fault lies with them . . . So long as their families will not become farmers, so long as their sons and daughters will not work with them on their fields, they will not succeed in living the life of independent persons."

One solution of this tangled problem remains. The international privileges bestowed upon Jewish immigrants in Palestine must be swept away. The Arabs would raise no objection whatever to the continuance of the Jewish settlements and colonies already established; but all immigrants already on the spot and all who may under proper regulations arrive in the future must dwell in Palestine as ordinary citizens possessing the normal civil and political rights of their Moslem and Christian neighbors neither more nor less.

Let the folly of the whole Zionist enterprise in Palestine be realized, this international chimera more fit for a political Alice in Wonderland than for serious and responsible statesmanship. Call a halt to this unnatural influx of poverty-stricken Jews from eastern Europe into a poor country which has no resources whatever beyond those of agriculture; for it is too early to estimate the value of phosphates or other chemical salts held in solution by the Dead Sea, or deposited to the south of it; the people of Palestine must keep a watchful eye upon these potential resources and insist that they should be utilized for the benefit of the inhabitants of the country and not merely diverted into the pockets of foreign capitalists.

The Moslem and Christian Arabs on their side are ready to forget the past, to accept the new colonists, and, as of old, to dwell together in amity with their Jewish neighbors both new and old. A solid body of one hundred thousand Jews in Palestine, apart from the possibilities of future accessions to their ranks, would furnish a unique example of Jewish life and culture with its university in its midst.

Once the evil dream of Zionist "predominance" (Dr. Weiszmann's own word) is removed and representative government restored, the Arabs on their side will gladly accept and indeed welcome for years to come the guidance and even the benevolent control of Great Britain. At the last Arab Conference in Jerusalem only two votes were cast against the acceptance of such a quasi-protectorate pending the ultimate self-government foreshadowed by the constitution of the mandate system itself. This solution would, while establishing in Palestine a vast and secure Jewish colony, enable Great Britain to redeem her promises, and, by so doing, free herself from the peril of Arab hostility and at last restore peace and good will to the distracted people of this small but famous country.

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The Gentle Brute

By Marshall Miller

Rochester Jones regretted that he had struck him. It was so unnecessary; besides, he made it a rule not to fight unless he got paid for it. The prize-ring had provided him with a means of support during the last ten years, and during that time he had never been mixed up in a street fight until now. Even to think about it, he had the "all-overs." He was a crimson person, short and broad, with skin that was the texture and color of raw beef; his nose was badly broken, and there was a long, slanting stitch in the upper lip. There were numerous scars on his scalp beneath the bristling, twine-like hair; and some contended that his mind had been affected by the years of campaigning, but that was probably unjust. He turned to Dudley Carr.

"Waddya wanna hit me for?" asked Jones. "Why me?"

They had collided quite harmlessly in City Hall Park; Dudley had invented a resentment, which is always the way of youth in despair, to fasten a quarrel on somebody, anybody who offers what might be construed as a slight.

"It was a gesture," replied Dudley.

Jones leaned forward and reached for the sugar with that easy thrust of the forearm that is often the merit of the boxer, that natural grace. It was the one thing that Dudley had observed, and only an artist could have seen the value of it so acutely. He had struck at Jones four times, and each time he had missed, while Jones had bent, swayed slowly, and moved aside, all with the utmost assurance. Then he had hit the lad's chin without half exerting himself and only making a sullen effort. Dudley, in a daze, had been lifted to his feet and led to a drug-store. Jones had rubbed iodine on the bruised flesh and then brought him to the lunch-counter and fed him coffee.

"Waddya say that was?" questioned Jones.

"A gesture," said Dudley, "expressive of a state of mind."

With an abstracted gaze and a black crayon he continued with a drawing on his paper napkin. It was the sketch of a woman's head, and his pencil raced over the lines with expert rapidity.

He was trim, erect, and poised within a suit of gray tweed which retained some flare in spite of its neglected wrinkles. Jones examined him solemnly. He frowned slightly, and his eyes narrowed, dwelling over the tweed garment. He liked it at once, and saw himself dressed in blue serge with a jersey beneath it and binding him about the neck. The style of it appealed to him, although it was not so much that as the manner in which the suit was carried which was winning. Dudley had forgotten that the suit was

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very smartly cut, or that he wore a suit at all; it was dismissed with the unconscious posture of casualness. Jones thought slowly and remarked to himself that a suit like that would be a big help; he had never had any success with women, and it always hurt him secretly to think that he, Rochester Jones, should fail so badly where any little bantam had at least six 'phone numbers, and each of them sure fire. With an outfit like that, thought Jones, things might go more smoothly—in a sporting way.

His head turtled toward the drawing on the napkin. His mouth fell open, and a faint gleam of astonishment lessened the dullness of his eyes, for a moment, until he resumed his usual quiet.

"Out of a job?" he asked, in his husky, drum-like voice.

"Yes," responded Dudley, "I am."

"C'mon, kid," growled Jones, quickly rising. "I gotta job for you."

Jones ambled to the cash-register and paid the check. Dudley watched him, pondering lightly, and wondered if he wouldn't suddenly lurch forward and walk on all fours. Together they sauntered eastward across the town. Messenger boys shuffled by, and the traffic wheeled groggily to and fro, in a loop. Past Park Row and under the shadows of the elevated over Chatham Square, they advanced into the Bowery. A block away lay China-town, dozing and with the saccharine, amber gaze of an impudent and younger Orient. They walked up Third Avenue and entered soon, through a swinging door, into what seemed to be a billiard-room and restaurant combined. The man who owned the place was called Bender, and he was leaning over the cigar-counter, lazily reading the "Police Gazette."

"Is it right," asked Jones, "that you need a tattoo man?"

Bender removed the cigar from his lips and shifted his rolling brown eye from Jones to Dudley and back again to the pink sporting-sheet. When he spoke it was in a drawling monotone.

"Have you ever tattooed, son?"

"Draw a picture, kid," cut in Jones; "draw a picture."

Dudley sketched the head and face of Bender, flattered him a bit, and smiled when Bender asked him if he could draw an anchor. He drew one, and Bender escorted them to the rear of the hall and into the unused tattoo booth. Bender spent more than an hour in priming Dudley with the rudiments of the technique, the choice of instruments and colors. Then he left him and produced a set of cardboard posters from the depth of the cigar-counter; these he dusted with his cap and placed conspicuously in the window facing the street; the cards had not been used since the disappearance of the last tattoo man, an Armenian. Bender returned to resume his literary activities with the same stolid attention that he always applied to what he might be doing, and he was a versatile performer.

Jones shifted uneasily from side to side, a little embarrassed and greatly pleased to find himself an influence.

"It's all right, kid. I'll tell ya now," he mumbled. "I'm sorry I hadda hitcha. I'm sorry, but you asked for it. And you don't know anything, see, but I'll show ya how, all right. How to fight. We'll go over to the gym. I won't hurtcha; don't worry."

§ 2

Then, quite often, Jones would instruct him in the ways and means of

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self-defense. He taught him all the tricks. And Dudley grew more and more fascinated by the rhythmic twist and lunge of that serenely graceful, crouching body. Meanwhile he progressed with his business of tattooing, not with a great deal of zest or spirit, but his talent was sufficient. And he was not stereotyped. Seamen of many climes and colors came to him with their odd vanity, usually drunk, and to each of them he would apply different treatment and type of subject. He pricked many colored designs and figures, ranging from delicate floral groups (sometimes on the most hoary old sailors) to the human figure poised, or bleeding hearts, or true-lover knots. He would not do women, simply refused point-blank. But that was overlooked, indeed, as everything else was, because he was clever and profits were good.

He used to drink a lot. Sometimes he would vanish for a day or so and sink into beer-colored oblivion at the bar-room up the street; the Dutchman's, it was called. But then he never talked, and he had no pals; so he would sit there alone and unnoticed except by Hans, the Dutchman himself, who had grown rich from the dismal patronage of many solo drinkers and well knew how to treat them. Dudley would come back high and saunter into the shop, with a passing nod to Bender, who always regarded him silently and as something of a curiosity.

"A man who can get as drunk as that," said Bender, "and still keep his mouth shut, is dependable."

Jones could usually be found in the little booth considering the clothing advertisements with a slow and cautious eye. He wanted tweeds, rakish, good-looking tweeds, and not just the ordinary kind of thing to be found in any clothing-gallery. He wanted the real thing. He hunted high and low, east and west, for the special pattern of his fancy. He finally went to Mintz, the Bowery tailor, a vaporish sort of person who lived behind a colossal black beard, who rarely spoke or lifted his head from his work, snipping, hemming, patching, and sponging. Silently and swiftly he had sold Jones the goods and taken the countless measurements. There were fittings, of course, and Jones would stand very quietly while Mintz flourished his chalk and arranged clusters of pins. After a relay of these fittings, entirely supervised by Mintz, Rochester Jones stepped from the sweat-shop in a tweed suit that was nobby. Mintz patted him on the shoulder, as though he were issuing a passport, and murmured the especial praise that he had observed as the last cachet of all that is splendid on the Bowery.

"Husky fella," he burbled, and smiled a deep yellow smile.

Jones crammed a derby hat over his ear and swaggered into the night; half an hour later he emerged from the barber-shop, pink and polished, scented, and obviously massaged, but with marvelous dignity. Recent showers had left little puddles in the street; the elevated structure was dripping little streams down, and Jones ducked beneath it nervously, avoiding the water like a cat. Before entering the billiard-hall he paused a moment to pick a thread from his sleeve, straightened his neckwear, and walked right in. Bender had a fair audience about him, hotly engrossed in a discussion of the local courts and their methods, when Jones strutted in and came to a pregnant halt before the assembly. There

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was a perfect silence, while Jones waited, until Bender spoke.

"Lousy," opined Bender.

"Awful," grunted one, a man with three diamond rings.

"Terrible," chorused another.

"Berry Wall, eh," added a sallow youth who was chewing his fingernails. Jones took off his hat, stepped back one pace, and stood aghast. He then turned slowly and walked with an ominous gait to the tattoo room. Dudley happened to be decorating a sailor's chest with the figure of an ape squirming very uncomfortably in a pair of pink slippers. With a mind to be annoying, he only glanced at Jones and continued his work without comment. Jones stood nervously waiting and whistling faintly through his teeth. Dudley, when the portrait was completed, turned in his chair and stared up at him with deliberate innocence. Jones brushed the lapel of his coat, meaningly.

"What is it?" questioned Dudley. "What is it?"

"The make-up," responded Jones. "How d'you like it?"

"Oh, is it new? Well, let's see; turn around now. How's the back, eh? Stunning, stunning," pattered Dudley.

"It is, is it? All right," bellowed Jones, really angered now. "You wait; stick around a while. You'll see. Cracking wise, eh!"

He swept from the place furiously, the only thought in his mind that he must find a woman, "land" her, and bring her in for the boys to see. And he wanted a beauty, too, and none of these selling-platers in crocheted silk with muslin beneath. It was, temporarily, Saturday night, and the streets were noisy with citizens on parade. He hesitated in the doorway for the time it took an elevated train to roar past, then turned up town and marched doggedly away, melting into the gross length of the pale black shadows.

§ 3

Frances Chrichton leaned against a lamp-post and curled her lips; her eyes were nearly closed, and the long lashes brushed her abnormally pale face; her hat was held in two hands, and the lamplight revealed her as a vividly blond woman. She was obviously not of the Bowery. It wasn't so much that Frances was out of place; it was the Bowery that should have been removed. A Hindu magician might have uttered strange words, and there would have been a spinet whispering through the night air of old Versailles and a towering cypress-tree for Frances to lean against, instead of the lamp-post and the hurdy-gurdy and the streets. But Frances was a song-and-dance artiste and carried the professional passport of being relaxed and receptive anywhere; but at the moment her silhouetted slimness was utterly languid with the limpness of despair. She wore a coat and skirt of blue serge with a white collar turned down about the neck; her head was rested back, and the veins showed through her chalk-white skin. A voice intruded.

"Hello, Mamie."

She didn't stir or breathe one whit faster, although she sensed the man to be quite close. One-night stands rob abruptness of its menace; and they cultivate the sense of humor.

"Look me over, kid; look me over," Jones went on.

Her eyes opened; they were blue eyes of the sort that might be described as old-fashioned. There was

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a slight, preliminary hesitation, as though she would be tired of laughing, before she surrendered to a scattered, musical chuckling. Jones was bluntly pleased and smiled tightly, rather excitedly.

"Have a drink," he told her.

She considered him easily, with a dozen thoughts sifting over her placid expression. She was one of a race, the tribe that peoples Broadway, with whom a certain impersonal intimacy is granted with the slightest contact, without presumption or timidity. But she did want to talk, because she was feminine, and she didn't much care to whom. Furthermore, she wanted Jones to talk and knew the trick of telling things, intimate facts that sound like secrets, to make people rush to tell the truth, their own secrets.

"Can you get some real beer?" she inquired. "That's all I drink, y'know."

"The best beer in town," he replied. "At the Dutchman's, up the street."

They marched north, into a doorway, and Jones followed her up the stair, admiring her shoulders, which were good. They entered through the oblong-shaped bar-room and passed into the "big" room where "ladies" were "allowed." Pausing by a table, Frances glanced at the room and its people.

"Anyhow," she sighed, "it's great to be back in town."

They found a table, and Jones ordered two pitchers of beer, though one would have been enough. Hans, the boss, sat at a corner table, gray and cool save for his foot, tapping, tapping as Carmelita Mulqueen danced a waltz clog in low heels and an angled straw hat, while the piano boy drawled on the keys a lilting melody with his shoulders bent, almost touching the board, his eyes like twin gimlets following that young Carmelita swinging, bobbing, rocking and tapping, heel and toe. The beer was real, and Frances began tracing a picture on the tablecloth, with her lip-stick, as she talked.

"Two months ago," she murmured, "I was in love with my husband. We'd only been married a day. I first met him in the hallway, and we had a tiff over a bottle of cream. We lived in the same house, y'see, and he claimed the cream as his, though I took it, of course. He was quite up-stage for a while after, and I was, too. We used to cut each other when we met."

"Cut each other?" interrupted Jones.

"Ignore. Then gradually we got to be friends and fell in love. It just happened. You know how lonely everybody is.

"He used to walk me home from the theater. He begged me to pose for him (he was a painter), and finally I did. My word! I used to get up at seven in the morning so he could have the kind of light he wanted. And I was playing nights, matinées Wednesday and Saturday. One day we were married. The next day he finished the picture and trotted off to show it to Kendall, the collector. It was a Sunday. About three o'clock my telephone rang. It was the booking-office, and I was fixed to open in Grand Rapids the following night. I had to get a six-thirty train. I began to pack right away, expecting him in at any moment; but he never showed up. He vanished. I left a note in the hall, but I never heard from him. I went to the house this afternoon as soon as I got in town. Nobody knew where he was. He's gone."

Then Frances sipped her beer and wondered what Jones would have to

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tell, if anything. His first question rather startled her.

"How'd you like to get tattooed, kid?" he asked.

"Get what?"

"Tattooed," responded Jones.

"Where?" she asked.

"On the knee," he replied, "the hips, anywhere."

"No. I mean where is the tattoo place?"

"A two-minute walk," he told her. "C'mon; he won't hurtcha."

"He couldn't hurt me," she said. "Settle the check."

They left the bar and walked down town. Jones held the door open for his girl, who entered the billiard-hall with the ingenuous composure of a Salvation Army lass. When they reached the tattoo-room, Frances recognized Dudley and ran hurriedly up to him. He was sober but gazed at her in a stupor, while Jones paused, thunderstruck.

"What happened?" cried Dudley.

"I got a booking in Grand Rapids, dear, and had to make a train."

"I sold the painting," went on Dudley, "and got late. But, God, you look tired!"

"I am," she replied, and kissed him. They melted in an embrace, which Jones interrupted, drawing Dudley away from her. He threw him against the wall and followed after, prowling, ready to strike. His right hand whipped viciously out and struck the wall soundly, as Dudley ducked beneath it.

Jones turned slowly around, stepped forward again, and walked into a blow that made the blood trickle down over his collar. And then, quickly, Dudley hit him full on the chin. Jones lay where he fell, on his face; he made an effort to lift himself, got half-way to his knees, then dropped back with a thud.

Dudley lifted him up and placed him in a chair. Frances watched them, puzzled. Bender stepped into the room and looked at Jones curiously, then at Dudley.

"He's all in, kid," said Bender. "You did him up good."

"I couldn't help it, Bender," said Dudley. "Honestly, I couldn't help it."

Jones remained limp, a sorry figure. When he came to, they took him out and fed him coffee.

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Government by Proxy

When President Wilson Lay Ill at the White House

By James Kerney

There had at no period of their association been any particular depth of feeling between President Wilson and Secretary Lansing, and Mr. Wilson treated his secretary of state with rather scant consideration in Paris. Although circumstances made necessary the appointment of Lansing to the peace delegation, Wilson emphasized the fact that it was not to be a "lawyers' peace," which voiced his disdain for the legal profession in general and seemed to be aimed at Lansing in particular.

After the President's complete breakdown on October 4, 1919, when he was found in a semiconscious condition prostrate on the bath-room floor of the White House, Lansing had suggested that arrangements be made to have the Vice-President assume command of the Government. Wilson had been paralyzed on his left side, and he was never able again to bear his weight on his left leg. No one entered the sick-chamber except his wife, his doctors, and his nurses; and he grew a mustache and whiskers. Those nearest the President, after the first cerebral stroke, believed death a certainty. There was a second and severer stroke, carrying premonition of a fatal termination.

Notwithstanding the critical situation, some who were on the inside felt that it was not necessary to take official action. Others, however, took counsel among themselves as to their course. There was agreement among them that public interest demanded that the news that Wilson was precariously ill should not be disclosed to the country, but the question arose as to their duty toward Vice-President Marshall. He, like nearly everybody in official Washington, was without information of the extreme seriousness of the President's condition. Should the Vice-President be told, so as to prepare him for the assumption of the duties of the Presidential office?

The argument that prevailed was that it would be unjust to leave the Vice-President uninformed about what, from all appearances, impended. But the exchanges of opinion brought out for consideration the likelihood that any notice to Marshall might take on the aspect of an authoritative announcement. They did not wish to go that far. There was the possibility that the President might not die, although even in that event the indications were that he would be left in complete incapacity for the performance of his constitutional duties. In these circumstances, might not a notice to Marshall from official

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quarters that he should be prepared to assume the Presidential office on account of the likelihood of Wilson's death be equivalent to an intimation that he should take over the administration of executive functions even if the President survived?

Finally it was decided to give Marshall warning through an unofficial channel. I am indebted to Richard V. Oulahan, editorial director of the Washington bureau of the "New York Times," whose responsible knowledge of national political affairs is unexcelled, for the details of this historic incident. J. Fred Essary, Washington correspondent of the "Baltimore Sun," who had been taken into the confidence of the inner official circle, suggested that it would be unfair and unseemly, in view of the tremendous importance it had for him, not to prepare the Vice-President for the expected eventuality. And so Essary was chosen as the unofficial spokesman to acquaint Marshall with the call that might be made on him, at any moment, to take the Presidential oath. Essary undertook the delicate task. He called on Marshall in the Vice-President's room, just off the Senate-Chamber, gave him the first exact information as to President Wilson's condition and as to the fears of those who were nearest, and advised Marshall to be prepared to succeed to the Presidential duties.

During the newspaper man's recital, Marshall, sitting at his desk, kept his head bowed, evidently in deep thought, profoundly moved. The visitor did not ask for a response, and when he had delivered the message he rose and walked to the door. Glancing back, he saw the Vice-President, still sitting with head bowed, his eyes on the desk; he had not spoken a word during the recital. When the answer came, it was a firm declination, just as Marshall had once before declined to be lured into the office by virtue of constitutional right. After the armistice of November 11, 1918, when it had become known that Wilson intended to go to Paris as the chief representative of the United States at the Peace Conference, insistent opposition was voiced. A feeling was expressed that Wilson would commit a grave error of judgment, for one thing, in leaving the country, and, for another, in being an active participant in the peace negotiations.

In some quarters the cry was raised that with the Chief Executive absent from America the duties of his office would necessarily devolve on the Vice-President. In a speech George W. Wickersham, attorney-general under President Taft, declared that Mr. Wilson had "abdicated" and that Marshall ought to assume his official function. Shortly before his departure for Europe in December, Wilson paid a personal visit to the Vice-President at his apartment in a Washington hotel and left with the assurance that Marshall would take no step to exercise the executive functions.

§ 2

Because of the severe nature of his illness, it was four months before Wilson was made fully acquainted with the fact that, after his collapse in early October, Lansing had suggested that the Vice-President should take command, and that in the meanwhile the Cabinet had been conferring. There had been frequent open assertions in the Senate and elsewhere that the reins of government were actually being

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handled by Tumulty and a little group at the White House—which was the fact—but Marshall persisted in his position that until the President resigned or until some properly constituted tribunal declared that the Government was without a head, he would make no move. Despite bitter partizan wrangling, the Government continued to function.

When the President had recovered sufficiently to be told of some of the things that had taken place, he was much agitated; and on February 7, 1920, more than four months after the beginning of his isolation, he wrote to Lansing, asking, "Is it true as I have been told, that, during my illness, you have frequently called the heads of the Executive Departments of the Government into conference?" Wilson added that no one but the President, under constitutional law and practice, had the right to summon the heads of the executive departments. Lansing, in answering, admitted that "certain members of the Cabinet, of which I was one, felt that, in view of the fact that we were denied communication with you, it was wise for us to confer informally together." He insisted that he had endeavored to carry out Wilson's policies at all times and in conclusion said:

"If, however, you think I have failed in my loyalty to you and if you no longer have confidence in me and prefer to have another to conduct foreign affairs, I am, of course, ready to relieve you of any embarrassment by placing my resignation in your hands."

Wilson promptly replied to Lansing, saying:

"This affair only deepens a feeling that was growing upon me. While you were still in Paris, I felt, and have felt increasingly since, that you accepted my guidance and direction on questions with regard to which I had to instruct you, with increasing reluctance, and since my return to Washington, I have been struck by the number of matters in which you have apparently tried to forestall my judgment, by formulating judgments and merely asking my approval when it was impossible for me to form an independent judgment because I had not had an opportunity to examine the circumstances with any degree of independence."

Wilson added that he would take advantage of the suggested resignation as it would afford an opportunity to select some one whose mind would more willingly go along with his. Instead of the "faithfully and cordially yours" that usually ended letters to advisers, the letter to Lansing wound up with "sincerely yours." Lansing formally tendered his resignation, which was promptly accepted.

Shortly after the San Francisco convention of 1920 the President summarily demanded the resignation of Postmaster-General Burleson, who had been most loyal; Burleson had gone to San Francisco as an enthusiastic supporter of McAdoo, feeling that he was to do what was wanted at the White House. It required considerable strategy to get Wilson to recall the peremptory order for Burleson's retirement.

Wilson never returned to his offices in the White House, and while some attempt was made to resume cabinet meetings, the bulk of the country's business for seventeen months was carried on through Mrs. Wilson. Tumulty, the practical head of the

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nation, rarely saw the President, but kept up a daily interchange of correspondence with him.

Wilson's humor did not desert him. Senator Albert B. Fall of New Mexico, whose unhappy career as secretary of the interior has given him added prominence, insisted that a senate committee personally visit the President to ascertain whether he was physically and mentally capable of performing his official duties. There was much pathos in that visit of inquiry. Standing by the bedside, Fall gazed on the recumbent figure of the distinguished invalid, and then, with tears in his voice, delivered himself piously and fittingly:

"I have been praying for you, Mr. President."

After Fall had left, Wilson turned to Tumulty, sighed heavily, and said:

"You heard what Fall said? Well, I have been wondering what I have done that he should be allowed to queer me with the Almighty."

§ 3

After Lansing retired, Wilson seriously considered naming Newton D. Baker, the secretary of war, to head the State Department. Baker was one of Wilson's few personal cabinet selections and was in high favor. When the appointment was about to be made, however, rumors began to float into the White House that Baker had patted Lansing on the back and approved his course. Tumulty was sent for and told of the President's great distress at anything that implied disloyalty on Baker's part. Tumulty laid the rumors before Baker, who laughed them to scorn, and Tumulty was completely satisfied that Baker was, as always, devoted and loyal to Wilson.

It was Wilson's first idea to name Baker secretary of state and Bainbridge Colby secretary of war. On second thought, however, he put Colby in the State Department. The naming of Colby was in appreciation of his leaving the Bull Moose party in 1916 and coming out boldly for Wilson. Democratic leaders regarded the appointment of a Republican, or of a former Republican, to be secretary of state as a great tactical blunder, and as destructive of party morale in Congress. Tumulty urged the naming of Frank L. Polk, who had made an admirable record as acting secretary of state, but the President insisted on the Colby appointment.

Many of the documents that were issued in the name of the President during the last months in the White House were actually written by Colby. After the Republican landslide in 1920 Wilson sent word to Colby that there did not seem to be much for him to rejoice or give thanks for and suggested that Colby write the Presidential proclamation setting aside Thanksgiving day. The proclamation that went to the country that year was the work of Colby.

Colby was at the head of the State Department at a time when there were many delicate foreign problems to be handled, and while Wilson, in dismissing Lansing, had said he wanted some one whose mind would go more willingly along with his, Colby was himself the author of many state papers which Wilson approved. The note of August 10, 1920, laying down the American attitude toward the Russian problem, was Colby's work. Wilson regarded Colby so highly that he later formed a law partnership with him, but was only able to visit the law of-

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fices in Washington once, and at the end of the first year the partnership was dissolved.

§ 4

Wilson's obsession for his own exclusive brand of an international conscience, and his failure to follow through with a definite post-war domestic program, mired the Democracy. He had gone far politically but had wrecked the party. Lloyd George has said that the countries "with the best politicians" won the war, and that Germany was run by "third-rate politicians" who did not know how to address themselves to the heart of the nation. The judgments of history may agree with that view. After all, the judgments of history are only the judgments of human beings, who differ about the past as they differ about the present. Wilson, like Lincoln, was in many respects one of the best politicians of his time. But he was a Wilson politician, who felt that he had great capacity to read the minds of his fellows, and to understand and anticipate the popular drift, just as he knew he had great powers to sway and manipulate masses of men. His was not party leadership but party dictatorship. When he got ready he made a complete reversal of policy, without any thought of its effect on the party's fortunes. It was only when partyism served his own idea of things, or when his disgust had been aroused by the opposition, that he became a "fierce partizan." Speaker Tom Reed once remarked that a statesman is a politician who is dead, which seems to be about as good a discrimination as any between the statesman and the politician.

Wilson believed that he had kept the war on the plane of loftiest statesmanship and idealism. On his first trip back from Paris, he declared at Boston, February 24, 1919, "I have uttered as the objects of this war ideals, and nothing but ideals, and the war has been won by that inspiration." But so intense was his hatred for Senator Lodge that any suggested reservation to the peace treaty, no matter how trivial, was frowned upon. Not to accept everything that Wilson wanted "would break the heart of the world." Among his peace mission experts, however, some of the best minds regarded the Lodge reservations as of a minor character, leaving the structure of the League of Nations intact and not calculated to interfere with its successful operation. Many Democratic senators stood ready to vote for the Lodge amendments.

Party chieftains, plainly worried at the disintegrating Democracy, hopefully awaited some word from the White House sick-chamber that might permit a ratification of the treaty with such senate reservations as would be acceptable to the country. Vast armies of uneasy Americans, with the blood of many lands in their veins, looked askance at further entangling European alliances, in view of the age-old rivalries about frontiers and balances of power, and the internal intrigues that had kept alive the fears of national insecurity and produced so many wars.

But Wilson would not heed the rumblings. The confusion of his great emotions, his iron will, his human ambitions, and his historical studies produced a strange complex that frequently found righteousness at war with itself. When he got into a fight, nothing was relevant but the fighting; the serene judgment of balanced under-

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standing was impossible. With the coming of increased power, he had walled himself in and completely departed from the old practice of common counsel. He was utterly deficient in gregarious instinct. "I rarely consult anybody," he said in an interview with Ida Tarbell published in "Collier's" on October 28, 1916. Thus isolated, he found it easy to convince himself that he had devised the correct pattern for human behavior, and that those who differed from him were "blind and ignorant." He had no patience with that part of the historical record that would seem to show that any progress that humanity has made through the ages has been painful and slow, and that progress of any permanent kind never comes at a gallop. No other leadership than his was permitted during his eight years in the White House. He had early made it plain that he was to do the guiding. On the night of October 3, 1913, when he had signed the Simmons-Underwood Tariff Law, which he had forced through Congress, he exultantly declared, "I have had the accomplishment of something like this at heart ever since I was a boy," and frankly quoted, as fitting his own situation, the lines of Shakspere's Henry V: "If it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive."

Surpassing all other honors he had ever coveted was that of setting up the glorious kind of world that was to come with his League of Nations. And so, to the consternation of the leaders of Democracy, gathered for their annual Jackson day dinner at Washington, January 8, 1920, he sent a letter proposing as "the clear and single way out" that the League issue should be submitted to the people "to give the next election the form of a great and solemn referendum." It was a staggering blow to the party, already in the dumps from the discontent and mistakes that had followed the autocratic handling of the war, as well as the unrest provoked by the prohibition amendment, adopted during the war-time. Bryan boldly opposed the Wilson position, telling the Jackson day diners that "the importance of Article X has been very much magnified" and urging that the treaty be ratified with such reservations as the Senate might accept. Article X was Wilson's personal contribution to the League of Nations Covenant, and he firmly held to the position that it was "the heart of the Covenant." There was a widespread feeling that Article X took the issue of war or peace out of the hands of Congress, where the Constitution had placed it, and vested it in the hands of the League, thus giving foreign powers, under certain conditions, the right to say when America should intervene. Bryan, in his Jackson day speech, boldly opposed the Wilson view, and his stand against the President's pet policy was too marked to leave any doubt that politically the two men were definitely apart.

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Seeing Ourselves in Our Dogs

We Should Behave Better than They Do, but Do We?

By Fred C. Kelly

Maybe one more reason why we like dogs about us is that they make us feel at ease by being even more foolish than we are—just as we enjoy seeing a mean, stingy character on the stage, because, by comparison, he makes us seem angelic.

Whenever I am dependent on my dogs for companionship for a few days I am impressed with the number and variety of traits I have in common with them. We often laugh over antics of a favorite dog and declare that he is almost human. But I wonder if a dog is ever as much like us as we humans are like dogs. We have many of the same fundamental animal impulses. Dogs show anger, jealousy, or greed with complete frankness, while we, in our supposed greater intelligence, pretend to hold ourselves in check. Isn't it because *we* still revert to natural passions that dogs and ourselves sometimes seem so much alike? We ourselves ought to behave better than dogs, but do we?

The dog in the manger was probably never more human than when he insisted on keeping other dogs from using what he himself did not want. How often we all do that very thing! Even marriages have resulted from the desire to keep a supposed prize from another. After my sweet-natured Airedale, Jimmy, has exhausted the possibilities of a soup-bone he is deeply distressed to see the bone exciting the interest of a visiting brother. How human! Jimmy is scarcely able to eat if other dogs are fed near-by, so busy is he casting covetous glances at their plates. He is more interested in their food than in his own and is unhappy so long as another dog has a morsel left. Here perhaps is the animal origin of the human disposition not to be content with what we have, even when it is enough, but to worry about what the neighbors are doing. Old Badger has a slightly different philosophy from Jimmy's. He eats contentedly enough and minds his own business so long as there is food on his own plate. But being a rapid eater, he is usually through ahead of other dogs. The instant his own supply is exhausted, he begins to growl, obviously irritated because others still have food when he has not. Many of us are secretly a little like that, I fear, though less honest about it.

Dogs of course have a decidedly noticeable trait of jealousy. Booth Tarkington once told me a story of two dogs, one his own and another belonging to Harry Leon Wilson. The two men and their dogs had been living together in Europe. Tarkington

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and Wilson made a trip to the United States, bringing along Wilson's dog, but leaving the Tarkington dog behind. The two dogs had always been great friends. But when the two men returned, having the Wilson dog with them, Tarkington's dog seemed to realize that his one-time playmate had enjoyed a long trip with his master while he himself had been compelled to remain in a lonely kennel. He turned on the Wilson dog in jealous rage, and they were friends no longer.

While many traits found in both dogs and humans are not strictly desirable, others are commendable or at worst merely amusing. Dogs and folks share a broad-minded willingness to tolerate insults from those that they know they can whip. I once saw James J. Corbett smilingly permit an undersized man on a car to call him names.

One trait which I am sure most dogs possess more than their owners realize is a sense of embarrassment. I recall walking with old Badger one day when he started to chase what he thought was a rabbit but which proved to be only a piece of paper moved by the wind. When he discovered his error he immediately stopped short and looked around with a silly expression to see if I had noticed him. When I laughed at him he went slinking away, a picture of mortification, and I imagined that for some time afterward he had what might be called a hang-dog air over the joke on himself. In this connection George John Romanes tells of a terrier that used to be fond of catching flies on a window-pane, and if ridiculed when unsuccessful was evidently much annoyed. "On one occasion," says Mr. Romanes, "to see what he would do, I purposely laughed immoderately every time he failed. It so happened that he did so several times in succession—partly, I believe, in consequence of my laughing—and eventually he became so distressed that he positively *pretended* to catch the fly, going through all the appropriate actions with his lips and tongue, and afterwards rubbing the ground with his neck as if to kill the victim; he then looked up at me with a triumphant air of success. So well was the whole process simulated that I should have been quite deceived, had I not seen that the fly was still upon the window. Accordingly I drew his attention to this fact, as well as to the absence of anything upon the floor; and when he saw that his hypocrisy had been detected he slunk away under some furniture, evidently much ashamed of himself."

Badger has long had an absurd habit, or one might almost call it a fetish, which I have never been able to explain except that the old rascal has a streak of get-even spirit. If I go away and leave him alone in the house, he is certain to go from one bedroom to another, jump on each bed, and rumple it up. He never under any circumstances jumps on a bed if there is any one in the house, but the moment he is alone he seems to waste no time in carrying out this secret project. He is not prompted by a desire to lie on the bed, because he never remains longer than necessary to rumple up the covering and place the bed in a state of general disorder. It cannot be that he is doing it to try to find me, thinking I may still be in bed, because he has seen me go out of the front door. Neither can the silly practice be prompted by such sentimental reason as a desire to be near where his master has slept, be-

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cause he rumples just as readily beds in which I never sleep. Can it be that he does it as a means of revenge for being left alone? He realizes each time that he is doing wrong and will later be scolded. Yet so great is his desire to commit this offense that he would rather do it even though he must spend the rest of the day with a guilty conscience. Usually when I return from a brief absence, Badger comes bounding to the door in hilarious fashion to greet me. If he fails to do so I know that he has been alone in the house and is ashamed of having been up to his old tricks. I call him, and with great reluctance he finally comes, tail down, utterly dejected. For a long time he liked to sleep on a certain lounge and was deceitful to the extent of jumping off the lounge the moment he heard my footsteps. A few scoldings broke him of the lounge habit, but it has been impossible to stop his tearing up beds. I never caught him in the act until one time when he and I occupied a small cabin in the Maine woods. I was in the habit of going to a near-by cabin for meals and would leave Badger in our cabin alone. Almost invariably when I returned the bed would be in a state of disorder. One day I went out, making all the noise possible in walking away, and then tiptoed back to where I could peek in at the window. Immediately Badger jumped on the bed and began to rumple it up. He happened to glance toward the window and saw me. Without waiting for a word his whole appearance changed from one of animation to a shamefaced air that I have come to think of as his bedroom look, and he went slinking away. But as always under such circumstances he watched my face for a sign of forgiveness and at the first suggestion of a smile came bounding at me like a happy child. He has become acquainted with the joy of "making up."

§ 2

Another reason why dogs are companionable is that they have a happy-go-lucky attitude toward life. Perhaps we see in them a little of ourselves as we should like to be. At any rate, dogs excel us in the art of not taking life too seriously. They have a sense of humor. Surely no one who has seen a pup run round and round a yard in mock excitement as if being pursued by some terrible beast can deny that dogs have appreciation for the ridiculous. Booth Tarkington's Wops, a large black poodle, was a born clown. He used to jump up and tear about the room doing the most absurd antics, evidently because he seemed to think it amused spectators. If no one laughed at him he would stop after a short time, but if given enough applause he would carry on indefinitely. One of his whimsies was to pretend that a guest in the house was about to steal something. All a guest had to do was to lean over as if examining a spot on the carpet. The dog would walk across to the guest and growl ominously, as much as to say, "What's the idea, monkeying with our carpet?" He would not permit even his master to pick up a certain banjo. Tarkington insisted that this was because it amused the dog to remind his master that he was only a fair banjo player.

Mr. Romanes had a dog that used to perform certain self-taught tricks, which his master was sure were for the purpose of exciting laughter. The dog would lie on his side, holding one

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leg in his mouth. Nothing seemed to please him so much as to have this duly laughed at. Lloyd Morgan tells of a dog that would bury crabs in the sand and then stand watching for a leg to appear, when he raced backward and forward barking joyfully.

A dog's idea of a simple practical joke is to refuse to give up a ball or stick that has been thrown for him. He will run with it a short distance and then sit down to chew at it with great show of unconcern until his master draws near. Then suddenly he dashes away as if in great glee over having fooled his master. I had one dog that had been carefully trained to retrieve. If I threw a ball he went after it and brought it to me with never a moment's delay. But if I once made a move to chase him, indicating that I thought he would run away, then for perhaps half an hour it would be impossible even with stern commands to make him bring the object to me in the usual way. At such times I could even imagine a twinkle in his eye which said: "I'm not really disobeying. You know all this is just in fun."

Not the least of our resemblance to our dogs is the disposition of humans to strut a little and put on grand manners. As Robert Louis Stevenson says: "To be a high mannered and high minded gentleman, careless, affable, and gay, is the inborn pretension of the dog. The large dog, so much lazier, so much more weighed upon with matter, so majestic in repose, so beautiful in effort, is born with the dramatic means to wholly represent the part."

Dogs have a weakness, just as we do, for visiting—dropping in for a chat with friends. If such friends try to make a dog's chance call agreeable by offering toothsome refreshments, then that home is sure to be on his route permanently. Moreover, dogs sometimes face the human problem of having to divide their time in a way to show a proper degree of loyalty to more friends than one. Stevenson once wrote of a little Skye terrier that found itself in a dilemma after being in an uncle's home while his regular family was abroad. "His old friends were not to be neglected, but it seemed hardly decent to desert the new. This was how he solved the problem: Every morning, as soon as the door was opened off posted Coolin to his uncle's, visited the children in the nursery, saluted the whole family, and was back at home in time for breakfast and his bit of fish. Nor was this done without a sacrifice on his part, sharply felt; for he had to forego the particular honor and jewel of his day—his morning's walk with my father. And perhaps, from this cause, he gradually wearied of and relaxed the practice, and at length returned entirely to his ancient habits. But the same decision served him in another and more distressing case of divided duty, which happened not long after. He was not at all a kitchen dog, but the cook had nursed him with unusual kindness during the distemper, and though he did not adore her as he adored my father—although (born snob) he was critically conscious of her position as 'only a servant'—he still cherished for her a special gratitude. Well, the cook left, and retired some streets away to lodgings of her own; and there was Coolin in precisely the same situation with any young gentleman who has had the inestimable benefit of a faithful nurse. The canine conscience

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did not solve the problem with a pound of tea at Christmas. No longer content to pay a flying visit, it was the whole forenoon that he dedicated to his solitary friend."

Again, we humans and dogs carry in common a sense of distress when we strike the unknown. A dog barks at the moon, probably because it fills him with a sense of awe. He does not understand it. Most of us might feel the same way when we beheld a display of the aurora borealis. Likewise dogs do not care to tamper with anything they cannot understand. As some one has observed, a dog will attack a bear because he knows a bear is an animal like himself and he knows how it will behave, but confront him with a strange piece of machinery and he wisely walks away.

Dogs like humans dislike to admit that they are getting old or for any reason cannot do everything that they ever could. Badger, aged fifteen years at this writing, now prefers to lie quietly and sleep most of the time. But if he sees me playing with a younger dog, he is certain to make a great show of romping about, evidently to make me think that he is still just as spry as ever.

Mr. Romanes told of a dog that seemed to have a human idea of caste. He had struck up a friendship with a rat-catcher's dog but at once cut his humble friend and denied all acquaintance on sight of his master. It seems more likely, though, that this was because his master had previously scolded him for running away from home to play with that dog.

I have often noticed that dogs practise a form of deceit in a spirit of politeness. My little Welsh terrier, Megan, seems to think my feelings might be hurt if she were to refuse food I offer her. When she has had enough she takes the food eagerly and dashes away as if to eat it in leisurely fashion in some favorite nook. But what she does is to drop it where she thinks I will not see it, hoping evidently that I will suppose she has eaten it.

How often I have wished I might do the same thing, especially when a charming hostess implores me to have a second helping of soggy pie prepared with her own fair hands! What a convenience it would be if I could run gaily with my plate out into the back yard and secrete it behind a bush!

Perhaps it should be added here that when we say our dog is so human we aim to compliment him while complimenting ourselves, implying that his becoming more like one of us is an improvement. The truth is that their relations with man have made dogs less resourceful than they were in their original wild state. A dog no longer *has* to be so resourceful, since he can now depend on man for food and shelter. Moreover, because of human companionship and an easier mode of life as compared to the wild state, domestic dogs seem unable to endure pain, either physical or mental, as they once did. A wolf or fox will sustain the severest amount of suffering without uttering a sound, but as everybody knows, a dog will scream when any one accidentally treads upon his toes. A dog sometimes appears to suffer all day from an unkind word.

Such sensitiveness, by reason of human association, is in itself a human quality. Dogs, like ourselves, must pay a penalty for being luxurious.

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Richard Kane Hunts for God

The Quest for a Stable and Shining Island of Peace

By Irwin Edman

Every once in a while I have my qualms about teaching philosophy to young men. More than once I have had undergraduates drift in and assure me that Herbert Spencer or William James, abetted by myself, was taking from them their faith, their most precious equipment for withstanding the shocks of education. No philosopher could have robbed Richard Kane of a creed. I do not know when I have met a temperament more quietly habituated to living without the need for the presence of God. No evangelist could have done much with him. He was born a pagan, though into a Presbyterian home. And since the Presbyterianism of Richard's parents was largely a matter of church-going and church sociables, religion in any literal and stern sense was almost completely absent from his childhood. There was thus no faith for Richard to lose at college; I am beginning to suspect that he would have been much happier these last ten years if he had been able to find one.

Religion, in any vital sense, is, I am aware, a vivid and inner experience more than an institution or a creed. I know, therefore, that any guesses I may make as to Richard's concerns with God and godliness are impertinent surmises about the most secret center of that moving interior process that one calls a man's soul. Yet time goes on. One grows more confident of knowing one's friends. What, after all, is friendship in essence if not an identity of vision and a conspiracy of common feeling? One cannot help after a while tracing out, from a hint or a gesture, what dreaming steps one's friend may next take in his imagination, or what backward turn of reverie he has just made.

It seems natural enough to me now to find that at twenty-eight Richard is not through with religion. As I have watched him flutter in thought and action through love, politics, and art, I have known that for him they could never be enough. It was only a matter of years, I was sure, before a temperament like his, at once sensitive and reflective, would have to look through the hither side of the contemporary scene for a beyond that was satisfying and final.

It seems to me now that I knew Richard would some day be hunting for God, even when, as a corollary to his early radicalism, he had thought himself through with religion forever. No Thomas Paine and no village atheist could have been more completely through with anything tainted

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with the church or the supernatural. No mind, however healthily brutal, could have been less in need of that consolation which more lacerated spirits find in the tender certainty of salvation. At forty-five, it is said, Tolstoy, waking suddenly to the void of days without meaning that was his life, turned with a terrible hasty passion to the divine. On those not frequent occasions when Richard became depressed he turned to the theater, to his friends, and, later in his life, to Helen and the children.

The hard-boiled atheistical stage lasted, as it usually does, only a short while. Religion for the first time came seriously into Richard's life in the form of that seductive modernism that keeps all the beauty of the ancient beliefs without believing them, and knows that, though Christ had never lived, the story of Christ and the pattern of His life remain moving and eternal. It was not till it took the form of poetry that religion meant anything to Richard at all. It stirred him as intensely as music or painting only after it had become like them. Certainly those drab Protestant services in his suburban home town, the dull, foolish Sunday-school, and the urbane, fashionable pastor had never remotely moved him in any religious sense.

The storms of adolescence had likewise passed Richard by without any of those revealing lightning-flashes or claps of demoniac thunder that occasionally fix religion as a terrible, intense awareness in an unhappy sixteen-year-old. He had been deprived, by the same token, of that miracle of belief that often, for suddenly illumined souls, bathes the common sunlit landscape with a preternatural light. He walked through all his teens like a late and smiling Lucretius among the machinery and the mechanistic ideas of modern life. There was during his adolescence no conflict between religion and science; for with him religion in the sense in which it could have conflicted with science did not exist. I recall with what distinct annoyance he listened to one of his classmates in a course in philosophy hold up the proceedings to insist that he could not believe in evolution because he was a good Presbyterian. It seemed to him he had discovered himself sitting next to a student who had been born in the Stone Age.

The stir and wonder of a first-hand religious experience Richard would indeed well have wished to know. In his teens, however, he remained as immune to them as the lad in Grimm's fairy-tale had remained to the meaning of the shuddering that had never shaken his frame. All through college and the following years Richard was to meet otherwise broad-daylight souls who had shared the midnight mystery of the presence and actuality of God. It was Tommy Keenan who had first made Richard vaguely appreciate what that could mean. "I feel God," Tommy had said, "in my room at night. I know He is there, though I cannot see or hear Him, just as you feel sometimes when you are sitting reading in a chair that somebody you know and love has come into the room behind you on tiptoe, though you have neither seen nor heard him enter." There was that cynical young Jew, Harold Rosenbaum, who doubted, flaunted, and sneered at everything, and yet who seemed sincerely to cherish a conviction, untouchable by the testimony of the senses or by the scalpel of logic, that God was there

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with him, sweetly and irretrievably. For Richard himself religion came to have a meaning through a more tepid literary route. I had lent Richard once during his college days a copy of Santayana's "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion." In its exact and flowing prose he had been introduced to the conception of religion as a form of poetry. It was in the symbols of gods and creeds, so the book seemed to indicate, that the human imagination had enunciated large moving images of its conceptions of good and evil, of beauty and terror. The arts at their heights gave such a sense of mystic union as the saints used to call oneness with God. All forms of religion became for Richard large poems with the cosmos for their canvas and salvation for their theme. Christianity had been for him in his suburban adolescence simply the peculiarly depressing and repressing social activity of a small town. It had meant dull sermons, dull music, and generally intolerable Sundays. From Santayana and from the cathedrals of Europe Richard discovered how profound and moving a poetry of human life the Christian tradition had enshrined.

So for Richard during the first few years out of college, if religion had any motive power, it was the motivation of a grand and tender art. The Word of God became for him indeed more full of grace than of truth. The surfaces of religion came to be weighted with a dim symbolic unction, though he could not have told for the life of him what was signified exactly by the music and the incense and the light gloriously filtered through stained glass or the soft, stirring shadows upon arches and altars. He would find himself repeating the grand, organ-like language of the prayer-book. Meaningless little shivers of exultation would go through his frame while, attending an ultra-High-church service, he heard a suave young rector read the lesson in a vibrant, calculated voice.

Almost the whole year of his hermitage in Greenwich Village he had "heeled" the churches. He would go to St. Mary the Virgin's for the procession, to St. Bartholomew's for the music, to the Quaker meeting-house for religion in its bare private essence and simplicity, to St. Patrick's at midnight Christmas eve for the scarlet and the music and the sonorous Latin of the mass. He had not left out, either, a service almost primitively Fundamentalist. There he listened in unbelieving wonder to a hoarse, defaming defender of the faith talk of the hell-fire that would consume the filthy Modernist minds. The vulgarity of the oration did not blind him to its sincerity or to the hold it seemed to have on this mass of blank faces and dull brains. Once he had gone to a synagogue with his classmate Harold Rosenbaum. It was a thoroughly orthodox service; he had been stirred greatly and incomprehensibly by those moanings and chantings, and by the sight of these tragic-looking old graybeards shaking backward and forward in their mumbled guttural prayers.

For a time even—Richard himself smiles at the recollection now—he tasted of religions as a connoisseur sips wines. He tried to elicit from each of them its characteristic flavor: to read himself into the form and unction of the High-church, to become a direct and simple communicant of

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God with the Quakers, to be swayed like a true Catholic by the awful mystery of the mass, to believe in and pray intensely to the terrific Hebrew God. He knew while he tried these various flavors of belief that with him they were only flavors, and that it was the flavor and not the belief that he cherished.

This period of religious estheticism affected for a time the externals of his life. The little alcove of his bedroom was separated from the rest of the living-room by a heavy black curtain. In the center of the curtain hung a large silver crucifix. There was a wooden image of the crucifixion, picked up at Bruges, that for one short affected spell hung above his bureau. During the same period he would intone random passages from the Book of Common Prayer before going to sleep.

It was all in the vaguest sort of way thrilling, and because it was cloudy and self-conscious Richard had spoken of it to few of his friends. Certainly that group of clear-eyed young moderns whom Richard first saw after his return from Europe would have been merciless to this fusion of Ruskin and Cardinal Newman that he was trying to become. It did not take Richard himself long to see the foolishness of religion that was nothing but incense and unction and music.

Tommy Keenan, whose simplicities had cured Richard of many affectations, had cured him of this one, too. At the Christmas eve at St. Patrick's which they had attended together, Richard had watched Tommy closely. He became thoroughly ashamed of himself for trying to indentify his thin esthetic interest in religiosity with the real thing, so evident and so beautiful in Tommy's voice and in Tommy's face during the service. He sickened from that time of what came to seem, and still seems to him, a false and illicit perversion of religion. You believed in God or you did not. There was an end of it. This prettifying imitation of religious passion, this attempt to get out of the theatricals of a service the spell of a creed—was there not something rather foolish and exotic about all of it? When Helen came into his life and showed him what the edge of unaffected passion looked like, he gave up "heeling" the churches altogether.

Now at twenty-eight, so far as any one could judge, religion had for some years been out of Richard's life altogether. He had made up his mind, after playing about like a belated Preraphaelite with religion, to be honest and face his world squarely. After all, these fair, false myths and absurd, seductive ceremonies had too long hypnotized the imagination and enslaved the intelligence. Richard, at twenty-six, had thought himself quite through with religion, as, at one time or another, he had thought himself through with art and education.

§ 2

At least Richard tried to persuade himself he was through with it. Then at twenty-eight—the wrong age, according to statistical averages, as Edward Lawrence had assured him—he found himself undergoing something similar to a conversion. At any rate it began like one. Richard was again having a bad case of sick soul. The first suggestion I had received of it came the night in the Italian restaurant when he assured me that the stars had all gone out in his heaven. They had,

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too, one by one. The glamour of marriage had faded, and domesticity had begun to chafe. He had turned to the arts. But one could not make a pattern or a permanence out of the lovelier interludes of things.

The stars had, as he remarked to me in the Italian restaurant, quite gone out in his heaven, and any heaven he had dreamed of had disappeared. I felt in Richard that evening at dinner a depression more complete than I had been willing to admit to him or to Helen or to myself. I had hoped that the vacation they were planning in the Adirondacks that summer would bring him back to normal resilience. They were fleeing to the mountains that year to escape the routine social life to which they were exposed at the seashore resort which had become their accustomed summer place. I came for a fortnight's visit and found Richard in a strangely perturbed state. Helen was obviously worried. At sunset of an August day Richard and I went out in a canoe together.

"Now, Richard, what's the trouble? I've been here for a week and have been watching you pretty closely. There's something on your mind. What is it? Business, Helen, the children? I wish you'd tell me about it."

"Nothing, everything, doc. For two cents I'd chuck myself in the lake and not come up. I would, honestly, I give you my word; there's nothing in it. If it weren't for Helen and the children—"

I hardly could resist smiling at the melodrama of it. A handsome young man, lounging in camping-clothes in a canoe on a flawless summer day on a jeweled mountain lake, and talking in this nonsensical manner about suicide. I could not imagine what there could be to worry Richard. He was obviously in good health; he had, as far as I knew, no financial troubles, nor any domestic difficulties. I was tempted to tease him. There was something in his eye, though, of unmistakable agony and melancholy, and I knew Richard never talked tragically for effect. I pooh-poohed his depression as gently as I could, told him he had been working too hard, and gave him all the salubrious little prescriptions that those at ease with life hand out to spirits in travail or crucifixion. Rest was what he needed; he had been moving at too fast a pace; lots of milk and walking and horseback-riding. This business of being a nerve specialist must be easy, I said to myself. As Richard tied the canoe up at the landing, I suggested finally that he mustn't talk like a sophomore or a fool who has been reading Schopenhauer, and the two of us went to dinner. Richard acted with a decent cheerfulness at table, but afterward Helen drew me aside. "There's something wrong with Richard," she said; "I wish you'd find out what it is. It seems impossible to cheer him up. He doesn't think I've been noticing what's been going on inside him, but I have. It's something more than the fact that he's been working hard. He's got a terrible case of the blues. It's lasted on and off for months. I wish you could help straighten him out." I promised to try.

§ 3

That evening, in the quiet of the moon-lit veranda, I got Richard to talk. He spoke very slowly at first like one trying to put into words what has been so silent in his own heart and so privately locked there that he

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does not quite know what it is going to sound like. He seemed almost to forget my presence and to talk as if he were simply putting into language for himself what had been coursing inarticulately through him for a year. Often he hesitated, as if he were not sure I should believe him, or as if he could hardly believe himself. Every once in a while I became acutely aware of the chirp of the crickets, or the soft lapping of the water against the shore. It was midnight before Richard had finished. A retelling of it would bear about the same relation to the original that the score does to the playing of music, or, more accurately, the same relation that a clinical report bears to the agonies that a patient has actually suffered.

The clinical report will have to be something like this: A black void of nothingness had become the long perspective into which his imagination looked. I know well that any competent psychiatrist would set it down to overwork, and a physiologist would find a dozen other things to explain Richard's condition before he would invoke any consideration of God. But here at twenty-eight one night in November, Richard woke up and found that life held nothing, absolutely nothing, that had or held any meaning for him. At two o'clock in the morning he woke up and held a dialogue with his own soul.

"I really seemed to be talking to myself, frankly and freely, for the first time," Richard said. "It was like that self-communion with the soul that you once said was the essence of Plato's dialogues. Here in the stillness of the early morning I felt like a disembodied phantom that lived in a shadow-world talking to the real enduring me that had lived hidden and obscured below all the noise and distraction of my life. And my real self, soul, or whatever it is, seemed to be speaking to me out of the absolute stillness. It was terribly still; I could hear Helen breathing; a fire-engine sounded in the distance; but my soul and myself seemed inclosed in a silence that lay beyond the edge of the universe. 'There isn't anything, anything in life,' my soul was saying, 'except a slow progress to death. You forget death for a while; you ignore it. But it is there, looming and absolute. Living is an interval between oblivion and oblivion. And what is that interval?' my soul asked. It is filled with comings and goings, with plans and hopes, with successes and failures—and even the successes are failures—and it leaves nothing, leaves no mark, is as if it were not. It is a nightmare in a forest, and you never wake to see the sun, but fall asleep again to a final darkness.'

"I give you my word I was frightened. I've had a sense of terror before, but nothing like what I got from that voice which was myself, carrying me down, down, to abysms of meaninglessness and void in those gray hours. I stirred and trembled. I got up and switched on the light. Helen turned to me and looked at my white face and asked me if I had seen a ghost. 'Just had a dream,' I told her. I had seen a ghost, too, the ghost of my own foolish life, and of the foolish lives of every one on the planet. Well, that was just the beginning. Ever since I've been hunting for God, or He's been hunting for me, I don't know which. The trouble is, I still can't believe in Him; I won't believe in Him; I know that He does not and

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cannot exist. And yet I need Him, or somebody like Him, to live. Tommy Keenan, with his little childish mysticism, is still wiser than all those modern friends of mine you've met of a Sunday evening at my house."

Richard did not pretend that in that nocturnal dialogue of himself with his soul he had had a revelation of God. But something had broken through the barriers, the unconscious I believe it is fashionable to call it now, and told Richard what he had for the the last two years been feeling: that somehow there was fundamentally a void in his life and in all contemporary lives, an aching emptiness that no amount of intellectual small talk could fill, a silence so vast that all the noises of modern thought and modern action sounded in it like a tiny whisper.

Nobody looking at Richard the morning after his conversation with himself could have imagined that he had had a vision in which all values had for him become as zero. At the office the next morning he appeared as spruce and efficient as ever, though a little paler than usual. The change that had come over him may have been profound, but it was internal, and he determined to keep it strictly private. What would they think in his office if he should tell them that for the first time in his life at two o'clock that morning he had become acquainted with his own soul? That sort of thing simply was not done. It was an experience he could talk about to no one.

"I thought of telling you about it," he said to me. "But you would simply have recommended a few books on the religious experience, or sent me to a psychiatrist, or ordered a few weeks in the open air or a course in comparative religion. I've been in no mood for that sort of thing. I didn't talk to Helen about it, either; she would have been worried to death or would have made fun of me, one or the other. Lord! I thought I was through with religion. But none of us is. Here I've been spending the whole winter trying to find a faith.

"The first thing I did was to go to Montreal to visit Tommy Keenan in the monastery up there. I found him walking in the garden. I don't think I've ever seen any one so peaceful or happy in my life. But there's no help for me there. I shall never turn to Rome. I was nearly driven there by estheticism some years ago. But I'm through with that. I don't mix up the theater and God in my mind any more. And I can't quite simplify myself enough to swallow whole what Tommy takes on mystic faith. I still need a little reason even in rapture."

After the visit to Montreal Richard looked carefully around the contemporary world of ideas to see what there was that could give an honest and adult mind something that it could without sentimentalism or hypocrisy accept as a faith. He had tried the music and the poetizing of the esthetes and found them wanting. He was through with the Preraphaelite Christs and the Christianity that spoke the language of the nineties. His soul had spoken to him at two in the morning and had convicted him of living like a foolish phantom in a futile race with shadows. He could not answer it with chants and intonations. He could not pretend he found meanings in life, or in beautiful symbols that he never once, apart from their beauty, took seriously.

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Richard began to envy the few people he had ever known—doubtless there were millions he did not know who were equally enviable and for the same reasons—whose faith no shattering of fortune could break and no acid of ideas corrode. The gloom of his own depression was lighted by his memories of those kneeling women before the images of the Virgin or of a patron saint in a French cathedral. Come hail or famine or the death of some one loved, and these simple creatures had a comfort and certainty not possible to blatant atheists or to the soft esthetes who dabbled with the metaphors of religion. He envied that strange paradox of cynicism and mysticism, Harold Rosenbaum. Harold knew all you could possibly tell him of mechanism and evolution, and remained quietly secure of God across all the rough places in life, across even the jagged abysses into which his own thought led him. Sometimes, even, Richard was jealous of the Fundamentalists, though by these he did not mean the loud propagandists who played on the superstitions of the ignorant. He looked rather with wistfulness upon the ignorant themselves, who found their intensest joy and their clearest security in their derided idolatries.

Richard found himself indeed trying desperately to cease, firmly and finally, the search for God. But the more he tried the more compulsive seemed the search. For the first time he knew what Francis Thompson had meant by fleeing God down the years. It was impossible now, so it seemed, to recover the easy sense of walking solidly in the sunlight that had been his constant gift before he had held that terrifying conversation at dawn with his own accusing essence. It would have been laughable to him a short while back to think that he would ever hunger and thirst for religion. In that now infinitely remote period he had been content with what he had called, in his letter to me from shipboard, "faith in life," credence in the possibility of turning that bright interval between oblivions into something coherent, clean, and beautiful. It had never before seemed to him cause for tears that life revealed no clear pattern. Part of the joy and challenge had been to make patterns out of chaos. He had always thought it sentimental to fret because science promised that some day the world was going to burn up or freeze. The bitterness or sadness with which modern writers had looked upon an icy mechanism without soul and without meaning had appeared to him a literary affectation. There was a lot to be enjoyed and to be done before the quietus that ended any single life and the catastrophe that would be the finish of all things.

What a tough young mind he had been, and how short a time ago! Now there sounded to him constantly the sad admonition that his soul had made to him in the silent hours he had lain awake before dawn. "Life is nothing," it kept repeating to him in memory; "the whole kaleidoscope of living is nonsense, irremediable nonsense. Why try to make a clearing of reason in a forest of essential futility and horror? Why think even rosebuds delightful when all things, even rosebuds, end in dust and worms?" Dust and worms; worms and dust. This was madness, surely, to be repeating such lugubrious rubrics to himself as he waited for a train in the

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subway, or as he paced the smoking-room during the intermission at the theater. The thought of decay and death would invade him horribly when he came in to say good night to the children. A little shivering sense of cosmic absurdity would course through him ironically whenever he found himself straightening out his desk or priding himself on saving a moment or shortening a routine. Again and again at night, a wordless dirge of horror at the meaninglessness of life would hum softly, steadily, maddeningly through his brain.

Richard vaguely remembered that he was in a state that psychologists had called the sick soul. He remembered, too, that in many famous recorded cases the sick soul had been saved by a sudden flash of divine revealed splendor. That would never come to him. Except for his conversation with himself he had never had anything entitled to be called a mystic experience. He was not likely to now. Nor would he be taken in by one. No adult mind could be satisfied by an unseen presence that sent shivers down one's spine. There was little enough comfort in being made aware of an electric presence that could not be attested by the sense or assented to by the mind. No moment's indefinable rapture, any more than a moment's love or beauty, could rescue him permanently from this dark night of the soul in which he blackly moved.

Perhaps he had better see a psychiatrist. But there was nothing wrong with him. He did his work as well as usual. People told him that he looked a little peaked sometimes, and Helen upbraided him for his long silences. But in any case, what could a psychiatrist tell him? That the universe was all right and that what he needed was fresh air? It was the old way of silencing the profound corroding doubts that ate into the subsoil of one's being. The wise, the certain, the sensible, no longer deigned to argue with a skeptic; they accused his complexes or his digestion.

No; he must by himself try to find his way back to the old pagan certainties again. The world was a meaningless mechanism and man a complicated casual accident in it. Well, what of it? Why should he be worried, who had been long habituated to the gray picture the physicists and biologists had made of man and nature? Why fret because he could not cherish any longer the out-moded pictures, so false and beautiful as they shone out of the ivied poetry of the Christian tradition? Why should he need a faith except faith in himself? What was education for if not to train him to stand squarely on his own feet, in an honestly conceived universe? The blue-print of futility that the naturalistic philosophers of our day were giving us left little consolation. But was there not solace enough in the felicities to be found in love and friends and pictures? If one wanted the rarer flights and intensities, was there not among these secular miracles enough to rival the transports of any of the saints?

Literal faith was over and done with. And Richard knew that he could never accept as a substitute those thin symbols and tinklings with which he had been momentarily captured by the esthetes. But he faced, willy-nilly, the fact that faith remained as necessary as it was impossible. It was just at this time that he came upon

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a book that stirred him as if it had been written expressly to meet his own crisis. In "The Tragic Sense of Life," Unamuno, the eloquent Spanish thinker, had hit the essential truth and agony of the matter: the modern heart longed for what the modern mind could no longer believe. But what did the heart still crave? Immortality? Living forever was a vulgar hoggishness of vitality. Freedom? What difference did it make, practically, if the world were fated or free? When it came to an actual choice one chose just about the same on the basis of either illusion. God? Merely the overwhelming traditional epithet to hush all questions, evade all answers, and avert the conclusion that no answer worth making was possible. It was certainly not God or freedom or immortality in the traditional sense that he craved. "Why, then," he kept asking himself, "am I somehow hunting for God?"

The answer was simple, and it came to him one day simply. The first night of his vacation here by the mountain lake he had taken the canoe and paddled down swiftly to the end to prevent himself from thinking. He stopped and heard the lapping of the water against the prow of his canoe. Here were all the identical eternal sounds that had impressed him with their beautiful persistence whenever he had had a chance to be among the hills or by the sea. It was a quietude and a blessing to come again and again upon uncaring and enduring eternity, the towering changelessness of mountains, the unvarying chirp of crickets, the recurrent rustle of grass, or the stir of wind on the lake. Always he had tried to explain to himself what was the note of melancholy that he felt in those inevitable voices of the sea and woods. Now he knew.

This so beautiful whispering world of nature was eternal; nothing else was. One lived, the modern soul in the modern city, tossed on restless waves of time, torn with ambitions, racked with anguish or with triumph that would soon, too, be washed away in the universal waterfall of time. Even those high pauses of beauty one met in the arts, or those cesuras of tranquillity or affection which were possible even in a jazz age, could not long endure. Here in the murmured silence of the summer night, Richard knew what all modern souls were looking for, an escape from time to eternity, from the restless momentum of the modern world to a stable and shining island of peace. Without that, life was a mere breath, a transience, and a defeat.

It was because they could not find such an island that a great many of the little cynics pretended that they liked the flood. He could not fool himself so. But what could he cling to in the clamor? Almost every one he knew was lost in the whirlpool. Some were trying to forget the madness and confusion by drowning it in noise. He had seen them at night-clubs with their clappers and their gin and their loud-mouthed attempts to flood boredom with laughter. He had met them at parties in Greenwich Village, and had watched them until the early hours of the morning, trying to have a good time constructed chiefly around petting and puns. There were others, including myself, who were trying to live securely in the little eddy and backwash of a college or a university. Edward Lawrence was continuing with a quiet cynicism and a large income to

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gather rosebuds and forget the ultimate worm.

None of them had found security or eternity, with the possible exception of Tommy; and Tommy's way was for Richard impossible. The things that mattered, in any permanent or serious sense, were what in a previous generation one might have called the things of the spirit; and Richard felt, as he had felt when looking from the Palazzo Michelangelo upon the outspread moon-lit city of Florence below, that it was precisely these things that a universal flood of barbarism was threatening to destroy. The soul, like Narcissus, had come in these scientific days to be gazing upon its mechanical image too long, and might be drowning itself, as it assuredly seemed to be doing, in a sordid death of machinery and routine. One must return to religion in the sense in which Sir Thomas Browne had written of a religion by which he lived, the sense in which Pater's Marius had kept piety for the ancestral gods. Surely there must be something to love in the desolation, some religion that one could make honestly one's own. Without that it would be impossible to live. These mountains were opiates, but they were not a permanent peace.

It was after midnight when Richard finished. He turned to me with his young, always surprising smile. "You never thought I'd take religion so seriously, did you? Belated adolescence? Maybe. Why didn't you give me a more waterproof modern point of view at college? I would have been spared all this."

§ 4

I had to leave about a week later to keep a lecture engagement in the West. The remainder of the summer I scarcely had more than a line from Richard. He still seemed deep in his slough of despond. I was a little irritated with him. "It's a pity," I thought, "that the boy can't have learned these last ten years to take life a little more naturally. Eternal romanticist, wanting something that no world can give."

On getting back to the university, late in September, I found a letter from Richard. It was dated from town.

"Caro Maestro:

"I don't know whether you've got back to the university yet or not. But I want you to know that the cloud has lifted, I have found a little light. I haven't seen God, or anything like that. I never shall. I'm too insulated with modernity for that. I've come to the conclusion, anyhow, that seeing God in the old sense would hardly satisfy me. It may be these four weeks of mountain air. The last time I had a burst of exuberant faith was from mid-ocean.

"Oddly enough, it's getting back to the city this time that has given me a burst of exuberance.

"I know what's been wrong with me. I've been aching for a nursery religion. I wanted a cosmic ear to talk to, a Father to hold my hand when I was in trouble. And I shall never find that kind of God any more, and I'm beginning to wonder why I ever wanted such a one.

"The last morning in the Adirondacks I got up early and took a long walk along the trail that runs off into the forest back of our house. The blood pounded almost articulately through my veins, and I began to have something of the feeling that Wordsworth must have had, hearing a lan-

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guage in the glistening of the grass. There may be no meaning in the universe. Certainly, taken all together, it reads like something terrible or absurd. Yet there is undeniably an electric energy sheer and undefeatable in men and things. Out of that I shall find enough to make a religion.

"I'm no longer optimistic about the possibilities of making a pattern of beauty out of life and nature; the forces of ugliness and decay are too powerful and unremitting. But I have learned what may be a more durable wisdom. Beauty and intelligence and order may never come to be universally current in the world. I doubt enormously that they ever will. But they remain none the less eternally current in the minds of men, and their steady gleam is sufficient divinity. I shall never see God as the mystics used to see him, but I recognize now that I have often seen divinity. It comes in a flash or a moment that records itself immortally in the heart; in a sound of music, a curve of marble, a gift of gladness or generosity in a friend, the sudden miracle of green in a forest at daybreak. All these desolate little atheisms cannot touch me. Divinity hedges more creatures in the world than kings. There is immortal loveliness, enduring and returning beauty, which may be touched again and again by the sure-fingered and the open-eyed. For clear minds and gentle hearts, in every generation, the word becomes flesh and lives among men. In the face of the corrosions and defeats of daily life, that is sufficient religion to cling to. One's heaven is peopled with the angels of one's own ideals. Life becomes a loyalty on the side of the angels. What better religion has any saint ever had? What other in our day is possible? The old stories of conversion have a certain perpetual truth. God is found in the longing for Him. It is the longing that is God.

"Yours always,
"RICHARD."

I sat in my office chair speculating a little about Richard. Faith in the resilient energies of men and things, a divinity found in high aspiration or in tragic or beautiful moments in affection or art—here indeed was a new dispensation. Richard was making a religion without a God, and a poetry out of loyalty to ideals he had found in his own soul.

§ 5

There was a knock at the door. I put down Richard's letter. A youth of seventeen walked in, looking not unlike what Richard had looked like ten years before. He was saying something about wanting to take a course in philosophy. Philosophy might help him straighten out his ideas about religion and sex and life and what not. He hoped he might find some clear formula for living before he got through. I fingered Richard's letter curiously.

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Dickens up to Date

A Character He Forgot to Put in

By Lillian Fryer Rainey

I LIKE Dickens, though I am aware that it is a thing one does not air promiscuously. But having so admitted I hasten to add that there are extenuating circumstances, the principal one being that I was caught early —not older than twelve—and at a time when Dickens was enjoying, one might say, his post-mortem palmy days.

Another equally important circumstance perhaps lay in the fact that the reading field in which I grazed was bounded on the north by the ceiling, on the south by the floor, and on the two remaining sides by thick slabs of black walnut. Across this expanse ran six slim, slick shelves, up and down which I scrambled picking out all the small crumbs of romance which lay wedged in between feasts of reason. Now, compared to "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" anybody will admit that "David Copperfield" was a well buttered crumb, and I ate him up and went back for more.

A contributing fact which comes to me now was the really well groomed fashion in which Dickens was turned out by his publishers. He was neither too tall nor too fat and could be managed easily even when occupying a slick—than which there is nothing slicker—horsehair chair sub rosa behind the parlor door. This, as I remember, was a distinct advantage which Dickens had over Sir Walter Scott and Bulwer-Lytton, who were tall, rather rangy editions requiring two hands to handle. There was one painful incident when, swept away by the dramatic fortunes of Ivanhoe, I forgot caution and, coming down with a thud on the parlor floor, announced my whereabouts so definitely that I was at once marched away to the piano to practise. Dickens never so betrayed me.

On occasions now when I am incautious enough to admit my fondness for him people are brutally frank in expressing their surprise.

"Oh, really!" they exclaim; "but don't you find him long-winded and—er—roundabout?"

It always irritates me, for the remedy is so simple, so obvious. Early in the game I found the way out. You merely wet a thumb and forefinger and flip a few pages, and there you are right in the current again!

I usually let my enthusiasm slumber in my own breast, but as a parent I have, I fear, a somewhat exaggerated sense of responsibility about what goes into my children's heads, not that it ever gets me anywhere, but at times it becomes so active that I sweep their

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book-shelves clear of "trash" and set up my own gods. On one such occasion, having resolved that they must and should like Dickens, and realizing how small a chance he had against the latest airplane series, I took thought and selected "A Tale of Two Cities" as the initial offering. "So much depends on the right approach," I soliloquized.

As Jack, the heir apparent, on whom I had designs, was frightfully busy tinkering on a home-made airplane until the fading hours of daylight, evenings offered the only available time. I read aloud and put into that reading every ounce of expression I owned. Whenever it seemed expedient I flipped and came down in the swiftest current. As for Jack, he was plainly not enthralled, but he was sitting through. And that I counted gain. I hoped much from Sydney Carton and the tumbrels. I have never been able to read that last poignant, stirring scene where Carton ascends the scaffold, a willing sacrifice to love and friendship, without showing emotion. By a supreme effort I read the closing lines:

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

I closed the book. Not wishing to surprise Jack in tears which he might feel to be unmanly, I did not at once look up, but when— He was yawning openly.

"Well," he said, "it seems to me like if they were going to make a guillotine they could certainly make one that would cut off more'n one head at a time."

I did not answer. I had exactly the same feeling as when, making grape-jelly, I filled the glass to the very brim with the precious liquid and on picking it up to hold it to the light had the bottom drop out on me.

After this I spread no drag-nets for converts. Let him who would read Dickens. As for me, I did not desert Mr. Micawber or the Pickwickians; I simply did not talk about them except to mutual friends. In the light of this, what follows seems inexplicable. Perhaps if I understood better the inferiority complex and the workings of suppressed emotion they might offer an explanation. But all I have been able to gather is that if one does bottle up things they are rather certain to pop out at one quite unexpectedly some day. And that is what happened to me.

§ 2

Here I draw breath. I have stated my case and presented the evidence and can get on with my story unhampered by any prejudicial impressions.

I do not believe in presentiments or warnings; otherwise I should certainly have been tipped off on this particular morning. As it was, I drove down the driveway without violating the grass on either side more than usual and motored blithely toward town and a new spring hat. Aside from the question of the hat, I was carrying in mind the fact that my gasolene was getting low, and so I stopped at the first filling-station. Now, is there anything about a filling-station or the aroma of gasolene which would put one in the Dickens mood? If it had been an inn with the odor of stale beer or the spiced fragrance of a hot Tom and Jerry, there might have been an association of ideas. But a filling-station! What I am trying to prove

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is that it was the sign and the sign only. After the first start of discovery I stared at the name and formed the words with my lips to test them out for Brown or Jones. It was really too good to be true! A warm glow of appreciation enveloped me. Such a quaint name! Why, it was Dickensesque! I knew then how a collector feels when he finds Stiegel glass in an attic.

I wanted to run up to Gadshill and take Dickens by the hand and point out the sign and say, "There! that's one of your characters you forgot to put in." Instead, I told the gasolene man how much air I carried in my back tires and drove on.

All morning I went about my shopping carrying with me the pervasive feeling that something pleasant had happened, something in its way quite complete and perfect.

On the road home I again read the sign. Some day I should go in and quite casually, for some trumped-up reason, call for the old man whose name imparted so rare a flavor to our Western vintage. I speculated vaguely on whether he would be a puckered-up, shriveled, winter-apple character like Mr. Pecksniff or present the rotund plumpness of a Tracy Tupman. By evening his features had completely assembled. He had achieved a personality. Even then time might have saved me if Jim Edgerton had not come to dinner with my hospitable husband. Jim is a sort of secret devotee of Dickens.

I didn't broach the subject until the beef roast had been cut into the necessary number of segments and the ravenous edge taken off our appetites. Then, unhurried, unresistant, I loafed blandly up to my disclosure.

"We almost ran out of gasolene today," I began, "but I discovered it in time to stop at that new filling-station on Broadway. With all those vines and flowers they have planted about, it's really quite attractive. And across the street I saw the drollest sign!"

No response except the sound of chewing.

"It had the quaintest, funniest old name on it. A real Dickens name. Some day I'm going into his shop and see if he looks the part."

"They never do," Jim offered. "But let's have it. What was it?"

"It was," I gloated, "it was Gabriel —Gabriel Snubbers!"

It met with an even greater success than I had anticipated. They laughed singly and in duet—octaves higher, then lower—bass and falsetto.

But Jack only looked at me in the same sorrowful fashion in which I had once looked at him, and sighing said: "Mother, don't you know *anything?* Gabriel Snubbers isn't any*body;* it's a shock-absorber."

As such, I instantly felt a dire need of Gabriel.

I still maintain a fondness for Dickens, but I have long since ceased any effort to bring him up to date. Let the dead past bury its dead.

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The Roving Critic

By Carl Van Doren

Pan's Pipers

The excellent and inexpensive South Seas edition of Robert Louis Stevenson[1] should go a long way toward fixing his reputation in the place which it deserves and in which I imagine it will stand for some generations to come. I must speak a little from the outside in the matter, for I never fell under the spell of Stevenson's charm during the years when it was so generally magical, and I now feel it but fitfully. Though certain of his books delight me, the body of his work has always seemed to me somewhat full-blown. Without doubt this is partly due to the irritation, never quite reasonable, which I felt at the efforts his friends and kinsmen and publishers made after his death to prove that he was more of a solid citizen than such a driven vagrant ever had a chance to be and more of a seer than such a gay romancer ever could be. Now, however, the custodians of his fame have given up the task as hopeless, and have met a changed taste half-way by admitting, and even insisting, that Stevenson was no pretty saint. And, in any case, it is time to forget these vexed considerations. Either Stevenson is an interesting writer or he is not.

I have once more gone through all that remains of him and all that he is to be judged by, and I, for one, find him interesting. Certain of his minor pieces, raked out of obscurity into this edition, are very minor; piety cherishes them, as piety, of another kind, cherishes the words of most church hymns. His criticisms are hardly first-rate. His letters, though fascinating, too often remind me of the person to whom they were written rather than of the person who wrote them. Of his novels and stories only a few exhibit his merits at their peak. But in his best narratives and in his best essays, which might all have been gathered into half a dozen volumes, he is masterly, and it is nonsensical to question it. Without great trepidation, pretentious as the gesture is, I nominate for posterity "Treasure Island," "Weir of Hermiston," "Kidnapped," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "A Lodging for the Night," "Thrawn Janet," "Olalla," and discreet selections from "Virginibus Puerisque," "Memories and Portraits," and the "Letters."

Meanwhile, without undertaking any detailed discussion of Stevenson's qualities, I should like to point out one of those literary parallels which always excite the learned and which sometimes have a valuable bearing upon points at issue. Note what this best romancer of the last

[1] Scribner. 32 vols.

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age has to say, in "Pan's Pipes," about the goat-footed god. "The Greeks figured Pan, the god of Nature, now terribly stamping his foot, so that armies were dispersed; now by the wood-side on a summer noon trolling on his pipe until he charmed the hearts of upland ploughmen. And the Greeks, in so figuring, uttered the last word of human experience. To certain smoke-dried spirits matter and motion and elastic ethers, and the hypothesis of this or that spectacled professor, tell a speaking story; but for youth and all ductile and congenial minds, Pan is not dead, but of all the classic hierarchy alone survives in triumph; goat-footed, with a gleeful and angry look, the type of the shaggy world. . . . To reckon dangers too curiously, to hearken too intently for the threat that runs through all the winning music of the world, to hold back the hand from the rose because of the thorn, and from life because of death: this it is to be afraid of Pan. Highly respectable citizens who flee life's pleasures and responsibilities and keep, with upright hat, upon the midway of custom, avoiding the right hand and the left, the ecstasies and the agonies, how surprised they would be if they could hear their attitudes mythologically expressed, and knew themselves as tooth-chattering ones, who flee from Nature because they fear the hand of Nature's God! Shrilly sound Pan's pipes; and behold the banker instantly concealed in the bank parlour! For to distrust one's impulses is to be recreant to Pan."

And note what the best romancer of the present age has to say about the same god. "Pan, alone of the old Hellenic gods," writes James Branch Cabell in "Straws and Prayer-Books," "had thus lived on, and had survived all his peers. Pan would not, to be sure, especially regret them, since he had never foregathered with the other gods. . . . And there, in that seemingly irrelevant fact, I began to detect a darkling light. Pan had never foregathered with the other gods; Olympus he appeared at most to visit now and then, with, as I recall *The Book of Job*, a curious similarity to Satan's coming among the sons of God, 'from going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it.' Pan also, that unexplainedly dreadful and lonely wanderer, was the divine outcast. . . . Pan, alone of the gods, had abandoned, and at a pinch sided against, Heaven. . . . Pan was, in fine, the god who had looked upon the divine handiwork, and seen that it was not good; or, at any rate, not good enough. The creating romanticist had always hoped that somewhere must at least one such clear-sighted god exist; and, finding him, had worshipped appropriately. . . . I saw that the one feature common to all the great mythic figures over whose deathlessness I had been puzzling, was that each was a divine and unrepentant outcast, that each one of them was a rebel who had gained famousness by warring in one way or another against Heaven. And that might be, I felt uncomfortably, just what had made them to all creative artists irresistible. Here well might lurk, for so long unapprehended by me, another and more lurid instance of art's need to make sport with piety; here revealed in art's unfaltering endeavor to glorify not merely the rogue but the rebel."

The passages are not exactly parallel, for Stevenson is developing an independent theme and Cabell is con-

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structing a link in a larger argument; but the two build upon what is virtually the same theology. It is the theology of romance. It ranks Hermes and Pallas, the gods of prudence and deliberate wisdom, among the lesser gods, and sympathizes with Prometheus, not with Zeus. Its favorites among men are outside the balanced, prudent law, adventurers and antagonists. When this theology is accepted by story-tellers, it leads them to tell stories in which action cuts lightly across all the neat fields of thought and custom. Stevenson and Cabell, so far as their theology is concerned, start with the same premises. In practice, however, they differ. Stevenson makes more concessions to the balanced, prudent law than Cabell does. His heroes are tamer than Cabell's, and he does not indicate that he perceives it in them. They dodge sex; they duck their heads to religion. It is explained that these evasions were forced upon Stevenson by the prejudices of his public. That may be true, but it implies that he was the kind of man who can be forced. The compromise shows in his work, by which alone he can now expect to be estimated. What if he did speak out for the god of Nature in "Pan's Pipes" and here and there in other discourses and dialogues? Such statements of faith are not fully borne out in his literary conduct: that is, in his construction of plots, his drawing of characters, his assignment of sympathy. Alan Breck is outside the law only to the extent that he is loyal to a party which is not in power. Long John Silver is outside the law, but he is admitted to be a villain. For the most part, Stevenson is satisfied to make his rascals nothing more than wayward Bohemians. He does not transvalue values; he translates them into a congenial idiom. Those impulses about which he says that it is recreancy to Pan to distrust them do not turn out to have been, in his books, very daring. Or else he does not care to speak of the most daring ones. Whatever the fact may be, it deprives his work of the intellectual vigor which would be the natural result of his doctrine, if it were given free play. And because Stevenson did not quite give his doctrine free play, he was never able to create quite so consistent a theologian of romance or so religious a follower of Pan as Jurgen.

An Appeal to America

An open letter, signed by Romain Rolland, Thomas Mann, Hermann Bahr, C. A. Bernoulli, Heinrich Federer, and Arthur Schnitzler, calls the attention of Americans to the plight of the distinguished Austrian philosopher and psychologist, Rudolf Maria Holzapfel, who is in such dire need that not only his future work but his life itself depends upon the help which this country may be able to give him. The letter says, in part:

"It is the conviction of the undersigned as well as the unanimous and enthusiastic opinion of leading intellectual circles of European centers that Holzapfel is not merely a thinker and explorer of the highest value for scientific research. In his personality and in the rapidly increasing influence of his ideas and aims we recognize one of the most powerful and firmest bulwarks against the intellectual chaos and social anarchy which everywhere are threatening the life of the nations. . . .

"That a life work so extensive and

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heroic should be continued and completed is accordingly not only a matter of concern to the cause of learning, but of inestimable value for all social and intellectual progress. The life and work of such a man must under all circumstances be saved and secured.

"It is for this reason that the undersigned appeal to those American circles who always have magnanimously encouraged scientific and educational work of general significance.

"The undersigned consider Holzapfel one of the most powerful leading spirits of to-day, in the preservation of whose life and work the whole civilized world is interested."

Americans who wish to assist in this work may send checks, payable to James Speyer, to Professor F. W. J. Heuser, Columbia University, New York.

Dictation

It seems a fair distance from Moses to George Moore, yet here is Moore in the preface to the new edition of "Hail and Farewell" (Appleton) declaring that "every episode and every character was a gift from Nature, even the subject itself. . . . I worked at Nature's bidding, taking down her many surprising inventions, thinking they were my own because they happened to come my way. . . . I was nothing more than the secretary. . . . The book is Nature's own book, wrought by providential hands." Later in the preface, Moore reconsiders his first statement, and suggests that it might be more accurate to say that Ireland in particular rather than Nature in general is the author of his work, but on the whole he takes much the attitude toward it that Moses is said to have taken toward the Ten Commandments. I suspect that Moore is chiefly sly in the claim that his history of modern literary Ireland is to be ascribed to Nature, or to Ireland herself. The pretense excuses him whenever the characters of the movement, Yeats and Martyn and Æ, become absurd, as they often do in his handling. Brooks Adams, however, maintains that Moses also was sly. "It was not enough that he should have them [the Israelites] accept an ordinary book admittedly written by himself. There was nothing overpoweringly impressive about that. What he wanted was a stone tablet on which his code should be engraved, as was the famous code of Hammurabi, which he probably knew well, and this engraving must putatively be done by God himself, to give it the proper solemnity. . . . 'And Moses went into the midst of the cloud, and gat him up into the mount: and Moses was in the mount forty days and forty nights.' . . . It was not long before Moses became suspicious that all was not right in the camp, and he prepared to go down, taking the two tables of testimony in his hands. Those stone tablets were covered with writing on both sides, which must have taken a long time to engrave considering that Moses was on a bare mountain-side with probably nobody to help but Joshua." Yes, the resemblance of Moses and Moore, in respect to their citation of authorities, is striking. It is hardly less striking, though, that the documents which Moses brought down from the mount have a very Hammurabic, Israelitish look, and that the documents which Moore transcribed from the dictation of Ireland are very much in the idiom of George Moore. God and Ireland, it appears, are more at the mercy of their secretaries than even Babbitt.

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Collaboration

Speaking about his experience in the militia, Gibbon modestly remarked that "the discipline and evolution of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the phalanx and the legion, and the captain of the Hampshire grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire." A similarly modest experience of my own has lately taught me a fresh suspicion of those critics who delicately disentangle collaborator from collaborator and announce, for example, just which lines of a play are Shakspere's and which Marlowe's, just which are Beaumont's and which Fletcher's. My experience is this. With my brother, Mark Van Doren, I wrote an introductory account of "American and British Literature since 1890" (Century), in which the division of authorship was not indicated. A great many of the reviewers of the book have referred this passage or that to one writer or the other. So far as I have noted, not one reference has been correct.

The High Hand with Helen

Beauty like that of Helen of Sparta and of Troy is always troubling. In her own day it drew abductors and suitors and seducers without number. It was so great that men felt an injustice in the notion that it might be monopolized by her husband, whoever he was at the time. It was so great that men could not bear for Helen herself to possess it alone. And matters have not particularly changed since her own day. The legend of Helen has remained, for something like thirty centuries, the booty of every poet and romancer. The present season, upon the heels of a year which saw John Masefield come forth with "The Taking of Helen" (Macmillan), brings Edward Lucas White's "Helen" (Doran) and John Erskine's "Private Life of Helen of Troy" (Bobbs-Merrill). Mr. White's booty takes the form of a cool, lucid romance in seven episodes. "These tales are the outcome of years of pondering on the possible historical events out of which grew the legends embodied in the Homeric tale of Troy." The events are selected and interpreted in the light of a scholar's knowledge of actual life in the heroic age of Greece. The motives of the characters are, so far as it is now possible to make them, Greek. Mr. Erskine's booty is essentially a comedy in the form of a novel. While it does not fail to pay a reasonable attention to the historical and legendary elements which cannot be neglected if Helen is to be Helen, it is only moderately concerned with them. The story is almost entirely conversation. The action goes on, from the time of Helen's return from Troy, to the time, soon after, when her priggish daughter Hermione marries the solemn hero Orestes, and goes on more or less as the best authorities prescribe. But the conversation is in the language of the twentieth century. And Helen, who does most of the talking, is as intelligent as she is beautiful, a Spartan Candida. The characters are not always consistent, and the structure is somewhat casual, but the talk is fascinating. What other novel of 1925 is as witty as this? And what character of the year is as knowing, pungent, and experienced as Eteoneus, the old gate-keeper of the house of Menelaos? He is good liquor well aged in wood.

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Short Cuts

The Man Mencken. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon & Schuster.

No other American man of letters has ever had so meaty and racy a biography published during his lifetime. Not always written with much distinction, this one is written by a biographer who has hugely informed himself about his subject and has packed his book with details and documents. Few theories about Mencken are satisfying, but almost all facts about him are. Here are facts.

The Life of Elbert H. Gary. By Ida M. Tarbell. D. Appleton & Co.

Called in its subtitle "The Story of Steel," this is properly little but an account of the relation of Gary with the United States Steel Corporation. Gary and the corporation are always right. Where is the hand that wrote the history of Standard Oil?

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. By Burton J. Hendrick. Vol. III. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Chiefly made up of the letters, not available heretofore, which the prince of Anglophiles wrote to his President from London. Both for those who have thought Page a hero and for those who have thought him a dupe, the letters will be fresh fuel.

Christina Alberta's Father. By H. G. Wells. Macmillan Co.

A good deal of bright material threaded in a silly plot.

Sketches of Eighteenth Century America. By St. John de Crèvecœur. Yale University.

Descriptive studies of rural life, chiefly in New York on the eve of the Revolution, by the author of the more famous but hardly better "Letters of an American Farmer," certain of whose essays and dialogues are here reproduced from the original manuscript.

Rebel Saints. By Mary Agnes Best. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The saints are the early Quakers, in England and America. The rebellion is their conflict against the Fundamentalism of their day. The narrative is spirited and picturesque.

The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Selected and edited by Edna Kenton. Albert & Charles Boni.

An excellent collection of narratives by and about another set of saints, the Jesuit missionaries in North America. It is fanaticism, but it is magnificent.

The Everlasting Man. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

An Outline of History aiming to explain why the author remains a Christian and has become a Roman Catholic.

The Negro and His Songs. By Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. University of North Carolina.

A bulky study, full of quoted examples, of the phase of American folk-art which is just now particularly the fashion.

The Mirror of Venus. Translated by F. A. Wright. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Poems and stories of love from various works of Ovid translated into verse which is, at best, as sprightly as that of F.P.A.

A Short History of Spain. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Little, Brown & Co.

A readable survey by a courageous amateur interested primarily in Spanish literature and art.

Beyond Hatred. By Albert Léon Guérard. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Intelligent essays on the democratic ideal in France and America, with the striking text, "Democracy is the spirit which will not suffer hatred to live." Democracies in fact, of course, do hate.

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Reading for Fun

My First Impression of a New World

BY HUGH WALPOLE

THE first book in the world from which I am conscious of receiving any sort of ecstasy was one entitled "Lottie's Visit to Grandmamma." From the early pages of it I was first taught to read, and the beginnings were anything but ecstatic. Looking at it I perceive that the first page is divided off (I suppose by the careful hand of my governess) into two lines at a time, and I gather that two lines a day were as much as I could at that time manage. I fancy also from marks upon the page that battles of blood and tears were fought over every word, and one word of three syllables is underlined with desperate emphasis as though here was an obstacle never to be surmounted. So I struggled, I dare say, for months and months, and then suddenly liberation came and I paced ahead. I can remember exactly the moment at which my first consciousness of ecstasy arrived. Lottie and her little friend had been permitted by their grandmamma to go for a walk on the beach while a gale was blowing; there is a picture of them clutching their funny little straw hats, their short spindle legs wabbling below them; and then suddenly an old gentleman's umbrella is blown away, and Lottie and her little friend, being not modern children at all but always rather on the watch for succoring the aged and doing good to invalids, rush after and in spite of a terrific battle with the gale secure the umbrella for the old gentleman, who thanks them in the most courtly and early-Victorian manner.

I can remember very vividly indeed that this dramatic passage was a revelation to me. I saw it all so vividly that there was no need for the charming picture. My own personal life was instantly doubled; no passages that I read afterward, whether in the pages of Marryat or Melville or of Conrad, gave me more vividly the impression of the perils of the sea than did these few lines; the windows were opened, and I knew once and for all what reading could do for one.

I plunged straight from "Lottie" into the two "Alices," and here was

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my first impression of a new world. I believed, of course, implicitly in every word that I read, and if you had told me at that time that little girls didn't plunge down rabbit-holes, that rabbits seldom wore white gloves, and that mock turtles did not shed tears I should have laughed in your face. A good deal has been written, I believe, about the logical sequence of the "Alices," about their careful construction and about the inevitability of their nonsense; but I have never seen anywhere sufficient emphasis laid upon the greatest of their powers; namely, the extraordinary resemblance of the figures in them to a child's every-day relations. A child of six or seven sees its elders as "trees walking"; their grotesqueness in contrast with the realism of the child's own life is a thing that they are happily unaware of, but a child has many secret chuckles at their incredible absurdities. "Alice" was exactly the bridge that I needed; we had a cook so like the Duchess's cook that there was no difference worth mentioning; two of my closest relations exactly resembled the Mock Turtle and the Red Queen; and the mistress of my kindergarten was a positive image of Father William. These resemblances did not strike me as in any way odd; it simply was that the people in "Alice" behaved more normally and more reasonably than the people at home.

I felt, however, I am sorry to say, a persistent irritation with Alice herself. I have been a heretic about her all my life, and it seems to me that in her Lewis Carroll was a little talking down to his enchanted audience. I relished from the first all Alice's misadventures, but she was stupider, I felt, than I should myself have been, and I began then what has ever since been a great pleasure to me, a gentle practice of altering events according to my pleasure. I left Alice, for instance, drowning in the pool a good deal longer than Lewis Carroll left her; she bumped her head against the ceiling with a sharper and more painful bump than Lewis Carroll permitted her; and her head was chopped off once or twice by the Queen just to teach her not to be quite so superior and not to ask quite so many questions.

But the great thing that the book did for me was for the first time to give me another world to play in. I had not at that period a very amusing world of my own; it was constantly restricted, inhibitions abounded, and almost everything that one liked was bad either for one's stomach or one's morals. But the morality of Alice's world was supremely satisfactory; I wonder, indeed, on looking back, that the older readers of that time did not object to its laxity. Nobody was punished because he did wrong; when any one suffered it was in consequence of somebody's whim, and the suffering never lasted very long; even the Mock Turtle rather enjoyed his tears. The one harassing and eternally distressing episode was the fate of the Oysters; how many versions of that I indulged in for my own tender benefit! The Walrus became to me indeed the true figure of sin, and I think that it is from that time that I date my slight disquieting disapproval of gentlemen with drooping mustaches. I created a glorious finale in which the Oysters led the Walrus and the Carpenter ever further and further into a sandy desert, standing always a little out of their reach and watching finally with enormous glee these two hoary sinners

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succumbing to agonizing hunger. On the other hand, I conceived a love for the Lion who was a friend of the Unicorn; it was so passionate that I think Tenniel's picture of him must have been responsible for it. There is surely the dearest and most benevolent of all the lions, and I remember still very vividly my pleasure when, on being taken to the Zoo for the first time, I found a real lion there to resemble very closely indeed in benignancy and apparent tenderness the lion of my early love.

It is at this point when the first discovery has been made of the possibilities of the new inexhaustible world that children divide into the two eternal divisions of mankind, call them what you will, Romantics and Realists, Prosists (if I may coin that word) and Poets, Business Men and Dreamers, Travelers and Stay-at-Homes, Exiles and Prosperous Citizens. Reading shows which way a child is going more clearly than anything else in the world. I fancy that all the children of my day who gloried in Henty were the Realists, and Hans Andersen was for the others. Henty, you will remember, dealt always most severely in facts, and however romantic his adventurous young hero might be on the first page, the remainder of his pages stuck so closely to history that it read like a contemporary newspaper report. I am not saying that the Henty books were any the worse for that, but I think, if my memory is accurate, the little boys, my contemporaries, who enjoyed Henty also burrowed their noses deeply into strange volumes named "The Boy's Mechanic," "The Young Engineer," and the like.

I could never abide anything that had to do with facts as such; I am the worse novelist to-day because of it, I doubt not, but Hans Andersen's story of the little tin soldier was worth all the Young Mechanics in the world to me and yet is. I came straight to Hans Andersen from "Alice," and I read him in a glorious, stumpy, green little volume with odd, crooked woodcuts of storks standing on one leg, house-roofs thick with snow, and nights full of stars. But I doubt whether most children, poets or no, care as deeply for fairy-stories as they are supposed to; there are, of course, a few incomparable ones—"Red Riding-Hood," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," and "Hansel and Gretel" —and it is interesting to notice that the charm for children in these stories lies very largely in their cruelty, the wolf devouring the grandmother, the ugly sisters persecuting Cinderella, the terrible ogre at the top of the beanstalk with his victims, the old witch and her boiling kettle.

I was not myself, I think, an especially cruel little boy, being for the most part timid and sycophantic, but from the very earliest age it gave me pleasure to hear of others in distress because it made my own misfortunes seem less terrible, and this pleasure in the misfortunes of others is one of the earliest self-justifications we obtain from reading.

§ 2

I wonder how long most children remain in the fairy-tale period; in these modern days the time is very short, I should imagine. I remained in it in its simplest form for the briefest moment; I seem on looking back to have tumbled straight from Alice and Hans Andersen into a kind of syrup

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of romance. Here I must be for a moment even more nakedly autobiographical, because I believe that the reading of every romantic child from the age of, say, nine to thirteen depends largely upon the atmosphere in which he is living. It *is* atmosphere altogether: nothing is consciously done by the child; but rather the books grow out of the walls of the room in which the child lives like patterns on the wall-paper, or hang from trees in the garden like shining fruit, or swim like goldfish in the bowl in the dining-room window. When a child has a very happy childhood and is surrounded by elders who are showering gifts and benedictions, when the air is filled with light and sun and health and everybody is prosperous and successful, books are not needed; they come as a kind of extra pleasure, things to be looked for when one is tired of everything else, things rather to be patronized.

My own life between those years happened through no fault of anybody's to be lonely and dismal and filled with alarms and excursions. I seemed suddenly to grow old; the Hentys and the Grimms and the others were not enough for me, but the "Vanity Fairs" and the "Barnaby Rudges" (I remember especially trying "Vanity Fair" in a state of rebellion after what I thought was unjust punishment) were as yet too much for me. We lived at that time in an old, dusty, crooked town whose streets were forever going uphill; I was left a good deal to my own devices, and having on one occasion just before Christmas a penny to spend, I determined to buy a book. I had never quite independently of my own account bought a book before; I didn't think it would be difficult to buy a book for a penny; a penny seemed to me a good deal of money. I went into the shop and asked what book I might have for a penny. The bookseller smiled and put in front of me a pile of thin little books bound in yellow paper. I can smell still the odd scent of those books, something musty like straw and pungent like cheese. I looked at them one after another and said that what I wanted was a story; I was quite clear that poetry would not do. The bookseller strongly recommended one, but when I found that it was written by the man whose works had already made two holidays miserable by their compulsory companionship I shook my head. However, he almost forced it upon me and refused, I am now happy to remember, to take my penny. I took it home and that night, by the light of a guttering candle, began to read. At first there were difficulties: the print was atrocious, very small and irregular, dark at one moment, faint at the other; and there were parallel columns to every page. But I struggled on. There was a curious sense of adventure connected with the affair; I had bought, or had at least tried to buy, this book with my very own money; the silence of the house all around me, the leaping flame of the candle, the cheesy smell of the brown cover, even the very smallness of the print excited me; this was a new experience. And when I had persevered sufficiently I came to the scene in that book which tells of a mysterious chapel and an ugly dwarf and a kneeling knight therein; a procession of beautiful ladies enters, and one of them, surely the most beautiful of them all, drops a rose at the feet

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of the kneeling knight. That was enough for me; that scene promised me that for the rest of my days there should be always at my hand a land of escape and enchantment. I suspect that the first book to do this great service to one is very largely a matter of chance. I can imagine myself, a pale, spectacled infant, absorbed by the wonders of Smiles' "Self-Help" at just this time if the right kind of uncle, a very serious, lofty-minded man who had considerable influence over me, had been staying with us at the time; or the works of Charlotte Mary Yonge, works that did in fact give me a great deal of rather tearful happiness, might have dominated my existence forever had an adorable aunt who was as generous-hearted as she was minute been my that-time hostess. Books, I have already said, are at the beginning like fruits on a tree, almost all of them so inevitable, so bright and so shining that the first to fall into one's mouth is, nine times out of ten, the overwhelmingly important one. This, be it understood, always with that recognition of the division between the Romantics and the Realists that I have already mentioned.

I shall have more to say about Scott in a moment, and as a matter of fact I did not at once plunge into the stream of the Waverleys; I fastened on to lesser gods. There was a gentleman called Marion Crawford (is he now altogether forgotten? I trust not); and, with sixpence now in my pocket, I purchased one day a thin volume with a red cover, lured to it simply by its entrancing title, "Saracinesca." Was there ever a more beautiful-sounding title in the world? For myself at least that lovely name was justified, for I found between those red covers a group of men and women as gallant and stately and courteous as were any of the figures in "The Talisman," and they belonged, marvelous to relate, to one's own time. I might find any day just such superb beings in the streets of my own crooked little town. Judged by more mature standards, these figures were perhaps just a little too superb and stately, but that did not bother me then; I lived for months in that fine Italian world where the women moved so beautifully out of their dark, somber houses on their way to the confessional and the men fought duels with silent indifference that to my young and uncontrolled habit of mind seemed the perfection of conduct. Let me for an instant recall their names—Saracinesca, Sant' Ilario, Don Orsino, Corleone; are they not exquisitely rhythmical?

§ 3

And it was through these beautiful romances that I made a yet more thrilling discovery, namely, the dark, spidery, musty-aired library which was to give me many more hours of ravishing enchantment than I can possibly now recall.

Here, I suppose, should come that eternal question as to whether a child of tender years should be flung headlong into the whirlpool of books or no. I don't know that nowadays the question is any longer urgent; children are so modern, have so much liberty, seem to know so clearly what they want that they read what they please, I suppose. But when I was young, thirty years ago, there were the strongest views about this; certain books only must be read on Sunday and many books of course not at all, and

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it must have been just at this time that an aunt of mine discovered me with a cheap edition of Ouida's "Under Two Flags" and burnt it publicly before the assembled family, afterward restoring to me very ceremoniously the sixpence that I had spent upon it. Long years afterward when I had been browsing with complete freedom in this library of mine I was scolded for peeping into "Jane Eyre," a book that I had as a matter of fact read from cover to cover long before. That was the way things were thirty years ago, but although I think that the library did no harm at all to my morals it did damage me perhaps in another way: I read so fast and so furiously that I never stopped to think about what I had been reading. At the moment of freedom from school I plunged down side streets to the library, left the three volumes that I had borrowed a day or two before, climbed a wabbling ladder to the dark mysteries beneath the ceiling, and had a glorious, dirty half-hour of choosing and rejecting.

It was a queer enough place. Its only daily point of vitality was at a small table in the center of the room where reposed a dozen or so of the more recent books. For the town subscribers to the library this was the only interesting spot in the room—for the lady librarian, also. She was a dark, heavy, pale-faced woman whose shadow will forever hover, I fancy, around the memory of all the marvelous books that I read at that time. I am perhaps to-day the human being in all the world who has the most vivid picture of her. She played a fine game at that table, a game of allotting and depriving, a snobbish game, I fear, of keeping the best books for the best people. She would sit upon a choice new volume rather than deliver it over into the hands of some one socially unworthy of it. These were the days of the early Barries, of Crockett and Weyman and Mrs. Humphry Ward, simple days they must seem to our sophisticated modern reader who enjoys his James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. It is a proud thought for the modern day to think that this good librarian, were she now enthroned behind that little table, would be sitting on "Ulysses" instead of "Marcella."

That table meant little or nothing to me. I was gloriously balanced on the uncertain ladder shaking dust from the bodies of Bage and Ferrier, Godwin and Henry Mackenzie, Eugène Sue (I read the whole of "The Wandering Jew" in a week), and G. P. R. James. I had no guide to any of these things. I had at this time read no books of literary criticism; I had no notion of any one's dates or characteristics or personal histories; I simply nuzzled and nuzzled and chewed and chewed. I have said already that the danger of this proceeding was that I never stopped to think. I found "Frankenstein" and "A Fool of Quality" and "The Romance of the Forest" (heaven's blessing on Mrs. Radcliffe) and "Sydney Biddulph" all equally good and splendid. The dust hovered in clouds about my devoted head, the ladder quivered and quivered again as though with sympathetic agitation at my ecstasies, the canons and the canons' wives came in, fought their battles over the newer books and retreated, the afternoon passed and the night wore on, and just before closing time I would be seen emerging surreptitiously as though I had com-

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mitted some crime, my face grimed, my school-cap awry, and "Destiny" in three stout volumes under my arm.

§ 4

I don't know in fact at what period in a reader's life the critical faculty should begin to have its sway. I have headed this essay "Reading for Fun" simply because the critical faculty during this period had no sway at all. There is of course fun in being critical, some of the best fun in the world, but it is fun that comes later on, I fancy, when that first youthful confidence in an author's infallibility has wistfully passed away. Although I was now fourteen or fifteen years of age, books seemed to grow like bright fruit on trees. If a reader has a fine mind, he will, I imagine, very early in his reading history perceive the essential difference between, say, "Pride and Prejudice" and "Inheritance," or between "The Antiquary" and "Annals of the Parish." The truly critical reader begins his business from the very first, discriminating for instance between the first "Alice" and the second, and if he has that kind of reading mind he must lose some of the trusting enjoyment that goes with other kinds of reading. On the other hand, the trouble with the ecstatic reader is that he continues ecstatic in all probability until the end of his days, and there is something not a little foolish about an ecstatic, uncritical old man. There are some splendid persons, of course—Professor Saintsbury is a marvelous example of them—who throughout their lives keep both their ecstasy and their critical judgment running side by side, but ordinary mortals must for the most part make their choice. In that dusty, disheveled library I once and for all made mine.

To every reader just at this time there comes, I think, some dominating influence, and this decides a good deal as to whether he will be in later life an esthetic or unesthetic reader. In the main, of course; for every reader who is the real thing has an appreciation for all sorts, Baudelaire as well as Hugo, Schiller as well as Goethe, Smollett as well as Henry James. But the dominating influence is what finally tells; mine was Walter Scott.

It is the fashion now, I know, to sneer at Scott, to declare him unread and unreadable, to laugh at his anachronisms, to be appalled by his cumbrous sentences, to shudder before his simpering heroes, to be aghast at his material view. These things run in cycles; we are just now all for sophistication, for technic and arrangement and for a proper dignity in letters, but some day some one will come along who will clear away a little of the clambering ivy and the twisting weeds that have grown thick about the stones of that splendid old building. An enormous amount of critical, self-satisfied cliché has to be thrown away, and then with a new view there will be astonishment, I fancy, for a good many people.

As I have already said, I had at the beginning to fight against that accursed habit of giving Waverley novels to helpless small boys as holiday tasks, and even after my magnificent discovery of "The Talisman" I did not immediately pursue the adventure. It was during a Christmas holiday in a Cornish rectory where I was left a great deal to my own devices that I discovered once and for all that row of red, dumpy volumes with the white

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labels and the steel plates (the only true edition for any Scott lover), and so, taking them one after another into an attic thick with the smell of apples and its windows spider-webbed, plunged headlong.

Because I had an uncritical mind, none of it was dreary to me. From the long introductory chapters in "Waverley" to the halting, pathetic last pages of "Castle Dangerous" I gloried in every word. It is true that I stumbled over some of the introductory prefaces with their long Scotch words and their curiously named doctors, pedants, and schoolmasters, but the very cloudy mystification of these pages enchanted me. The stories when they emerged seemed to come, as they should do, from dark and musty chambers rather like the old library that I have already described. At first the English historical novels, "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," and the rest, were the most absorbing; but soon, like every true Scott lover, the Scotch novels led all the others. Only the last chapters of "The Heart of Midlothian" irritated me, and I learned to hold my hand at Jeanie's return from London and leave the rest unread. It was the exuberance of it all, I think, that caused my completest capture; character sprang out of the ground on every side of one, and the smallest, most insignificant figure had only to appear and suggest in a few spoken words or a description of a line or two an infinite vitality. Some of the heroes were simpletons, of course, Waverley and Henry Morton and Bertram and Nigel, but they mattered very slightly. Sometimes they occupied too much space; if only that great man could return and give three whole volumes about Dandy Dinmont and his family and nobody else at all! But I had my own resource for that, and Dinmont and Edie Ochiltree and Dalgetty and Nicol Jarvie and even Peter Peebles have histories that extend far, far beyond the written page.

It was with Scott, moreover, that a new and important development in my reading occurred. As I have said, I had never as yet considered the existence of the author behind the book; one's reading would perhaps be the finer if that happy state could continue to the end, if one knew nothing about Milton's patient daughters or Byron's adventures in Italy or Shelley's Harriet or Keats's Fanny Brawne or Tolstoy's escape from his domesticity or Hugo's pomposities or George Eliot's horse-like countenance. I don't know how this may be; in any case readers have no choice in these days of crowding personal biographies. I was lucky, I fancy, to have Scott for my first personal encounter. Somebody gave me a little, shabby, truncated Lockhart, and the excitement of that story was as intense as any of the novels. I took, of course, furiously Scott's side; I could have wrung the necks of the Ballantynes; and when, a little later, I read the two volumes of the "Journal" (enough for Scott's immortal fame had there never been any novels), his tragic crisis was so vivid to me that for weeks afterward it was as though my closest friend had lost his money, his wife, and his health in one overwhelming catastrophe and I powerless to assist him. But best of all, of course, were those earlier days of prosperity, the grand house rising so magnificent above the Tweed, guests, kings and princes, the finest writers in England, the most enchanting ladies, coming in a fine crowd to

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pay their homage; and then, best touch of all, the Ettrick shepherd or Tom Purdie having a crack with their friends as though there had never been any fine people there at all.

At any rate, for good or for ill, I knew what I wanted now, both from life and from reading.

So far, novels and romances had been my only food. Reading must be a personal adventure, or the salt goes out of it, and any acquaintance with poetry that I had was thrust on me from outside either in the forced learning of Wordsworth or Campbell in dreary hours at school, or in the superior remarks of some elder: "I can't think why you must be forever reading stories when there are so many better things . . . "

Well, I wasn't going to be driven into it that way, but of course, as though the patron saint of all readers has his eye eternally alert, the right moment came in the only possible way.

I was staying with an uncle at Canterbury for the Christmas holidays; it was a snowy afternoon, and, going by chance into a book-shop, I found three thick little books in a binding new to me, the first volumes, I was told, of a wonderful new series. They were cheap, they were thick, they were seductive; the series was named "The World's Classics," and the three volumes that I then purchased and took home with me were Hazlitt's "Essays," Poe's "Tales," and "Poems" by Keats. I went back to the warm, thickly curtained library and sat over the fire. My uncle's house abutted on the cathedral, and as I read, the organ was rumbling and humming as though it were in the very room with me. Although I could not see it, I know that the snow was falling thickly beyond the windows; in the next room they were hanging holly over the pictures. I think almost any book in the world would have been entrancing to me that afternoon, but when I began "On Going a Journey" and passed from that to "The Indian Jugglers," I knew a richness of satisfaction that was quite astounding in its surprise. I read on and on, and then, passing from one thick volume to the other, began:

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade; the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips."

Then I knew that something magical had indeed happened to me, and that life would now be twice as rich as ever it had been before, that the period of reading for fun was over.

("Reading for Education" will appear in the April CENTURY

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A Death on Eight' Avenue

By Oscar Graeve

De Avenue they call it with bland indifference to all other avenues, ignoring Fifth and its fashions, Sixth and its rattling "El," Seventh with its mushroom growth of towering lofts in which the cloak-and-suiters ply their trade; ignoring, in fact, all the other avenues from the East River to the Hudson. To them, Eight' is the only avenue. They have lived there forever, most of them, on Eight' itself or in the slatternly assortment of old houses that line its cross streets. They may be pickpockets or gorillas, proprietors of dives or race-track touts; on the other hand, they may be honest little shopkeepers or workers on the docks or in the factories, but they are alike in this: they are loyal to de Avenue, and they are, to a very large extent, loyal to each other, and the most remarkable part of it is that they are nearly all American born.

They don't like foreigners on de Avenue. They resent them and distrust them; perhaps, subconsciously, they fear them. For they have seen the Italians, the Greeks, and the Spaniards surging in to the south of them; they have watched the lofty ambitions of the Jews transform Seventh Avenue to the east of them; they have noted the necessities of a growing city seize, in diverse ways, with theaters and business buildings and hotels, the territory to the north of them. And to the west, beyond decrepit Ninth and a tangle of railroad-tracks, factories, and warehouses, there is only the river. They want to keep what they have, and they want to live as they have in their own little American island, but they are fighting a losing battle. And they know it.

Florrie was born in the back room of a rear tenement around the corner from Eight' some twenty years ago. Classifying her as the social workers do—and God! how they hate social workers on Eight'!—well, anyway, classifying her as social workers do as Case Report 182, the facts are these: Her father was a longshoreman; her mother, who drank herself to death with gin, was a janitress of sorts in the rear tenement in which she lived. The longshoreman, shortly after Florrie was born, and after thoroughly beating up his gin-soaked wife, just as thoroughly abandoned her. At fifteen, Florrie was alone. She earned her living by working as a waitress in the daytime and, at night, in other ways; but only occasionally. These occasions were when she was particularly hard up, when some unusual piece of finery had attracted her attention, or when she simply felt like going on the loose. She was a trim girl and an efficient waitress. She was clean and quick and slender. Her dark curly

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hair was bobbed, and her complexion was singularly pallid. She had a husky voice that was charming. There are great ladies with voices like Florrie's, but they use them in a different way than Florrie did. Florrie didn't know her voice was charming. But then she didn't listen to her voice and cultivate its silky grating tones. That would never have occurred to her. These are the facts about Florrie, although it is doubtful whether the social worker's case report would include so many items of personal description.

Eight' Avenue had a much simpler form of classifying Florrie. Eight' Avenue said she was a good kid and let it go at that.

She was a good kid. She traveled around with a girl known as Blonde Kate, and both of them were good kids. They'd help a guy when he was broke, and often, in their turn, they'd stand a feller a drink.

Once upon a time, Florrie's case would have had to be written in an entirely different way. It was Bill Murphy's fault—Big Bill, Eight' Avenue called him, and, sometimes, the Big Feller. Yet it wasn't Bill's fault. He didn't fall for her; that's all. Yet she'd have slaved for the Big Feller. She'd have gone straight for him. She'd have borne his children, cooked his mammoth meals, washed his clothes, and performed all the multitudinous miracles that some women perform interminably for some men; at least, on Eight'. And she'd have done this gladly and cheerfully with a new prayer of thankfulness each day that she was permitted to do it. But the Big Feller didn't fall for her; that was all! He fell, instead, for a dame from up town who wore eye-glasses and talked through her nose in a thin, refined way.

After his marriage, Florrie let Bill alone. She was a square-shooter, and he was a square-shooter. She knew that. Maybe that was why she loved him. But she saw him often. Bill had a gin-mill of his own. It was a squalid little place on Eight' Avenue in an old frame building that looked as if it were going to fall down any minute. It was, in fact, absolutely lopsided and leaned in a drunken manner against the firm wall of the new loft-building that had been erected next to it. It looked as Florrie's gin-soaked mother had looked at times when a large policeman had led her home. There was nothing fancy about Bill's place. There was a long bar, sawdust on the floor, an oil-stove that on cold nights smoked evilly in its corner. There was a lavatory and a back room with a few tables and chairs. There was also a side entrance leading directly from the street to the back room, so that ladies did not have to pass through the bar-room. Nothing much, you see. But there was the Big Feller, a mountain of a man, a smiling, gruff-voiced, joshing mountain with the sunlight always shining on it. Why, he could even throw a drunk out so that the drunk could feel no offense! He wore a tattered sweater and a dirty apron, but his hair was slicked back from his forehead like a swell's, and his face was clean-shaven and shining. Everybody liked Big Bill.

After prohibition came, Bill solved his problem very simply by keeping the front door locked instead of unlocked. He placed old Mike as watch-dog in the window, and nobody was allowed in unless old Mike knew him; that is, if the town was tight. When

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the town was loose, Big Bill would say: "Aw, let 'em all in! T' hell wit' it! I'll handle 'em." Occasionally the Big Feller was pinched, the place was closed, Bill was hauled off to the police station, but nothing much seemed to come of it.

Bill's place was a genial place, but it must not be thought that it was a safe and quaint little sight-seeing place for anybody to drop in. It was not. Especially not at night. You were safe if Eight' Avenue knew you favorably, but if it didn't you weren't safe. Not always. It wasn't safe for a guy who had a load on to flash a roll there. No; most decidedly, that wasn't at all safe. It wasn't safe to go there and shoot your mouth off in a loud and superior way. Nor was it safe to go in decorated with glass to any large extent. That was as unsafe as it was in poor taste.

Both Florrie and Blonde Kate, however, knew it as a safe place and an exceedingly pleasant place. To them it was a refuge, a way-station, a storm-shelter. To them, it was a salon, a club, a parlor in which to entertain their gentlemen friends. In the Big Feller's care they were as secure as in their own furnished rooms, and probably much more so.

He looked after them, he protected them, he encouraged them. He'd send in likely-looking gents to buy them drinks. Which was good for the house, and good for them, but, perhaps, not so good for the gents.

"There's a coupla nice-lookin' broads in the back room, see?" he'd whisper over the bar to some likely-looking gent who also looked as if he enjoyed the company of ladies. "You can go in there, see, and buy 'em a coupla drinks. But no rough stuff, see?"

He'd also, late at night, send old Mike around the corner to the Dutchman's for sandwiches, and once in a while, when they'd hooked a sap who looked particularly likely, he'd close his own place as early as two or three in the morning and accompany them up town for further festivities at the Ranch, which stayed open as long as anybody stayed there, or to one of the night-clubs which are run on the same plan but in quite a different way from the night-clubs that even the nicest people know. Florrie could stay out like this because she didn't have to be at the restaurant where she was a waitress until noon, while Blonde Kate didn't have to be anywhere at all. And Big Bill liked to keep an eye on Florrie and Kate—especially on Florrie. Why, him and her had been kids together, they had!

"I'm your big brother, see!" he'd say to Florrie. "Get that, kid! When you're in trouble, any time an' in any way, I'm your big brother."

"Oh, I get it all right," Florrie'd answer in her bruised and husky voice. "You're right I get it. You're my big brother all right."

But she never even tried to fondle the Big Feller's hand. She was a square-shooter, Florrie; and Big Bill was a square-shooter, too, although for the life of her she couldn't see what he saw in that up-town and up-stage dame with her glasses and her refined voice.

§ 2

One night, however, Florrie came into Bill's place alone. She was trembling. She was both frightened and angry.

Big Bill had opened the door of the passageway that led to the back room

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for her, for that door was also kept locked; and the expression in her eyes and her trembling had drawn him after her into the back room.

He dropped his hand on her thin shoulder. "What's the matter wit' you, kid?" he asked. "What's eatin' you? Tell popper!"

"It's Bunny," she said, with an adjective or two descriptive of her feelings about Bunny.

"What's he did now?"

"He won't leave me alone, Bill. That's the truth. He's got my goat an' he's got it good, an' you know that don't happen often—the dirty rat!"

"Hey, kid! Go easy! Don't use that word!"

"He is a rat, big boy. That's just what he is. We all know he squealed on McCarthy—"

"You cut that out, Florrie! I don't want no talk of squealers around here."

It should be explained that rat is indeed a word that must never be used on Eight'. It is more dangerous than dynamite and more deadly than prussic acid. It is a shooting word. On Eight' one may, with indifference, use certain words and phrases, in grotesque combination, that polite society has only recently taken up; in fact, some words and phrases are used on Eight' that even polite society at its raciest does not admit and that are never and never known in the homes of the respectable. On Eight' one may use these expressions freely, lightly, and with propriety as long as they are used with good nature. Used with good nature they are customary and therefore meaningless. But that simple and seemingly inoffensive little word, rat, should never be used. For rat means a squealer, and a squealer to Eight' Avenue's way of thinking is lower than any reptile that crawls the earth or any vermin that slinks its loathsome way through slime and refuse.

Presently the Big Feller's hand dropped from Florrie's shoulder while he said reflectively: "So Bunny won't leave you alone, he won't! Well, you leave him to me, Florrie. You leave him to me, an' I'll fix him. An' anyways, you're safe here."

"No, I ain't safe, Bill. Not even here. He'll follow me here even. He'll follow me anywheres."

"Well, if he follows you here, gees, I'll fix him, and I'll fix him good. You leave him to me, kid."

Thus, having reassured Florrie to some extent, Big Bill went back to the loiterers at his bar. Florrie calmed her shaken nerves with a whisky taken straight; Bill sent in a likely gent to entertain her, the likely gent came through with two or three drinks before he left, and, all in all, a pleasant evening passed quietly enough in the back room of Bill's place.

At two or three in the morning, however, there was a commotion outside, the door to the back room was thrust open by Bill's elephantine foot, and he burst through, dragging Bunny with him.

"He's came, Florrie!" he said. "He's came askin' for you, so let's get this settled onct an' for all."

Bunny bore many resemblances to the unmentionable animal that Florrie had called him. At least, he did now in Big Bill's grasp. The colorless lips of his thin and colorless face were drawn back over his sharp white teeth. He was dark and squirming. Yet ordinarily Bunny had a great deal of assurance. Sartorially, if in no other way, he was a credit to de Ave-

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nue. His were the tightest of belted coats, the most lustrous of velours hats, the most florid of silken shirts and scarfs. But Big Bill showed not the least respect for this perfection of attire. Without releasing his clutch on Bunny's coat collar, he peered back into the bar-room and shouted: "Get out, Mike! You've got your keys, ain't you? We're closin' up."

And then, giving his attention to Bunny once more, he shook him and bellowed: "We're alone now—jus' you an' me an' Florrie. We're going to get this straight. Are you going to leave the kid alone or ain't you?"

"It's none of your business," Bunny snarled. "You got a skirt of your own, Bill."

It was the wrong note to take with Big Bill, and he started to punish Bunny. It wasn't a nice thing to do—not the way Bill did it. If this account has a hero, the hero is Big Bill, and no hero should do what Big Bill did. He was a bulky mountain of a man, and Bunny was an undersized little guy. There was no excuse for it. Even Florrie after a second or two cried out to Bill to lay off.

At her cry the Big Feller tossed the little fellow aside, and he fell like a torn rag against the wall.

But Bunny wasn't through. Weeping, choking, and twisted out of shape though he might be, he wasn't through. His shaking hand leaped into his inside pocket; there was the gleam of metal. Big Bill, however, caught him in time and wrenched the gun from him.

"Why, you dirty little rat!" he cried contemptuously. "You'd pull a gat on me, would you? Well, get out!" With one hand he carried the quivering Bunny through the passageway and kicked him out upon the sidewalk.

When he came back to Florrie he was laughing, a little proud of himself in his burly way. "Well, I guess I fixed him good, kid. He won't bother you no more. Come on! I'll walk home wit' you."

"But you done too much, Bill."

"No; I didn't do too much. Not to that rat! He had it comin' to him. Whenever you're in trouble, kid, you come to your big brother any time, anywheres—like I told you."

"Yeh, big brother is right," said Florrie in her husky voice. "You're goddam right big brother is right."

§ 3

It was about a week later that, when old Mike came to unlock Bill's place in the morning, he found the Big Feller himself lying on the floor of the back room. "What t'ell, Bill," said old Mike. He drew closer. He began to whimper, for he was very old, and he had no stomach left for these affairs.

The police came of course, and there was a great deal of clang and clamor. But they couldn't find a trace of the killer. He hadn't left a single trace. And nobody had a grudge against the Big Feller. Everybody had liked Big Bill. Nobody knew anything. Nobody could understand it.

But Florrie knew. Florrie, however, didn't say anything. When Bill's friends and her friends asked her, as they asked everybody, whether she knew anything, she answered: "No, I don't know nothing! How could I?" And she laughed. Eight' Avenue decided that Florrie had no feelings laughing like that. Poor Bill! He had always been so good to Florrie, kept an eye on her, everything like that. He was a square guy, he was!

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And now the girl he had befriended so long could laugh like that!

All Eight' turned out for the funeral. It was the swellest funeral Eight' had seen in many a year. Florrie and Blonde Kate went together to the services in the Church of Our Lady of Good Hope. From all over the city people came to the services, the strangest and most unexpected people. In one way or another, Big Bill had served them and, in serving them, had won their friendship. There were bankers from Wall Street and politicians and iridescent ladies from the stage, and there were derelicts from Chatham Square and Cherry Street and those far, forsaken regions beneath the Brooklyn Bridge. Bunny was there, too, in a sartorial perfection of black and white.

During the services people noticed that Blonde Kate cried her eyes out; that's what they said. But they also noticed that Florrie sat tearless. In fact, as she had come down the aisle she had looked around smiling a little and hadn't kept her head down and her face straight as was right and proper. "She was looking like she was trying to pick up a guy," said Eight' condemningly. Eight' felt she was no longer a good kid. She had no feelings.

Eight' Avenue was to be further scandalized. For after a while it was noticed that Florrie had taken up with Bunny, and while Bunny was harmless he was the lowest of the low. They were seen dancing at the Ranch together and at the night-clubs which are not the night-clubs that nice people know. Red Dave had stepped into Bill's place and was running it in the interest of Bill's widow, that uptown dame who wore eye-glasses. But although the old crowd still gathered in Bill's place, Florrie and Bunny seldom went there. Neither Florrie nor Bunny was popular any more at Bill's place. Even Blonde Kate was off Florrie.

Yet while Florrie and Bunny were running around together—and this no one knew nor would believe—she kept him guessing. She held him to her by keeping him guessing so that his desire for her ran like flame through his tired and aching body.

At the Ranch and at the night-clubs she tried to get Bunny drunk, but Bunny did not and would not drink. He had his vices, but liquor wasn't one of them.

"Aw, come on an' have a drink, Bunny! It's no fun for me drinkin' alone!"

"You know I don't drink, Florrie. You know it's poison to me."

"Aw, jus' one, Bunny. Jus' one wouldn't hurt."

"You know I can't, sugar-baby."

"If you'd lay off that other stuff an' take a good honest drink onct in a while—"

Bunny snarled with a sudden showing of his white and pointed teeth. "What other stuff? What 'n 'ell you talkin' about?"

"Aw, I know. I know a lot about you you don't think I know. If it ain't the other stuff, what happens to you when you go off alone sometimes? Always alone. Why don't you let me go with you? Don't you trust me, Bunny?"

"Yeh, I trust you all right, kid. But there's some of his business a guy's got to keep to hisself. Kiss me, sweetheart!"

"No, I won't kiss you, Bunny. Not till you trust me. Not till you let me see you like me like I like you."

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"I like you all right! What 'n 'ell would I be runnin' around wit' you all the time for if I didn't like you? I'm crazy for you, an' you know it. I been crazy a long time."

"Well, you ain't very sociable about it. You won't even have a drink with me. Look! I got my own little flask if you're afraid of the bum stuff they got here. This is good stuff, Bunny, guaranteed A-1. Let's jus' have one little drink together."

"It's poison to me, baby."

"What d'you mean it's poison? I tell you it's A-1 guaranteed."

"The best stuff in the whole cock-eyed world is poison to me, girly."

"You could take one little drink with me—jus' one—if you'd lay off that other stuff, that secret stuff."

"Aw, cripes! What's the matter wit' you? Can't you let it drop?"

"It's for your own good I'm askin' it."

"For my own good! Gees, that hands me a laugh all right. You didn't uster feel that way, did you? You didn't feel that way when you got the Big Feller to beat me up, did you?"

Florrie was stilled for a moment by the mention of the Big Feller's name until, beneath the cover of the table, she gave herself a fierce, abrupt jab with her thumb and rushed on to say: "Aw, I didn't do that, Bunny! I've told you a hundred times I didn't do that. It was that night made me feel different to you. Bill had no right to beat you up like that—you a little feller and him a big guy."

"Cut the weeps, sister! I don't want nobody crying over me. Some of us little fellers can look after theirselves all right."

"Yeh, I know that. You can look after yourself. I know that all right."

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean what I mean, and you know it, too. I've never said a word to nobody about that night. Give me credit for that, honey! I've kept my mouth shut."

"You'd better keep your mout' shut, kid; you'd just better keep your mout' shut."

"I'd never squeal, Bunny"—her husky voice was at its deepest—"I'd never squeal—not on nobody, not on the lowest of the low. I might do a lot of things, but I'd never squeal."

"Well, then, kiss me, you little sugar-baby!"

"No, not yet."

"Aw, why not?"

"I ain't ready yet, Bunny. I will when I'm ready."

And Florrie wasn't ready. She had to wait until, through his weakness for her, she had Bunny completely surrendered into her possession.

§ 4

When spring comes to Eight' Avenue there is very little outwardly to mark the season from other seasons. There is no budding of green, there is no song of birds, but there is, of course, the air of spring, the sunshine of spring, the feel of spring, that no brick and no mortar can shut out. And Eight' sheds its winter garments and appears without waistcoats and overcoats, and the girls emerge in flimsy, sleeveless frocks and little felt hats of vivid yellow or pale green or rose. In the doorways of the little shops, the little shopkeepers sit with their ample wives beside them and their brats squalling on the sidewalks. From an upper window, Mrs. McGuire and a thousand like her lean their fat arms on the sills to ponder the scene

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below. And in Bill's place during unoccupied moments, in the doorway that Big Bill himself had so often and so completely filled—a doorway that is temporarily at least left open—Red Dave and old Mike stand and discuss the weather and the immemorial problems of mankind.

And when spring came to Eight' and Florrie felt the spring, she remembered the Big Feller. Although she had never forgotten him, not for one minute, she remembered him now in a new way and in a way that held agony in it; and it was also in a way that made her pallid face more pallid and that set her lips in a thin hurt line.

One night of spring, and very late, Florrie and Bunny emerged from the Ranch, which is down-stairs in what was once a cellar and where they had sat together in close proximity and danced together in closer until the desire that possessed Bunny's wasted body, the desire that was like a flame, curled hot and angry within him.

Outside on the sidewalk, in the darkness of the building, he threw his arms around her and he pressed her to him with cruel and eager pain so that she could not immediately fight him off and free herself.

"Say, what's the matter with you to-night, Bunny?" she asked at last, panting and breathless.

"Aw, you know," he said sullenly.

"I ain't ready yet."

"You got to be ready, baby. Come on wit' me."

Florrie sighed long and curiously. "Aw, well . . ." she said, and stopped and then said, "You come with me."

"All right," he agreed at once.

"But I'm not going home."

"You ain't! Where you goin'?"

"Down to the river, Bunny. Let's go down an' sit on a dock where we can see the water an' hear the water. Let's do it, Bunny. I don't feel like I can go inside to-night." And now she was using her husky voice as great ladies sometimes use their voices; she was wooing him, she was loving him with her deep and husky voice. "It's the spring, I guess. It's this nice spring night—so soft like you could feel it. It makes me sort of crazy."

"Aw, that is crazy!"

"Let's be crazy together. Jus' to-night. Jus' you an' me, Bunny; let's be crazy. I know a place we can go."

"I guess maybe a place where you uster go with the Big Feller maybe!" he cried, stung with anger.

"No; it ain't a place where the Big Feller ever took me. He'd never have took me there, Bunny. I found it for you."

"Yeh, that hands me a laugh, that does! You found it for me, an' you holdin' me off an' holdin' me off like I was the smallpox."

"I don't want to hold you off no longer, Bunny."

"You make me crazy, Florrie, crazy an' dizzy, an' I don't know yet whether I can trust you."

"I've kept my mouth shut, ain't I?"

"Yeh, you jus' better keep your mout' shut or I'll shut it for you."

"Don't talk like that, Bunny. Not to-night! Not to-night when I want to kiss you, when I want to be crazy with you."

"Aw, all right! I'll come wit' you."

Bunny hailed a taxicab, and they drove to West Street. They left the taxi, and, clinging together, arm in arm, body against body, they lurched across the wide expanse of paved and cobbled street to a dock. There was

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an open door and no one in sight. Quickly they dived through into utter darkness. And they stumbled on over barrels and heaped bags and packages and boxes, still clinging together. At last they emerged upon a cleared and unroofed space. They sank down in each other's arms on the very edge of the dock.

It was a night made for love. The stars were overhead; red and green lights blotched the dark waters with color. And the spring air was warm and light like chiffon that they wrapped around them as they lay there. It was not entirely dark, but there was darkness and light in a confusion of shadows, and they, Bunny and Florrie, seemed to be shadows that were part of the darkness. It was as if the night had opened its arms to them and had taken them to its breast where they were close and sheltered. And except for the soft syllables of the whispering waters, it was very still.

"Kiss me again, Florrie!" Bunny's whisper mingled with the whisper of the waters.

"All right, honey! But wait!" Florrie sat up. "Let's have one little drink first. Jus' one. Look! Here's my little flask with the stuff that's guaranteed A-1."

"You know I can't, sugar-baby. You know it makes me crazy."

"We want to be crazy together, Bunny. Jus' one little drink."

"Aw, all right," he said, desperate and impatient. He snatched the flask from her and put it to his lips. . . .

Afterward, a little while afterward, it was very easy. She seemed simply to have to touch him with her hand; he rolled over that easy. There was a splash, a phosphorescent stirring of dark waters. . . .

When Florrie got back to Eight' a light was still burning in Bill's place. Florrie rang the bell at the side door, and Red Dave answered.

"What you want, Florrie?" he asked, not too politely when he saw who it was.

"I got news for you," she said.

"What's the news?"

"Let me in first."

He stood aside for her to pass. Inside, within the back room that stabbed her with memory, she leaned against a table. She was forced to lean against a table, for she felt exhausted. Only old Mike was there with Red Dave.

"What's your news, Florrie?"

"Bunny's passed on," she said.

"Bunny! Whatcher mean?"

"Nothing! Jus' that. He's passed on."

They stood silent until Florrie threw her hand angrily, protectingly, across her eyes. "Aw, what's the matter wit' you?" she asked. "You look at me like I was a squealer."

"You ain't no squealer, Florrie," said old Mike timidly, for he was very old and had no stomach for these affairs.

"You bet your life I ain't no squealer. Anyways, I ain't that! Come on, boys! The drinks is on me."

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The Making of Andrew Jackson

All Things Worked Together for Good to Old Hickory

By William E. Dodd

"A poor old Irishwoman" wandered across the border of North into South Carolina and there gave birth to the next really great leader of the American democracy, after Thomas Jefferson, thus making the "hero" of later days a fellow-citizen of John C. Calhoun. With so casual a beginning and little else that might give him advantage in the world, Andrew Jackson worked his way painfully to manhood and a competence on the old Southwestern frontier. In 1812 he was a prominent duel-fighting, horse-racing slave-trader and plantation master firmly settled on the banks of the Cumberland twelve miles from Nashville, a tall, lean, hatchet-faced man accustomed to command.

And at that very moment Henry Clay, the Kentucky lion-tamer and incomparable politician, was doing his utmost to give his future dreaded rival as great a command as a war with England would permit. Clay was speaker of the House of Representatives, the one great man of the West and leader of that marvelous group of Young Americans who drove poor James Madison into war in order to take Canada from Great Britain, and Florida from decrepit Spain. The war came; an American army marched into Canada at the same time that Napoleon marched his legions into Russia. The democracy of the American wilderness was an "associate" of the greatest autocracy Europe had known since Charles V. Strange bedfellows!

But in a few months Napoleon and his troops fled pell-mell from Russia, leaving Clay and Madison to fight Britain as best they could. It was a bad fight. Clay did not "dictate a peace to the haughty mistress of the seas from Halifax." Instead the American troops had a hard time keeping the British out of Ohio and New York; and Washington itself was burned to the ground, the President taking undignified flight to Leesburg, Mrs. Madison lugging a portrait of Washington after him. It was a dark day.

Before this unhumorous turn of events, the President sent the bold Harry himself to Ghent in the hope that he might coax the British to let bygones be bygones, on the principle that the hair of the dog might cure the bite. Men have said Madison had no sense of humor. I think this appointment of the chief of all the "war-hawks" to tease British statesmen, in the hour of their greatest victory, to leave the Americans alone disproves the charge. But while Clay quarreled with John Quincy Adams, his fellow-commissioner at Ghent, and both

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quarreled daily with the British, the day of Andrew Jackson dawned.

Toward the end of 1814, James Monroe, third of the Virginia Dynasty, informed all the governors of the South and West that they must take care of themselves. At that moment a great British army was preparing to make of New Orleans the capital of another British province; for all the vast Louisiana region was to be taken away from the loose confederacy called the "States." The son of the poor old Irishwoman, with a dozen half-filled regiments of Indian-fighters, bearing long, heavy rifles, marched down the marshy lowlands on the eastern bank of the Mississippi to meet the hated British. On January 8, 1815, the Westerners made an end of the invading host. That day on the black, oozy soil of the lower Mississippi Delta, Andrew Jackson became the hero, the rival of Henry Clay, and potential President of the United States. Peace had already been made, and hence the bloodshed was unnecessary; but that battle gave the defeated Americans a sense of victory which has ever since been drilled into school-children: "a second time," the historians say, "the brave Americans won a great war against the greatest empire in the world."

In the spring of 1815 three interesting figures crossed the horizon of American public opinion. The hero of New Orleans, hailed everywhere as a "greater than Washington," returned amid multitudinous rejoicings and barbecues to Nashville and to his home, the Hermitage, as it has ever since been called. Henry Clay, the author of an unsuccessful war and the maker of a peace which he hardly dared defend, returned to the West with small éclat, and was compelled the rest of his life to listen to the shout, "Hurrah for Jackson!" And finally, John Quincy Adams, son of his unhappy father, after a long and welcome absence from New England, reappeared in Boston to the cold embraces of the Puritan chiefs, who had never forgiven him for being a sunshine friend of Jefferson. The short, stocky, square-headed, pugnacious second Adams had assisted Madison win a war which New-Englanders hoped to lose. One hardly knows whom to commiserate the more: Henry Clay, who must shout for a leader who was supplanting him; or Adams, whom the sullen New-Englanders must support in the hope of breaking the power of the Virginians. There was no fly in the Jackson ointment. He had shot up eight thousand Englishmen; everybody agreed to that. Three interesting men destined to careers of defeat and sorrow; if they had only been able to compose their differences and adjust their ambitions! But then history would not be history.

§ 2

When Napoleon was packed off to Saint Helena, there to ponder the crimes he had committed, Thomas Jefferson, sunny and buoyant again, resumed a directing hand in the counsels of the little group which had governed the United States since 1801. It was decreed, as I think, at Monticello that James Monroe, the radical now turned conservative, should succeed his chief, Madison, in the Presidency, and that John Quincy Adams, the one New-Englander who had kept on good terms with the Dynasty, was, in 1824, to succeed Monroe. It was a neat scheme, but it involved the necessity of appeasing the West, whose leaders

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since the days of John Breckinridge had been clamoring for their turn in the White House. It was gracious in Jefferson to arrange for the son of his ancient enemy to be President, but it turned out to be cruel, for Adams found the Presidency worse than a Trojan gift.

When Monroe was duly elected with the active assistance of Henry Clay, he turned to the ardent Kentuckian and asked him to be secretary of war. Whereupon Clay declined with scorn and anger. He had not been consulted at the Monticello conferences; and he, like the late Colonel Roosevelt, could never think of himself in the play except as Hamlet. He not only would not accept any office under Monroe; he would not permit any of his Western friends to accept any office. Adams, pursuant to the Jefferson arrangement, took his place as secretary of state in 1817 and began the rôle of heir apparent. He was not an adept, as all the world soon learned. He wrote the rules of etiquette for the now respectable republican régime. Mrs. Monroe was not to return calls. Wives of members of the Cabinet were not to make first calls on senators' wives. Members of the House of Representatives were tacitly to come third in matters of precedence: and Henry Clay was not only a member of the house; he was its speaker; he *was* the House of Representatives, under the rules which he himself had set up. Plainly Adams made a *faux pas;* and a *faux pas* is the worst thing a Presidential aspirant can be guilty of.

But the sun rose brightly on the Monroe administration. Young John C. Calhoun took the position which Clay spurned, and said, "Thank you," too, as I think. William H. Crawford of Georgia became secretary of the treasury and at once began to lay the wires to make himself President in 1824. Why not? He was in the great office Hamilton had held. John Quincy Adams was to be the next President; William H. Crawford would, if possible, be the next President; and John C. Calhoun began forthwith to think he might be the next President, too, a thought which was destined to plague him for more than thirty years.

But the sun did shine brightly that spring and summer. The great European economic reaction, carrying ruin to thousands of the best of business houses, delayed its arrival in the United States. But in 1818 the storm began to break; in 1819 disaster gripped the country from north to south. A race of farmers who had been rich for twenty-five years now found no markets for pigs or corn or steers. Cotton alone was welcome in Europe, and even cotton could not be sold there except upon a steadily declining market.

Sunshine turned to shadow; and shadow soon became darkness. The United States Bank, which Calhoun had done most to set up, failed, and with it nearly every other bank in the country. In South Carolina, planters ceased for a time to use horses and plows because slave labor was cheaper. The negroes spaded up the land after the fashion of medieval days. It was hard times. Luckily the Republican party had not come to teach that Presidents bring good or bad times according to their will, else Monroe and Adams would both have gone down the Via Dolorosa several years earlier than they actually did tread that way. The country was in a bad humor, all the same. Monroe made tours, south,

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north, and west—to little avail; the bad humor was destined to continue twenty years.

Adams suggested alternative interests to relieve the misery. These were a hands-off attitude toward the struggling South-American republics, the closest possible entente with England in the hope of winning wider markets, and silent opposition toward the glorious Holy Alliance of the continental powers. In such a situation and with suggestions of such a foreign policy, Henry Clay quickly found himself. In December, 1817, he arrived in fine feather. He set up political housekeeping at once. His newspaper boys sent long and spicy accounts of the new *British* régime in Washington; of John Quincy Adams, son of the "old reprobate" of 1800; of the new bowings and scrapings at the court of Mrs. Monroe; of the rules of precedence which made the wives of representatives of the people "inferior" to the high ladies of the court. In it all the name of the secretary of state was a term of reproach and disgust. That was a mere prelude.

Again elected speaker, Clay made eloquent and pointed orations on behalf of the patriots of South America. He won the House to his view; and he so worried Adams and Monroe that the President tried to coax him to Cabinet meetings, giving him a night-latch key to the White House. Clay never relented, though he was always as polite as a Talleyrand. He held the House of Representatives in a firm and steady grip and made even Jefferson squirm, although he was not a circumstance to "cousin" John Randolph as a Congressional termagant. He was wiser than Randolph; he really meant to put Adams out of the way.

But Adams was making progress with his British entente. English statesmen put no stumbling-blocks in the path of the purchase of Florida for a song, Florida which Clay and Monroe and Madison had failed to get in a war that cost a hundred millions. And Adams on his part was getting ready to support British trade advances in South America, and finally even to recognize the unruly Spanish-Americans as genuine patriots, if only Clay would let him alone.

§ 3

At this moment the son of the poor old Irishwoman came into the picture again. In the autumn, I believe, of 1818, Andrew Jackson quietly informed the President that he could hasten the slow Spanish negotiators with a few Western riflemen, duly placed under his charge. Monroe asked Adams for a hint. Adams was not unwilling, if a little discretion were employed. Jackson received one of those oracular replies which always mean what the interpreter wishes them to mean. And Andrew Jackson soon broke into Florida in the fat neighborhood of Saint Marks. It was early springtime, 1819. The Spanish governor at Pensacola gaped with astonishment when he found the general about to pull him off his little throne. The Indians took to the Everglades; the runaway negroes were duly thrashed and sent back to the Georgia cotton-fields. Something was doing in Florida. None of this disturbed the secretary of state. But a little later he heard that Jackson had hanged two British subjects for being found in bad company, Arbuthnot and Ambrister by name. That perturbed Adams, for he knew, or thought he knew, that the

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Government of Great Britain never permitted her subjects to be beaten up, to say nothing of being hanged on an improvised gallows. The whole Spanish negotiation might fail, and then the secretary would find Southern faces turned against him, having failed to annex Florida.

Strangely enough the British foreign secretary made no serious protest. Perhaps it was because the two dead Britishers were Scotchmen. At any rate Adams never did more than make a polite explanation to England; and he never dared rebuke General Jackson. Men did not do that even then; that is, nobody but Henry Clay. Jackson returned in the summer to Nashville, where forty thousand shouting Westerners proclaimed him a returning Cæsar. After all the triumphs were over, he retired to his home to read the newspaper accounts of his exploits. Jackson was a Presidential candidate whether he knew it or not; Monroe and Adams hardly knew what to do with him.

But Henry Clay knew. He already had one rival on his hands; he would not have another, especially from the West. When Congress met in December he turned his great guns upon "the tyrant, the military despot, the man on horseback" from Nashville. After elaborate preparations and suitable committee rearrangements, and in the presence of a half-adjourned Senate, the diplomatic corps, and truant members of the Cabinet, he made one of the greatest attacks of his life. Andrew Jackson, not John Quincy Adams, was the butt on January 20, 1819, of one of the bitterest arraignments ever made in Congress: Julius Cæsar had undone his country; Charles I had sought to ruin England and lost his head; and Bonaparte had wrecked France, only to find himself an exile; "I hope General Jackson intends no treason to the United States." It was too bad, one may presume, that representatives did not recognize the famous phrases of Patrick Henry.

When all was said that could be said, and when a committee reported in favor of court martial for the general, the Administration refused to condemn Jackson; and the House of Representatives, for the first time since the rise of Henry Clay to the speakership, rebuked Clay; it refused to order the "hero of New Orleans" to appear before a court martial. In the thick of the fight in the House of Representatives, Jackson rode into Washington. The secretary of state offered him a public dinner; the general refused all official attentions so long as his character was under attack in Congress. A few days later, when Congress exonerated him, Baltimore urged him to eat a public dinner there. What was said on that occasion was enough to turn the heads of wiser politicians than he. But he kept his poise. He did not even kiss the babies. Then Philadelphia, sober and complacent, invited him to visit her. Jackson accepted the invitation and saw the staid Quakers get drunk in his honor. Next Martin Van Buren got the leaders of Tammany Hall to offer the hero of New Orleans the keys of New York City, whatever that phrase may mean. Jackson went to New York. It was all a triumphal march which reminded Hezekiah Niles, the great Baltimore editor, of ancient Rome.

When Jackson returned to Washington, Clay had taken flight beyond the Alleghanies. The President asked Jackson to drop in at the White House

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and drink a mint-julep. The secretary of state again offered a dinner, and Jackson doubtless accepted. When he at last took up his journey to Nashville, his sun shone as brightly as even his little group of claqueurs in Nashville thought it did. There was no other way but for him to lead the Westerners to Washington and clean up the Government. Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Adams were bothered. The best of plans was about to go agley. When the news of the ratification of the treaty by which Adams purchased Florida was published, it made no great stir. Three interesting figures, I should say: the thick, stocky John Quincy Adams, with the bald, square head; wiry, big-nosed, smiling Henry Clay, now gambling for high stakes, now charming the young women about Washington; and the cadaverous, dyspeptic hero of New Orleans, ready with a rifle, owner of a stable of racehorses, half ill from his arduous campaigns, and marked by the wounds of more than one duelist. They made life worth living, even in the hard times of 1820.

It was Adams's move next. What would it be? That was a question which the hopeful father at Quincy solemnly canvassed, a query which Walsh, the editor of the "National Gazette" of Philadelphia, pressed the secretary of state to answer for himself. It was not easy for an unimaginative Puritan to devise an appeal to the electorate which must decide his fate. He hit upon a marvelous experiment. He too would twist the lion's tail. Clay had risen to fame at that pastime, and Jackson was about to eclipse Clay because of a still more vigorous twisting at New Orleans.

On the Fourth of July, 1821, when the negotiations about the famous Monroe Doctrine were just beginning, the secretary of state made it convenient to deliver the address on the meaning of the day. It was in the House of Representatives. Congressmen who were busy pulling the wires for 1824, ex-congressmen who held jobs in the departments, judges of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet, and representatives of the European governments all graced the occasion, a little concerned what a secretary of state, maker of a fair entente with Great Britain, could say about the Declaration of Independence that would not impinge upon the feelings of the British minister. Adams was a little uneasy, too, and took the precaution to let that dignitary know that his absence would be better than his presence. It was a proper precaution, for Adams read the world a lesson on the iniquities of Great Britain, the cruel mother who had starved, maltreated, raped, and killed thousands and other thousands of innocent Americans. "Stand forth, ye champions of Britannia, chivalrous knights of chartered liberties and rotten boroughs, spawners of fiction and lascivious lyrics, come and enquire what has America done for the benefit of mankind."

Any such attack by a secretary of state upon the government and people of any other nation would to-day be regarded as tantamount to the severing of diplomatic relations. Adams not only twisted the lion's tail; he gave it a score of twists and then calmly published the address to the country, and all the newspapers seemed to enjoy the secretary's undiplomatic diplomacy. But as I read the press the labored effort did not electrify the

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electorate. No Adams could strike the pose of a Clay; and neither of the competitors could rouse the country as Jackson did whenever he chose to move among the people.

The three-cornered fight was on; and there were, as I have said, two other irritating candidacies, that of Crawford, suddenly stricken with paralysis, and that of young Calhoun. Washington, Nashville, Lexington, and even the busy money-making towns of the Middle States were lively centers of personal politics, although the people took no interest. When the canvassing was over, Crawford was distanced because his illness became known; Calhoun contented himself with the Vice-Presidency, being as yet a modest man; and Clay, to his incomparable disgust, received so few votes that he was not even third on the list and so not eligible for election to the Presidency by the House of Representatives. But Clay was speaker, and the speaker of the House at the moment a President is being made is an important man. Clay was never unimportant.

Before the contest was well begun in Washington that winter of 1825, Robert Letcher of Kentucky, a bosom friend of Clay, visited the secretary of state, Adams. It was at night. Letcher made it plain that Clay was not so great an enemy as his speeches had indicated. The Adams diary does not tell us what the secretary said. A few days later another and a more cordial exchange of views between Letcher and Adams took place. Then rumors began to stir that the Kentuckian might support the Massachusetts leader, in spite of all the billingsgate of a decade. That was news. Before the formal voting began in the House, Henry Clay called together the Kentucky delegation and as good as ordered them to vote for John Quincy Adams. That was a reversal as astounding as a public prayer by Theodore Roosevelt for Woodrow Wilson would have been in 1918. The Kentucky delegation, generally tied hand and foot to their chief, split into factions. Clay's party split similarly in nearly every other State. But the speaker carried the day, he later said, without bribing even poor Van Rensselaer of New York. The "son of the old reprobate" was duly elected to the Presidency. Although Jackson had received far more votes than any other candidate, the combination between the "Puritan and the blackleg," as John Randolph said, bore down all opposition. A few days after the election Adams offered Clay the first place in his Cabinet; that is, Clay was to be the next President if he could wait till Adams had had his eight years.

The tortoise had outrun two hares instead of one. Adams, who could not have been elected governor of any New England State, was made President of the United States by the assistance of an enemy unmatched for indecency of attack. The event waked up the country; if it had not done so, Andrew Jackson, who was present all through the Congressional intrigues, would have. The rivalry of the three was not over. From March 4, 1825, to March 4, 1829, the bitter war went on.

I shall describe that fight in the briefest terms. Calhoun, the Vice-President, gave his strength to Jackson; it was a great gift. Martin Van Buren, one of the gems of American politics, managed New York for Jackson. Then John Randolph challenged Adams and Clay by a denunciation in the Senate, which Clay answered; and the

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two lean, thin, long-legged orators and actors met on the field of honor. It was not in the nature of Randolph marksmanship to hit so tenuous a form as that of Clay. The duel was important only as it set all the world again to reading Randolph's Puritan-and-blackleg speech. It made Clay ridiculous; and that was what Van Buren, who, I think, engineered the duel, wished. The Senate became an arena for daily attacks upon the President and his secretary.

Jackson, once turned politician, beat Clay at the game. He first made it clear that he was a very old man and so could not live long. Then he declared that he was in desperate health, with one foot already in the grave, and would hardly live through a year; he made the Vice-Presidency attractive. Next, he favored a tariff that would make the business man, the mechanic, and the farmer prosperous and happy. The Republicans under Mr. Coolidge could not have done better. Finally, he would not think of more than one term in the White House, thus antedating Mr. Bryan nearly a hundred years. Jackson was as clever as any of his competitors. How many politicians could fail to see that an old man, already ill and one who would do nothing about the tariff, would soon give way to another and a younger man? Calhoun thought he would be that man. Van Buren was certain that he would be the successor to the general. Crawford alone was off the race entirely. Never was there a cleverer campaign than that which Calhoun and Van Buren waged on behalf of the hero. And in 1828, when the votes were counted, the second Adams went out of office as unhappy as his father had done twenty-eight years before. Four times as many people voted in the election of 1828 as had voted in 1824. The get-out-the-vote slogan had not been invented. There was no need. The people could not be kept from the polls. They meant to have the son of the old Irishwoman in the White House; they would have no more "scrub aristocrats" in the great offices. It was a united West and South. What would the hero do, now that he was in office? That was a question little less difficult for him to answer than a similar question had been to Adams and Clay in 1825. Next to a defeat, a huge majority is the worst of calamities. What would the barbarian from the West do?

("Andrew Jackson and His Enemies" will appear in the April CENTURY.)

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My Religious Experience

Practical Wisdom and the Sermon on the Mount

By Arnold Bennett

In my native town there were four principal churches of the Church of England and five principal chapels of Nonconformity. We Nonconformists had a double attitude toward the churches. Socially we admired and envied them. So much so that we often preferred to go to them for the religious ceremony of marriage, whereas we might have been just as securely married elsewhere. Religiously we despised Church-of-Englanders. They were not in our eyes so ineffably wicked or inexcusably misguided as Roman Catholics; but they were pretty far gone in error, wilful or stupid. Indeed, it was impossible to trust certain Nonconformist preachers, and especially lay preachers, without being convinced that all Church-of-Englanders were on the sure way to everlasting damnation.

For Nonconformists of whatever sect were generally agreed on this, that to keep out of hell it was absolutely necessary to be "converted." Good morals, good works, were futile without conversion. It was no use being born in the belief that Christ died on the cross to save sinners: you had to be "born again"; you had suddenly to see a mystic light, under the influence of which you believed with a new and immeasurably intenser belief. Church-of-Englanders contemned this experience as being allied to hysteria. Nonconformists pitied them for their blindness.

The double attitude of Nonconformity toward the Established Church puzzled, and offended, such unsubtle minds as my own. Further, considering that comparatively few persons were converted, it followed that the vast majority of the citizens were damned. And whenever as a child I thought about the matter at all I smiled malevolently to think that at least ninety per cent. of the wayfarers on pavements and in tram-cars would in due course join me in Hades, in spite of the fact that all of them had some religion. For in the seventies and eighties of the last century there were almost no "atheists" in our town. And if anybody did by chance spectacularly deny the God of the Bible, sure enough he—I say "he" because female atheists were utterly unknown—he would one day, and soon rather than late, get himself converted in a manner equally spectacular.

I will not say that I flouted the dogma of the Wesleyan Methodist sect. I suppose that I passively accepted it. But my acceptance of it had no emotional quality. The notion

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of being converted was very repugnant to me. I preferred damnation to conversion, as being less humiliating. The arguments in favor of the dogma did not make much appeal to me; nor was I impressed by the mentality of the individuals who marshaled those arguments before my attention. My counter-arguments (brought forward only in strictly private boy-to-boy debates) were painfully crude but rather effective. As for example: "If God is omniscient He knows whether I am going to heaven or hell. If He knows, the question is already decided. If it is already decided, what does it matter what I do?" Although the answer to this argument is quite simple and plausible, nobody ever suggested it to me. I did not dare to submit the point to the mighty.

Nothing happened in my childhood to foster in me any religious faith. And there were many things calculated to destroy faith. One of these was the fact that some of the pillars of the chapel had a rather dubious reputation for commercial integrity. Dishonest myself, and unsaved, I was cruelly uncompromising in my verdicts on the conduct of the saved. But the thing that most damaged in me the chances of a secure religious belief was the religious misbehavior of my father. So far as I can remember I never had any religious instruction at home. My father compelled us to go to chapel and Sunday-school, but for many years he did not go to Sunday-school himself, and he very seldom went to chapel. On the rare occasions when he did decide to go to evening chapel the awed word ran round the house, "Pa is going to chapel." And it was as though chapel ought to be grateful for his condescension.

Such a state of affairs was bound to give unreality to all professions of religious faith. We children felt that religious observance was imposed upon us not for religious but for disciplinary reasons. And this suspicion, or certainty, made Sunday all the more odious to us. Sunday was the worst day of the week, anticipated with horror, and finished with an exquisite relief. Two attendances at Sunday-school and two religious services in a day! About six hours in durance, while my father either lay in bed or read magazines in the bow-window! It was inevitable that religion should come to be unalterably connected in my mind with the ideas of boredom, injustice, and insincerity.

And sometimes the offense was outrageous. As when a minister had the monstrous and callous effrontery to institute a Bible class for boys on the Saturday half-holiday. The resentment which I felt at this innovation, and at my father's upholding of it, burns in my mind to-day. It was surpassed only by my resentment against a sudden capricious paternal command that we should say our prayers at our mother's knee. There was, for me, something revolting in the sentimentality, the story-bookishness, of this injunction. Anyhow we loathed the act, which filled us with shame. Nobody could possibly in the history of the world have been in a mood more fatal to prayer than I was in the moments when I obeyed the command. I used to say bitterly to myself, "He likes to see us doing it." This did not, however, affect my general attitude toward prayer. Neither before nor since did I ever say a prayer with the slightest hope of its being answered.

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When at the age of twenty-one I left home for London, one of the leading thoughts in my head was that I should be free of chapels and Sunday-schools and the desolation of Sabbaths. Such was the main result of my father's education of me in ceremonial religion, acting on my mocking and skeptical temperament. I had no religious beliefs, and I was profoundly inimical to all manifestations of religion. In various other ways my father's influence on me was admirable, and I owe a great deal to it. I regret that I should have to lay stress on that part of his training in which he failed.

§ 2

When I came to London and was free to direct my own existence according to my own ideas, I did, partly in a spirit of discovery and partly from habit, visit a few chapels and churches; but I very soon became indifferent to all the forms and rites of dogmatic religion, and religion, in the accepted sense of the word, ceased entirely to enter into my life. This was not the result of mental sloth. My conscience was not in the least disturbed. I did not feel that I was leaving undone things that I ought to do. I shared, of course, the wide-spread objection to dying, but I had no qualms about the unpleasant possibilities of a life beyond the grave for a man who was failing to perform an act of belief. Heaven and hell meant nothing to me. The wrath of God meant nothing to me. No variety of dogma could hold my attention. I was not actively concerned about the divine purpose or the nature of God.

One cause of my indifference was the cautious, skeptical, and self-sufficient bent of my mind. But the main cause of it undoubtedly lay in a profound conviction that the riddle of the universe was insoluble by human reason and that therefore the wise course for me was to leave it alone. I was told that religion was beyond reason. Nevertheless, all dogmatists were continually appealing to my reason—as indeed all dogmatists are bound to do. In any case they appealed quite in vain. My difficulty was, and is, absolutely fundamental.

My reason was incapable of conceiving the act of creation. Others may be able to conceive an act of creation. I cannot. I can conceive something being made out of something else. I can conceive men developing from amœbas. But I cannot conceive something being made out of nothing. Suppose that I have the power of a divine creator. I stretch out my hand with open palm, in nothingness. I exercise the power to create, and lo! something is lying in the palm of my hand that was not there before! Well, I can suppose it, but I cannot conceive it as actually happening. I cannot see how it could happen. My mind has not the capacity for this feat. (Similarly with the conception of destruction.)

Hence I am forced to conclude that the universe, in some material form or other, was always in existence. But the word always involves infinity, and I cannot conceive infinity, either of time or anything else. I can carry my imagination backward through countless eons and still further and further backward, but not infinitely backward, so that at last I have to say, "Everything must have had a beginning." Which is equivalent to saying, "At some time something must have been created—or made out of nothing."

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And I am thrown down again into my original difficulty. I see plainly that there must be some Life-Force—call it God; but my mind has not the power even to conceive the nature of God at all.

I have never been able to overcome this incapacity of mine. It has long since ceased to worry me. A religious need must presuppose a God, and it must be based in convictions about the nature of God. I marvel at the minds of unquestionably great men who have come to definite decisions as to what God is, what He thinks, how He acts. The daring of the doctrine of the Trinity staggers me. The subtlety of the altercations connected with, for example, the Athanasian and the Nicene creeds makes me dizzy. But I can feel no practical interest in these exercises of finite reason upon the infinite. I am, quite honestly and without any false modesty, too humble for them.

We all of us have to divide phenomena into the knowable and the unknowable. Dogmatists of every creed apparently know things which to me are unknowable. What can I do to remedy the imperfection of my mind? I should not object to having a religious creed. I should rather like to have one. A genuine creed must be a very convenient and comfortable thing. But how can I get it? I am told that I ought to try to believe. But why should I *try* to believe? Trying to believe, for me, means bullying or forcing or dethroning my reason; it means pretending that my mind can accomplish what I am convinced that it is incapable of accomplishing. I cannot do this, and I have no desire to attempt it. I am speaking only for myself; nevertheless, I am well acquainted with many people who are in precisely the same case with me.

§ 3

I have often read, and sometimes I have been told by word of mouth, that it is impossible for a normal man to gaze upon certain of this world's spectacles without being intimately convinced of the existence and goodness of a Creator, and that therefore such spectacles alone must give a man religious faith—whether in his pride he acknowledges it or not. I agree that spectacles like a starlit night, a fine sunset (but more especially a fine sunrise), or a venerable cathedral full of stained glass, architectural style, incense, music, and the tradition of centuries of worship—I agree that these and kindred spectacles do arouse in my mind emotions which are vaguely uplifting, ennobling, and lovely. I say further that these emotions urge me, vaguely and temporarily, toward daily well-doing. But I do not agree that such spectacles help me in the slightest degree to form ideas about God clear and concrete enough to serve as a basis for religious belief. They do not even persuade me that there is any such being as a God existing entirely separate from myself. What they produce in me is awe, wonder, moral and artistic stimulation, and a grateful, contemplative pleasure in the simple fact that I am alive.

Moreover I obtain just such emotions from all the phenomena of the universe. I cannot walk along a common street, while attentively examining in it all the astonishing and curious minute evidences of man's unconquerable determination to fulfil himself, without being imbued with a deep sense of the majesty and beauty of the whole

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inexplicable affair. The older I grow the more keenly I delight in the marvel of life. My reason stands apart, suspending its judgment indefinitely. . . . Nor does this suspension of judgment incommode me the least in the world. I do not long to look up to anything in sure faith. I can exist quite well without. I should not mind having something exterior to myself to cling to, to lean upon, to appeal to for help in moments of difficulty; but I can manage unaided. I rather exult in the necessity of carrying on without help. I do not feel dwarfed or humbled by the vastness and sublimity of my environment, for I am rooted in the private assurance that there is nothing more wondrous, or possessing greater ultimate potentialities, than the individual man.

§ 4

Many years ago I had a dream, and in the dream I stood by my own dead body and saw the pennies upon my eyes. I cannot remember at this distance of time what the rest of the dream was, but it had to do with the adventures of the soul after death. This dream, while it convinced me of nothing and gave me no faith in a future life, made a considerable impression upon me as an artist, and I expanded the idea and the mood into a novel, which I called "The Glimpse," the glimpse being of what lies beyond death. For the purpose of the novel I read a little in Oriental theology and philosophy, and out of that and out of such notions as I had previously met with I constructed a theory of the future and put it into a more or less realistic form.

I was amazed, almost frightened, by the quantity and the quality of the letters which reached me from various parts of the world, about the book (which nevertheless never had any sensational sale). The letters were not brilliant nor in any way striking, except in this: they revealed an intense and passionate curiosity about the future life. I saw that for very many people the nature of the future life was the question of all questions—a problem continually, perhaps continuously, at the back of their minds. The letters were such as one was obliged, in mere decency, to reply to, so poignant were they, so appealing. (Later, these letters began to affect my nerves, and I destroyed the bulk of them, and felt lightened of a load of human disquietude.)

At first I answered simply that the supernatural parts of my novel were inventions of mine or the result of appropriations from other speculators, that I had originally no interest in the problem other than artistic interest, and that the book being finished and published, I had no genuine interest in the problem at all and must therefore decline to join any of their societies for supernatural study or even to enter into arguments by correspondence. These earlier letters hurt or offended the recipients, and I perceived that I had not been tender enough toward the deepest feelings of my correspondents. Henceforward I modified the curt, uncompromising tone of my replies. So far as my memory goes there was not a correspondent who did not tremendously desire to believe in the immortality of the soul, and there were few who had failed to believe in it. (Not many of them were orthodox Christians.)

I saw then, as in a revelation, how different was the bent of my mind

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from that of the minds of all my unknown correspondents. As regards the theory set forth in my novel, I had naturally made it as plausible as I could to my own reason. But I never had the slightest belief in it, nor instinctive tendency to believe in it, nor wish to believe in it. I could discover no proof or presumption satisfactory to myself that my soul had or had not existed before earthly birth, or that it would or would not survive after earthly death. Mathematical difficulties alone (as to the numbers of souls existing at any given moment) might well, I thought, render all the rival theories of immortality equally untenable.

Further, I could not even conceive my soul save in terms of matter.

And to-day I remain in the same unspeculative mood. I do not speculate because I cannot discern any possibility of a positive result to my speculations. But my state is not therefore gloomy or hopeless or listless. Not a bit. For whether my soul has existed from everlasting or was born at the birth of my body, and whether my soul will cease with my body or continue in being forever, I have in any case the certain assurance that it exists now and that my duty is to develop it in the best way according to my lights. If it survives as an entity, well and good; my efforts toward the improvement of it cannot be lost. If it does not survive as an entity, and at death is separated into its original particles, still well and good; my efforts must have had their effect on the undying particles. It is scientifically incredible that any effort should not have its due consequence—and an eternal consequence. And so it comes to pass that in living this present life without worrying myself about any other life, I can find scope for all my longings—and yet live in eternity, too. Unhesitatingly I dismiss the singular notion that any other life can be more divine in essence than this present life.

§ 5

Of course, after all, I have a dogma. Nor have I yet talked intimately with any man who had not. I doubt if life would be possible without one. If it is convenient to call my dogma my religion, let my dogma be so called. The theory of evolution has been scientifically proved to the satisfaction of the great majority of intelligent and thinking persons. We see illustrations of evolution everywhere and all the time. Evolution is the development of organisms in themselves and in their relations to other organisms. Now, my dogma is that in its broadest aspect the movement of evolution is from something worse to something better. It is that human nature, with all its ups and downs, does improve, however slowly.

This assertion rests on no scientific basis. Its truth cannot be demonstrated. Indeed, many weighty and honest minds refuse to accept it, and I cannot by any process of rational argument show that they are wrong. Far from that, I am bound to admit that comparisons between present civilization and past, between present philosophy and past, seem often to favor the past rather than the present. Nevertheless, I feel intensely that we are traveling from imperfection to perfection, and that here is the sole immediate answer to the enigma of the universe. If I did not feel this, if the consciousness of it did not permeate the whole of my existence, then I should be-

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come indifferent to life and would just as soon be dead, in the completest final sense, for ever and ever.

Fortified by my dogma, I find in life a divine savor that never satiates, and I live eagerly.

The famous theory about the principle of evil warring against the principle of good has no significance for me. To me evil is a purely negative conception. Evil is the lack or the insufficiency of good. There is no devil; there is only a growing good. Not that I have any expectation of perfection being attained, either in this life or in any future life, either by myself or by any other component parts of the universe. I strive after perfection. But I do not want actually to get it. Perfection is static. It destroys every motive for endeavor, and therefore renders the universe meaningless and futile—for me. Salvation—no! Salvation would be death. If I am to live I must not be saved; I must never be sure of salvation. Danger, struggle, conflict—these things alone constitute life, and more than aught else it is life that I desire.

§ 6

I have spoken of self-sufficiency, and thereby have perhaps exposed myself to the charge of spiritual pride, an attribute which I detest almost as much as I detest anything. But I do not think that a refusal, or an inability, to trust blindly in that which I am incapable of comprehending, can properly be denounced as spiritual pride. Nor do I think, either, that to count myself as actually part of the divine force which makes my heart beat can be so treated. For as a fact I am just as incomprehensible and marvelous as anything exterior to me in the universe. I cannot fathom God, and I cannot fathom myself.

Again, my self-sufficiency is directed solely toward an unknown supposed creator alleged to be exterior to myself —if such there be. It certainly does not extend to my fellow-men. For in the first place I regard them all as equally divine with myself in their essence. And in the second place I feel constantly the need of their companionship and support.

In a book so full of terrible pictures of the deity as the Bible, the phrase "God is love" may appear strange, even out of place. Nevertheless, this phrase, for me, contains all divine wisdom and is the key to the conduct of life. If we are all part of God, we must all love. Love means charity, humility, forgiveness, self-forgetfulness, kindliness. To think kind thoughts of others, and never to think unkind thoughts, is, for me, the summit of righteousness, the secret of happiness, and the only gateway to any success worth calling success. The oftener I read the Sermon on the Mount the more deeply am I convinced that here is the final practical wisdom. I disagree with the view that Christ's moral teaching will not stand the test of modern conditions. I think it will. But immense courage is needed to follow it, and exceedingly few of us have the necessary courage. It may be, and ought rightly to be, a counsel of perfection. Yet what other counsels should we seek?

In no field of human thought has the teaching of Christ been more disastrously ignored than in theology. Millions of people have killed and been killed, tortured and been tortured, ostracized and been ostracized, because of differences about the proper attitude

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toward the Unknowable. Dogma may be necessary to humanity, but it has been the occasion of nearly every sin. The original reason for all this fury and pride was probably the violence and sincerity of the belief in the supreme, vital importance of particular dogmas.

To-day the face of things is changed. The fury has abated, and pride is a little bowed down. Dogma has become less dogmatic. And partly on this account, and partly owing to an increase of reasonableness, we no longer commit murder or curse to everlasting hell those who do not think as we do in the domain of theological speculation. I for one would not dream of going forth with a hatchet to destroy anybody who declined to subscribe to my dogma that the movement of evolution is from something worse to something better. And most people are now like me in respect to their dogmas. We have in some degree actually educated ourselves to perceive that there never was a dogma which did not contain some hint of the truth, and that there never will be one which contains the whole truth. This new breadth of mind is in itself an advance toward the religion of kindliness. For many years I was full of hatred, resentment, and scorn for the fierce upholders of the cult which clouded my youth. Now I am humbler. Those religionists had terrific ideals, even though kindliness in thought and broad tolerance were not among them. And if they arrogated to themselves the authority of God they were unconsciously demonstrating the divinity of man.

Almost Attained

BY JOHN GIRDLER

It is not tragedy to fail, nor yet
To lack far-reaching dreams that chafe and fret
The soul with fevered longing to attain—
Dull, stolid apathy is never pain.

But, when your hope seems realized, to fall;
To reach the path's rough end, and find a wall;
To strive, to strain, with bitter years the cost
And almost win—then find that you have lost;

To reach out for a star and grasp the air;
To climb, but fail to gain the topmost stair;
Though loving song, through fear remaining mute;
To have your fingers bungle with the lute:

Ah, I have seen unfinished dreams in eyes
Of men grown old with longing; heard the sighs
Of those whose harps just lacked a single string—
One note gone from the voice—they would not sing.

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The Mood of an American Ship: 1926

The High Promise of 1918 and What Has Come of It

By Nelson Collins

In 1918, eight years now—how years pile up and war memories fade!—I drifted one day from the sea into the office of The Century and left there an account of what I conceived to be "The Mood of an American Ship" in that year of pride and great expectancy and unreckoning expense in all things maritime. I pick it up and read it over in what is now an old Century out here off the Mexican Pacific coast and realize the difference between 1918 and 1926 in the mood aboard United States merchant ships. It has turned turtle, gone clean over, is a different thing, an entirely other thing.

We were going to be proud upon all the seven seas! (There was a great deal of foolishness uttered in high places about that.) We were going to be "ship-minded." We were refusing henceforth forever to leave our cargo-carrying to strangers. We offered careers at sea to our young men. We promised them national and municipal and personal pride in them. It is nothing that all these things are gone, perhaps, but it has vitally altered the mood aboard ships in the United States merchant service. Seamen, officers and men, felt themselves in 1918, and in 1919 and in 1920 and in 1921, a part of national regard, participants in national intentions. They feel themselves now in the national discard. They are episodic again, as before 1917, almost accidental, no part of a national program.

No seaman expected to maintain the exaltations of war-time life at sea or retain the war-time attentions and regard ashore when he should come ashore. But at least we were to sweep the seas, or sweep out upon all the seas, carriers again into all ports as our forebears were. We have already degenerated into huggers of the coast again. Our ships in the foreign carrying trade dwindle rapidly, each year of these few years since the war.

We keep a fence about our extensive shores and forbid British and German and Dutch and Japanese ships to trade from one United States port to another. Inside that fence we cram our national shipping. Upon the Great Lakes, far inland, we maintain ore-carrying and grain-carrying fleets, also forbidden to foreigners. But we are again withdrawing, have almost withdrawn, to our national limits. We have given up the open seas in our thoughts and largely in our practice. Our old ways of thinking have been too much for our new ways of thinking, and our new ways of thinking go under, have all but gone completely

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under. United States seamen in United States cross-seas ships are out of the picture. They know it. It is in their mood of 1926.

There were a few hints of that outcome in the heyday of 1918. I remember how the "New York Sun," representative then of important banking groups, commented amid all the roseate shipping announcements that possibly our trade was helped better by letting foreign countries do our carrying and so fostering international friendships and coöperations. It was a jarring note. It was a banking note as against a sea note and a national enterprise. I recall quoting it in "Sea Power" along in 1919 with something like wonderment. Gradually I found it not an isolated state of mind, but representative of an influential school of thought. It was representative of more than that. It expressed the considered intention held for years by many men who, aloof from office, have great power in Washington as well as in New York. Cary W. Cook, president of the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, a traditional coastwise line, expressed it in May of 1925 in the "Nautical Gazette":

". . . sentimental regard for American ships in the foreign trade must not interfere with the more important consideration of placing the exporters of our surplus in position to cultivate the friendship of foreign buyers, themselves ship-owners."

The "World's Work" for July, 1925, expressed an identical sentiment in an editorial review of the month's shipping developments. The editor of an endowed weekly with well-known progressive tendency writes of his difficulty in seeing that "an American-owned merchant marine is necessary and desirable on economic or military grounds. While this is a question on which this paper is open-minded, we are certainly not yet convinced that it is true." This is in June, 1925.

Almost as disconcertingly, a White House spokesman for the President of the United States asserts to newspaper men in the summer of 1925 that the President wants a United States merchant marine developed "first" for national defense and "second" for trade advantage. The enumerations are placed in quotation-marks to make clear the relative official emphasis upon United States civilian shipping. No seaman's mood at sea in his ship is lifted by such relative grounds for desire to promote his calling. He knows—every person trained in sea history knows—that no great maritime nation ever achieved prosperous and important shipping by thinking of its seamen and its ships first as elements of defense, as naval auxiliary. They are only accidentally that—incidentally, episodically. A nation that lays its first emphasis that way is at the outset half-hearted, not really believing in and bent on a great merchant service at sea. It is slant-visioned and all awry to start with.

The mood of a thoughtful United States seaman upon the high seas this year is a mood of a man in a precarious calling, praying to be delivered not so much from the perils of the sea, which seem slight in comparison, but from the perils of shore critics and advocates alike. Foe and friend both seem invidious. A little bookish perhaps, in an old-fashioned way, your United States seaman pauses in his bunk-reading of Gibbon's "Rome" on such a paragraph as this, which his eye lights

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on as he snoozily turns the pages just before snapping off his light:

"The policy of Venice was marked by the avarice of a trading, and the insolence of a maritime power; yet her ambition was prudent; nor did she often forget that, if armed galleys were the effect and safeguard, merchant vessels were the cause and supply, of her greatness."

But by morning, bestirring himself, he knows such thinking is as out of fashion in influential United States circles as Gibbon himself. "Naval auxiliary" seems to have to bear the brunt of civilian ship advocacy. Fundamentally it isn't agreed, at this date, that it is worth while to encourage ships. In fact, the nays have it. It is not quite respectable to think otherwise; such thinking is at once "indicated" and indicted as not springing from safest and soundest sources.

I believe that a United States-owned merchant marine is not either an economic or military indispensability to the United States. I think it is an advantage, but not an absolute necessity. There are great advantages in having ample merchant ships, but these advantages are moral and diplomatic rather than economic or military. There is a great deal that can be said in a hard-headed, short-sighted, double-fisted way for the very respectable school of financial policy that holds we may well let the British and Germans do our carrying across the Atlantic and the Japanese across the Pacific, and reap our advantage by international banking arrangements with them in other matters. It is the handicap of authentic moral and diplomatic considerations that they usually have to take extremely long views before they justify themselves.

Meantime the United States ship and shipman are in the mood of something slipping out of the picture. For it is hard to see how this same economic and international-banking line of argument cannot eventually apply to our coastwise shipping as well as to our cross-seas shipping. If we think it now worth while to sacrifice United States shipping in foreign trade so that we may "cultivate the friendship of foreign buyers, themselves ship-owners," it may well be that later we shall consider it expedient to sacrifice United States coastwise trade—New York around through the canal to Seattle, for example—in order "to cultivate the friendship of foreign buyers, themselves ship-owners."

It is not as though we are not being asked to do so. Great Britain reminds us that she lets anybody who so pleases play in her coastwise trade. Egged on by the Japanese, she presses us to be reciprocal and let foreign ships into that trade of ours. The British Chamber of Shipping complains that it is hard luck to be allowed to carry a load of lumber around from Vancouver, British Columbia, to New York and not to be allowed to pick up a cargo that offers from Seattle, near neighbor to Vancouver, around to New York. It does seem hard lines. United States delegates to the International Chamber of Commerce meeting at Brussels in the summer of 1925 refused to remain in the room if the matter were even discussed after it was mentioned.

But that attempt at discussion in Brussels last summer may, after all, be the thin end of a wedge. No clear rules of logic would forbid the idea for the sake of "the friendship of foreign buyers, themselves ship-own-

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ers," if the logic is sound that now influences our actual policy in so many matters affecting the future of United States ships plying in foreign trade, and if banking advantages are all there is to shipping. It would please our British and German and Japanese friends mightily. They keep asking and asking for it, with a variety of appeal and argument.

§ 2

Another mood of an American ship in 1918 and for a few years thereafter was a mood of assured government support not only, but of government participation, morally, financially, diplomatically. Government interest and government credit and government strategy were all at work upon United States merchant ships. There were high moments in it! Nobody was fretting theoretically over "federal paternalism in a field where individual courage and independence are demanded." Individual courage and independence at sea for fifty years before the World War, while British and German shipping into our ports waxed in volume and speed and marine architectural dignity, had given us a record of four absolutely obsolete liners in the passenger trade and of a solid year when not a single United States ship entered the port of London, the world's largest port.

Nobody in 1918 was talking much about subsidy, which means treasury checks from the Government without government scrutiny of the course of business. Everybody assumed the Government was going to play into the business as well as pay into it. We were not going to worship a perfectionist ideal of individual initiative or erect a bogy of "the Government in business." We knew, as a matter of cold, hard fact, that shipping always has demanded and received, far more than any other business, the financial and legislative help of governments. We knew furthermore, a little later, that our ships in foreign trade were held there largely, almost entirely, by the persistence of the Government in its program of participation at sea as well as participation by checks out of the Treasury—not by the "ship-mindedness" of private firms.

In 1918 we all of us, at sea and ashore alike, inexperienced and experienced, expected at least five years of unparalleled post-war prosperity at sea while we carried from here, there, and everywhere "to replenish Europe's depleted reserve stocks." Everybody, hard-heads and sentimentalists, believed that, figured on it. We did not envisage the simple fact that, however depleted your stocks may be, if you have not either money or credit you do not buy; you go without. Shipping fell and fell hard. It went flat. British shipping companies, German shipping companies, Japanese shipping companies, the best of them, traditional companies resuming old routes and shore connections, drew on their reserves for current operations, passed dividends, hoped for better times, and found still worse times to stare at unbelievingly. New companies passed into bankruptcy and so out of the picture. That was the record by 1922, and it is still the record of 1925–26.

United States shipping in foreign trade, with the double handicap of such times as these and having to try ourselves out on routes where the British and Germans and Japanese were old hands, would have been

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wiped off the seas but for the Government in the shipping business. Where we failed is not half so exciting as how far we succeeded. These are not necessarily matters of argument one way or the other, or of a point of view, or of a peculiar mental slant. They are about the only "cold, hard facts" admitted by everybody, whatever his tendency to special pleading.

Your United States seaman of 1918, disillusioned now, fighting grimly where he had thought to flourish easily, found the deficit to government account in its shipping operations being used as a potent, possibly a conclusive, argument against its continuance in the business. The deficit of the United States Post-office Department was thirty-seven million dollars in 1924. Since the Armistice the United States Navy Department has built seventy-six destroyers, seventy-four more than Great Britain, twenty-six more than Japan. Yet a deficit of fifty million dollars a year and less in shipping, while every other country with more advantages than we—excepting our immense financial credit—was in the same boat, forces your United States ship and shipman to face a scuttle policy. The thoughtful sailor piling into his bunk another off-watch, with the little islands Las Tres Marías near him to starboard and the little islands Las Tres Marietas cuddling not far away, opened another book in the thought-instigating but sleep-inviting class, Mahan's "The Isthmus and Sea Power," and read:

". . . that, when a general line of policy, whether military or political (or economic), is correctly chosen upon sound principles, incidental misfortunes or disappointments do not frustrate the conception."

Yet he has felt himself invaded far more than he always realizes by the theoretical propaganda based upon a desire to get the Government out of the shipping business at any cost and at the paying of any penalty, national or otherwise. Let the piper be paid if only the tune is stopped! He listens incredulously to the few palliating remarks that accompany the drastic effort.

He observes, for instance, the travesty of maritime policy embodied in solemn declarations that no route will be sold to anybody except under a guarantee to continue that ship service for five years. He applies it to the most important of our government routes, the route from New York to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, and Buenos Aires. He knows the immense diplomatic as well as trade advantage of the fine, fast ships we built and run there, which give us closer contact than we ever have had before with Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina. He knows the Government has maintained that route for six years against the competition of the British Lamport & Holt Line, a very great, very competent, very powerfully financed, and very long-established line—established for eighty-six years. He knows that no merchant in New York or in Rio transfers his patronage to a line whose guarantee of operation is for five years. He knows that twenty-five years is the minimum confidence of expectation that can solicit such trade. He tosses a little in his bunk, realizing that Mahan's message is like Gibbon's—not quite in line with the inner intentions or the commercial and diplomatic innocence of five-year guarantee. He knows that only the United States Govern-

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ment, no lesser thing, can insure that route. And he feels the Government slipping out from under him. He fears such sudden sounds and shocks.

'Tis not the waves; it is the rocks. It is the wrecking of a gale and no mere flapping of a sail. Defeatist policy in theories, in opportunism, in a crisis of world shipping (the worst these four years past within the memory of living men anywhere), this is the mood enforced upon the United States ship of 1926.

§ 3

The United States sailor who is native-born with English as his inherited speech is disillusioned from the mood of 1918 this year of 1926 by his associates at sea. Being an experienced man at sea he never took much stock in the 100-per-cent.-Americanism craze for ships' crews. He knew all ships always have been more international than that. He knew there was bound to be, and he knew there was advantage in having, alien admixture. But he counted on smart fellows, up-and-coming young men in the ships, whatever their racial origin, with the United-Statesers a bit more up-and-coming than any of the others.

It is not the alienism, but the "nit-wittedness," so to speak, of so many of the men at sea that oppresses him. They seem so accidentally and momentarily at sea. Their feeling for the sea is not apparent, not because it is so deep but because it is not there at all. They have no code of the sea, no eagerness for initiation. The phrase "loyalty to the sea" is not even a phrase to them. They have a deadness to keen impulse, "the fatal habit of low mockeries" in their own lives that George Gissing used to note in the "ignobly decent" life of middle-class London. They are inert, at their work and within themselves. A good many of them are riffraffish, but it is not because they are riffraffish that the old-time crowd of sailing folk distrusts them. As a matter of fact, which Joseph Conrad in at least one purple paragraph noted, and as many an experienced seaman in the fo'c'sle and on the bridge has observed, a ship will often be run better, get its work done better, with low-down sailors, drunk and broke as she puts to sea, but feeling truly at home only as she puts to sea.

Conditions of life at sea in wages and working hours and living conditions are better than they ever have been. This is reflected in the better record for behavior of men at sea. But the men as sailors are not better. Certainly they are not. The aptitudes and committal so confidently prophesied in 1918 have not developed. They are worse. Fine pride in the life at sea and great attachment to it are not there; that is all. They are drifters—wayward boys from home working off their vagrancies and always thinking of the shore, or good boys sure that this "job in a ship" has nothing to it they don't "savvy" offhand and always thinking of the shore. There are no hints for them under the moon and stars, none in a traditionalized sailor handy under their eyes.

There is a ridiculous amount of alienism, or of naturalization that takes too long becoming adapted. Aboard here the "square-heads" watch the "lime-juicers," and both scoff at the "wops." A Dane of the soft-spined, hard-boiled veneer variety keeps the watch on the fo'c'sle-head half the time and an Italian the other half;

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the office of the watch has a Norwegian accent you could cut with a knife, and the wireless operator is Portuguese. A Silesian German is at the wheel. Unassimilated English is still the rule. We are probably developing our merchant marine, if and so far as we do develop it, for our imported population. Our principal flavor at sea is Scandinavian. But the ship has many Mediterranean flavors, too. Perhaps that is all right. These are people of inherited sea committals, and our merchant ships may be no less of United States significance though they no longer maintain people related to the old New England clipper-ship folk. Possibly that is the contribution of newer-injected elements to our United States life, dwindling now in some directions.

It is no great hardship to carry Copenhagen snuff as part of ship's stores. But there is more alienism of birth and retained attitudes than there ought to be. That is sure. Only it is the alienism of genuine shipcraft even as applied to steamships, forgetting skilled old days of sail, that troubles the mood of an American ship in 1926 —more than the alienism in racial origins and speech habits. Ben, whose name used to be Boris, and who is part Ukrainian and part Dutch with a dash of Finn, always tells the story of the Irishman who said, "There's only two Americans in this ship—me and Dutch Charley." (But it is hard to say where this line of objection first appertains and who are the legitimate inheritors, custodians, and developers of our speech. Roosted on the rail aft, while Mexican gulls had free rides past us with folded wings on the backs of sleeping turtles, Scotty the fireman was telling of the narrow-minded Englishwoman he met as a boy. It took a pickax to rescue the meaning from his Scotch dialect. "'You're Scotch,' she says, 'and talk such plain English.' That was all she knew about Scotland." "And she lied at that," commented the Ukrainian in English infinitely clearer.)

The situation for an American ship in the year 1926, after all the agonizing and prophesying, is better illustrated by a more literary anecdote. A Russian grand duke who had been induced to read Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" laid it down at last with a yawn and the comment, "All that fuss over the morals of a servant-girl!" Considering the "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring" attitude of banking groups, the fact that no statesman in maritime matters appeared in Washington these desperate years of ours, and the random uncommitted mood of the men in the ships, more than one seaman feels like joining too many folks ashore in the yawn and the bored comment, looking over the years from 1918 to 1926, "All that fuss over the idea of a United States merchant marine!"

Yet really sounder thought stirs him again to desire to keep it going. Folks ashore and crews aboard may yet be brought to deeper definitions. But in 1918 his life was a matter of steady trade-winds or vigorous tempests, sometimes one and sometimes the other, but always with known destinations and clear courses to them. Now it is a matter of shifting—and shifty—winds, nothing vigorous, nothing hearty, no particular port. The mood of an American ship in 1926 is not the mood of an American ship in 1918 or 1919. It is something less—something much less.

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Where Truth Is Born

By Edna Minor

The mountain stood stark black against the sunset. On its very peak balanced and swayed the lithe young figure of a boy. So clear was the air, so vivid the gold of the sky that I seemed very close to him, watching the rhythmic grace of his motion. It was extraordinary. I heard no music, yet he seemed to be moving with perfect rhythm to some music which, unheard by me, was yet clear and brilliant to him, for he ended with a marvelously beautiful dance. Then from the foot of the mountain I heard a clear, sweet whistle. Instantly the dance stopped and the boy ran like a young goat down the mountain and into the road, where two gracious older figures appeared. They slipped apart for a moment, to take the lad's figure between them; then, hands on each other's shoulders, the three walked off into the fast falling twilight; and I thought they turned off the main road and up a quiet lane which ran to a trim little farm-house, almost a copy of our own.

I walked slowly back to my own home—mine for a few nights only, on my way to a farther land. Seeing the owner of the house seated quietly on the porch, I said: "That's a strange thing—a boy dancing as though to music on the mountain's edge, yet no music there! Who is he, and who are the two older ones who called him?"

The old man puffed at his pipe a while, and after a time said: "Ye'll see it any night the world seems at rest and peaceful, with a brave gay sunset. Ye'll see it in a high wind, when the great gales carry news of one world to another. Ye'll see it on a quiet eve when the birds call sweetest. Aye, and a strange tale it is they tell of it. I've heard the truth, for the lad's my grandson, and 'tis my son Peter who waits ever below the mountain, with Mary his wife, till it's well for the boy to come home. Then off the three of them go, well content; well content, in spite of what has been; yes, and in spite of what yet may be."

Now I was silent and asked nothing, for I saw this was a vital matter to the old man; and perhaps he might not want to speak of it to a stranger. But after a while he did speak, and here is the strange story he told.

§ 2

The wise folk say that when fact and fancy meet, there truth is born, and verily I believe it is so. Here at any rate, I tell the story of Mary and Peter, hoping that you will love and understand—and so forgive.

Peter was ever a good lad. He worked hard at the farming, ready for any duty that came, shirking nothing. But he had a queer fancy or two, and we thought to laugh him out of them.

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The most persistent one was that he heard, often (and always when at his best in mind and body), a beautiful, clear, high, flute-like bit of music, just a note, but higher and more beautiful than any bird-note. And none of the rest of us heard it at all!

The scientists tell me now it's a fact: there *is* a note so clear and high that only one in perfect tune and rhythm with the world *can* hear it. But I thought it just Peter's fancy when he spoke of it, and jested over it till he spoke no longer, and I thought he had forgotten. Instead of that, he wandered down the road one night, thinking and dreaming. Eighteen he was, and a likely lad. It was long since he'd mentioned the note. High, clear, beautiful beyond all bird-songs, he could not bear to have it laughed at. So he wandered down toward Mary's home. Now, Mary, a rare fine lass, lived near at hand. Young and lovely she was, mothering every living thing that came her way. It may be, and indeed I know, that she sensed Peter's loneliness that night, as he leaned on her fence, and she spoke to him.

"Come in, Peter! The air is cool, the flowers are sweet on the honeysuckle vine, roses bloom, the moon is beginning to rise. Come, Peter; rest a bit on our porch."

Instantly Peter turned to grasp her hand; for suddenly, sweeter than ever before, his note sounded clear above him. "Mary," he cried, "oh, Mary, was it ever so clear and lovely before?"

And Mary, thinking that he spoke of the night, answered, "It *is* more beautiful, more clear than ever before; come, then, and rest, Peter."

But Peter thought she spoke of his note, and his heart was glad that at last another, too, had heard it. And he cried: "Mary, oh, Mary, you, too, know the note? You, too, hear it? Oh, Mary, Mary, I never knew till now how hard it is to listen alone—Mary!" And with that Peter broke down and wept—whether for grief that none had heard before, or for joy that Mary now heard, they never knew. Yet Mary, alas, had never heard the note. She could not tell Peter so then, aquiver as he was with the wonder of the note, the night, and Mary. So she soothed him and led him to the porch, where they sat quietly and watched the moon rise. They were surrounded by the scent of honeysuckle, roses, and the distant breath of pines. And Peter would put his hand gently on Mary's and say: "Mary, the peace of it all! Listen, listen! To think that you, too, hear it, beloved." For on that night of joy and understanding, the note seemed ever present. At last Peter rose to go to his own abode, happy that he no longer heard the note alone, and slept as he had not slept in years.

But Mary lay awake and restless till dawn. Peter (and she knew now that she loved him), her Peter had been deceived by her, when she loved him more than the world! True, at first she had not understood his words —nor he hers. But she had continued the pretense all through that wonderful evening. Well, she must tell him the truth at once. What then? Suppose she said to Peter, "It was all a misunderstanding; I never heard your note." Would Peter believe; would he forgive her? Suppose he did believe: what then? Why, Peter's aloneness, his difference from others, would all rush back on him, might overwhelm him, and at worst he might even doubt that he had heard the note

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—might doubt its very existence. Oh, she could not torment Peter whom she so loved! Besides, though Mary had never heard the note, she believed in it. She believed that any one in exact tune with the world, and keyed to Peter's high pitch, with his marvelous freedom of spirit, why, any one like that must surely hear more and finer things than the rest of us. Decidedly she could not and would not take from him his trust, his joy and contentment; but if not, then, to the end of her days, she must pretend! In order to keep Peter happy, she must deceive him, and do it so cleverly that he would never suspect. She must watch his face for the radiance that came when he heard the note, his voice for the mellow happiness; and perhaps in time he might grow so content with love, human love at its best, that he would forget his note, and she need no longer pretend. At last, hoping, fearing, dreaming, loving, Mary slept.

Day after day, month after month, all befell as Mary hoped—except that Peter heard his note oftener, and more clearly than ever before.

But Mary grew very cautious, very clever; and loving Peter as she did, it was not hard to watch for the radiance which so transformed him when he heard the note. And indeed she could sometimes forestall his words, saying hurriedly, "Peter, I never heard our note so wonder sweet as to-day."

And Peter would laugh tenderly, and say, "It is our love, dearest, which makes the whole world finer."

Then Mary would turn her head away, her eyes full of tears; but Peter thought her shy. Yet Mary was happy, for never had Peter seemed so alive with joy. And as soon as he was able to make a home for Mary they were married, and he took her to his own little farm—the one you saw to-night.

Then came days of utter bliss for Peter—and of mingled bliss and terror for Mary. In so close a union, could she keep the truth long from Peter? But there came a day when she told Peter the greatest news the world has to give: new life was coming! Soon there would be baby fingers to forge even stronger bonds between them. "Never," thought Peter, "was man so happy as I. My note, wonder clear; my wife who hears it, too; my child: now blessed be the Lord of the Universe!" And when the months were fully passed, and the child was born, then indeed Mary was wholly happy. And as she nursed the boy, she thought, "Surely now Peter will be too glad; yes, and too busy to think of aught but the child and his future." And the child throve, a strong and lusty youngster, with beautiful, questioning eyes.

One afternoon when he was about nine months old, Mary set him out on the porch to play near Peter. But at the end of the day, the child was tired and hungry, and cried for his mother; and at his wail, Mary rushed to comfort him—and at the same moment Peter heard his note, clear, sweet, and nearer than ever before. And like the child he turned to Mary. "Listen, Mary, *listen!*" But Mary, soothing the child to sleep, paid no heed.

"Mary," cried Peter, "Mary—our note! Did you ever hear it so mellow sweet before?"

And Mary, quieting the restless child, her whole mind bent on its helpless need, forgot her caution and said, "What note, Peter?" Then looking up she saw Peter's face cloud over with a black bitterness, and knew what she

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had done. Putting the sleeping baby down she turned to face her husband; it was to be the truth at last. And again she said, "*What* note, Peter?"

And Peter said slowly: "Mary, you have lied to me. For this long time past you have lied—to me, and against the note, for you never heard it! Mary, Mary, have you *never* heard it? Have you lied all this past year? Our love, our marriage—has it all been built on a lie? In God's name, Mary, speak truth now: have you *ever* heard that note?"

And Mary, her courage free at last, said: "Peter, I never heard your note, but I know that it is true, for I've seen you, watched your radiance while you heard it. Peter! I lied, yes, but for love of you, for sheer sympathy with your loneliness. At first you misunderstood my words, but I never unraveled that lie, for fear of plunging you into utter darkness. Peter—I know, indeed I know, there is such a note; I've seen you transformed as you listened. Why, Peter, of *course* I know there is such a note, and I believe in it; but I've never heard it. Yet I know it is so, as I know that my love for you is so. Peter—Peter, I lied that you might never again be lonely, might never doubt the high truth of your note. I've cared for you; I've borne you our child, perfect in all his being. What of the love, the care, the protection I've given—yes, and my belief in the note which is not manifest to me—do all these go for nothing because to save you I lied? I did lie, Peter; yet I believed! Speak, Peter; grant the love that is mine by right, the forgiveness that God gives you—and gives you that you may give it to others—never to withhold it! Speak to me, Peter. I believe even farther than you, believing that which I may not hear. Oh, Peter, it was for love of you and to spare you that I lied. Speak to me!"

But Peter stood bleak and gloomy, and at last spoke the only thing in his heart: "Mary, my wife in whom I trusted, Mary, you have lied to me, and about the most vital truth in the world. How, then, can I stay here?"

And Mary, stung to the quick, yet frightened for Peter, answered: "It was for love, and to comfort you, Peter; and is love not truth? Have our months together been true or a lie?"

But Peter said blackly: "There is no way out for you, Mary. You lied, and the truth is not in you. By the Truth of the Note, and as God lives, I will not stay with a liar!" And down the steps he strode out on the great gray road that leads many ways.

And Mary, knowing his bitterness, called, "Peter, Peter, come back; let me make things plain to you." Then the child in its hunger and helplessness cried again; and the motherhood of Mary turned her home to the babe.

Early in the morning came Peter to the gate, but would not enter in. He spoke as Mary drew near. "Mary, I must fare forth, that my note may ring fresh and true again. You have the child, the farm, and sufficient for your needs. Stay you here, and as you live and breathe, deal honestly with our child! I go out to far lands, forgetting all that is past, save that in all ways I seek my note. Fare you well, Mary."

"Fare you well, Peter, and better than you hope. Remember of me, if you remember anything, that I love you. That I risked more than my life for your joy. Remember that without knowledge I had faith. But above all, remember that I love you, Peter."

But with no backward look, Peter

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started swiftly down the road. Mary watched him out of sight and then went into the house, to prepare for life without Peter. But without him there seemed little in life for Mary. Well, then, she must make life; for there was the child. But Peter should be a part of their life. So at her work she sang the songs that Peter loved, she thought of their life together, and when the child was old enough she told him of his wonderful father, who had gone a long journey. Some day, if he lived, the father would come back, perhaps tired and hungry; so they must always have his welcome ready. And they must follow the highest truth, for that meant kinship with the distant father.

So though she missed Peter and grieved for him, Mary was not wholly unhappy, for the child was like Peter, and she worked for him. Some day, in God's great goodness, Peter might understand and forgive; even he might come home again. And year after year Mary kept all things ready for Peter.

§ 3

Now, Peter had gone on his way with deep anger in his heart, as far as possible from the scenes he knew. Never again, he vowed, would he think of Mary. He would apprentice himself —learn a good trade, as far removed from farming as night is from day. Something that needed a fine touch he would like, for Peter was deft with his hands—apt for a craftsman's work. At last he went to a jeweler to learn a trade. And the jeweler taught him all his art. The most intricate settings, the finest and most minute carving Peter learned with ease.

One day a royal order came for finely carven ivory beads. Said the jeweler, "I've but one carver fit for the king's order."

"'Tis for the queen's self; do your best," said the courtier.

So the plain ivory was set in front of Peter, and for days he carved, his whole soul in his work. And when it was done he called for the master jeweler; and looking at the work they saw that it was good. The beads were strung and sent to the queen.

Back came the courtier with her message: "The queen would know what face or whose is carven on these beads. She swears that when she wears them, love and strength and courage pour from them into her."

Then Peter looked at the beads astounded. Lo, every bead had Mary's face carven on it—Mary grave and true, Mary radiant with joy, Mary with high courage bidding him farewell. Then Peter was wroth. Surely he'd left Mary behind! Mary was naught but a liar, and he said, "The queen may safely wear the beads, but the model—the model is dead."

And Peter then threw down his tools and said: "I must find another trade, for here I am pursued by evil dreams. I will go to the glazier yonder. He teaches glass-work. Stained glass and clear alike, he teaches all kinds; I will go to him." Despite the jeweler's protests Peter went forthwith to the glazier and learned the trade.

One day there came in a great priest of the church and said: "Sir, we would have a rare window from you. One of stained glass, so beautiful that under it we may write, 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.'"

And the glazier said: "Peter's the man for that; none can design as he can; no other can so wonderfully blend colors."

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So to Peter the commission was given, and he thought long on the vision of the Christ-child in the temple, and also of how later the Madonna "pondered all these things in her heart." And Peter made a window so beautiful and so uplifting in its spirit that those who came to see stayed to worship.

Then came the priest again and said: "Peter, the child in your work is divine indeed; people flock to the church to see; all stay to worship. But Peter, in the background stands a Madonna beyond compare. Where have you found so true a motherhood, such sacrifice, beauty, and courage? Give us more of her, Peter. Where did you find her?"

Now, Peter had thought of his Madonna simply as expressing motherhood, and said so. But the priest said: "She lives; almost she breathes. Come, Peter, and look at what you have done." So Peter went into the cool, quiet church, filled with reverent worshipers, all gazing up at the blazing glory of the window, where stood the image of the Christ-child seeming to bless all who looked. Behind him stood the quiet, beautiful, blue-clad image of the Madonna, her face full of a wistful hope, yet alight with an inner peace. And behold, Peter, unknowing, had made the face and figure of Mary, his wife, to stand for the Madonna!

For a moment he, too, was peaceful; but as he left the church he grew angry again. "Now, why," he thought, "should Mary so pursue me—she who lied to me—she whom I would forget? For never, since I left her, have I heard my note, and it is because with her wrong-doing she made me angry. And none can hear the highest when his heart is black with anger. Yet 'tis her fault, for sure I did not lie to myself. Well, I'll prentice myself to rougher work, where Mary cannot enter in to disturb." So off he went to the ship-builders, and learned to build fine, sea-going ships, with always an extra bit of carving here and there; for Peter loved carving.

One day a noted skipper came to him and said: "Peter, your boats are the best built I know. Stanch and seaworthy I know them to be. Now, I've a dangerous voyage to go, and my men are afraid. Make me one of your best boats, Peter, and carve on it a figurehead stretching out over the ocean—one which shall make all men anxious to follow—so their fear will be driven out. Can you do it, Peter?"

And Peter said, "Come back in such a time and your boat will be ready."

Now, Peter sang and whistled over his work, and his courage came back; for this at last was a man's job. The boat was quickly and solidly built, with swift lines, and finally he came to carving the figurehead. "What will men and women follow, above all things; what means most to mankind? Why, a woman's arms outstretched to fill the need of the helpless, to guard those she loves, to provide shelter, for all who have need of any kind." So Peter carved busily, and at last the ship was launched.

Then came the skipper and said: "What is this you have done, Peter? Men come to ship as my crew, and when they see your carven figurehead they will not *leave*. Now, I, an honest man, must sail by stealth, and at night; for the woman at the prow drives out fear; they would *all* ship to follow her and learn! Who was your model, Peter?"

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Then Peter with a strange fear at his throat rushed down to the wharf to see what he had done. It was true again. There, carved firmly at the ship's prow was the figure of a woman, winged as though by love; there was the carven figure of Mary!

Then said Peter: "It is of no use at all. My note I have not heard in years, but the love of Mary, my wife, follows wherever I go. I will go home to her; and there it may be I shall find the child—our child. Why, 'tis twelve years! Perchance Mary's *was* the higher faith; true, for love of me she lied, and that is sin, but is it so great sin as my pride and anger and neglect? Was not hers the greater faith? I, having heard, *knew*—and know—that such a note lives. But Mary, having never heard, yet believed.

"I wonder will Mary forgive—perhaps even care a little? And I can help with the child—our child."

So straightway Peter set out on his long journey home, and late one afternoon he caught sight of the well kept farm, the trim white house at the foot of the mountain, and on the porch stood Mary, a gracious, lovely figure, her hand clasping the hand of a boy who seemed to vibrate with life and strength. And as Peter unlatched the gate, Mary ran swiftly down to meet him. "Peter," she said, "oh, Peter, you are home again, and all is well! But you are tired, dear; come and rest. See, here is our son." And the boy threw his arms about Peter.

"Wait, Mary," said Peter when he had embraced his son. "Mary, I have sinned; I was angry, proud, and unjust. But I have lost my note. Mary, may I come home?"

And Mary said: "Peter, you have no need to ask. My love has followed you across the world. You do not hear your note now—but I *never* heard it. Yet we both know the note rings true. Come, Peter; come and rest and eat. Ahead of us lies true companionship, and the love which springs from that. And think, Peter—our child!"

So Peter followed her into the house, and day by day his love for Mary and the child grew, till the world was flooded with light and music; but his note was gone. One day his son came to him with a face so radiant that Peter caught his breath.

"Father," said the boy, "I hear a note, a wonderful note, over and over again, and it is the highest and most beautiful thing in the world! Yet mother says she has never heard it and sent me to ask you; father, do *you* hear the note?"

Then Peter's heart was glad, and he answered: "Son, I *have* heard the note, but not for many years. Through anger, pride, and injustice, I lost the power to hear it. But I know, yes, and your mother knows, that the note rings true. Keep your body and spirit cleanly, vividly, alive, and you will never lose it. If men say there is no such note, watch your mother—come to me—and I will tell you of it. Follow its call, and where it leads you go, for it is the call of the highest."

So, often in gorgeous sunsets or any great beauty of nature or the love of man for his fellows, the boy hears the note; and when we see him dancing in the sunset, at the mountain's brink, then, too, he is moving to its rhythm—the rhythm of the world. But at the home call he runs down to the love and faith of Peter and Mary, who, though not hearing, yet believe that for those who have ears to hear the highest lasts forever.

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The Russian Drive in China

The New Imperialism Grows by What It Feeds On

By Henry Kittredge Norton

The spokesmen of Young China have succeeded in focusing the attention of the world upon the wrongs of their country and the dire results which are to follow a failure on the part of the treaty-powers to restore the ancient empire to its full rights. The issues involved at the Peking conferences are quite serious enough to warrant this attention, and it will tax the statesmanship of the Occidental and Japanese diplomats to resolve them satisfactorily. The difficulties to be overcome in treaty adjustments with the Chinese, however, are rapidly becoming of secondary importance as a new menace both to China and the powers appears from the direction of Russia.

Soviet Russia has made elaborate professions of her abandonment of the imperialist policy of czardom in Asia. Her spokesmen talk garrulously of "international justice" and "the equality of nations." With magniloquent gestures the new Russia relinquishes privileges forcibly obtained under the ancient régime. Persia and China have been the chief beneficiaries of this renunciation; and yet at this moment Persia is defending herself against Russian aggression, and the integrity of China is threatened by the advances of Russia in Chinese territory.

Imperial Russia had as early as 1894 determined that Manchuria, the great northern appanage known to the Chinese as the Three Eastern Provinces, should in course of time become Russian territory. She warned Japan off after the Japanese victory over China in 1895. She secured a railway right of way across the very heart of Manchuria in 1896, and began the construction of the Chinese Eastern Railway to connect the Transsiberian road directly with Vladivostok. Two years later Russia, by another bit of pressure at Peking, obtained the right to build a branch line from Harbin to Port Arthur, bisecting the southern half of Manchuria, and a twenty-five-year lease on the whole Liao-tung Peninsula.

A significant feature of these railway concessions was the right to station "guards" along the railway zone. In the guise of "railway guards" Russian troops entered Chinese territory. They were but the van of a veritable invasion of Manchuria which followed the Boxer outbreak in 1900. Three army corps occupied the provinces and dealt with them as conquered Russian territory. Nor did they leave when the Boxer trouble was over. Russia secured permission from an obliging Government at Peking to stay on for

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two years. At the end of that time new and impossible concessions were demanded from Peking as the price of Russian evacuation. Russia quite evidently had no intention of retiring.

On the contrary, the Russian bureaucracy was intent upon further progress. Manchuria in Russian hands, Korea was the next step. Intrigue had been rife at Seoul for years, and now Russian troops made their way across the Korean border, this time as lumberjacks. Here they aroused Japanese susceptibilities. Japan filed a protest much firmer in tone than any that had come from China. But to the fatuous statesmen of St. Petersburg, all alike were from Orientals, and all alike were worthy of no particular attention. The Japanese protest, like those of China, was ignored.

But Japan was not China. Suddenly something happened. When the St. Petersburg bureaucracy recovered its equilibrium, the Russian armies had been driven out of southern Manchuria, and Japan was well intrenched not only in the Liao-tung leasehold but along the railroad as far north as Changchun. Russian arms were again far from the coast, and the dream of a vast Manchurian empire had met with a rude awakening.

The road to warm water through Manchuria was blocked, but Imperial Russia would not renounce her ambition to reach the sea. She turned to Mongolia, where by 1914 the ill feeling against the Chinese enabled her to secure a preponderant influence. Mongolia was the key to the alternative route to the Pacific, the route through Peking and Tientsin. With Mongolia safely under Russian control, the Russian imperialists could bide their time until some turn of Fortune's wheel should open to them the way through North China—through the very capital of the land.

But Russia had not yet drained her bitter cup. War, revolution, civil strife, and social and economic breakdown must be lived through. Difficulties nearer home forbade any effective effort in the Far East. Russia must protest in vain while Japan pushed her farther back from the sea; while Japanese troops, with the assent of the Allies, overran not only Manchuria, but Siberia itself as far west as Lake Baikal. Mongolia fell into the hands of a reactionary band, and Russian rights in China were calmly abrogated by the Chinese. Russia counted for less in the Far East in 1920 than at any time since Muravieff started down the Amur in 1847.

§ 2

But Mavor's dictum that Russia "is never more to be feared than just after she has been beaten" has not had a more apt illustration than in the years since 1920. Russia is not only coming back: she is coming on. The story of her recovery in the Far East is a most astonishing one not for itself alone but for its significant parallel with Russian progress under the czars.

First the Siberian peasants rose and threw off their Japanese and Cossack tormentors. They established the Far Eastern Republic and held their ground until the time came to merge again with the mother-country. A reactionary raid from Mongolia was met with a counter-attack which not only swept that country of raiders but carried the Red arms into the capital city of Urga. A Mongolian Soviet Government was established and has

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been maintained to the present day. This government lisps its acknowledgment of Chinese suzerainty while it takes its instructions from Moscow.

The Washington Conference, although called primarily for other purposes, resulted in the relaxation of the Japanese grip on the remaining Russian as well as Chinese territory, and by the end of 1922 the word of Moscow was law throughout the lands which had formerly owed allegiance to the czar, except for the Chinese Eastern Railway Zone and Northern Saghalien. Soviet diplomacy set itself to the task of recovering these as well.

At last, in May, 1924, the Russians found in Mr. Wellington Koo a foreign minister who could be persuaded to see things as Russia wanted them seen. A treaty was signed with the Peking Government which not only recognized the Soviet régime but granted it a controlling position in the management of the Chinese Eastern Railway. But Peking was Peking, and the railway was in Manchuria. Chang Tso-lin was ruler there, and he paid little heed to the orders of Peking. Long accustomed to coöperate with Japan, he recognized the threat to Japanese interests as well as his own in a Soviet-controlled management of the Chinese Eastern. He ignored the treaty.

Within three months, however, Chang found himself again at war with Peking and called upon to concentrate all his forces in the South. Suddenly he learned of large Russian concentrations in his rear, and at the same time he was invited by the Soviet representatives to reconsider the matter of the railway. He did, and quickly signed an agreement with Moscow confirming the terms of the previous Peking treaty. The contempt of the Russian rulers for China and the hollowness of their pretensions to international justice were again shown in this instrument. It was made with Chang as the "ruler of the Autonomous Three Eastern Provinces." Russia is the only one of the foreign powers which has countenanced Chang's or any other attempt to split up the territory of China. But she obtained the control of the Chinese Eastern, and for her the end amply justified the means.

Japan was still recalcitrant, and to her the Soviet diplomatists now turned their attention. Japan had demanded many things of the Soviets as the price of recognition and the return of Saghalien. But the Japanese people were sick of the adventure of their militarists on the Asian mainland, and when Russia rounded up the Japanese nationals in Siberia and prepared to deport them, Tokyo was constrained to arrive at some understanding. Oil and coal leases of problematical but substantial value in Saghalien were the best consideration that could be obtained in return for the surrender of all the Japanese demands. The Soviet régime was recognized and Saghalien evacuated.

Russia thus recovered all her losses and in addition held Mongolia firmly in her grasp. Moreover her ambassadors were received if not welcomed at Peking and Tokyo. Once more Russia became the dominant figure in the Far East.

She must still reckon with Japan in Manchuria, however, for the statesmen of Tokyo, however sincere in their observance of the Washington agreements to respect the integrity of China, appreciate to the full the threat which Russian domination of Manchuria

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spells to Japan's security. No sooner did Russia get her agreements covering the Chinese Eastern than Japan set about to offset the advantage thus gained. Dormant schemes for branch lines from her own South Manchurian Railway were revived and their construction speedily begun. Three of these branches leave the main line well in Japanese-controlled territory and bend northward until they reach the Russian road. While these new lines will do much to injure the Chinese Eastern economically, it will be many years before they will bring any adequate financial return to their builders. Their main purpose, however, is not economic; they are designed primarily to cripple the Chinese Eastern from a military point of view.

Once more Russia was blocked in Manchuria. Once more, as in the days of the czars, she turned to the Mongolia-North China route. And this time Fortune has flung her favors with lavish hand into the Bolshevik lap. The chief obstacle in Russia's way is the position of the treaty-powers in China. A timely incident at Shanghai aroused against these powers, especially against Japan and Great Britain, the growing hostility of Chinese nationalism as it has never been aroused before. The crass stupidity of a British officer in ordering British-controlled police to fire upon Chinese student demonstrators served to inflame all China against the unequal treaties which allowed foreigners to have their own police in China. From one end of the country to the other came the demand for the abrogation of these treaties, for tariff autonomy, for the abolition of extraterritoriality, for a complete restoration of China to full equality among the nations.

Here was an excellent tool to Russia's hand. No effort, no means, no money was spared in giving vitality to this demand. Strikes, demonstrations, boycotts, and all the subtle means by which Orientals know so well how to make life uncomfortable and unprofitable for the foreigner, were engineered and financed. China became militant and threatening. She was entitled to the rights of a sovereign state, and all of the privileges exercised by foreigners in derogation of those rights must be surrendered.

And in the reflected light of the flames she has kindled, Russia basks in sinister glee. What an excellent contrast the kindly Soviets afford to the imperialist West and the aggressive Japanese! Can China do better than embrace Russia with her principles of international justice and national equality and thus escape the torment of the capitalistic powers with their designs upon Chinese territory and their schemes to exploit Chinese labor? The Russian arms are opened wide in invitation, and the Chinese nationalists are all but ready to throw their country into those arms.

§ 3

Therein lies the danger to China and the world. If the relinquishment of foreign rights in China would make the republic a strong, unified state, able to protect itself against aggression from whatever quarter, the powers would gladly speed it on its way. The treaty-powers at Peking have already shown, by their recognition of China's right to tariff autonomy, their entire willingness to coöperate in any movement to that end. But they know that if they were to go further at the present time they would

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only assist in destroying the integrity of China and in setting the stage for another international conflict of the first magnitude.

The basic reason for this is that the Republic of China has only a fictitious existence. Whatever glories may be due to Chinese civilization, whatever good qualities may be inherent in the Chinese people, whatever the noble aspirations of Chinese nationalism, none of these has as yet been able to organize the Republic of China into any semblance of a state. Ordinarily recognition is not granted a new government until it has become firmly established, is able to preserve peace and order at home, and is ready and willing to perform its international obligations. Not one of these things has been true of the Chinese Republic since the days of Yuan Shih-k'ai. When he died in 1916 the reality of China as a state died with him. Since that time the territory of China has been divided among its *tuchuns*.

These *tuchuns* require a word of definition. Yuan Shih-k'ai's great ambition was to overthrow the republic and to make himself emperor. To assist in the realization of this aim he placed his faithful henchmen in control of the various provinces as military governors, or *tuchuns*. When Yuan died after the failure of his plot, these *tuchuns* acknowledged no other master. The feeble governments which have followed Yuan at Peking meant nothing to them, and they set about to feather their own nests as best they might. The stronger ones soon eliminated their less aggressive neighbors, and *tuchuns* began to appear as the rulers of two or three or half a dozen provinces.

While these *tuchuns* have paid lip-service to Peking when it served their ends, they have paid nothing else when it could be avoided. All of the local taxes and revenues have been appropriated to their own uses, and whenever possible they have blackmailed Peking into sending them money to keep quiet. They rule their several principalities with irresponsible despotism. For various reasons they have never (except in the case of Manchuria already mentioned) received foreign recognition. Fighting, intrigue, and treachery are constantly shifting their boundaries and their rulers. The powers have held to the fiction of the united republic to maintain the legality of their concessions. And the *tuchuns* have not sought foreign recognition, preferring to let the powers go to Peking for redress.

What international law calls the Republic of China is a group of such ephemeral principalities. Manchuria has been for years under the absolute sway of Chang Tso-lin. Only yesterday he was in control of the provinces of Chi-li and Shan-tung, and only day before yesterday his troops were driven from the highly important centers of Nanking and Shang-hai. Down from the mountain fastnesses of the Northwest, Feng Yü-hsiang, the "Christian general," is moving. He now has most of the province of Chi-li in his grip. The great industrial center of Han-kau, with one of the best arsenals in China, is in the hands of Wu Pei-fu, who has formed a loose alliance of seven or eight of the Yang-tze provinces. The province of Kwang-tung (in which is Canton) and parts of the adjoining provinces are under still another government, which is apparently of Soviet tendencies and favors close relations with Moscow.

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That the Soviet rulers are not only well aware of the futility of planning with Peking any constructive action to establish the reality of the Republic of China, but that they are seizing every advantage that may accrue from the disorganization of China, is abundantly evident. When General Feng turned against his chief, Wu Pei-fu, and ousted him from Peking, he at once took Wu's place as the sole obstacle in the way of Chang's absorption of all North China. That Feng and Chang would come to blows was obvious from the day of Feng's coup. But Chang held all the coast down to and including Shanghai, held all the great cities and industrial centers, and was in possession of the arsenals. Feng, in his mountains to the northwest of Peking, had no source of munitions or supplies. Without assistance he was marked for early elimination.

This was Russia's opportunity. Like Mephisto, Russia offered what he wished to the aspiring Feng, on condition that he would sell his soul. Like Faustus, Feng made the bargain. Forthwith the Gobi Desert became a highway for the traffic in arms between Russia and Feng's bases at Kalgan and Dolon-nor, and Russian officers undertook the forced training of seventy thousand Mongolian troops as supports for Feng's none too numerous array.

Not only Russian officers and Russian munitions were placed at Feng's disposal but he commanded Russian money as well. In the use of this arm he was particularly successful, and when Wu Pei-fu advanced on Chang in the South and by his flanking movements forced the Manchurian armies back upon Tientsin, Feng was able, by purchasing the defection of several of Chang's most trusted generals, to turn the retreat into what strongly resembled a rout. As this is written, Chang is reported defending a forlorn hope in Mukden with a handful of men, while Feng is fighting with the local *tuchun* for full control of Chi-li Province with its port of Tientsin and access to the sea. He has indicated that his next objective will be the province of Shan-tung. His progress has received a check from an attack in the rear by Governor Yen of Shan-si Province.

Only the unraveling of the skein will reveal what fate has in store for the individual participants. But the moves made by Feng with Russian support have been sufficient to indicate the audacious schemes of the new imperialists at Moscow. No whit less cynical than their czarist predecessors, employing a technique of remarkable effectiveness, they have made as rapid progress in the acquisition of Chinese territory as czardom ever did. And like the imperialism of czarist days, this new imperialism grows by what it feeds upon. No goal is too ambitious, no aggression too conscienceless for its expanding appetite.

Magnificent new vistas are opened before the Russian imagination by the recent events in China. With Mongolia already in her grasp, a dependent government in control of Chi-li and Shan-tung would bring Russia to the threshold of the realization of her great dream. First-class railroads already connect Kalgan near the Mongolian border with Tientsin on the Gulf of Pe-chi-li and Tsingtau on the Yellow Sea. A line from Lake Baikal to Kalgan, no longer than the east-and-west line of the Chinese Eastern, is all that is necessary to give Russia not

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only an outlet on warm water but control of a densely populated portion of China and the old German naval base at Tsingtau, one of the best harbors on the Yellow Sea. A consummation devoutly to be wished and devotedly to be worked for by good Russians! One also for which the fates have apparently conspired to pave the way.

For it must be remembered that since the end of the last century it is only the jealous interests of the treaty-powers (Russia included) that have held China together. This community of suspicion has been operated to give effect to the plea of the United States, made in its own as well as the Chinese interest, for the preservation of the integrity of China. This force is now being dissipated.

§ 4

The concrete expression of this community of interests in China is embodied in the treaties providing for a conventional tariff, extraterritoriality, the control of the customs and salt administrations, and most-favored-nation treatment. Like a plaster cast, these provisions have restricted China's freedom of movement, but at the same time they have held the broken state together. All of the provisions have contributed to this result, but the outstanding factor is the foreign control of the customs and salt administrations.

Both of these services are directed by Britishers and officered by nationals of all the treaty-powers. They are the only examples in China of the honest collection, expenditure, and accounting of public funds. They are virtually the sole source of cash revenue to the Peking Government, to which the surpluses are turned over after the interest and sinking-funds of various debts have been paid. These surpluses, flowing to the Peking treasury, have made that city the goal of the ambitions of all Chinese military adventurers, and have made the continued fiction of China's unity worth their while.

If the foreign control of these two services were replaced by Chinese control, as the nationalistic spokesmen demand, and as the Peking Government when Russia gives the word will demand, this unifying bond would be sundered forthwith. Without the backing of foreign armed force, the revenue collectors would be forced to turn their receipts into the treasuries of the *tuchuns*. No longer would the surpluses go to Peking. And all too soon would come the failure to serve the foreign debts. Peking, without authority, power, or funds, would cease to have any significance for Chinese or foreigners. The *tuchuns* could proceed to the separate organization of their domains, and the foreign powers would have to look to them both for their debts and for the redress of grievances, an item which the experience of the Russian exiles in Manchuria indicates would be a large one. The fiction of a united republic would disappear along with its reality, and there would follow the break-up of China, which for thirty years the United States has striven to prevent.

Presumably the patriotic Chinese are as ardent in their desire to prevent such a consummation as any one. The break-up of their country is the last thing they could wish. It would postpone for centuries the realization of their aspirations for a strong and united China, a China able to take its place as an equal among the nations. But their Russian supporters could

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contemplate such a break-up with equanimity, especially if the present situation could be continued.

Russia would thus control from the outset the coveted strategic way through Chi-li and Shan-tung. While it is more than likely that the Japanese would succeed in restoring their domination over Manchuria, a domination severely shaken by the recent defections among Chang Tso-lin's generals, the Russians could still make them a deal of trouble there. The Soviet agents could also be counted upon to move southward toward the Yang-tze, and Britain, to protect her vast interests in that region of China, would be forced to extend her control over her old sphere of influence, the great central valley of China. With the restraint of Chinese unity gone, Hongkong would demand and receive protection against the machinations of the Soviet-directed government at Canton, and very likely that port and its hinterland would be marked as another British sphere. France would not remain idle with such things going on about her. If there were no more suitable occasion for French aggression, the old doctrine of compensation would serve her as an excuse to extend her sway over the provinces of Yunnan and Kwang-si, adjoining her Tongking possessions in Indo-China.

The implications of such a process are portentous indeed. The lusty nationalism of Young China, while powerless to prevent the disintegration if it were once well started, would express itself in a continuous futile resistance. Military imperialism would be let loose in the land. The Chinese would suffer, and the French and the British and the Japanese taxpayers would suffer and many innocent lives would be sacrificed. Nor would the account be bettered if we fondly assume a quiet withdrawal on the part of the powers and the resignation of the great empire of China to the Soviets. Georgia can testify that Soviet imperialism is no more palatable than other brands. And for the powers such a withdrawal would be merely postponing the day of reckoning.

More threatening than the internal troubles would be the conflicts sure to arise between the powers themselves. It is conceivable that there would be enough to satisfy the somewhat dyspeptic appetite of the French and the British, though this is by no means certain; but that Japan and Russia could adjust their rivalries without open conflict is hardly possible. Japan has more than once indicated that she will not tolerate a Russian port south of Vladivostok. She fought a costly war to put her rivals out of Port Arthur, and that was a harbor far up in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, which she could blockade with little difficulty. What would be her attitude toward a new Russian base at Tsingtau, a base which would command the Yellow Sea itself? Her spokesmen say very emphatically that any attempt by the Russians so to establish themselves would be tantamount to a challenge to war. They say frankly that such a base would be too great a threat to Japan's economic and military security for her to tolerate it without making a supreme effort to remove it. In such an effort the British would almost inevitably become involved. Nor is it possible to say in advance what other nations would be drawn in.

The United States has long occupied a peculiarly favorable position in China. Having no ambition to ac-

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quire foreign territory, it has been to our interest as a great trading nation to have a strong, independent China, able to protect itself against the aggressions of its neighbors on all sides. The weight of our diplomatic influence has often been thrown into the scales on that side, as in the case of the Open-Door notes, the Twenty-one Demands, and the Washington Conference. To-day we are striving in the same direction at the Peking Conference. While the weight of our national influence has been invaluable to China, it is well understood that we will not send troops to Asia in support of our policy in the event that China is attacked. As regards the powers other than Russia this would hardly be necessary. But Russia we have outlawed, and our admonition to her would be merely an incentive to further aggression. The other powers, despite their resumption of diplomatic relations with the Soviets, could hardly do more without the use of force. Russia will not be deterred so long as she can cajole China into coöperation.

It is to China herself then that we must turn for action which will preserve her own integrity and spare herself and the world the debacle which would almost inevitably follow her disintegration. It is futile to look to the Government at Peking for such action. It would be futile even if that Government were not now under the hand of Russia. It is to Young China —that great body of men, mostly young and foreign-educated, but all bound together by the ardent desire to raise their country to a position among the nations consonant with her worth —that we must look.

At present this body is obsessed with the vision of a victory over the treaty-powers. The tradition of their aggression has survived their change of attitude since the Washington Conference, just as the tradition of Russian fair dealing has been constructed in the face of actual Russian aggression. If the leaders of Young China persist in accepting the Russian protestations at their face-value and at the same time refuse to recognize the willingness of the powers to treat China fairly, then China will hasten on to her own destruction, and the other nations must suffer in the catastrophe.

While the responsibility is thus upon Young China, theirs, too, is the opportunity. If they will content themselves for the present with the elimination of abuses in the exercise of treaty privileges, and direct their major effort toward freeing their country from those forces which really derogate from its sovereignty, the *tuchuns* and their armies, they will take the first great step toward the rehabilitation of China. They will find a ready and willing coöperator in the United States. Nor will Great Britain and Japan be found lagging behind. The other treaty-powers must of necessity follow where these three lead. Put half as much energy and effort into the establishment of a real government at Peking as they have put into their campaign against the treaties, and they will have remade their country. The resumption of its rights as a sovereign state will follow as a matter of course. Young China will then have accomplished its aim more quickly, more thoroughly, more nearly permanently, than they can ever do by crying down the aggressions of the West and leaving their country defenseless before the imperialism of Soviet Russia.

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Lawlessness

Emotions Warped and Authority Defied

By Charles Platt

Not even the most ardent patriot can find in our homicide rate a stimulus to pride. In quantity production we do indeed aim always to excel, but just to have the largest criminal population in the world does not seem either profitable or praiseworthy. Nor does it seem quite reasonable to join with the "patriot" and place the blame on Europe. Foreigners, we know, have lower standards than we have; they are just naturally lawless. But still, there are figures, embarrassing figures. Italy, the next country in order, or disorder, has a rate half that of ours—and so on, down to poor benighted Switzerland whose rate is one thirty-sixth. "Ah!" now exclaims the patriot, "but it is the mixture of races with us that makes all the trouble." Well, London is mixed, decidedly so, and in 1922 there were 17 murders in London and 260 in New York. Furthermore, the highest rates in this country are in the purely native Southern cities. In 1924, when the rate for the country at large was 9.9 per hundred thousand, Jacksonville had a rate of 58.8, while in certain of the New England manufacturing towns, with their large alien mill population, there were no homicides at all.

It seems that we must look further. The "patriot" has failed us. Let us now listen to the "practical man"; he too is a ready answerer. The practical man of course agrees lightly with the patriot, but he goes on. He says that the real cause of crime here is our sentimentality, that if we would but properly punish the criminal crime would soon disappear. One man puts it rather convincingly as follows: "So long as we slobber over thieves, murderers, and swindlers instead of punishing them, the periodic 'crime waves' will continue to roll on, robbing us of our savings and disturbing our peace of mind." Of course he is right, in a way; but unfortunately his emotional reaction, his fear, quite robs him of reason, and we find him, not only resisting sentimentality, but resisting decency as well. He becomes, indeed, suspicious of all reform, and wants only revenge, revenge at all costs. He should read history. In the old days, before decency came in, when we hanged our pickpockets, tortured our accused, left our prisoners to die in foul dungeons—then crime was rife. It was then an adventure to cross a city at night. A visit to the country called for an armed body-guard. Really, having already tried every pain, every degredation, that man and the devil have been able to concoct, and having thereby only succeeded in so brutalizing the world as to produce crime in excess, it does not now seem

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likely that even the practical man's plan will greatly help us.

So, again, let us look further. But, first of all, let us get our terms right. Seeking for a cause of crime in modern factors of life must ever be a futile and foolish undertaking. A cause does not follow its effect. An ancient evil cannot take its origin in anything modern. Crime is as old as society. It is an expression of the unyielding ego, of an individualism which refuses social acquiescence, which finds itself unable to accept the rule of others. It *may* be true that social order is for the benefit of all society's members, but the assertion is not nearly so evident to the man with a primitive egoism as is the seeming truth of this other, that by helping himself he can benefit himself more.

Let us, then, leave the cause of crime where it belongs, in man's nature. And let us also acknowledge the sad truth that we, all of us, at least start life with a full criminal potentiality. And then let us seek for something more within our reach. Let us seek for the modern influences that may favor crime. Let us seek, not for the cause of crime, but for the cause of "crime waves." These too are old, but they are also young; they are phenomena which may accompany any social tide. There are periods of order, and there are periods of disorder. There are factors of life that favor the group; there are factors of life that favor the ego—and it is the latter which make for the crime wave, the ego always standing in opposition to the group will.

§ 2

The situation, as I see it, is this. Man brings into life a very miscellaneous luggage, including a *trunk* full of instincts. He cannot use all. As he grows, he must discard. Says Bergson, "The route we pursue in time is strewn with the remains of all that we began to be, of all that we might have been." But what we discard and what we retain is determined for us by circumstance, or, let us say, by environment, and our 'choice" will therefore vary with both time and place. We know what slum experiences, poverty, drunkenness of parents, disease, will sometimes do to a child, what a selection of inheritance they may determine; these influences are obvious. With Dickens, we can easily recognize that a child "born in hell" may not have heavenly attributes. But these local disabilities, after all, do not produce crime waves; they produce just local disturbances. How about the more general and more subtle influences? Is it not possible that there may be elements of the *Zeitgeist*, far-reaching elements, that at times favor crime? Let us look over our mental luggage. We find there egoism, love of domination; and we find, also, sloth, unhappily linked with acquisitiveness and love of luxury. Develop these, let the spirit of the times but encourage these, and we may get a highwayman—or, maybe, a bishop.

To me, the great fact of modern life is the ever increasing complexity of our civilization, its artificiality, its far removal from nature. And there is, of course, with this, the ever increasing difficulty of adjustment. Is it not true that many who would be social must find themselves perplexed? And is it not of necessity also true that the numbers of these incompetents must be yearly increasing? Man is an evolutionary product. His mind

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evolves, progresses, with the slowness of all biological phenomena. But civilization to-day is not a biological product; it is a product of invention, and invention is revolutionary, not evolutionary. Man creeps, and civilization leaps. Man follows as long as he can, but when he finds that he can no longer follow, then he becomes recalcitrant, he balks, he reverts, he goes back to that which is more easily understood, to that which is closer to his biological patterns. I am stating a general psychological truth. Substitute "science" for "civilization" in what has just been said, and we have the genesis of present-day Fundamentalism. Resisting civilization, we turn back to the primitive behavior, to the egoistic, the criminal; resisting science, we turn back to the primitive belief—to Dayton. Man to-day is overwhelmed with knowledge, he is distraught and unhappy, so he goes back to the old. With Bryan he is content to cling to the Rock of Ages—incurious as to, or denying, the age of the rocks. Here with this solid support he is no longer an ignoramus; he now knows it all, and he is happy. *On est savant à si bon marché;* it is so easy to be learned on such terms! But the criminal may be arrived at by precisely the same process. Finding oneself unable to grapple with the complexities of modern life, with the difficulties of competition in a world overcrowded with people, with its huge population born of the machine, one gives up the attempt, declines longer even to try to be social, and goes out into the world a primitive, a lone wolf, determined to fight it out on the old and more easily understood plan of our forest ancestors.

Then there are details of this new civilization, special features of it and its secondary products, also with a bearing upon crime. There is, for example, the multiplying of the laws, a symptom and aggravation of complexity, and not, as some would fondly suppose, a remedy for it. We have in this country gone legislatively mad, until now, having exhausted all possible legitimate fields, we have invaded with our laws the domain of personal liberties and are attempting to regulate both conscience and appetite. But, of course, the more laws there are, the more there are to break, and the more get broken. The new laws are crowding our penitentiaries. And then, since prison life is not conducive to the social outlook and does not make any one socially the sweeter, there are, coming from these penal institutions, their graduates, a constantly growing army of them, all antisocially trained, and all, or nearly all, determined now to get even.

There is the congestion of our cities—the promiscuous living, the nerve-racking and nerve-wrecking experiences. There is the breaking down of the home, the scorn of the home duties, and the consequent loss of their incidental social training. There is the misdirected education of our schools, with its emphasis placed on self-expression and independence, and with its corresponding neglect of the social relation and the social obligation. A child is primitive; it must be taught to be modern. It has, within a few years, to traverse all history. Left alone, it will develop modernity only in streaks; its strong primitive impulses will commonly remain quite unchallenged. We have a right to expect something better of our schools. They are supported by the public taxes, and no tax

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is justifiable unless it contributes to the community's well-being. But the schools now not only neglect the essential fact of society, the interdependence of man; they also offer false ideals of success, they deliberately foster the primitive ideal, that success is to be measured by the amount one can get. They accept, and, in effect, indorse, the gospel of Gain.

Nor is bad instruction confined to the schools. We have magazines wholly devoted to the worship of money. We have our newspapers with their many false values, their reiterated sensation, their applause of daring, their hero-making of the thug, their tears over the gentle young murderess. Crime with them is on a sporting basis and is given a sporting evaluation. We have our movies with their illustrated crime, their revelation of its ease. What if the criminal does finally get caught? There is not a wide-eyed youth in the "vidience" who has not seen where his hero made his mistake, and who has not also mentally visualized how great would have been his reward had he but been more careful.

And then there are living examples of success where financial and social attainment have been the result of an unprincipled cleverness. And there is, too, the ever present example of political corruption, especially that in low places, where the youth sees his crooked ward leaders advance to affluence and even to "honor." That ill gotten gains never prosper is very properly one of Lamb's "popular fallacies." But the youths of our cities have no such foolish delusion.

I have spoken of invention as revolutionary, and of man as evolutionary. Invention not only gets ahead of man but it drags him along and throws him into situations for which he is in no way prepared. It has, for instance, produced now a new leisure, a leisure which he does not know how to use. Shorter hours of work have filled our streets with roving crowds of the idle and restless. They know nothing of healthful play; their athletics they get only from the side-lines; and as for cultural diversions, they have for these but a withering contempt. Entertainment, amusement, stimulation, largely physical, have become for many the main quest of life.

And, finally, associated with this same effect of invention, there is the new economic freedom of youth. Youth now has the money wherewith to gratify its adolescent desires. But adolescent desires never get satisfied. The appetite grows with the eating. The desires become extravagant. They soon reach a point which no earned wage is high enough to cover; and then other sources of income must be discovered.

§ 3

These are some of the modern factors now bearing upon crime. How many there are! And yet there is still to be mentioned one that is, it may be, fundamental to all, that has, certainly, the greatest of all influences on the prevention of crime, and not a little, too, on its production.

President Coolidge and others have linked lawlessness with loss of religion. They are right. One product of our new artificial life is materialism. We are now attempting to interpret life in terms of this world. The old and long useful inhibitions, our supernatural controls, we have abandoned. Science is doing for the world of to-day

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what the missionary has done for the South Sea islanders, and with the same disastrous effect. It has broken down our old taboos, it has robbed us of our old simple conduct guides, and it has offered us nothing comprehensible in their place. And let me confess in order that what I say may be properly evaluated, discounted, or otherwise, that I myself am a scientist and not a churchman, that I believe in God but have no formulas concerning Him. And yet, though not a churchman, I deplore the decadence of the church; and then, being a scientist, I blame the church. Science is not at fault here. Science is but striving to know something of God's works. What is lacking is interpretation. The church has failed in its duty, has ignored it, or, worse, has refused it; and the scientist is by nature and training quite unprepared for the task. Here, for instance, is evolution, the first real insight into God's omnipotence, the first revelation vouchsafed to man of God's plan, his method; and, instead of welcoming it with Te Deums and thanksgiving, the church gets surly and threatens its advocates. The situation is deplorable. Here we are in a stage of religious progress, with bright lights shining all around, but with what is evidently a difficult bit of road before us; and no one will guide us.

Auguste Comte has described the progress of culture as a passing from superstition to metaphysics, from metaphysics to science, and from science to the ultimate religion. What do we find? Here are the people of the world now scattered along the whole route. Some indeed attained to the goal thousands of years ago—a notable example occurs to me, a peasant of Palestine—but most, it must be granted, are still at or near the very starting-point. It is all so difficult, the advance. It is so much easier to stand still; and, in fact, without good leaders, for the majority it is the only safe thing to do. The return to Dayton is justified. When Bryan was telling his audiences of the dangers of science, he was telling them what was for them a profound truth. Says Emile Boutroux, "He who possesses science and art has a religion; he who does not, needs one." And Boutroux here was thinking of the old religion, the religion of our fathers, that very religion for which Bryan spent his life.

Let us then acknowledge frankly that belief in the supernatural is still necessary, that fear, hell, is the only universal check to bad behavior. Superstition, says Spinoza, is the refuge of ignorance. All right! Then it is just about what most of us need. "Keep the hell-fires burning" is the best possible slogan for Fundamentalism, and it is, too, a most useful one for the securing of social order. All that the public has really been able to get from science has been a release from its fears, and it has thereby received encouragement in wrong-doing. The great concepts of science are closed to the general understanding, but the stripping off of restraints is an easy matter, the privilege of being able to defy the old taboos is welcome indeed. Man once was willing to bet his all on the church, but now that he has received a new tip he is only too willing to take a chance in quite other directions.

And so, hopelessly confusing theology and religion, though spiritual help is now more truly necessary than ever,

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man is trying to get along without either religion or help. The old taboos gone, the old ideals are now being lowered to the earth. Truth is no longer in its high seat. Justice, duty, moral courage, are now shrunken into policies. Of course, theoretically, this need not be so: these attributes are quite possible of development outside of any church; they are products of philosophy, not of theology; but the fact is, nevertheless, that in the public mind they are inseparable from the old beliefs, and these beliefs from the church, so that the last cannot go without carrying the others with it.

But not only are inhibitions removed by this attempt to do without religion; there is also an unhappiness resulting which is in itself a direct incentive to bad behavior. The heart needs religion however much the head may condemn it. The heart, as some one has pointed out, is older than the head, and its cravings must not be ignored. "Religion is an opiate," says the new Russian tyranny, but one cannot suddenly abandon opiates without suffering. Eating from the tree of knowledge, we are indeed driven out of paradise. The promised earthly paradise of socialism is no true consolation; nothing of this earth can substitute satisfactorily for a life eternal in that heaven all have been hoping for. Fear is but a very small part of religion. There is also the spiritual comfort, the sense of protection, the solace of being in the care of One who is both all-understanding and all-powerful. Here is an Omniscient and Omnipotent with whom, as James would have said, "we have business to transact"; but this Being is also conceived of as all-loving, and this business of ours includes, therefore, being able to call upon Him in time of need, and it includes, also, a contract for the future, a promised reward, a glory, a something that is to make up to us for all our present troubles. Ritschl, in stripping religion of its extraneous elements, takes away, first of all, knowledge and dogma. And, truly, these have nothing to do with the matter; "Faith means belief in something concerning which doubt is still theoretically possible." But Feeling, Trust, Comfort, Hope—these are truly precious! Deprive man of these and you invite his wrongdoing. Emotional poverty begets pessimism, pessimism begets cynicism, and cynicism ends by smashing all conventions.

How complex it all is! How numerous are the influences bearing upon crime! How confusing to unravel—their ends and their loops all knotted into the whole tangle of life, of character, and of society! But my moral is this: Do not let us be so paltry as to rest content with the blaming of foreigners, nor even with the condemning of reform. The problem of lawlessness is more difficult than that; it is rather terribly difficult. Its solution will call for the best thought of our nation. Let us not waste our time shouting up the blind alleys.

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Memoirs of Marionettes

The Puppet Theater as It Has Come Down Through the Ages

By George S. Brooks

THE theater was dark, except for the golden sunlight that flooded the miniature stage. The play was an Italian folk-story, like and yet unlike the opera "Pagliacci." Somewhere behind the scenes an accordion and a clarinet were playing a simple melody so old that it may have been composed as a hymn to Bacchus in the days when the purple shadows of the Sicilian hills concealed the legions of the Roman Republic.

Pulcinella held the center of the stage. He was deserted by his wife, his friend, hunted by the *carbinieri*. He shrugged his shoulders with a gesture of hopelessness.

"Without a bone to tempt him, not even a dog will follow me," he groaned, then shambled away to the wine-shop, a broken man.

Next to me, upon the hard bench, my friend Antonio, the barber, dissolved in garlic-flavored tears.

"Poor Pulcinella," he sobbed. "Poor Pulcinella! To think that this happens to him every night!"

Back of the scene the puppet-master lifted Pulcinella by his myriad strings and unceremoniously hung him upon a coat-tree, to await the fifth and final act. For Pulcinella of the many sorrows was only a jointed doll.

Antonio's sympathy for him was very real, the puppet-master's relations to his chief actor very matter-of-fact; and Pulcinella was unable to discuss his own reactions to the topsy-turvydom of life. In the rear of the Hall of the United Sons of Italy sat a society woman. She turned to her escort.

"It's so original," she said. "You do think of such unique entertainments."

She was mistaken. She had just seen the oldest form of entertainment in the world. The marionettes played their parts in the fragrant groves of Nippur and in the hanging gardens of Babylon. Puppets of terra-cotta amused the children of the kings of the Nile, before the days of the Pharaohs. Their history reaches back into the dawn of civilization, long before written chronicles began. Famous men from Sargon I to Bernard Shaw, from William the Conqueror to Wilhelm of Doorn, have been entertained by them.

It may be that the puppets have survived the iconoclastic progress of the centuries because they appeal to that atom of philosophy tucked away in the brain of each human being.

Poor Pulcinella! Hung on a coat-tree to await the next night's tragedy.

Since puppet-shows were invented the world has echoed the march of

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many conquerors. The children of Israel became familiar with them when marionettes were the toys of the soldiers of Cushan Rishathaim, overlord of Mesopotamia. Boys and girls of India smiled at the antics of the dolls that moved, while Alexander the Great was on his way to invade their land in 326 B.C. In Carthage, Athens, Sparta, Alexandria, and Rome, gamin and ruler's son knew their fascination. Puppets played in Pompeii on the day of its destruction, in Florence at the time of the plague, in London when Walter Raleigh came back from the Americas, in Paris at the very hour King Louis fell under the guillotine.

Uhlans stood about the boulevard booths of the Punch and Judy shows after Paris had fallen at the end of the Franco-Prussian War. Behind the deep-cut trenches of the Argonne, wounded French soldiers built a puppet theater in 1915. They are a part of the religious rites of savage African tribes, as they were a portion of the monks' miracle-plays in the Middle Ages.

Omar knew them in Persia.

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

"But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays."

The Chinese Emperor Muh of the Chow Dynasty, who lived and loved a thousand years before the Christian era, made a journey into Turkestan and brought back with him certain slaves, "skilled artificers, who knew the art of making marionettes." There is a story about Emperor Muh. His David Belasco of the royal puppet theater was named Yen. Yen was ordered to give an entertainment to the members of the royal household. Yen had heard of the beauty of certain of the wives of Emperor Muh and, thinking he would please the "Son of the Sun and Daughters of the Moon," put into his puppets' mouths certain graceful references to the charming ladies of the household. He did not reflect that this was bazaar talk he had picked up and forgot that mention of the emperor's family could be punished by death. The showman felt that these tributes would not fail to tickle the emperor's vanity, since they reflected the ruler as an excellent judge of feminine beauty.

With growing indignation, the emperor listened to the flattery and watched the puppet actor's head turned toward the fairest women of the zenana.

"Off with that insolent fellow's head!" shouted the emperor.

Yen was quick-witted enough to save his own life by pretending to misunderstand the order. He decapitated his helpless doll and appeased the emperor's wrath before his own head decorated a pike.

Many authorities are inclined to believe that marionettes were invented by priests of an ancient civilization near the Nile. The first puppets were huge statues or idols that spoke and breathed fire and moved, to strike

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terror in the minds of the worshipers. These images were hollow, with concealed joints at the neck and sometimes in the arms; priests inside them supplied the voice and gesture.

Then—it was an invention of a genius although a prehistoric one—a priest conceived the idea of miniature gods, who acted out the story of the religion he served. Puppets came into being to serve this purpose. In time it grew to be a little drama of the beginning of things.

Gayet wrote of a marionette theater discovered at Antinoë which was intended for the presentation of a sort of passion-play upon the anniversary of the death of Osiris. This is the oldest miniature theater yet unearthed by archæologists. It was found in the tomb of Khelmis, singer of Osiris.

The theater is built in the form of a Nile galley, the proscenium arch being the roof of the cabin, and the asbestos curtain of our theaters supplied by two ivory doors, cunningly carved. The action of the drama took place inside the cabin.

We may imagine that Cleopatra, as a child, sat upon a swan's-wool cushion before such a theater and learned the mysteries of the religion which she was to serve as high priestess.

This is the play she saw, the story of the genesis as she learned it. The little Nile barge is lighted with wax tapers that shine back from the wrought-gold work of the stage. About her, the temple chamber is dark, except for the sandalwood fire burning in the corner before the heroic statue of Ra, the hawk-headed.

There is a delay while the incense fills the room, and the harpist behind a curtain plucks a doleful, dreary melody. The chamber seems vast in the half-light, a place of shadows and fear. Still Cleopatra waits. That pause is a part of the ritual; a queen must be taught that as slaves attend her pleasure, royalty must attend the pleasure of the high gods. Cleopatra fidgets upon her cushion, and the priest looks down reprovingly upon her. She is only a little girl, ruler of Egypt and the Nile, a power on her throne but an atom before the altar.

Cleopatra senses this and sits quietly again, her hands folded in her lap. The harpist strikes a chord; the lighted ivory doors swing open. The drama has begun. She watches it as any youngster might, forgetting she is the daughter of a king, the child-wife of a king, little dreaming that for her smile a conqueror will throw away the world.

Osiris is leaving Egypt to make a journey. He is Osiris the wise, the generous, the sum of all that is honorable and good. Where he passes, civilization springs up, crops flourish, cities prosper. And, as he travels, his brother, Set, reigns in Egypt in his stead. As Osiris represents the good, so Set is the incarnation of all that is evil. Cleopatra sees Set plot to kill his brother. He makes a magic coffin which will just hold Osiris. The scene changes to a banquet-hall in the palace of the ruler. Osiris has returned, and the wicked Set is giving a feast of welcome. In the corner of the room stands the coffin. Subtle and cruel Set plays upon the generous nature of his brother.

"You would just fit that coffin," he suggests to Osiris. "Why, it might have been made for you."

"Oh, no!" exclaims Set's partner in the conspiracy. "Osiris is too large. He would never crowd his body into that tiny box."

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The argument rages between them, Set maintaining that the coffin is large enough, while his confidant insists that it is not. With diabolical cunning, they almost come to blows. The kind-hearted Osiris interferes.

"'Tis easily settled," he suggests. "I will try the box. Raise the cover, and I will lie down in it to satisfy you."

He does so. Set clamps the lid down upon him and throws it, brother and all, into the Nile.

Evil had triumphed; and as the high priest pointed out to Cleopatra, since that day evil has often triumphed over good.

Early in Grecian development, priests found a means of making idols move and speak. There were the famous oracles, huge puppets in reality, which kings consulted. There was the oracle which advised Gyges and filled that semilegendary monarch of Asia Minor with superstitious terror. Gyges, shrewd fighting man that he was, did not fathom the double meaning of the oracle's pronouncements, which seemed to favor his scheme but, by a clever ambiguity, left open a convenient alibi.

As in Egypt, these articulated statues led to the invention of the miniature figures that we know as puppets, referred to by some of the Greek writers. Heron of Alexandria, two centuries before Christ, described the mechanics of a doll theater, which had been invented by Philo of Byzantium. Several scenes were used: the sea-shore, where shipwrights built a navy; the ways, where boats were launched; the ocean, with high waves through which the ships struggled; the shore-line, showing angry gods leading the ships to be wrecked on hidden reefs.

Socrates was pleased by such an entertainment; so much so that he went behind the stage to converse with the Sicilian showman. The wit of the men has been preserved for us.

"How is it possible for you to make a living?" asked Socrates.

"The folly of man is an inexhaustible fund of riches. I fill my purse by moving a few pieces of wood."

"Ah! That is the reason why you pray for a wealth of corn and wine at the harvest, but for a famine of brains."

Greek marionettes, like those of Egypt, were made of terra-cotta ivory, or of wood and leather. Even tragedies were presented at the doll theaters, and there is some reason to believe that farce, as a distinct type of dramatic entertainment, grew out of the unskilled efforts of amateur showmen to make their miniature actors play the classic tragedies.

From Greece, the marionettes went to Rome, where leaders of thought, jurists, legislators, magistrates, and generals became their patrons and sponsors. They were favored as after-dinner entertainers in the days of the Cæsars as they were in New York last winter. Horace mentions them as one of the interesting things he had seen. Cicero, Ovid, Livy, and Marcus Aurelius at one time or another compared men to puppets moved by strings. They had seen "poor Pulcinella hung on a coat-tree to await to-morrow night's tragedy."

Petronius, Rome's most famous man about town, declared he preferred the puppet women to the fashionable matrons he knew.

"The toy women are more graceful," he explained. "And like the real ones, they only say the words that are put

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into their mouths." He had never heard of the Lucy Stone League.

§ 2

Curiously enough, the early fathers of the Christian Church did not condemn puppets entirely, nor place them under the ban of graven images. So they were at least tolerated for a time, and before the Roman Empire collapsed the monks had seized them as a convenient and easy method of explaining the story of the Bible. They were used in miracle and nativity plays.

Upon a Christmas eve in Rome, the street children heard there was to be a grand miracle-play in the old chapel of the catacombs. It was not the Rome of the Cæsars that these youngsters knew, nor was it the Rome of the popes. It was during those dreary years after the temporal power of the emperors had crumbled away and before the spiritual and temporal might of the church had been seated in its stead.

Of course the children were all Christians; an imperial edict had ordered it. But they could not read, and their parents could not read to them, the Bible stories. Had they known how to comprehend the laboriously traced characters, it would have done them little good, for no Bibles were to be had.

So they gathered in the vaulted chapel and saw a stage set up before the altar. It might have been lighted by tapers, like Cleopatra's theater, had the monks been wealthy. But they were poor as the children they were to entertain and instruct, and so their footlights were little earthenware lamps with twisted wicks that burned olive-oil.

The first scene showed some shepherds upon a hilltop; curious little shepherds, crudely manufactured from earthenware, whose joints creaked when they moved. To them appeared a gorgeous angel, with rigid wings, who told them, in Father Christopher's voice, that a man-child, the Christ, had been born.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy," were the words he used, although they were translated into the corrupt Latin tongue that was then in the transition stage between the classic phrases of Cicero and the modern Italian.

Then three terra-cotta kings of the Orient appeared, Melchior, Balthazar, and Gaspar, who all talked like Father Christopher in spite of their strange names. They had an audience with King Herod, who was seated stiffly on a throne. They told him about a certain star in the east.

"And such a Redeemer is born in Bethlehem of Judea!" exclaimed Herod, flying into a rage. He was very rude to the kings of the Orient, merely because Bethlehem was an unpopular suburb.

When the kings became annoyed with his exhibition of ungovernable temper and slipped away to find the Babe in the manger, Herod drew his sword and, still in Father Christopher's voice, ordered all the children in Judea to be killed.

So the play went on, reaching its climax when the terra-cotta kings knelt in the manger before the Christ-child. Of course there was a thrill for the children of the audience when Father Christopher's voice enumerated the presents that the kings brought, the gold, the frankincense and myrrh.

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Through the Middle Ages, all over the Christian world, this was the duty of the puppets; they acted out the Bible, not in the Latin and Greek of the Scriptures and the masses, but in the language or dialect of the audience. They played the Lives of the Martyrs and came to tragic ends, somewhat relieved by a stiff-winged angel who appeared at the last moment. In vain Abbot Hugh of Cluny in 1068 and Pope Innocent in 1210 denounced the practice. As a child Charles Martel saw the puppets and learned from them the story of the Christian faith, which he defended when he beat the Moors near Tours.

Driven from the churches by the pressure of the rulers, the moving dolls began to appear in roadside booths, at fairs, at noblemen's entertainments in the guard-halls of the castles, exactly as they had in Socrates's and Livy's time.

With this transition, a comedy element crept into the mystery and miracle plays, and it grew to dominate the whole. The characters changed their speech and dress and chronicled the heroic deeds of antiquity; by 1550 it is recorded that Italian marionettes were representing Columbus's discovery of the Indies.

Those were the great days of the puppet-masters. A booth stood outside the Vatican for the entertainment of the members of the pope's household. Cosmo I had a theater set up in the Palazzo Vecchio. Marionettes then furnished the most popular amusement, if one excepts love-making and fighting, which might better be classed as occupations of the nobles.

In England, France, and Germany as well, marionettes had become a part of the life of the people, rich and poor, aristocrat and burgher alike. François Villon saw them in Paris; equally improvident students at the old college of Poitiers answered the dolls' jests. There it was that John Calvin looked in the puppet-booth that stood before the old Church of Notre Dame.

When tyrannical nobles held Europe in their grasp and wrung the serfs through the ponderous machinery of the feudal system, the puppets enjoyed one privilege that no person was permitted. They were allowed freely to satirize the tyrants who held the high, the middle, and the low justice. Hanging, the rack, the dungeons, thumb-screws, and the iron maiden were never applied to an impudent doll—or to the doll's master; they were permitted a special license to express in words what the burghers and serfs were afraid to think.

When Lucrezia Borgia married Alfonso of Este, among the entertainments was a marvelous puppet-show. The Borgia family had a reputation for successfully mourning their enemies; they attended so many funerals of persons they disliked that it became a habit, which they cultivated to their own advantage.

"Ha, ha!" laughed one of the puppet clowns. "What a fine lot of requiem masses there will be!"

"Masses?" demanded another doll. "Why do you talk of requiem masses at a wedding?"

"Ha, ha, ha! I was just thinking of the fine enemies that have married into the family of our noble patron."

It was notorious that Don Alfonso was not popular with many members of the Spanish nobility. Pulcinella's inference that the Borgias would find a means to remove them would have brought any human head to the block

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instantly. But at the doll's grim jest, the Borgia men and women laughed heartily.

From Venice came the word marionette. Each year, in the glorious days of the Venetian Republic, there was celebrated a Feast of the Virgins, upon the anniversary of the rescue of the twelve brides from the pirates of Triest. Twelve girls were chosen, at a kind of Atlantic City beauty-contest, loaded with rich gowns and jewels, and made to play the chief parts in the pageant. At the conclusion of the holiday they were given their costumes, jewels, and a certain sum of money from the public treasury for their marriage dot.

One year an economy administration, a doge from Vermont perhaps, reduced the number of Marys, as the brides were called, to three and saved the cost of nine costumes and nine marriage portions. The next year, running for reëlection, he carried the lower-taxes platform a step further, dispensed with the three girls, and substituted twelve dolls. These wooden beauty-contest winners came to be called Little Marys or marionettes.

§ 3

It was from the Italian showmen who invaded England with their troupes that Shakspere is believed to have picked up many of the plots he immortalized in his dramas. "Romeo and Juliet," "A Comedy of Errors," "Twelfth Night," and "The Taming of the Shrew," in other forms, first appeared upon the boards of the miniature playhouses.

Even to mention the Englishmen who have enjoyed puppet-shows is to publish a gazetteer of English history: they appeared in Chaucer; Ben Jonson complimented them.

"To Bartholomew Fair," wrote Mr. Pepys. "To Bartholomew Fair to walk up and down, and there, among other things found my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet play and the street full of people waiting for her to come out."

Madge Anderson, in her entertaining volume, "Heroes of the Puppet Stage," quotes from a playbill of Pepys's time:

"This puppet show of the Old Creation of the World, newly revived, was advertised at Bartholomew Fair, and at Southwark Fair—

"'With the addition of NOAH'S FLOOD; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does represent Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in prospect sitting upon trees. . . . Likewise machines descending from above, double, with Dives rising out of hell and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom . . . and with the merry conceits of SQUIRE PUNCH AND SIR JOHN SPENDALL.'

"It is said that when the puppet Noah had marshalled all his animals into the ark, bowing courteously to each couple, as they entered, and was waiting for some sign of rain to appear, Mr. Punch popped out his head from behind the curtains of the stage and said, sarcastically, through his nose, 'A hazy weather, Mr. Noah?'"

Voltaire was a patron of the troupes of marionettes in France. He wrote little dramas for them, forgetting that they had burlesqued his plays, "Mérope" and "Oreste," and invited them to his own château at Cirey. Gounod

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composed "The Funeral March of a Marionette." George Sand had her own puppet theater at Nohant, where for thirty years she carved, dressed, and manipulated the characters she had created. Her son Maurice later was the director of the Théâtre des Amis, as she called her tiny playhouse. Dumas the elder and, in fact, all the brilliant contemporaries of Madame Sand, were guests at the productions.

Charles Dickens wrote: "The theater of puppets or marionettes, a famous company from Milano, is, without exception, the drollest exhibition I ever beheld in all my life. . . .

"There is a heavy father with gray hair, who sits down on the conventional stage bank and blesses his daughter in the regular conventional way, which is tremendous. No one would suppose it possible that anything short of a real man could be so tedious. It is a triumph of art."

And the puppets belong to the present as to the past. Tony Sarg's are familiar to almost every one in the United States, as are those of the Cleveland playhouse and the various puppet ventures in Chicago. There are some thirty puppet directors now owning theaters in this country, without counting certain immigrants who present their folk-plays in their own language.

In the future, one can only suppose, with Gordon Craig, that they will live on. In his text-book, "The Marionette," he said: "Burattini are magical, while the cinema is only mechanical. When a framework of a film machine is one day found by curiosity hunters in the ruins of a cellar and marvelled over, the Burattini will still be alive and kicking."

Why not? They ushered in the earliest civilization. They may bow out the last.

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The South Wakes Us Up

Its Reveille Has Revealed Its Fascinating Possibilities

By Gertrude Mathews Shelby

While the governor of Florida solemnly insisted that there was no such thing as a boom, the financial receipts of real-estate companies totaled a billion, and America split into factions. One division enthusiastically invested savings or great sums, suffering the delights or torments of the recklessly adventurous. The other inveighed against all who joined the great host of economic pilgrims, numbering millions, in their holy quest for easy money.

Florida herself, resting uneasily on splendid improbable dreams of development as a great industrial State, risked her agricultural future. She comforts herself that at least she has an important calling as a caterer to those who would play or seek health.

One thing stands up as certain, that whatever Florida's permanent result from the boom, the whole Southeast is benefiting directly and indirectly by the Peninsular State's activity. The old South is going or gone. The important new South, alive, no longer lazy, has put its best foot proudly forward and stepped briskly into a new era. Her industry, her transportation, her real estate, her finances, her society itself, are inextricably bound up with the Florida boom. Will the incentives which drew the crowds to Florida operate to develop also heretofore unappreciated areas of the resourceful South Atlantic States?

To understand what is happening one must first see and analyze the boom in Florida herself. Because Florida fever broke out in the East only in midyear 1925, it has not been generally realized that for three years an epidemic has existed in the Middle West which traveled in all directions, gaining momentum as it went. The Florida germ, inescapable as the flu microbe, found few immune, from the circles of the financial Four Hundred to my washlady and the Duchess of Sutherland. Our druggist arrived from Florida Saturday noon and was confident by Saturday night that he had a million-dollar syndicate organized. By September one builder, three promoters, two authors, several editors, three publishers, and four bank officials of my acquaintance had malignant Florida infections. Ascend or condescend to the élite of art, the story was the same: boom delirium possessed common and uncommon herds.

How has this come to pass? One is obliged to consider the motive impulses in men which created this land furor in order to understand what is most likely to happen in Florida and how the Southeast at large will be af-

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fected. To discover significant facts I spent two months in Florida. What I found first was a national folk-movement involving millions of men. Rolled into one vast adventure they enjoyed the fervor of exploration, not unlike the westward-ho of the Mormons, save that this is a motor-migration; the lustful greeds of a gold craze; the amusements, discomforts, and occasional taste of lotus of a South Seas expedition; finally, the tragedy of the populous Ghetto, whose recent inhabitants or descendants pervade the Florida realty market and there perpetuate excessive-profit customs.

Arrived in Florida all comers engaged in an incredibly sustained statewide game of land poker, dealt after the fashion of those quaintly named hands, Seven-card Pete with deuces wild, alternating with Roodles; a fast-playing, sky-limit party. Everywhere one felt the steaming energy, the irrepressible enterprise characteristic of pioneering, by which was to be gained in one form or another more ample gratification of human desires.

The boom itself, an elemental thing, tremendous in its passion, pathetic in the dreams of power or safety it inspires, had in August not only swept the whole State like a prairie-fire but was scorching Georgia and Alabama. Every Florida hamlet was aflame with excitement. The land-poker game was more engrossing melodrama. Bootleggers were driven ashore and shot by rum-chasers on the populous beach of the small town in which I was staying. Ordinarily the news would have fetched the whole town to the spot, but when told that day, men remarked only: "Hm!—But look here, on that Dade County piece I'll make . . ." and continued real-estating.

To experience that boom was to ponder continually on human foibles. People, who at home are wont to protest the slightest inconvenience, endured intense discomforts, cheerful in the prospect of making money. They bore humid heat like the worst of Chicago, Kansas City, or New Orleans, which lasted through November; they bore the insectivoræ which worked overtime, the unimaginable congestion, the bad food, and the high prices. In Miami they struggled through crowds that blocked sidewalks, mainly composed of men whose gestures while bargaining endangered human life. Anent this a new police regulation went into effect: "Thou shalt not park thyself on the sidewalk." Loiter after that, and you were shooed to curb or to lobby; and remembering never to stop was more general after a policeman arrested thirty-two violators in front of one popular hotel. The crowd stood anything, even bullying.

Through November the miracle stage of the boom was maintained. Unendingly men, women, and children poured into Florida's boot, the peninsula so like Italy. Ask individuals why they came, their answers all showed they wanted some way to better themselves. After trying it out many went back home that Florida would have liked to keep. When everything depended on labor, the labor supply, for example, was most unsteady.

"I have a half-grown boy," a painter told me. "He eats more than I do, his mother as much. All we could get to sleep in was a room without cooking-privileges at sixty dollars a month. Meals average about sixty-five cents apiece for each of us, or forty-one dollars a week. Figure what's left for clothes, bus fares, and the rest! I am

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going back because I'm better off up North." No wonder rumors ran riot of bootleg labor brought from the B.W.I. without reference to immigration laws.

Everybody was further inconvenienced by strikes. When eighteen hundred telegraphers went out in October, demanding more pay because of the lessened buying-power of the Florida dollar, not only the railroads but the American Express put a blanket embargo on goods. Shortages of every sort occurred. Road building was checked because enough of the remarkable *ojus* cement rock used for paving in Florida could not be produced, and subdivision men suffered. Yet even when canned goods ran short the crowd was good-natured. Did they leave, no matter! Masses more poured in. So many more cars than any previous season could record jammed the streets at midsummer that police control of traffic became absolutely military. Jaywalk in Palm Beach, and you paid fifty dollars fine. A pedestrian disregarding signals in Miami was shot in the legs by an irate traffic officer.

Great subdivision buses like ugly rhinos charged through the streets. These modern covered wagons that for years now have traveled the Florida trail played a big part in initiating the greatest of all treks. They furnished a new gregarious pastime which capitalized our national restlessness. Not only was it fun to go free, or at minimum cost, but Florida bus-trippers who went early bought, made a quick turnover, and returned with money in the pocket. Many of the heroes of current fabulous wealth stories—the White Wings, the drug-store clerk, the sewing woman, each of whom made a million more or less—came down at some company's expense. Back home they advertised vocally but triumphantly to the point.

§ 2

Florida became the fad. Her popularity is the most monumental triumph of advertising. Its extent proves again how publicity and supersalesmanship can create desire for the newest and most up-to-date luxury. Now everybody in the middle classes is urged to buy a winter home and take a winter vacation. Yet not all that the multitude of subdivision wizards will spend on public prints and bill-boards will be so great in psychological effect as the thousands of miracle stories, transmitted like folk-tales, which amount to personal gossip about big and little winners in the national land lottery.

The Columbia (South Carolina) stenographer, who paid $350 for a Miami lot five years ago and sold—too soon—for $65,000, probably told fifty or more acquaintances of her good luck. Each of these joyfully told friends from Maine to California: "I know a girl who made a fortune! And if she had only held a year she'd have made double." This convincing news by the grape-vine route fascinated people. As the land at first was priced low and the premiums offered to all who would buy encouraged speculation, it is easy to understand why, in view of the numerous much discussed authentic cases of money made, this boom spread farther and its roots struck deeper than any that have gone before.

Cupidity, the dominant motive in any boom, was aroused in almost unsuspectable people, while of course the young and the middle-aged failures seized the sporting chance. More than

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cupidity, however, is beneath this boom. Question, and you will find that current social discontents underlie it, contagious mental attitudes.

A hard-working boiler-maker from Buffalo is a case in point. He scraped up $1000 and went to Florida in December, 1924. After a life of hard work he had become hopeless of ever getting ahead. He found high wages no better than low wages when the cost of living rose equally. Many normal desires of the family were frustrated. In Florida he was successful. By July he had acquired $19,000 in cash and lots valued at $100,000. At this juncture his old employer offered him his job back. Tartly he refused: "I don't have to work!"

A Florida bromide is the envious remark about a winner, "He'll never have to work again!" It appears to have its rise in deep dissatisfaction with our economic situation, with the state of labor, with the physical limitations cities impose on the way we earn and must spend our leisure. I talked with many sorts of people. Several things they had in common. Nearly all abused the king's English, they were ambitious, and they were rebellious. Sometimes they were in revolt against their particular rut or believed they had been cheated of opportunity. They betrayed the fallacious belief that wealth and happiness went hand in hand. At any rate they thought they knew that happiness and poverty did not. Florida represented escape. If successful most of them planned to eat lotus forever. The glamour of wealth lay partly in the decadent hope that they might live in a land where labor is largely eliminated.

Some were wiser than the boiler-maker and his similarly infected friends. Upon these more perceiving new-comers Florida's real future depends. An Ohio manufacturer arriving in Florida found his sales representative in Miami buying his third apartment-house.

"No, I won't resign. I know better than to think I'd be happy without work," said his subordinate.

The manufacturer himself represented a syndicate for which he bought with great care an excellent industrial site on deep water for a plant immediately to be built. Twelve substantial families, he told me, from his little home town, which boasted only five hundred souls, had been going to Florida for several years. When I inquired how so many could afford the trip, he explained that the repeated coal strikes and high price of fuel had made winter vacations popular. Most of these families had given up their summer trips and had bought small places in Florida. They motored down in the late fall, camping nights. The business members returned after a short stay and boarded till spring, when their families came back.

Some had sold their land last year and had made money. Others contentedly held. At every dinner-table in town in 1925 was much discussed the news that their one good butcher had simply shut up shop and moved his family to Florida. Having made $30,000 in lot speculation, he planned to reopen a meat market down there.

The manufacturer, the farmer, the tradesman, are the people the South is looking for, the sort who will sustain the country after the gamblers are dispersed. If you know and believe in the advantages of the tropics it is easy to be enthusiastic about Florida. Not only her priceless winter climate but

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her natural resources, now hardly scratched, compel interest. One hears fabulous things about her citrus fruit growing. One assumes that her agriculture is prosperous. Her lumber alone is already exploited to the tune of $45,000,000 a year. Her fisheries, phosphate, lime, and kaolin, her magnificent coasts and inviting cays, her hills, her springs with radioactive waters, her famous scrub-jungle and mysterious but rich Everglades—all these offer varied reasons for believing in investment.

Resist as you may, before you have any inkling of the dangers within the game itself, you are like to be caught. The activity of that land-rush is seductive; its rhythm is inescapable and literally maddening. I speak from experience. The boom participant passes through an extraordinary succession of emotions. From a distance I jeered at the delusions of a comic, incomprehensible mob. Benevolently I laughed on the spot, discovering that not merely millionaires, past masters in the art of minting, were making money, but hosts of little fellows. They used that winning combination anywhere, a bull market and bull luck.

When I discovered the modern phases of fine motive instincts in the trusting, hopeful, dusty mass flowing unceasingly down upon that overwhelmed land by train, by ship, by the Dixie Highway in countless flivvers, I was poignantly moved. As the Bakhtiyari have for three thousand years migrated seasonally in search of grass, so some proportion of these latter tribes move in lighter-minded motor march to find better lands, more sunshine, a wholesome outdoor leisure. As to our forefathers the West was once the promised land, so Florida now appears the place to satisfy legitimate wants.

Seeing how many others believe, you are caught by the speculative spirit. Unaccustomed to gambling, you suffer. You go nearly crazy when you think you have won, and quite crazy when you think you have lost. If you discover the demoralization of business and the pitifully inadequate protection for the host of human rabbits on ground well snared, you are grateful if you come out whole. When I met a widow whose savings were swallowed up because, after paying her total capital on a binder or option, she had been unable to make the certain quick turnover an unscrupulous salesman promised, I righteously cursed the frauds, the cheats. The spiritual gamut you run quickens the heart. You fear deeply for the host that must ultimately hold the bag. Common sense protests the outrageous blue-sky performances of booms, even though the fault may be blamed on individuals "who would lose it anyhow."

Amusing sides present themselves. The triumphant results achieved by the large majority of early and still delightedly insane gamblers often seem to turn the joke on conservatives who try to dismiss the boom with the scornful "Crazy!" The cheerful tale of James C—— illuminates the point. James was a natural enthusiast. The family had a way of quoting with derogatory accent, "James says . . . *but you know James!*"

He went to Florida in 1924 and correctly guessed what would happen. With all he had he plunged, certain that he would turn his $40,000 into big money in six months. Home again, he announced his conviction with exuberance unusual even for him.

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Every head in that family wagged. They called in their conservative doctor. In family council they decided they must save James from his disastrous bargains, lest he be on their hands to support. They scared him into a gelatinous condition over what he had done, and safe-conducted him back to Florida. Upon their testimony concerning earlier erratic actions, alienists declared him insane. By the end of several months and due legal process he was extricated from these contracts.

The land released promptly resold for $400,000. Can't you just see the faces of that family when James shouted at them through the bars the historic question, "Who's loony now?"

Everywhere to be remarked are the curious muddled ideas that amount to delusions. A current fallacy is that because land is the medium of this gamble it is somehow safe. Of the bootblack who pipes up, "Now I got a piece o' prop'ty," you would perhaps expect this. More surprising it is to find it governing a trustful minister who would never think of playing bridge for money and considers Wall Street men unjustly reputable gamblers. Yet one such put in his $2000 savings, persuaded thereto by the undertaker, who is also sexton of his church. The mortician's son in Florida had just made $40,000 in a month. He wired for $10,000 more to swing a new deal. No less astounding is it to see relatively experienced business men who plunge without waiting for any exact knowledge of this particular and peculiar real-estate game.

Before prices had fallen so far upstairs on the principle known as pyramiding, optimistic assurances that any one could make money on a speculative purchase appeared to be justified. Now these statements remind the wary of last year's birds' nests. Professionals know that this market is entirely different. By summer the general tension was so high that many big operators had got out. For example, the president of one of the big ship-lines put in three millions in 1923. By July, 1925, he had taken out eight millions and had three quarters of his land left. But he stopped selling. Heavy speculation was bringing prices that invited catastrophe. Development, cheap at first, had become hazardous and expensive.

A bargain hunch is good only if you arise and make tracks earlier than other birds after the worm! Although on every side there were celebrating winners, already derelict losers were being sent home half-fare by the Salvation Army. In the fall men were tramping north rather than accept charity or let their relatives know what they had been up to. The tremendous increase in the number of high-priced lots made resales relatively less likely. Terms had stiffened. Sales resistance had increased. The numerous turnovers which had already occurred, through the gambling on options or binders, had brought much confusion in titles. The beginner had small opportunity to find out whether he was dealing with a reputable realtor or an absconder bent on escaping Leavenworth by getting buyers' cash to replace stolen funds.

Yet on came the crowd!

And great fortunes were still being made in Florida by professionals with training in the subdivision game. Many a realtor who had only cash enough for a binder printed a subdivision plat and sold enough lots to meet

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his own first payment. He sold his lots only on instalments. If a buyer had offered him all cash he would have had to refuse to sell, because he could not give a deed. The success of his undertaking depended on selling fast enough to get cash to meet his subsequent payments when due, taking title himself before lot purchasers finished paying up. Obviously the latter might be in trouble, if enough of the subdivision did not sell to meet the realtor's payments.

Despite these and many other risky prevalent procedures, unbelievable hundreds of thousands continued to buy from plats, perhaps misled by such rumors as that Lloyds of London had insured every purchaser of a certain subdivision not merely against loss but of fifty per cent. profit within five years. Some were misled by the promise of a great industrial future for Florida; still others pinned their faith to the intrinsic production value of her soils for farming.

§ 3

Certainly industry is not her best hope. That is one reason why the whole Southeast stands to benefit from Florida's boom. To industry her climate will be no large asset save as it may promote local production of certain raw materials demanded by plants. Florida is no country for men, women, or children to work within factory walls, day in, day out, through the long heat. Labor is insufficient and no longer cheap. Housing is now costly. No matter how Florida may utilize her water-routes, freight tariffs to the interior or to the west must put her at a disadvantage in any national distribution of other than unique manufactured products.

As for agriculture, upon which consummation of Florida's economic power really rests, there again the Southeast should benefit by her mistakes. Since Florida, if she would prosper brilliantly and according to her just deserts, must secure permanent producing population, she appears at present to be preparing to commit hara-kiri. Farming is now and should continue to be her greatest industry.

For all her ability to produce luxuries for accessible markets of great absorptiveness, she nevertheless appears to be decidedly less prosperous than popularly assumed. The best available business analyses, made by the Standard Statistical Bureau, point out that despite great returns from certain model agricultural developments, average growers are not receiving large or even adequate incomes. If at the old land prices this is true, how can farmers expect to succeed when high prices handicap the industry?

In the western section, around Tallahassee, there is still cheap raw acreage suitable for staple crops. But on the East Coast, marginal Everglades land, looking deceptively dry in August, was being sold, with ridiculous assurances about what it would grow, at $750 to $1500 an acre. Ignorant of the tropical rainy season and of the equally appalling dry period, when Glades fires have been known to destroy the soil itself, farmers of good experience in the North were buying, believing that several profitable crops a year may be grown. This is true only under the best conditions, after providing costly diking, and expensive machinery such as is suitable to the heavy muck land.

In mid-state, raw land can be bought

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for $50 to $150 an acre, yet settlers without considerable capital and suitable training fail. "It costs real money to bring a Florida plot to efficiency," comments a Standard Bureau expert. First there is engineering to be done: a subsurface water system must be installed, to supply water in the dry season, to drain it off in the wet period. Fertilizer, grading and packing devices, and local cold storage are necessary. The finished land, ready to produce three crops a year, brings $1500 to $3000 an acre. "Profitable farming in Florida is, in sum, not now an occupation for the impecunious."

Although farm land has advanced less rapidly than town property, it appears that rather generally prices have passed the point which makes it reasonable for the average farmer to expect to maintain the correct proportion between his capital invested and an income sufficient to pay taxes, interest, and a living wage. In the citrous industry, the most strongly organized of all, effective coöperative marketing is lacking. Growers were hard hit some seasons when fruit was dumped on Eastern markets, instead of being distributed to avoid a glut with resultant losses.

Settlement Florida must have. She is but commencing her farm life. In 1924 she claimed only sixty thousand farmers, black and white. Before an incredible amount of fine, well located groves and much raw land was chopped up into town lots, Florida had but six million acres in farms, with only two and a half million tilled. Her problem is the development of twenty-two million arable acres. If new settlers are unprepared to meet the demands of soil, climate, and market, the situation will be not better but worse.

Many native farmers were not on their jobs last year, although boom pilgrims yearned for fresh food instead of canned vegetables. "There's more in sellin' lan' than farmin' it," one old farmer confided. "Time my truck got ready for market, rain mos' likely turned beans black, or somethin'. Course sometimes I made a thousand an acre, but what with loss other seasons, high freights, an' mighty sca'ce help, it ain't so good. Sun's mighty hot mos' the year. I been overhet three times. I sold a forty myself las' week, but I ain't quite quit farmin'. Got a new idee a while back. Now I'm growin' royal palms. F'r subdivision scenery! Palms ain't no trouble and bring a good price half grown. You don't have to wait for shade in Floridy!"

By tradition Florida crackers live on Yankee tourists in winter and cabbage-palms in summer. Now in more ways than one they live on the tides of travelers the year round. Agricultural legends abound. A prevalent one is that somewhere there is a rubber plantation, usually credited to Ford. It does not exist. At Labelle he owns a small nursery which has been twice drowned out at high water. Only one rubber-tree survived the 1924 floods. Governor Martin and Herbert Dann, representing the State Chamber of Commerce, have pointed out the unfortunate rubber, sugar, and tobacco land misrepresentations, of which the host of incoming farmers should be warned.

Such publicity-encouraged frauds will probably hasten deflation. Of moment to everybody almost is how and when that deflation in Florida will occur. The boom will probably be sustained as long as general business

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is good. But the boom has another aspect, an incalculable good will; if violated outrageously, a sudden slump might be induced, generally affecting business, rather than vice versa. A financial graph of the source of Florida investors' funds would perhaps prove startling. Not so many of Florida's own people as of what the South calls "foreigners" have staged this incomparable exploitation. Their home banks have furnished most of the credit. Commercial banks are carrying a great volume of individual notes for developers and land purchasers. Savings banks report heavy withdrawals. A smash would be felt to some extent all over the country.

Florida banks, plethoric with funds, are not lending heavily on the land at the new scale or on over-priced structures. They must keep funds liquid against unpredictable turns in the tide. One one-hundred-thousand-dollar bank to which this boom brought two millions of deposits has, like many others, lent large amounts in the East on call. This money is said to be mainly employed by stock-market speculators, and suggests one intimate relation between the state of that market and the possible Florida deflation.

Personally I do not expect the boom to pop. More probably deflation will come by slow but irremediable leaks in all the tires upon which it runs, not to mention the "spare." The immensity of the investment has been repeatedly advanced as a reason why there would be no flattening out. But the heart of the problem is not merely money but people. If Florida gets the needed people, what are they to do? Speculation, not permanent settlement, has so far encouraged only a *consuming* population. To the leisured masses who want to play, and to the sick, Florida will always be attractive. On this basis seven hundred doctors took the state medical examinations this year. In the summer, inhabitants can live by "taking in each other's washing"; in the winter they can charge heavily for services and sun.

But it would be a prosperous *producing* population that would mean a balanced healthy growth and prestige for Florida as a State. Laurence H. Sloan, business expert, declares the boom to be a national economic movement, perhaps of tremendous importance, involving as it does great shifts of population and capital. Florida is betting, he says, on whether the crowds will come to stay. Somewhere population will concentrate. Where?

Firmly I believe that if the rest of the Southeast, much of which can produce equally profitable truck, equally good tobacco, sugar, corn, and cotton, escapes the temptation to sell farm land at retail lot prices, she will probably gain more and better farm population. Industrial sections should reap a substantial harvest in capital for development and likewise in ambitious working population.

Whatever the after-inflation results for Florida, the South Atlantic States have already felt direct and indirect benefits of the boom. Attention has been centered on the whole region as well as on this one State. The railroads have had no dull season. Railroad workers have not had the usual summer lay-off, and all labor has been in greater demand. Construction programs are not limited to Florida. The whole South is acquiring tourist accommodation, office-buildings, plants, and roads. New and extended railway

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projects look to an agricultural and industrial development on a sound basis.

§ 4

Many sections have miniature booms under way. Miami experts, hieing themselves to Asheville and Hendersonville in August to cool hot heels and hotter heads, found there in grateful form that prime commodity that they have been selling at such exorbitant figures all over Florida, climate. Instead of resting, they launched a new boom. Lots sold at $1000 a front foot, and mountainsides at $1500 and $2000 an acre. Florida terms and speculative practices were introduced. The regional name, Land of the Sky, gained new significance.

The idyllic sea islands close to Charleston have been snapped up. Fine beaches and shore fronts everywhere bring boosted prices. Gulfport, Bay St. Louis, and Biloxi are competing with Florida for tourist trade more strongly than before. They benefit by Middle-West capital and from the millions the Illinois Central has spent to acquire new feeders and excellent harbor facilities. At Henderson Point, Deer Island, and Cat Island there is new resort investment of fifteen millions. At Biloxi land is bringing $2500 an acre. To the winter visitor they offer much the same delights as northern Florida.

Farm lands are booming around Moultrie, Georgia. Barron Collier has acquired a large South Georgia property to be cut up into the usual mosiac Florida subdivision town. Atlanta is one of the Southern towns suffering a loss of population and real-estate depression, and shrieks with apprehensive grief. Before long, however, by new business and new residents it is probable her losses will be turned to gains. Direct benefits have accrued to all Southern industries and businesses. The traveling hosts have lodged much money in banks and in the tills of merchants. High and continued wage-earnings have made prosperity general. A new volume of orders for their products has stimulated some cities immensely. Birmingham is the most striking example, furnishing iron and structural steel to carry out unprecedented building programs all over the South, but greatest of all in Florida. Lest her business be affected her newspapers print wrathful editorials against Memphis and Atlanta dailies which dare to warn their people, potential investors, of the dangers of booms. Editors all over the South have inharmoniously argued pro and con.

Mobile benefits by a new barge line to Pensacola to carry immense orders for her lumber, cement, and building stuffs. Not only do the spindles of the flourishing Piedmont, including parts of North Carolina and Tennessee, furnish Florida with more manufactured cotton, but North Carolina feels Florida's increased consumption of tobacco products. With her magnificent completed highway system, North Carolina is in a particularly favored position to benefit from travel. Motorists usually make it a point to go by Chimney or Flat Rock one way or another.

Acquaintance is often forerunner of investment. Financiers and touring business men, headed for Florida but stopping off here and there, gained new appreciation of the South Atlantic States, their great capacities, their advantages for manufacturing,

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their gracious life. Most of Florida's industrial disadvantages are absent in that large belt which begins just above the Virginia line and includes most of the two Carolinas, eastern Tennessee, western Georgia, and much of Alabama.

You see an industrial empire already in the making. Mighty rivers offer gigantic water-power. Tennessee and North Carolina alone are asking permits to develop five million horsepower quite aside from the Duke and Muscle Shoals developments. In Tennessee electricity has already caused large investment. Fall River mills have been moved down bodily, all but the buildings. Du Pont and, more recently, German rayon manufacturers are but two of the forces developing the textile industry.

Alabama's ore has already made her an imitation Pennsylvania. Her coal spells enormous superpower. But of all these States North Carolina, rightfully called the Massachusetts of the South, gives the best demonstration of what is possible within this mighty manufacturing empire. Plants are not invariably compressed in cities, but lie afield, among farms which often supply the needed raw materials. Excellent roads pierce the country in all directions, so that products may be trucked direct from farm to factory. Cheap local labor is available. In this climate people live better on less money. Power drives the machinery. At the rear are railroad tracks, offering direct distribution without prohibitive tariffs. That economic picture offers much that Florida has not and may never get, including equable climate which makes work within factory walls more tolerable and efficient than is possible in the far South.

To complete a stirring industrial romance, only men with capital and imagination were needed. Since strong incentives exist, capitalists have come, and more are on their way. Georgia and Alabama vie with Florida for their patronage by offering income and inheritance tax exemption. As compared with the two other great manufacturing belts in New England and the Ohio-Mississippi basin, cheapness of production secures the future of this area.

Cities and regions which escape exaggerated booms, and climb to population, power, and prestige by developed industry, are fortunate. For them there will be no bitter morning after, no aftermath of disgust. Too often the boom is a false gesture with little behind it. But Florida has served one general purpose in demonstrating that the "sleepy South" is an outworn phrase. Already its reveille has awakened us to its fascinating possibilities.

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Soliloquy

[*Mother to Girl-Infant*]

By John V. A. Weaver

THERE you lay, so little and young and soft . . .
My baby girl . . . and my big girl, some day . . .
How am I goin' to start you the right way
So's you'll get somethin' decent out of life?
Boys can take care of their self; but a girl, now . . .
You got to get the best that's goin', darlin'!
It ain't any cinch, the things you're up against. . . .

Most folks would say I ought to bring you up
Good, and pure, and innocent. . . . Oh, yes,
"Be good and you'll be happy"—is *that* so?
I'm happy, I guess. Oh, I been good, all right,
And all them other things. And your Pa, yeh,
He's a "good" man—he does the best he can.
I got a roof over my head, and clo'es
Enough . . . none of the dainty things I dreamed of,
And nothin' fancy about this little flat,
And only movies to go to . . . and a plenty
Of dirty dishes, and always breakin' my back
Tryin' to keep things tidy. . . . I don't kick;
It's got to be put up with. And poor Frank,
It ain't his fault. He *is* a good man, too.
Yeh, he is good, and I am good . . . and so . . .

They's lots of luck about this marryin'.
Take Lucy. She's another, lots like me.
Always behaved herself, and done her duty;
Nobody ever said one thing against her.

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Well, and she just kept goin' on, like a mouse,
Quiet and nice, workin' for Mr. Humphreys,
Bein' his private secretary, always
Learnin' more things about his business,
And helpin' him so well, until one day
She got another offer, twice the pay;
And when she told him, all of a sudden he says,
"Lucy, I got so used to havin' you
Help me, and seein' you, and talkin' to you,
I couldn't stand it if you went away—"
So now she's Mrs. Humphreys, and she has
A real nice house, and everything she needs,
Even a Buick coach . . . and a fine husband. . . .
Oh, it ain't anything so very grand,
But still and all, bein' good paid . . . for her. . . .

Of course, I guess the one that made the biggest
Success of any of the girls I know
Was Rose. Nobody ever called her good!
My, when I think of how we used to talk
About her pettin' and drinkin' and runnin' around
While we was still just kids! . . . Oh, she was wild,
You bet! And everybody knew the way
She got swell dresses, and the things she did,
And all the men she had . . . but there was somethin'
About her you couldn't help but keep on likin'.
And as for men!—"Say, I can handle 'em!"
That's what she used to tell us—and she could.
She had 'em wrapped around her little finger.
Sure, she was "bad." But, still, she wasn't cheap.
She had her own idears, and she stuck to 'em.
And didn't she meet Earl Coles in a cabaret,
And didn't he go completely off his nut,
And didn't she keep him jumpin' through the hoop,
And would he rest until she married him?
Well, now look at her. Money by the ton,
And swell friends—yes, and nice ones, plenty of 'em.
She's happy. Oh, she is! Oh, I can tell!
And she behaves—you bet your life she does.

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And that Earl Coles is the proudest man alive.
Can't keep his eyes away from her one second.
She loves him, too . . . well, it's a great success,
That marriage. . . . Yep . . . she knew her game, and played it.

Shall I bring you up to know all about men,
And all about yourself? Ought I to raise you
So you can look at life without a wink,
And punch it in the jaw, and knock it cold?
Shall I make you a Rose? . . .

And still, there's Lucy.
She was a good girl . . . yes, but so am I. . . .
Oh, what's the answer?

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Richard Kane Turns to Politics

And Finds in Every Man What Used to Be Known as a Human Soul

By Irwin Edman

Every time a youth like Richard Kane turns up at the university, I revive my old sentimental Platonic dream of a philosopher-king. It is absurd, I know, to think that these striplings, even the most intelligent of them, can reform the world. It is ridiculous to think that many of them, five years out of college, will want to. But I continue to cherish the fancy that a band of young illuminati, with clarity of intelligence and straightness of intention, might, if they could be started or could get themselves started, do something toward initiating the Perfect State. Not that I should expect them to go into politics as at present conceived. But I have the suspicion that if they did go into that miasma of public life, it might turn into something splendidly different. I should never have connected such dreams with Richard. The last thing in the world Richard seemed to care about was politics; it was the remotest point toward which I could have imagined his mind turning. I was no less than amazed, therefore, during the recent Presidential campaign to find him wearing a campaign button, and to hear him invite me to a not distant street corner, where he was stumping for the Third party.

"What's happened to you, Richard?" I asked. "Why has the Olympian come down from the heights into the market-place? Is the air altogether too fine in those regions in which you've been moving lately?"

"Oh, I don't know," Richard answered. "I guess I've joined the group of young men who still think something can be done. Certainly something ought to be. I'm back again where I was as a sophomore, anxious to make the world a better place to live in."

Thus Richard came back to the politics he had deserted almost completely, so far as action was concerned, since the time when he carried a banner and tooted a horn along with a number of other twelve-year-olds who were having a rousing time in a torch-light parade for the election of a reform mayor.

Richard's interest and loss of interest in politics had followed the usual course of an educated, liberal, and progressively disillusioned young American. The word politics is invested for him with whole layers of association. It brings back first the sound of his father's voice raised in unintelligible condemnation of a number of things that Richard, out of an eight-year-old loyalty and mystification, came to hate, too—working-men's compensa-

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tion, Democrats, and a low tariff. In his neighborhood all the decent people were Republican, and only the drunken Irish across the railroad were Democrats. But party and filial loyalty had not blinded his catholicity of taste in political buttons, and politics came for a time to mean chiefly a wide assortment of candidates' faces (including that of the Socialist Labor party), of which he had the best collection in the neighborhood.

It was a far cry from politics through his father's voice and campaign buttons to the great imaginative thrill he derived from Aristotle's glorious use of the word for the comprehensive science by which the lives of men might by wise men be remolded along the clear lines set by intelligence. Between torch-light processions and Aristotle had come a whole cycle of enthusiasm and disgust.

I should like to have known Richard in his first political phase. It was when he was sixteen, just finishing high school, and he had become passionately convinced of the radical social injustice current in the world. He had become the friend of a Russian Jewish news-dealer, aged twenty, the first person Richard had ever had much to do with who had apparently never from childhood known economic security. He and his family had been compelled by pogroms to flee from Russia. His father had died on the way to this country. He was supporting his mother by selling papers by day from a shabby little news-stand near the railway station, and was studying hard by himself in the evening. In that comfortable little town for the comfortably fixed there was no evening high school for workers. In hurried but imperfect English the news-dealer had persuaded Richard (who used to drop in to read the magazines and buy one) that there was something radically wrong with the state of society. Richard had derived from him a feeling of guilt because of knowing where his next breakfast was coming from. The news-dealer introduced him to the works of Karl Marx.

Richard likes to tell of going to the library and asking for a copy of "Das Kapital" and not finding it there, and finding also on going home that his father had never heard of it. On a week-end trip to New York he discovered the book in a second-hand book-store and spent on it the money he wanted to save for fishing-tackle. He could not understand it. Rabinowitz, the young Russian Jew, explained it to him. Standing by the news-stand and interrupting his harangues to sell copies of "Argosy," "Snappy Stories," and the "Evening Journal," he would inflame this blue-suited, Oxford-shirted little son of a bourgeois with a quickened conviction that bourgeois civilization must go and at once. Once Rabinowitz took Richard, much to the disgust of the family, to a Sunday afternoon meeting of the Young People's Socialist League in New York. Richard had a thrill timing the twenty-nine-minute demonstration for Debs and waving a red flag wildly with the rest of the overheated and foreign-looking mob. He came home and tried to make it clear to his amused father that the latter was living off the blood of sweated labor. Those red days seem far away and dead now. "I wish I could now have as great a passion for anything as at sixteen I had for saving the world," Richard said to me one day after de-

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scribing his early explorations into socialism. "Life seems less warm since the days when, as a subfreshman, I went to my father's office and passionately told his employees that they were wage-slaves. The only flag one seems to carry after one settles down is the white flag of truce."

Hardly more irrevocably in the past now seems that short spell when he exchanged evolutionary for revolutionary socialism. He had read Wells' systematic and programatic "Utopia." He had fed on the dull cerebral jargon of salvation peddled by the liberal weeklies. Through his freshman year, but not longer, he had felt that intelligence, information, and professors of politics could possibly save the world.

That is all over now, and has been for some time. The dirty back-wash of the years after the war sealed his abnegation of politics. He had winced at the collapse of Wilsonian liberalism; he frothed at the election of one whom he regarded as an incompetent to be mayor of the greatest of modern cities. Politics was nothing for a sane man to soil his hands or his mind with. If Richard had had any lingering notion that America might produce a class of free, responsible, and generous minds to turn the rule of men into the rule of reason, he was willing to acknowledge, in the face of contemporary head-lines, that he had been mistaken.

§ 2

Politics had of late become for him, under the tutelage of the current cynics, a large, broad farce for frivolous and contemptuous delight. "How," he asked me once after reading a report of a particularly undignified controversy in the Board of Estimate, "could so wise a man as Plato have been such a fool? Certainly, two thousand years after Plato, the men in leading government posts in Europe and America are hardly what you would call philosopher-kings. If any one appears showing signs of being anything of the sort, care is taken to kill him quickly with hemlock or ridicule or oblivion."

So Richard made the most of politics as a spectacle, not to be taken too seriously, and, so far as humor goes, not even any too refined. Apparently some of those in public life who played the most farcical rôles, like Mr. Bryan, in the guise of a savior of Christianity, regarded themselves as playing high tragic parts. There were others—Richard knew one of them professionally—who spoke portentous nonsense to a stupid public, and to their friends mocked their own solemn inanities. Richard had met at a formal dinner a man who had a national reputation for rotund and glittering idiocy. He was pictured in all liberal quarters as the perfect solemn ass. Richard discovered after five minutes' conversation that he had a shrewd and alert mind, as aware as any one of the calculated nonsense he spoke to what he called "that beast, the public."

Meanwhile there was sufficient to divert the mind hungry for comedy; and esthetic sensibility had not blinded him to his sense for the ridiculous. He would read vast, dull chunks of the "Congressional Record" to come across some charming, incredible silliness; he would turn page after page to see what bad poetry congressmen could find to quote. He would hail with glee H. L. Mencken's unearthings of shamelessly public stupidities from the provinces, including New York.

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Simon Flint, his newspaper friend, had taken him several times to the depressingly absurd Democratic convention held in New York. One thing only, Newton Baker's impassioned plea for the League of Nations, gave him a faint reminiscent liberal thrill. But he came away from the other sessions with a contempt that was a cross between amusement and despair for the kind of persons in whom the political interest and political destinies of the country seemed to be lodged. Seasoned observers assured him that it would have been the same at any convention of any party, and that this poor sample was as good as any.

Richard had never had any illusions about public affairs, but it was painful now to find even in his disillusion he had been too generous. Issues which involved not only the nation but the world (so interlocked had life become) were being settled by fritterers, time-servers, and fools. He had only recently met a highly competent young woman who had had, in the cause of the abolition of child labor, personal contact with every senator and almost all the governors in the country. Her report was hardly exhilarating to any one save a literary ironist on the march in search of material.

Richard's actual contacts with political officials had been few; the passport bureau and the post-office were almost the only branches of government with which he had had any serious business. Gold lace and breathlessness unaccountably clung about Richard's image of the way affairs were conducted by the politically great. But any lingering sentimentalisms were gradually being eradicated by Gorham Watson, who had for a number of years been in the Washington bureau of a New York newspaper, and was now reporting world affairs in Paris. World issues seemed to be settled by little men, pompous nothings with just as much pettiness of motive and shortness of sight as could be found in a sewing-circle or a town meeting.

The wise man would wash his hands of the whole political scene. Was it not said that in the worst days of Philadelphia's political corruption the respected old families had consciously given up politics and retreated to the cultivation of society and art, as the aristocrats in the Decameron had fled to gardens of pleasure, forgetful of the plague? Richard was hearing a good deal these days of what had become, with the smarter sophisticates, a religion of indifference, so far as the political scene was concerned. There were parties that he and Helen attended occasionally, at which the only form of wit required was the ability to remember and to mention the name of a mayor, a governor, or a President. One could throw a company into convulsions by merely suggesting that a public official loved music, read books, or was even decently literate. It was becoming one of the tricks of the intellectual beau monde to identify an interest in politics with a small mind, and success in politics with no mind at all. Politics was pictured as a system contrived by men who, apart from cunning, were mindless, for controlling by low, cunning devices a howling and mindless mob.

A selfish and Philistine machine on the one hand, a senseless and Philistine mob on the other—that was the spectacle of politics, Richard said to himself, that a contemporary was invited to contemplate. There did

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not appear to be any good reason, moral or practical, why one should join a group of ignorant, clever villains for the purpose of managing a hopeless and depraved public. There would have been a time when Richard would have been captured by the call to service. There were reasons—he had read them in dozens of commencement speeches—why men of intelligence, training, and culture should plunge into the anarchy and corruption of political life. What were science and scientific method worth if they could not reshape the institutions by which men lived so that one might inhabit cities nearer to the heart's desire?

§ 3

It was at college that Richard had first been touched with the idea of a responsible intelligence "cleaning up society." The picture of Plato's philosopher-king going down into the market-place lingered with him yet. It had been revived recently in absurd form by a mild lunatic who had drifted into Richard's publishing house and by some chance had come to his desk. This amiable, gray-haired paranoiac had ten years before retired from business, and in the solitude of a mountain cabin had evolved after four years a simple scheme of social salvation. He was going to gather the Owls of the country into an organization of its unmistakable wise men. These men were not to be found n universities (the man, thought Richard, is not so crazy as he looks), but to be selected on the basis of education. That was where Plato had gone wrong. There were rare Owls in every walk of life, here a garage mechanic, there a teacher, there an engineer, there a cowboy on the plains. They were recognizable by a kind of intuition communicable by a special technic. Both the intuition and the technic had been revealed to him, Mr. Lovejoy, alone. The whole thing was described in the book. These Owls were to be given charge of the country, and in a month you would not recognize it. Richard was an Owl. Mr. Lovejoy had seen that right away. He must help Mr. Lovejoy get the book published, help him get it rewritten, in fact.

Richard out of curiosity took the manuscript home with him. It was rambling and wild, but the man was by no means a complete fool. These Owls of his, running a regenerated society—was he not, perhaps, in his slightly touched way, a pathetic little parish Plato? Was it senseless altogether to suppose that a group of gifted leaders might rejuvenate a society? At least meeting him started in Richard's mind his now half-forgotten notion that if men of intelligence, endowed with enthusiasm and science, should enter politics, something fine and transforming might come of it. Sometimes in his rare heroic moments, he thought of doing something about it; this, too, despite the fact that he saw no hope in the professional politician. He knew a young lawyer who had gone into politics and in an incredibly short time had been elected to Congress; he had been transformed under Richard's eyes from an always noisy idealist to a hand-shaker and a time-server. Richard knew the official administrative type, too. He had sized them up back in his university days. He knew the official manner, the official voice, and the official mind that corroded once adventurous spirits with smug cancerous growths. There was no hope there. The old parties

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had long become meaningless labels to him, and the new programs thin verbal hopes in pathetic unread reviews.

The La Follette boom started, and Richard thought that here at last was a place for a liberal citizen who had wearied of the old meaningless formulas. Here was a standard to rally around, a program that an adult in full possession of his senses could support. And for three months, with a profound conviction that it was hopeless, that even success in politics was failure, and liberal success the most futile of all, Richard gave every spare moment to La Follette publicity and wore himself thin trying to persuade mobs he despised to vote for a man whose chances he knew were zero. And La Follette at best remained to him the symbol of an ineffective protest rather than the banner of a hope-laden creed.

Richard dropped in wearily one evening after he had been talking for two hours on a street corner. "And suppose La Follette is elected, what difference can it make?" he said in his unrecognizably hoarse voice. "I stopped for a moment in the midst of my shouting this evening and looked into the faces of the crowd. I wondered what they would do with the millennium if it came, and if there could be a millennium with such people alive."

§ 4

But it was Edward Lawrence, the leisurely young connoisseur whom Richard had met on a boat coming from Europe, who definitely clarified and almost sealed for him his disgust with politics. Edward had breezed in unexpectedly during October while Richard was hard at campaign work, and persuaded him to take an evening off. They went to the Ritz for dinner, to a chamber music concert afterward, and then to Lawrence's exquisite little apartment in the fifties for high-balls and a chat.

"This is all rather silly, this campaigning of yours, Richard. Suppose you get the country a smooth-running bureaucracy, where every square-faced moron owns his own standard house and his private two-hundred-dollar car. I suppose you would call that progress." With his musician's fingers, he flipped the ashes from his cigarette. "As far as I can make out, Richard, the things that you and I and the very few civilized people of the world care about are the lovely and diverting things in life. Well, those have always flourished best in a society of slaves. Confound it, I wish that slave had got more White Rock, as I asked her to. There are natural slaves to-day, just as there always have been and as there always will be. It's about time you stopped being a Messiah, Richard. Save what little you have of a soul, and don't start reforming the world. The world won't thank you; it won't be reformed, anyway; and it's hardly worth reforming, most of it."

Richard fell under Lawrence's aristocratic spell, although he tried to discount from his doctrine his amiable manner and his large income. He knew the biography out of which Edward's theories arose. This youth was a sensitive-plant out of Oklahoma, probably the only one, Richard reflected, and he seemed to flourish better transplanted. He had gone to school in Kansas, and somehow, with that inauspicious birthplace and schooling, had early developed a taste for George Moore. He had developed,

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too, a tutored fastidiousness toward life, and a large smiling capacity for enjoying its more urbane delights with gusto, and its more robust pleasures like a gentleman. He loved all fair surfaces, and liked to dabble even in ideas when they were as finely flavored as old wines or as seductive as young women. He had a positive and genuine pain at the thought or the experience of ugly things, and kept his eyes turned away, as he could afford to, from sordid or cramped lives. Poverty and necessity had become for him the major uglinesses; and politics, even at its finest and most idealistic, seemed to him a disorderly art for relieving the stress of the dirty, poverty-stricken lepers of the earth.

During the summer he had come out to the sea-shore to visit at Richard's. He had complained that he had dashed into the subway to catch a train; it would be faster than a taxi. "It was a horrible experience," he said. "Have you ever ridden in the subway at seven o'clock in the morning? You see only slaves, many of them black and most of them grimy. Who else but a slave would hold a job that compelled him to be at work at seven? They're sheer human muck that stink to heaven. That's the sort of rubbish your social reformers are trying to save. Really, the pleasures of life are too important to spoil with that sort of tosh."

Edward Lawrence, so far as Richard could observe, moved continually in his smooth empyrean of economically secured bliss. His life, so far as he could order it, was a series of caviar moments in a clean and landscaped world.

The gospel as well as the practice was attractive. One could go through life with the feeling that the vast majority of the planets were greasy automata, no more to be considered than the factories in whose bonds some of Edward's funds were invested. One could assure oneself that civilization with its cruelties and lacerating injustices was to be justified because it made possible a happy life for a few choice, fine-tempered spirits like oneself. Richard recalled the old image of the aristocrats as the brain of a nation, and the plebeians as its belly by which it was fed—a pretty and consoling philosophy which would enable one to dismiss politics as the concern of bourgeois or sentimental minds that had nothing less foul-smelling to think about.

Richard was aware, too, that the new psychologists were giving the support of statistics to this latter-day aristocracy. He had once attended a lecture where the lecturer had exhibited an intelligence chart of the country. He had observed how the pyramid of intelligence narrowed from its broad base of mediocrity to the thin, uncrowded apex of genius, how on the nether side it tapered off gradually to idiocy. There were an amazing number of quasi-imbeciles current in our society, most of them outside of asylums and many of them in responsible posts. Who constituted that great common people for whom he was working (and for whom the demagogues said they were working too)? It was composed of dull, slavish mediocrities and, worse, of that large, solid area which voted, read the funny papers, followed the suggestions of the advertisers, and hooted down any variation from its own sodden norms. It was these who hooted down science and superstition with their own ancient

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and decayed superstitions; it was these who enacted their tom-tom emotions into laws. Was it for these that a free and sensitive mind was to give up its energies and its life?

Edward Lawrence was right. One had a right to live, so far as one could live at all in a brutal civilization, among those choice objects and those fair modes of life which the stone-age minds on the vast plateau of mediocrity would howl down and shoo away if they could. Why save these phalanxes of Philistinism, to whom courtliness was effeminacy, grace was foolishness, and any refinement or civilization of life was so much frippery, from the very brutalities and vandalism from which the rarer values of civilization have always been so narrowly saved? "The new barbarians"; some ill-tempered old Tory had recently used the phrase, but right reason and ill temper in these days had a right to march together.

Richard joined the indifferentists again. Or rather he would have joined them, save the certain considerations that an older generation would have called conscience gave him pause. Most attractive, indeed, this picture that Edward Lawrence painted—and exemplified—of young lords of light making and enjoying the fine fragilities of existence, while the meaningless millions toiled and bred and died. But Richard had not observed without misgiving what a good deal of this young lordliness amounted to, and what it accomplished. One could hardly condone the rank cruelty and terror under which the 95 per cent. lived and endured simply to produce a few smiling spirits like Edward. And many of the young lords were far less of a justification than he. Was the excuse for anarchy and horror in the conditions of present-day society, the slaving of men by millions in the damp mines or the hell of furnaces, was it to fill country clubs with lithe loafers in plus-fours, or town houses with gilded idiots in evening-clothes?

It was all very well to be reminded that the beautiful paths and palaces of Versailles had been built by serfs for kings. Richard knew, too, that the meditative young gods on the Acropolis had trodden on the backs of slaves. Plato, Aristotle, and Phidias had been living in no communistic commonwealth, and Plato's own socialism would have been despised by Karl Marx. And would a socialist commonwealth even in its prosperous mediocrity find a place for that flaming abnormality that is original science, philosophy, or art? Richard had his doubts.

The modern mind had become, perhaps, unreasonably tender. "Be hard," Nietzsche had written. Richard would have liked to be. The doctrine of the superman was an easy way out. Democracy had had a chance, and it was, confessedly, on all hands a failure. It had made masses of ignorant, stupid people comfortable and literate, but had it done more than that?

Richard was discovering to himself, however, that he remained, for all his wilful aristocracy, an incorrigible and sentimental democrat. What was there about Edward Lawrence and his type that seemed to him false and thin? Why had he never been able to swallow without wincing the doctrine of the superman? Well, for one thing, it was difficult for him to overcome the feeling of pity and softness that in former days had made him, all the charity organizations to the contrary notwith-

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standing, give something to every professional beggar he passed. There was always the chance that just this case might be genuine, and Richard had never got over John Wesley's cogent argument, "There but for the grace of God goes John Wesley."

It was hard to be hard. Security at twenty-eight did not shield you or seal you hermetically from the insecurity, the sordidness and pathos, in which most lives in most modern cities are lived. On trips to Boston Richard would see from the train windows those dim and horrible streets along the railroad track, lined with dull windows with bedclothes hanging out of them, and not infrequently, leaning out over the bedclothes, the stolid faces of fat, sad women who looked out of these drab holes upon the Pullmans as they rumbled by. Even from the comfort of windows facing the park it was hard not to regret that people lived in such a way. There was the limp little Italian shoemaker near Richard's home, with eight children and a dying wife. There was Hooker, the elevator man in Richard's building, who had been caught one day in the elevator shaft and crippled for life.

Things had improved; Richard knew that. Certainly there was nothing now quite so brutal and heartrending as those early days of the factory system that he had read about in a dusty volume on the Lancashire mills he had found for his history honors essay in college. Things had improved. Yet what of the children in the Southern cotton-mills? He could never forget the look of white-faced horror in the eyes of the lovely Southern lady who winced, over lunch at the Waldorf, as she told of the conditions in her husband's factory. There was still the grinding, burning slavery of the steel-mills, though that inferno had been shortened now to eight hours a day. The damp, suffocating horrors of the mines, the men stifled in the building of tunnels under rivers, the youths thrown from the iron skeletons of sky-scrapers, the stench and nausea and routine brutality of the slaughter-houses; Richard got a sickening sense of all that from head-lines and from hearsay; he knew how much more frightful the first-hand realities must be. In the smooth confines even of middle-class life, one could not live oblivious of these foul leprosies that lay at the basis of our civilization. One had the half-consciousness, always, of living in a fiend's paradise.

Richard talked to Edward Lawrence one day about some sore he had discovered in the body politic. He had worked far into the night in his office-building, and stumbling against one of the charwomen as he came out, he got into conversation with her. He was aghast at her hours and wages. "It's not fair, Edward; it's not fair—you and I and people like us sitting pretty here in the universe, while these wretches by the million—"

"You've got a saint's complex, Richard," Edward retorted; "positively morbid, old man. You'll be beating a drum for salvation next, you will, and you'll be calling all capitalist sinners to repentance. What's the use? Rich men can't get into heaven anyway, you know. You're in a bad way, Richard."

§ 5

Maybe he was. Though it was not a sense of horror and cruelty, since he had few opportunities to see it, that

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provoked Richard to a sense of pity and indignation. It was rather the constantly growing conviction that the smeary millions whom Edward and the funded baronets despised had—let the psychological tests say what they please—possibilities that had never been touched or tried. That little boy, the son of the Italian shoemaker, who occasionally brought the shoes from his father. One might be mistaken. Yet those bright eyes in that under-nourished face spoke of something that a little more generous "distribution of wealth," as the economists called it, might turn into goodness or beauty. The boy was quitting school as soon as he could get his first working-papers. Once at a band concert in the park, watching thousands of commonplace faces almost transfigured by music that was neither blaring nor sentimental, Richard questioned whether the snobbishness of the moneyed aristocrats was not simply so much unchallenged poppycock. He had watched the pathetic, mystified, eager expressions on the faces of the thousands in the Metropolitan Museum on a Sunday afternoon. Nobody had ever guessed what a genuine cultivation of taste among the millions might produce. This wistful muddle before painting and sculpture had in it the germ of discrimination and rapture. So far what the millions had of leisure was simply a tired respite that needed excitement rather than beauty. And whatever possibilities of interest and education of the imagination existed were paralyzed by the pressure of the country-club ideals that the rich had set as the standard and type of civilization.

Possibilities lost, and worse still, Richard reflected, possibilities ruined. He had listened to Bronson, the psychiatrist, for one fascinating, ghastly evening. The man had simply, without any trumped-up heroism or pathos, recounted a dozen cases that had drifted in one day to his clinic at Bellevue. Within eight hours he had met a whole raft of lives that had been shattered into delirium or worse by fears and torments that a decent or an ordered civilization would have made impossible. There was a woman who had been driven mad because some wise puritans had decided that information about birth-control was a crime. Another might have been saved if there had not been all the established legal horror of divorce. A girl of twenty had been driven from the noise and infinite dull click of a machine in a factory to jump from a window, and to have her body saved by a miracle, but not her mind.

He had spent another day in the dreary state prison at Ossining. It was not the cell-blocks or the maddening hopeless routine of the place that worried him most. What depressed him above all was his feeling that here society was herding together on this gray shore of penal despair all the hulks and driftwood that it had itself wrecked, and that it could find no salvage for. He had been particularly thoughtful when he found himself reading in the papers for a couple of weeks of the activities of a "bobbed-haired bandit." Found and sentenced at last, she had turned out to be a wan, hard little waif, brought up by drunken parents, seduced at fifteen, and at nineteen sent to expiate the sins of an archaic civilization in a state prison.

Richard had no desire to become one of those solemn social workers and reformers whose lives are one long,

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lugubrious concern with injustice and despair. Yet could not a concentrated effort, on the part of the decent, the liberal, and the intelligent in a community, gradually make a social order in which the waste of human material would be less tragic, and the possible flowers of human association more permanent, pervasive, and secure? Try as one would, one could not live in a modern city without having the spectacle of these surrounding leprosies flash insistently across whatever rose-garden one could, with money and education, make of one's life.

He knew what Edward Lawrence and the country-clubmen would say. Why sacrifice a fair and rounded existence or shadow it with a sentimental sense of guilt or regret, because one's shoemaker was poor and had eight bright, starving children and a dying wife? Boccaccio's lords and ladies had told tales that were no less seductive because the plague was raging about them in the city below.

It was impossible—at least Richard knew it was for him—to live in a human vacuum, or to think that the possibilities of life were exhausted by that vacuous, comfortable community in which his own life and the lives of his class were passed. Whence came the illusion that the fairer modes of experience were to be enjoyed only by those who went to Groton or Harvard or their equivalent, or could afford to pay bootleggers for gin or chartreuse? Irony and pity had been exalted by Anatole France into twin gods. Irony was a cheap, tepid, literary passion. The Russians had been wiser; tenderness, infinite tenderness had been their gospel. The smooth rich with their tutored passions were confined to their inbred cliques and heavily cushioned salons. They were cut off inevitably from the tang and pressure of acute human living, from those wrestlings with the soil and with the strugglings for bare existence which made the stuff of genuine laughter and tears. It was true, too, of the social reformers. It was the soul of man, the ultimate concern of any polity, that escaped them absolutely in all their calculated and systematized utopias.

Democracy was a failure. Richard was hearing this on all sides, even from the now tired radicals. But then democracy had never been tried, certainly never in any radical sense. Christ, St. Francis, and Tolstoy had been, perhaps, the only ultimate democrats in human history. What did all these little tinkerings with proportional representation and short ballots mean if the heart and intelligence of reformers remained undemocratized? No one in the modern world seemed any longer to believe in the soul of man, or to believe that it existed save in a financially or socially select few. It took a true democrat to believe that below corrosions of class, or economic status, or differences in intelligence, there was in every man something precious, serious, and beautiful that used to be known as a human soul. One might believe it, even at seven o'clock in the morning in a subway-car loaded with heavy faces buried in the picture-papers.

Love, not in the little boudoir sense in which now alone it seemed to have a meaning, but in the old forgotten Christian sense in which Dante had used it, might still be the motive lacking to transfigure civilization. Politics and love certainly seemed solar

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distances apart; Gandhi in India alone seemed to illustrate their possible connection. The Western world with its hates and greeds and competitions had forgotten it.

Richard, once at Edward's after three high-balls, had enunciated the doctrine of love in politics. Edward mildly pointed out that love had never been enough: "Peasants rotted of the plague while your great lovers of mankind talked to them about the love of God, Richard." The saints had been compassionate and helpless. Had the political scientists been much more helpful? Their drab mathematics of salvation could never save the world or move mankind. John Stuart Mill was not of much more avail than St. Francis.

What if the methods of science and the motives of love should eventually be fused? Richard suspected that out of such a union might come a politics that was at once noble and fruitful. Never had men seen so much or felt so little. With knowledge allied to pity, what might not a passionate tenderness for the human spirit wherever it lay incarnate, what might not such a politics based on such a doctrine, make of the world? The lives of men might be molded to sweeter and serener models. The arts would be the fair fruits of life, not flights from it.

Richard was turning to politics again. Even in his own day, a politician might arise who would be, in the great sense, a statesman. He would, of course, have to be at once a poet, a scientist, and a saint. Richard looked with not too much hope at the head-lines in the morning paper. There was no portent of such a one in the current skies.

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All in the Family

By Sara Haardt

I was not prepared for the picture that Laura Starke's mother made when she opened the door for me. In the strict boarding-school where we had roomed together, Laura had been an airy little person who gave the impression of being the pampered child of an unstinting family. She was the youngest of seven and had had more advantages than her older sisters and brothers, for they had insisted, since they were working, on giving her everything. She idealized them for it, if she did seek to uplift them in her duller moments. Mrs. Starke, I had gathered, was an old-fashioned mother; a bit conservative, perhaps, but energetically devoted to the interests of her children. They were so fond of her, I supposed, that they had remained with her when—actually—they might have married and set up more comfortable homes of their own.

The woman who opened the door for me was stooped and thin, almost to emaciation, with gray sunken cheeks and tired eyes. Her hair was slicked straight back from her forehead and screwed into an incredible Psyche knot on top of her head. Before she opened her mouth I knew that her voice would be a whine.

"I'm sorry you had to wait," she apologized. "Lawrence *will* forget to fix the bell." Lawrence, I knew, was her youngest son, who was studying to be an electrical engineer and was rather a problem. He was Laura's favorite brother, though she lectured him privately on teasing money from his sisters and throwing it away on a good time.

"I hope—" began Mrs. Starke, as she ushered me into a dark narrow hall. She laid a cold hand on my arm and sighed profoundly. I had the disconcerted feeling of having called her from a pressing duty. "Laura has been looking forward to your visit," she said wearily. "I only hope you'll be comfortable."

I found myself sighing, too, when she had left me. Poor, martyred soul! At twenty she must have possessed a figure and round, pink cheeks—like Laura.

A timid knock on my door, and Sophia, the eldest daughter, entered. She was a homely little person, a teacher of "science" at the Eastern High School, who had sacrificed her career as a biologist to support the family when her father died. She really had a brilliant mind, but she was becoming ineffectual because of her extreme nervousness. Tears sprang to her eyes now as she greeted me.

"You—know—about Laura?"

"I had her telegram. Is she as desperate as she sounds?"

She sat down on the edge of a chair and wrung her fat hands. "Oh, dear!

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Burton's a nice young man—I like him, really I do!—but it would kill mother if Laura married him. She is the baby, you know, and it would hurt us to give her up—even if we were sure she'd be happy."

"She's not a baby, though," I objected. "She's twenty-five, and very much in love."

"Oh, do you think so?" she implored. "He has a very bad reputation. Wade says—" Her voice broke, and tears trickled freely down her cheeks.

Wade was a sanctimonious fellow, a small official in a bank, who bullied his sisters with a threatening kind of righteousness. He had wanted to be a preacher like his elder brother Charles, but somehow he lacked the physical courage that it required to face an audience. He moped about the house at night, composing speeches for the Big Brothers' Bible Class that met on Sunday. Mrs. Starke encouraged him in his strict disciplining of his sisters.

"But Wade doesn't know Burton!" I protested.

"He knows *of* him," sighed Sophia. "It's just unfortunate that anybody as attractive as Burton could be so—so undependable." She was provokingly didactic in her attempts at peacemaking.

"And Laura?" I inquired in some bewilderment.

"I'm to take you up to her," she fluttered. "We're so in hopes you can quiet her."

I knew that she was behaving outrageously: Josephine had been staying home from school with her. Poor Josephine! She was a motherly soul, and the mainstay of the family when it came to a crisis. She had made her decision at thirty when she refused the proposal of one of her old students—a struggling chemist seven years younger than herself! The family had been scandalized. He was still unmarried, a professor at the city college, and suspiciously shy in Josephine's presence.

She relinquished her place at Laura's bed with a warm smile. "Now she'll perk up," she said brightly. "Hence loathed melancholy!" She had the happiest disposition of any of the Starkes, but her jokes were impossible.

Laura jumped up with a little cry of joy. Then she caught herself and buried her head disconsolately in her arms. "I hate the whole world," she wailed. "I wish I were dead!"

"Since when?" I laughed, when Sophia and Josephine had slipped out.

"They're terribly exercised," she confided in a discreet whisper. "But I haven't budged them an inch! I've been wrong and they've been right before, you know. There's the classic time I didn't wear my rubbers mother laid out for me—and caught pneumonia—and nearly died—"

"Oh, yes," I agreed; "but you wouldn't have got the pneumonia if you hadn't been exposed to Wade's influenza germs."

"There's always just enough truth in what they say to make it scandalous," she continued feverishly. "*I* know that Burton drinks and runs around—with other people."

"He's of the age," I consoled, "and quite charming with it."

"I like him," she said simply, her eyes sparkling with tears.

"Well—"

She looked up at me with an appealing smile and shook her head. In spite of her petulance, her ebullient spirits, she was very easily frightened. Her neurotic family depressed her, but they had pervaded her existence for too

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long, robbing her of initiative and courage. As inevitably as she succumbed to their wishes, she despised them and herself the more; and yet her hate was not without pity.

She got up and wandered about the room forlornly. "You see," she continued in a muffled voice, "I quite trusted you, or I never would have let you into this bedlam. I thought—I thought you'd be kind of a bulwark to me. But it isn't going to work! Your being here has just made me want to shield them—against even your criticism. They can't help being like they are, and I can't help being sorry for them."

I studied her pale face as she paused for a moment before the dressing-table. "Then it's decided," I declared lightly. "And I must be getting back!"

"No!" she pleaded. For a brief moment the color burned in her cheeks. "I'm not sure."

At her sudden rise of spirits I was, for some reason, unutterably depressed. The sound of Mrs. Starke's dinner-bell clanging through the halls sent a chill through me, a mixed dread and premonition of failure.

§ 2

Mrs. Starke insisted upon doing her own work and saving the money her daughters gave her for a servant. She had had a savings-account for years, secretively depositing the money each week that "accumulated," as she put it, from the household funds. The food she provided was of the plainest sort, and poorly prepared, but it was bulky and filling. To-night there were boiled potatoes, beets, stew-meat, Lima beans, canned tomatoes—a boiled dinner—all cooked on top of the stove to save lighting the oven.

Mrs. Starke wilted into the chair at the head of the table, and throwing back her head as if to gargle, recited the blessing. At the end, with Wade's assistance, she sighed a gusty "Amen," and wearily attacked the pyramid of cups and saucers before her.

"Welcome to our midst!" greeted Wade sourly. He shifted his morose gaze meaningly from me to Laura.

"Oh, thank you," she simpered in a manner bound to aggravate him. "But don't mention it!"

"It's a good thing somebody can rout you out."

"Wade, please!" This from poor Josephine, who had been trying to tell a funny experience she had had coaching "The Mikado" for the Dramatic Club last term. She and Sophia were always the ones left to keep peace at the table.

"Welcome is the word," mocked Lawrence with a sly wink at Laura.

Wade shot a ferocious look at his younger brother, but Sophia, who had opened her mouth several times in an attempt to steer the conversation into more peaceful channels, suddenly raised her voice. "That poor Collins boy! Have you been reading the accounts in the papers?" She paused, with a bright, inquiring look around the table. Wade cleared his throat, and she hurried on. "I've always had such a horror of smothering—and this is the fifteenth day now—buried underground without a mouthful to eat!" She put her fork down and wiped her eyes.

"He brought it on himself," said Wade decisively. For some reason his sister's tears always added to his convictions. "What good was he doing poking about underground?"

"It must be terrible on his people," sighed Josephine.

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"Well, he couldn't have thought any too much about them," continued Wade, with a rising inflection and a pointed look at Laura; "or it never would have happened!"

"The pity is," retorted Laura, "that he couldn't have had some company."

"Wow!" choked Lawrence, stifling his laughter in his napkin.

"Son, son," reproved Mrs. Starke gently. "I think you've forgotten yourself. Pass your sister the tomatoes."

She was speaking for Katharine, her third daughter, who sat at her elbow eating out of a row of special side-dishes. Katharine was thirty-five, tall and bony, with soulful eyes and a wild mop of yellow hair. She had bobbed the sides, proclaiming her Bohemian instincts in defiance of the family, and they flared out above her ears in uncombed bushes. She was a school-teacher, too, and a very poor one, but she spent her leisure practising to become a singer. Accordingly, she assumed all the superior airs of an unclaimed genius, pouting at her sisters for days at a time, refusing to speak even at table, and feigning dramatic ills and injuries. Mrs. Starke deferred to her in a browbeaten way that somehow accused her other children of her martyrdom.

"Has the cat got Kitty's tongue?" teased Lawrence.

Katharine sniffed disdainfully, and Sophia implored, "Really, Lawrence!"

"Yes, you have plenty of faults to mend," asserted Wade. He felt a kind of sympathy for his sister, as if they shared some common grievance.

"Yes," mimicked Laura, "we all have our little weaknesses."

"Well, if I were *you*—" began Wade hotly.

"There's no 'if' about it," Laura smiled sweetly. "No, Lawrence; don't try to distract him with any more foolery. You know you'll have to give me away if he refuses."

She had turned very pale, and she swayed slightly as she rose to go. "Yes, I'm going to be married," she said unhappily, "as soon as ever—" She broke off and scurried through the door before Wade could call after her.

"That's the way," he muttered, "she always wins an argument."

§ 3

Mrs. Starke had caught at the edge of the table and was moaning convulsively. Josephine darted forward. "Don't, mother! You mustn't give way like that. She was only teasing Wade. Come on in the sitting-room and rest. Sophia and I'll clear up."

"Yes, do!" I urged, giving her a hand. Sophia, her eyes brimming, was hovering wretchedly in the background.

"Get her to relax," Josephine whispered. "She has a weak heart, poor dear."

I held my breath expectantly when she had left, but Mrs. Starke leaned back in the Morris chair, quite composed. After a minute she opened her eyes and gave a little throaty laugh. "You mustn't mind them," she said.

I laughed, too, and said that, as she sat there in the shadow, there was a great deal about her that reminded me of Laura. Laura's looks, she responded, belied her disposition; from infancy she had always done exactly as she pleased with a flaming defiance that had been a great trial to her sisters.

She sighed deeply and drew her hand across her forehead. Her gesture, the

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tones of her voice adroitly dismissed the subject as one of the inexplicable trials—illustrative of a higher Will, perhaps—that a mother has to bear. She stared sadly into space for a while and then, with a brave effort, fell to discussing timely pleasantries: the joy of living for one's children, the importance of a happy home life in the scheme of things. It was easy, after a few repetitions, to mistake her platitudinous droning for a kind of piety. She was insufferably boring, and yet she disarmed criticism by shackling every thought with traditions, ideals, and scruples.

She had a way of implying that the duties which her family imposed upon her, while burdensome, were the only pleasure she got out of life. Her children were all she had. That, I now knew, was the imperishable thought that held them together. It created the nervous tension that made them fearful of any one of them breaking loose. If Laura went, it wouldn't be long before Katharine, even Josephine, might dare the same thing. By appearing defenseless and altogether at their mercy, she made them criminally responsible.

She was very eager, though, to impress me with the fact that her eldest son Charles was unlike her other children. He was a spiritual leader, tall, handsome, with a deep bass voice that aroused every sinner's soul in his congregation. He had married a wealthy girl—a sensible girl, though—and they got along beautifully. There were four babies, but there was always somebody to help with them. Charles only preached in big churches.

He was on a tour now, preaching in huge tabernacles built for his especial use; a cleaning-up campaign, he called it. Charles liked the road. He sent her post-cards sometimes from the places he visited, with a tiny arrow pointing to his room in a rich hotel, a cross marking the five-acre site of his tabernacle. Last week—as busy as he was—he had taken time to write her of his most recent good fortune: an old lady in his congregation had died and left him twenty thousand dollars. That was the kind of boy he was!

She was glowing with a fierce pride as she opened the secretary to show me his picture. "There!" she beamed, as she held up the expensive sepia portrait. "It's a very good likeness."

I beheld a glowering, heavy-set man, built like a prize-fighter, with an enormous shoulder-breadth and square muscular hands. His eyes were almost hidden under his bushy brows; he had his mother's small, shapely nose, as, indeed, he had her petulant mouth and determined jaw. The resemblance was so great as to be laughable.

"Why," I exclaimed, "he's your very image!"

She bestowed a grateful smile upon me. "Do you really think so?"

"Oh, yes!" I murmured. "But how did you ever let him go?"

"Go?" She looked blank. "My dear, he had his calling!"

She was talking about his babies then—all boys!—their birthdays so close together, and the little presents she often sent them. "I worry about them," she confessed, "a great deal more than I did my own children. Charles himself was such a delicate little fellow. You wouldn't believe it, he's so robust now; but I'd feel better if I could still look after him." She sighed deeply as if to say it was impossible to conceal *all* one's longings.

Josephine tiptoed in with a glass of

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hot milk, and I said good night. Mrs. Starke swayed forward and gave me a feeble hand-shake. "You have been very kind," she said, the sorrows of the world in her voice.

Sophia was waiting for me in the hall. "Come into the dining-room," she whispered. "Is she—is she—"

"Oh," I declared cheerfully, "she's quite all right! You've not the slightest cause to worry."

"Did she speak of Laura?"

"Not once! She seemed thoroughly reconciled."

"The poor dear! She was too hurt; she couldn't bear to speak of it. Oh, Laura just mustn't! Oh, you don't know what it would mean—if we lost her!" She was sobbing unrestrainedly at last, the tears streaming down her face.

"What nonsense!" I scolded. "You have worked yourself into a perfect stew."

In the smoky light she looked strange, wild, almost exhausted. "I—I can't help feeling," she wailed, "as if something dreadful were going to happen!"

§ 4

The light was out in Laura's room, and I crept thankfully to bed. But in a minute the door cracked, and her voice came stealthily through the dark. "I—I got Lawrence to send a telegram."

"Oh, good! Then you'll leave by morning."

"Burton will reply to you. I couldn't stand another scene!"

"I'll watch out for it," I promised. "That was very wise."

"I knew you wouldn't mind. Night!"

She crept cautiously out again, and the house sank into an ominous quiet. After the turmoil of the evening it was like a drug, and I abruptly fell asleep. The first peal of the door-bell—for Lawrence indeed had fixed it!—did not even reach me. There was another and another, the sound of a heavy body falling, pitching down-stairs, before I started dazedly up.

Sophia broke through the door, sobbing wildly, Burton's telegram in her hand. "Oh, I knew—I knew!"

"But what—"

"M-mother! Her back—must be—broken—"

Josephine had her on the couch in the sitting-room when we got down. Lawrence was calling the doctor, and Laura, her face paler than death, was running distractedly back and forth to the window. "She tripped," she cried stupidly. "Tripped!" She held up a dilapidated bedroom slipper, an old shapeless thing that had belonged to Josephine. "She *would* wear them."

Mrs. Starke was moaning exhaustedly on the couch, her thin features pitifully drawn with pain. She stared at me incredulously. "It was for you," she gasped. "I thought—"

"Yes—I'm so sorry."

She gave a little frightened cry as the doctor came forward and grasped her wrist. He nodded sympathetically. "A nasty fall, eh? Well, we'll bundle you up and get you right over to the hospital."

Poor Sophia, the tears pouring down her face, shot a panicky look at Josephine and ran out to get her things. Lawrence, the good-for-nothing, appeared, entirely clothed, a steamer-rug over his arm. "Shall we carry her, doctor? She isn't much of a load; I think I can manage."

"Right now, sir. Good for you."

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"There's no need of your going," he whispered to Josephine. "You get Sophia quiet. I'll be back for you later." He tucked the rug snugly about Mrs. Starke, and she shut her eyes and subsided quite peacefully in his arms. "All set?"

Josephine followed them to the car with the bag. "But where," I demanded suddenly, "is Wade?"

"Poor Wade!" Sophia cried. "He can't bear to see any one suffer. He went back to his room." She leaned against the wall wearily. "*Is* there any hope? The poor, poor dear!"

Josephine had her by the arm. "You'll want to go to the hospital with me," she urged. "Hurry and dress!" Then she turned to me. "Lawrence says that Katharine is sleeping. I'll telephone as soon as—and you can waken her. There's really nothing she can do. Will you see to Laura?"

I nodded, and hurried up the stairs. The light from my room was streaming brightly through the transom, and I called softly. "Come in," answered a muffled voice.

Laura was crumpled on the bed, her head buried in her arms. She lifted a face to me so blanched and drawn that she looked like a wizened old lady. "I've . . . just . . . been thinking," she said with difficulty. "If only I hadn't sent that telegram!" She drew a wad of yellow paper from under the pillow and smoothed it out for me to see.

"There's no need for thinking now," I soothed. "I'll telegraph him."

"No," she said in a sad little voice. "I . . . can't . . . ever . . . "

I stole a glance at her but was obliged to turn away guiltily, she looked so frail and white. There was something about her so hopelessly forlorn, so incurably weak, that I protested incoherently:

"Don't worry about Burton, dear. Your mother will be all right. It was liable to have happened to anybody. Poor soul!"

I turned off the lights and crept down-stairs. Wade was pacing the floor of the sitting-room; he turned toward me with a wounded gesture. "A funny thing," he exclaimed impatiently. "She's always been afraid to answer the bell before!" There was an unendurable accusation in his voice.

He sat down after a while and held his head in his hands. When the telephone jangled he looked up beseechingly. "You—"

Josephine's voice was painfully blurred. "They're putting her . . . in a cast. It's her hip . . . broken . . . she's in dreadful pain, but so brave . . . splendid."

"Thank God for that!" Wade sighed gustily, as I hurried up the stairs.

Katharine Starke was sitting cross-legged on the bed, a gay, flowered kimono flung across her shoulders. "Come in," she invited cheerfully. "You don't object to smoke, I suppose?"

I shook my head at the proffered package of Egyptian cigarettes. "The family objects," she explained huskily, "so I crawl out at dawn and blow the smoke up the chimney."

She went on with her smoking, inhaling deep drafts, while I told my story. "Dreadful!" she declared gloomily. "But I hadn't an idea Laura was going through with it."

"Laura?"

"Oh, well," she shrugged, "it's none of my affair. Do you know Burton? He's not a bit bad, but not exactly a family man. Poor mother! I think

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I'll pack up my duds and move over with Henrietta Marcus while the house is so upset. I'm much obliged to you," she added sympathetically. "It's a pity you don't smoke!"

§ 5

Sophia and Josephine took turns staying at the hospital during the days that followed. Mrs. Starke, with an almost uncanny intuition, had sensed that affairs at home were getting along very well without her. She wept pitiably, prayed to die, when her daughters sought to cheer her with news of the cook, the vacuum cleaner that Lawrence had got at cost through a friend, the renovation Laura had given the sitting-room—the morgue, as she had laughingly called it.

In a spirit of wounded martyrdom she refused to let any one write Charles of her illness, and yet she fumed, cried bitterly when his name was mentioned. As long as Sophia and Josephine gave their undivided attention to her, she remained quiet, but at the first suspicion that they were slacking, she cried to go home, fought against taking her medicine in the hope that she would die.

I marveled sometimes that so much life could animate her emaciated frame. Her little hands were like claws, her face all eyes and mouth, her pulse plainly visible in her throat. Yet she furtively cross-examined her daughters and successfully pitted them against one another in an effort to further her will. The prospect of an uninterrupted visit with her filled them all with a sort of panic.

Laura, especially, was appalled at the thought of being left alone with her. The silences that fell between them in the stuffy hospital room tortured her overwrought nerves. "I—I don't see how I can make it to-morrow," she would sigh at night. But every day she went.

The household had settled down to a routine that was amazingly peaceful. The food was so much better, so much more appetizingly served, that Wade actually complained of gaining. He appeared for dinner, with a muttered greeting, and assumed all the airs of a beneficent host. Poor Sophia beamed from her end of the table in a manner which she felt to be very domestic and mother-like. Laura sat with downcast, penitent eyes, glowing pleasurably at the praise bestowed upon her efficient management. Dinner over, Josephine led the way into the sitting-room, where she poured coffee quite joyfully.

One evening, as I hurried in, I had encountered a young-old man in the hall in the act of leaving his card on the console-table. "Miss Josephine," he mumbled, withholding it, "isn't in?"

"She should be," I murmured contritely, "in a very few minutes."

He twirled the card for a moment and then followed me in to the sitting-room. "Miss Josephine may have told you," he said with an odd defensive gesture, "we are old friends."

"She'll be delighted to see you."

"Perhaps—" he began. Josephine's heavy tread outside the door sent him bouncing to his feet.

"Oh, it's you!" I heard her exclaim in a thrilled voice as I slipped out.

At dinner her cheeks were still flushed, and Laura exchanged a glance with Wade, a grin of amused tolerance. Josephine was radiantly describing his visit in terms of the splendid opportunity he had visioned for Sophia. The State Board of Scholarship Awards, of

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which he was a member, had awarded the Woods Hole research fellowship to Sophia, and she could pursue her biological work with a clear mind.

"Oh, I should like to go!" she cried with sparkling eyes. "But no—no—it's out of the question—quite impossible." She flushed painfully and looked ready to burst into tears.

"But why shouldn't you," Laura consoled, "if mother's better?"

Wade looked up doubtfully and said, after a long pause, "Yes, the change would do you good."

"I say, yes!" Lawrence grinned. "You've got it coming to you."

Laura smiled enchantingly. In the sitting-room, where she gaily led them, she tweaked Wade's ear for his unsociable absorption in the evening paper, and shyly planted a kiss on Sophia's wet cheek. Josephine sorted the new pale gold cups with caressing hands, humming softly in the drowsy silence.

They were almost a happy family.

§ 6

Laura was having tea with Burton the afternoon Josephine telephoned from the hospital that Mrs. Starke was dying. After the constraint of the past weeks she had flitted off for her adventure like a child on a holiday. From their little table in a far corner she caught sight of my face and got quickly to her feet. "Tell me," she pleaded, catching my hand.

"Josephine says it's pneumonia. And with her lowered resistance—"

She had turned very white but said with some firmness, "Burton and I—were—just planning to tell her!" In the taxi she sat with averted eyes, the long lashes on her cheek, her pale fingers laced in his brown ones. She swayed against his shoulder once as the car turned a corner sharply, and he caught her and kissed the tear that glistened on her cheek. "Don't!" he commanded tenderly.

In the waiting-room of the hospital Wade started up from the depths of a cushioned chair. "She's gone!" he cried, his chin quivering as Laura put her arm around him.

"Did she know?"

"She called Charles. I—I telegraphed him."

"Poor dear," she sighed faintly. "You mustn't feel too badly. You did all you could."

Josephine appeared in the door for a moment. "Sophia," she said with a whispered cry. "I'll need help with her."

§ 7

There was a yellow envelop on the console-table, and Wade carried it in to the sitting-room lamp, and read grimly:

"Important engagement here. Impossible to leave. Keep me posted. God's blessings.

"CHARLES."

"Poor mother!" sobbed Josephine. "It would have broken her heart if she had known that he wasn't coming." She hurried up-stairs to Sophia, and the room was suddenly quiet.

"Katharine telephoned that she would be over later," Lawrence said slowly. He stared at Wade blankly. "Is there—anything—we ought to attend to?"

"There's Charles," suggested Wade gently. "He'll—he'll want to know." There was something more than respect in his attitude toward his younger brother; there were signs of affection, a

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growing admiration. He wet his lips nervously and hurried on. "She had started a little savings-account at the bank, you know, for the boys."

"For the boys!"

He paused and sighed, "It'll amount to a little over five thousand with the interest."

"Whew!" Lawrence whistled softly. "A nice little pile. Say—you've been a pretty decent scout to keep it. . . . I hate for the girls to know."

Wade shook his head sadly. "We'll see—" he said vaguely, "we'll—see."

Laura, across the room, stirred slightly and turned her head to listen. "It will seem very strange," she murmured, "to break up. Sophia to Woods Hole. Josephine to poor Mr. Milner. And you, Lawrence, to Chicago!" She hesitated and then smiled timidly. "Wade, it looks as if you'll have to come live with us."

Wade blinked his little red eyes and sought for words. "Thank you, n-no. I think—that is—I've told the Big Brothers I'd go on the road for them. Field secretary—organizing new classes, you know." He stiffened, once he had got it out, with a proud, challenging look.

"Of course," sighed Laura dreamily, "you've always wanted to!"

Sing a Song

BY EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Sing a song of sixpence!
  I am ever bound
To pursue the rainbow
  All the world around.

Sixpence for a lassie,
  No pence for a lad;
Sing a song of sixpence;
  All the world is mad!

Sing a song of sixpence!
  Just around the bend
I shall find a pot of gold
  At the rainbow's end.

What good will the gold be?
  Lass, we met to part;
Sing a song of sorrowing
  And a broken heart!

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The Dilemma of Austria

Unstable Equilibrium Along the Danube

By Eugene Bagger

The problem of Austria's future posits itself as a dilemma with one horn dead. The choice between union with Germany and economic partnership with the Succession States (*vulgo*, Danubian Confederation) is purely academic. However desirable the latter alternative may be in theory, as a practical solution it suffers from the drawback that nobody cares to choose it. Meanwhile Austria's present consists in living from expedient to expedient, imposed from the outside or devised at home, until the obstacles are cleared out of the way and the live end of that apparent dilemma, incorporation within the German Reich, can be realized.

No one either in Austria or in Germany believes that that moment is near at hand. Very few, even among the scant minority which abhors the idea, doubt that it will ultimately arrive. It is probably no exaggeration to say that in Austria ninety-five per cent. of the people are ardent adherents of the cause of union. There may be divergences as to method and pace; there is agreement as to the goal.

There is also virtually unanimous agreement in Austria that the republic as constituted by the peace treaties is unfit to survive as an economic unit. This does not mean that collapse is impending. It means that the Austria which was, much against her own will, called into being at St.-Germain depends on the artificial feeding of its economic system from the outside, a situation which cannot endure. It means, moreover, that this Austria, incapable of supporting herself, eagerly groping for some mainstay which will restore her equilibrium, represents an element of uncertainty, of instability, for the whole of Europe which must be eliminated unless Europe deliberately courts trouble.

Austria's fundamental difficulty may be easily diagnosed. Her population is one third larger than she can support from her own resources. The republic, comprising six and a half million people, has to maintain a capital whose population is about one third of the total. In other words, Austria minus Vienna might survive as a little backwoods country of the Alpine slopes and valleys; but Austria minus Vienna would be like a man minus a head. Vienna *is* Austria in the sense in which Paris is France, and in which neither New York nor Washington is the United States. And Vienna is a capital whose habits, mentality, ways of life and of business are based on its being the metropolis of an empire of fifty-five million peo-

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ple. This top-heavy Republic of Austria has to import two thirds of its coal and as much of its food; and while nearly one half of the coal imports will in time be supplanted by the development of water-power electricity, there is no way to reduce substantially the importation of food. At the same time Austrian industries are kept idle by the prohibitive tariffs imposed by the Succession States whose territory formerly constituted their natural outlet. Some of these industries, such as those making locomotive engines, machines, and paper, cannot be run at a profit unless they can export from seventy to ninety per cent. of their output. These industries are paralyzed by the mania of protection that is rampant all around. The result is one hundred and eighty thousand unemployed whose maintenance by doles is one of the heaviest liabilities of the state. Nor is industry the only sufferer. Vienna used to be the center of banking and of distribution for the retail trades not only for the Austro-Hungarian Empire but also, to a large extent, for its Balkan hinterland. To-day Vienna is shut off from seven eighths of this territory.

The chief lesson of three years of the Geneva program is that fiscal reconstruction is not enough. By means of the most heroic economies that budget has been balanced, but the equilibrium is as yet a precarious one. That salvation which Dr. Seipel promised the Austrian people if they only would accept the Geneva terms still seems eons distant. The fact, now generally realized, is that full rehabilitation of state finances is very difficult, if not impossible, without the rehabilitation of Austrian industries. But for a rehabilitation of industries long-term foreign credits are indispensable, and these again cannot be obtained on a large scale unless and until the state's solvency is firmly established. The vicious circle is complete, and the situation is not alleviated by Commissioner-General Zimmermand's somewhat stern attitude toward the subject of private credits in general.

Last year some pessimistic forecasts of the economic future of Austria, published in the "New York Times," aroused a storm of resentment in Vienna. No sooner did the hubbub subside than precisely the same forecasts were proclaimed editorially by the leading Austrian newspapers. Ever since Austria's unfitness for economic survival has been a daily leitmotiv of the press, elaborated fugato or in unison.

In April of last year ex-Chancellor Seipel, as leader of the Christian Socialists, in a speech made at the party's convention at Graz dwelt on the urgency of widening the economic frontiers of Austria. In connection with this speech a hint was floated somehow in the press that the Austrian Government might be induced to think of suggesting to the League of Nations the consideration of ways to bring together in one economic area those central European countries whose production is complementary. This bloodless shadow of a feeler was met by a bombardment of press protest from the Little Entente capitals, especially from Prague. Thereupon it was officially explained that all the Austrian Government had presumed to mean was the appointment of a commission of experts to inquire into the economic condition of Austria.

The Austrian press was none too slow in taking advantage of the

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Czecho-Slovak antagonism to the idea of economic collaboration. "All right," the Vienna newspapers rejoined, "if you do not want to cooperate with us, there is nothing left for us but union with Germany."

The reopening of the subject of union brought down an avalanche of execrations on poor Austria's head. Apart from what the press of France and the Little Entente had to say (and it was all said without the soft pedal), the unusually strong statements of Dr. Beneš, and the unusually tactless pronouncements of the Little Entente conference at Bukharest, enjoined Austria to relinquish forever the dream of union with the Reich. Of course this opposition of France and her Eastern allies was no novelty. A new note was injected into the concert of admonitions by Signor Mussolini. Originally Italy had not been unfriendly to union, as her chief scare was the Danubian Confederation, in which she saw, not without justification, the revival on the one hand of the Hapsburg Empire in a democratic, and therefore much stronger, edition, and a bulwark of French policy on the other. Suddenly the Duce, and with him the faithful Italian press, discovered that the union of Austria with Germany was still worse for Italian interests, as it would inflict on Italy a common frontier with Germany and might inflame German irredentism in Alto Adige (better known by its rightful name as South Tyrol).

During the following month Austria had to digest some unpleasant sermons, read from a number of pulpits. But much more materially than by these exaggerated protestations against an imaginary offense were Austrian interests touched by the refusal of the financial committee of the League to authorize a special loan for the electrification of the federal railroads. The future of the Austrian trade balance stands or falls with this project. The veto of the financial committee was due partly to the opposition of Czechoslovakia, whose coal exporters would be hit hard by the proposed improvement, partly to the stand taken by Commissioner-General Zimmermann, whose policy is to discourage loans to Austria, which in his view might interfere with the smooth liquidation of the League reconstruction scheme.

To be sure, the funds needed for the electrification of railroads were subsequently obtained through the authorization granted by the League Council to apply to that purpose 88,000,000 gold crowns (about $18,500,000) from the remainder of the League loan. This authorization, together with the appointment of the commission of economic experts proposed by the Austrian Government, represents the only results for Austria of the League meeting. As to the former, Austrians may be pardoned for not prostrating themselves with gratitude, as the money has to be drawn from funds already belonging to Austria, funds on which Austria has been paying interest for some time. Moreover, a week or so before the grant was announced, I had been told by a usually well informed personage that a bargain had been struck between the Austrian Government and Dr. Zimmermann whereby the former would be allowed to disburse part of the League loan for the railroads, while the latter's term of office would be extended by three years. That the eighty-eight millions were to be issued by the League to Austria in three yearly instalments

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may be a mere coincidence. It is a fact, however, that the much hoped-for easing of League control was not even broached at Geneva, though a more recent decision promises a measure of it.

Austrians refer to the commissioner-general's attitude in the matter of railroad electrification as a typical instance of his policy of judging every issue on its purely fiscal instead of broad economic merit. Even after the decision of the League Council to approve of the expenditure, Dr. Zimmermann told an American correspondent that he saw the chief benefit of the improvement in the relief it would bring to unemployment. What he really meant was relief to the budget —*his* budget. The commissioner's idea, so Austrians complain, seems to be that a debtor has no right to spend money on investments, however profitable and safe, while his obligations are still unpaid—a principle which, if generally applied, would bring immediate ruin to our entire economic system.

The other result of the League Council meeting, as far as Austria is concerned, was the appointment of the two experts, Messrs. Layton and Rist, to conduct an economic inquiry, which has recently been concluded. To say that most Austrians were strongly skeptical of the seriousness of this inquiry is an understatement. Everybody knew where the experts, blameless and extremely capable gentlemen that they are, stood; almost everybody could guess what conclusions they would arrive at, by and large. While refraining from proposing radical solutions, they would offer proposals in the direction of the complex of ideas generally though somewhat inaccurately known as the Danubian Confederation. That is what they were appointed for.

§ 2

An analysis of the fundamental alternatives will show that there are no real alternatives; that the only solution of the Austrian problem, not only from the Austrian but from the general European point of view, is union with Germany. It is just because of the nature of this particular solution that gaining time means everything for Austria.

Unless they assume full financial responsibility for the future of Austria —unless, in plain English, they agree to pay to the Austrian people a subsidy of so much per year, *ad infinitum*— it is plain that the nations of the victorious Entente are in duty bound to bring about a readjustment in mid-Europe that will enable Austria to support herself. Even if the League, or some other combination of states, were willing to continue feeding Austria on loans, the Austrians themselves would refuse to be thus pauperized. The argument they submit to the Western powers is unassailable. "There existed here in the Danubian valley," they say, in effect, "an economic unit forged by the needs of centuries. Within this unit we were self-supporting. You have smashed up that unit, and reduced us to impotence. By ourselves we cannot survive. You will have to replace the unit which you have destroyed. How are you going to do it?"

In theory, two answers are possible. One is implied in the name, or catchword, of Danubian Confederation. The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was politically a monstrosity, as it rested

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on the oppression of the majority by the minority. But its very survival through the centuries proves that the Hapsburg Empire did not represent an unmixed evil, that it fulfilled a genuine need. It joined together into a unit territories economically interdependent and complementary. This fact was recognized by those who, from the forties of the last century up to the World War, urged a democratic reorganization of the empire. The Danubian Confederation was originally nothing more than the concept of the Hapsburg Monarchy reconstructed in autonomous national units and held together by economic union. Originally this program might easily have been realized under and by the Hapsburgs themselves. But with its fateful blindness that dynasty missed one opportunity after another. Thrice at least in the course of the last century the exigencies of the moment practically thrust upon them that solution —at the great awakening of the peoples in 1848; then in 1860, after the loss of the Italian provinces: and in 1866, when Austria was driven out of Germany and relegated to its real historic rôle as a Danubian entity. But the federal solution—the only solution—foundered on the procrastinating weakness—at the time it seemed conservative strength—of Francis Joseph, and on the fanaticism of the Magyar ruling class. Even in 1900, even in 1910, the thing might have been done. Francis Ferdinand meant to do it; that's why he had to die by the assassin's bullet.

To-day it is too late. It was too late even in 1918, when many of those who advocated the destruction of the Austro-Hungarian Empire—including the present writer—hoped that the road lay from dismemberment through national sovereignties to economic combination. But the centrifugal forces had grown too strong, national antagonisms too sharp. The Succession States tasted power-politics and found it good.

If satisfied nationalism, as some of us had hoped, would ultimately lead to a safe and sound internationalism, the moment has obviously not yet arrived. To-day the Danubian Confederation—a super-national ideal, mind you—is an unattainable ideal.

From the moment of their birth the Succession States threw themselves furiously into the exclusivistic development of their national resources. Tariff barriers were erected. Powerful vested interests grew up, to which exclusivism is a matter of life and death. These vested interests, and not high-minded and far-sighted statesmen like President Masaryk, run the Succession States to-day. Will they resign their tenure, will they commit suicide, by assuming the limitations inherent in economic union?

The Danubian Confederation cannot be formed unless the Succession States voluntarily relinquish part of their sovereignty. This they are not going to do, not for the next generation. It is all very well to say that the federation would be purely economic. That argument is wrecked by the very first practical detail of a "purely economic" union, which would be the organization of an economic council or parliament. The Czechs are quite reasonable in assuming that in such a body the Austrians—aided by the German element in North Bohemia, to-day the most fanatic Ulstermen of all the various continental Ulsters—would inevitably pre-

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dominate. Where would such an economic parliament meet? Of course, in Vienna, the Austrians would reply, and there is much to be said for the claim. But would the Czechs ever consent to Vienna as the capital of the economic union? They would do no such thing.

That the Austrians, on their side, would never join a combination with Prague for its capital goes without saying. The Hungarians have set their minds on developing national industries and have no intention of abandoning protectionism. Nor are they keen on agricultural competition with Jugoslavia inside a customs union. As for the Jugoslavs, probably the most self-contained nation in central Europe to-day, they will simply not join anything. Nor do the Rumanians see any urgency in the project of economic collaboration. Rumania exports food, and what she needs is capital to develop her oil. And capital is one thing that will not come forth from any central European combination.

The truth about the Danubian Confederation was succinctly put by Dr. Beneš in the days of the Bukharest conference. He asked what the use was of talking of a confederation which not one of the prospective members is willing to join. Verily, the noble project of which Palacky and Mazzini and Kossuth once dreamed has been degraded from the potential nucleus of a United States of Europe into a mere red herring across the trail of the movement of Austro-German union.

§ 3

Like the Danubian Confederation, the idea of German Austria's joining the Fatherland—the idea of Greater Germany—was born in the eighteen-forties. It was essentially a liberal and democratic idea, and it foundered on the reactionary intrigues and petty jealousies of Austria and Prussia and on the political incapacity of the German liberals themselves. When in October, 1918, all the subject races of Austria-Hungary were proclaiming their independence on the basis of Wilsonian self-determination, the German Austrians took it for granted that at last the old dream of a union of all Germans would be realized. But for the German Austrians self-determination was done by others, and the Treaty of St.-Germain constituted the Austrian Republic against the will of the Austrian people.

To-day the desire for union is stronger than ever. It is reinforced by the bitter experiences of seven years, and the fiasco and disappointment of the Geneva reconstruction.

The arguments supporting union may be grouped under three headings: moral, political, and economic. The moral argument points to the responsibility assumed by the Entente in destroying the conditions under which Austria was self-supporting. Further, Czecho-Slovaks, Jugoslavs, Rumanians, Italians, Poles, each had its national desires satisfied at the expense of Austria in the name of the principle of self-determination. Elementary justice demands that the same principle shall be applied to the Germans of Austria; and self-determination in their case means union with Germany.

The political argument proposes that union is a postulate not only of justice, but of expediency, of European safety and stability as well. In the long run, the two states into which the German

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peoples are divided can only be kept apart against their own desire by the application of armed force exceeding the potential power of the seventy-five or eighty million Germans. Forcible prevention of union accumulates an explosive energy that will go off the moment it reaches the level of the repressive forces. It should be recalled that the World War was precipitated by the desire of something like eight million Jugoslavs to live within one state. And there are ten times as many Germans, to consider numbers only.

It has been said often, but it cannot be said often enough, that the inclusion of Austria in Germany will be the strongest possible safeguard of the survival of the republic and of democratic evolution that can be imagined. It will end forever the danger of monarchist restoration. Austria today is one of the most democratic countries in the world. Of its two great parties one is that of the Social Democrats, who are moderate, sensible, and well educated. They will reinforce the best element in German Social Democracy. The Austrian party of the right, the Christian Socialists, will strengthen the left wing of the Centrum. Thus a republican and democratic majority of unassailable strength will be created. Austria will form a natural counterweight to Prussia. Union would seal the victory of black-red-gold over black-white-red.

The economic argument in support of union is that by including Austria in Germany she will once more be the member of a self-contained economic unit. Within this unit Austria will be able to support herself. Union will enable Austrian industries to coordinate their production with those of the Reich and find home market for their products; it will wipe out Austrian unemployment by providing work either in the thus revived home industries or in other parts of the Reich. It will take care of the financial needs of Austria. It will do away with costly and unnecessary governmental machinery. It will open up a new territory for German enterprise and faculty for organization, and will inaugurate an era of internal expansion comparable almost with the opening up of the American West.

Unfortunately the question of union cannot be decided by logic alone. Nobody in Austria wants to achieve union by force of arms. Austrians know only too well that union at that price is not worth having. For the present, and, it is realized, for some time to come, union cannot be effected because of the opposition, mainly, of three countries—France, Italy, and Czechoslovakia.

The cases of these three countries differ in merit. The French fears of aggrandizing Germany by the inclusion of six and a half million Austrians are intelligible psychologically, though they lack foundation practically. Indeed, sending off a strongly democratized Germany along a trail of Danubian development—for that is what union would imply—might be a corollary to the pact safeguarding the Rhine whose possibilities will perhaps gradually dawn on French statesmanship. As to Italy, her opposition to union is of recent origin and obviously a by-product of bad conscience on the score of the abominable treatment of the German-speaking South Tyrolese. Italy has nothing to fear from a common border-line with Germany. On the contrary, union will bring to her

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immense economic gain. The port of Triest, with its magnificent facilities, can be rescued from inevitable decay only by restoring to it its Austrian hinterland, for which it was planned. As the chief outlet of German industry and commerce toward the Levant and the Orient, Triest, to-day useless for Italy, might yet play the rôle of the Hamburg of the Mediterranean.

On the other hand, the anxieties of Czechoslovakia are of a quite different order. The Czecho-Slovak Republic, with its strong German Ulster in North Bohemia and its unfortunate geographical position, is the one state to which the union of Austria with Germany might constitute a substantial menace. Here is a difficulty for which the advocates of union have not yet suggested a satisfactory remedy. Dr. Beneš's attitude to the matter of union is the only one possible under the circumstances. He is to-day one of the most unpopular persons in Austria, and I believe that the Austrian judgment of him is unjust. Beneš is no enemy of Austria. He is foreign minister of Czechoslovakia, and he has to plan for to-morrow and the day after. I believe that he is quite sincere when he protests that he wishes to assist Austria, and Austrians ought to meet him half-way in his attempts. Beneš knows only too well that the welfare of Austria is an essential condition of central European stability. But he also knows that the time has not yet come for any radical solution of the Austrian problem. He realizes that the only thing to do is to help Austria along from one makeshift to the next until the moment when a radical solution becomes possible. Beneš, a Realpolitiker graduated from the Masaryk school, knows the value of temporary expedients and the value of waiting. After the Battle of the White Mountain the Czechs waited three hundred years until they recovered their independence; but they did recover it in the end.

Austrians, too, must train themselves in the statesmanlike art of waiting. They must wait and work. They are willing to do both. Far from the madding crowd of noisy propagandists who do more harm than good to the cause, a powerful association of leading Austrian and German lawyers, scientists, industrialists, and business men is at work quietly building up the practical foundations of union. It is work particularly suited to the German genius for the organization of detail, for constructing systems out of disjointed particles. The program of the Deutsch-Oesterreichische Arbeitsgemeinschaft (German-Austrian Society for Collaboration) calls for the harmonization of German and Austrian statutes, the standardization of German and Austrian education of all grades, the coördination of industrial production and distribution, the adjustment of banking and general business methods and practices. In this way union may be established *de facto* long before it can be proclaimed *de jure*.

Without settling the problem of Austria, any settlement of the larger problem of Europe must needs be a sham. This truth is beginning to gain recognition in England. To array the public opinion of the United States on the right side of Austria's dilemma, and thus to promote a satisfactory solution of one of the most tangled and important problems of to-day, is a duty that enlightened Americans owe to their country and the world at large.

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Luck for the Luckless

A Normal Wage-Earning Life for the Disabled Citizen

By Oscar M. Sullivan

Omar had his doubts that the Potter would toss to hell the luckless pots He marred in making. Well might he have had them. Organized society has for ages seen to it that those marred pots were cast into an economic hell in this earthly existence quite up to the torture-standard of the limbos imagined by Vergil, Dante, or Cabell. And along with them have gone those other luckless pots that have come sound and whole from the hands of the Great Potter, only to be marred by the lesser potters who direct human affairs.

Society's treatment of the broken, maimed, and malformed is a long and ungenerous tale. It is replete with sins of commission quite as much as with far-reaching, continuous, and obtuse errors of omission. In our own day for the first time in the history of the world has a ray of promise fallen upon the luckless ones. For the first time a great nation has formulated and put into effect a definite scientific plan for giving a normal wage-earning life to its disabled citizens. That nation, we can congratulate ourselves, is the United States. The plan has been followed for five years and has given results which prove its soundness as well as its humanity. In an ordinary age its continuance and its natural reasonable growth would be assured. But the present is no ordinary age. It is still subject to emotional waves and depressions which were started by the world disturbance of 1914. Just now the prevailing wave is one of economy, and the concomitant depression an apathy toward things altruistic. In such a sea of troubles the frail bark carrying the cause of the disabled could easily be crushed.

That any sentiment but pity and helpfulness has ever been shown toward handicapped humanity may come as a surprise to many. But the evidence is abundant. Go as far back as the days of the Iliad and recall the picture of Thersites. Whether written by Homer, the blind man, or, as the wits have it, by another man of the same name, the mental attitude shown toward the cripple is not altered:

"Thersites only, clamorous of tongue,
Kept brawling . . .
. . . Of the multitude
That came to Ilium, none so base as he,
Squint-eyed, with one lame foot, and on his back
A lump, and shoulders curving toward the chest."

Evidently the Achæans thought a twisted mind went with a twisted

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body. Ulysses very bravely gives a beating to Thersites, and the multitude comment on how well the big bully boy from Ithaca does all things. The lapse of centuries from Homer to Omar and the shift of scene to languorous Persia make little difference.

"After a momentary silence spake
Some vessel of a more ungainly make.
'They sneer at me for leaning all awry.' "

Even Shakspere, the master mind with keen insight that often escapes the limitations of his day, adopts the popular view when he has Richard III say:

"Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it."

Later Richard reveals the inferiority complex in his mind when he discloses the notion that he is shaped

"so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them."

Truly, every age has been "a surd and earless generation" when it came to hearing the plea of the disabled. It was not enough that they should labor under the genuine difficulties that their handicaps produced; in addition they were saddled with the purely artificial difficulties that the imaginations of their co-workers and compatriots conjured up, consisting chiefly of the fallacy that they needs must be inefficient and the complex that their minds must be distorted and frequently sinister. No wonder some of them like Richard accepted their neighbors' crooked opinion of them and chose politics as the only suitable vocation.

Nor was the result much better when humanity undertook to do something positive. Alms-giving appears to have been the only prescription for the crippled evolved by mankind through era after era. It was practised in the Orient as Amurath to Amurath succeeded, and medieval Europe developed it into a fine art. Very few seem to have noticed that no lasting good resulted for the disabled. On the contrary it destroyed their self-respect and their chance for a decent life, it confirmed the inferiority that their neighbors had fastened upon them, and it increased the ill repute in which they were held by adding to their ranks great numbers of malingerers and spurious cripples. The evil has continued into the present day. Even in modern America, in the back of the average man's mind is the idea that a physical handicap makes begging entirely excusable. His reaction in the presence of such a thing is almost invariably to give alms. It is ingrained, almost ineradicable. One who opposes it is looked upon as hard-hearted or sacrilegious.

§ 2

Probably the United States would have taken the step to break the long neglect of the ages even if there had been no such thing as a World War. For years before 1914 the movement to provide hospital care and education for crippled children had been gathering strength. A short time before, the workmen's compensation movement, aiming at bringing justice to industrial accident victims, had spread over the country. As a logical development from both these activities some efforts at providing occupations for the disabled were inevitable sooner

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or later. But the war by presenting the acute problem of the disabled soldiers called attention to the possibilities of rehabilitation and hastened the day when provision was made for civilians. In 1918 and 1919 a number of the States passed legislation with the radically new idea of setting up a public agency for bringing to the physically handicapped training designed to give them wage-earning ability. At the same time efforts were being made to have the Federal Government take action in furtherance of the scheme. But the cohesiveness and national spirit engendered by the war was already on the wane, and it was not until 1920 that a federal statute was passed.

As ever, "a learned man could give it a clumsy name." It was dubbed the Industrial Rehabilitation Act and later the Civilian Rehabilitation Act, to steer the public away from the easy error of confusing it with the work being conducted for service men. As it went to the different States for cooperative action many a legislator's tongue dealt trippingly with that piece of Latinity, rehabilitation. But it got on the statute books nevertheless. And at that time few there were who thought they saw the cloven hoof disclosed by a federal aid plan. Most of the publicists interested desired the early spread throughout the country of the system for reclaiming the disabled, together with some sort of central clearing-house to promote efficiency, and they thought they were gaining it. They had a notion of Americanism something like that expressed by George Santayana:

"His [the American's] instinct is to think well of everybody, and to wish everybody well, but in a spirit of rough comradeship, expecting every man to stand on his own legs and be helpful in his turn. When he has given his neighbor a chance he thinks he has done enough for him, but he feels it is an absolute duty to do that."

The federal act appropriated a million dollars a year for four years "for the vocational rehabilitation of persons disabled in industry or otherwise," to be divided among the States in proportion to population, and conditional on the spending of an equal amount of money for the same purpose by each State receiving aid. The Federal Board for Vocational Education was given the administration of the act and authorized to assist the States by research and advice. In 1924 the act was renewed for six years, notwithstanding the gathering storm of antagonism to federal subsidies. The provision for federal research and advisory work, however, a most helpful thing, was continued for only three years for reasons unknown.

In practice none of the bogies recently conjured by Governor Ritchie and others as the boon companions of federal subsidies have been observed. The States have done the actual work of rehabilitation, and the Federal Board has punctiliously kept within its advisory sphere. By the close of the first four years thirty-six States had accepted the coöperative plan and set going a system for making producing citizens out of human wreckage. Since that time three more, with their eyes wide open and with the experience of the other States before them, have come in.

§ 3

Thus in a period of a few years a revolution has been effected in a great

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nation's treatment of an age-long problem. It has been done quietly, without the blare of trumpets that has accompanied so many epoch-making changes. Therein is a part of its weakness. The luckless group, now so surprisingly benefited, has never been articulate. The publicists who have been the driving force are but a small band. Few know of the movement or realize its accomplishments. They do not know that in the third year after the beginning of the work, when Congress was deliberating whether to continue its support, the official records showed that 4530 handicapped persons had been converted into producers, and that the annual earnings of those persons were $4,530,000. They do not know that since then results have multiplied. In this uninformed state of the public mind lies a danger not only that extensions urgently needed will not be made but that in a time of stress the whole structure so carefully and toilsomely erected may be brought to the ground.

Perhaps if the rehabilitation officials had followed a different method they would have drawn more attention to the work. A pile of brick or marble somehow impresses itself on the public mind, gets taken up into the social consciousness, in a way that a mere network of office and field activity never does. A million-dollar institution in each State would have been tangible and visible evidence that something was being done for the disabled. True, it would have cost vastly more than the method actually adopted, and might not have accomplished so much. The little corps who set out on the task of human conservation were concerned, however, only with getting the best possible results with the money available. In this field it appeared that the most economical and most effective methods coincided, and that they consisted in making separate arrangements for each individual.

This early recognition of the diversity of human nature was abundantly justified. The great outstanding truths which the work revealed were the almost infinite variations in human aptitudes and the marvelous resiliency of the human spirit. These were manifested at the very outset in the advisement, the stage when choice of an occupation is made. A curious fallacy at one time or another claimed the adherence of nearly all workers in rehabilitation. It consisted of the notion that the selection of a new occupation could be pretty well standardized if a table could be made up showing what a considerable number of persons with various disabilities were doing. The thought was that the rehabilitation agent would just run down the table until he came to the particular disability which his applicant possessed, and then he would be sure to find among the occupations listed there the right one for the case before him. Such lists as could be found were pressed into use and new ones made as rapidly as experience accumulated. To-day there is available a very complete study of occupations by the Federal Board for Vocational Education covering 6097 cases of disabled persons, but no one any more has visions of an automatic solution of vocational guidance. The utmost help such lists can give is a suggestion now and then. Human nature defies standardization.

It was in connection with the actual process of restoration itself that the

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strongest evidence of the supremacy of the human mind and its great range of capabilities came out. The discovery was soon made that the disability did not condition rehabilitation nearly so much as did the type of mentality. One man with the same disability as another would come through the ordeal of surgical and hospital care with spirits unabated, would direct his efforts earnestly toward acquiring a suitable occupation, and would fling himself into the current of life with a zest that insured triumph. A second man would have outwardly no different circumstances, yet would break down completely under the strain of his misfortune and refuse even to consider the method by which he could restore his earning-power. The observer was irresistibly reminded of that enigma in the distribution of fortune's favors of which W. S. Gilbert sings:

"See how the fates their gifts allot,
For A is happy, B is not.
Yet B is worthy, I dare say,
Of more prosperity than A."

These contrasts were brought out in the work of every State. But every State also had its examples of surprising responses, of lives reoriented and reconstructed when the difficulties seemed insurmountable. The instances which have had much publicity the last few years and have been acclaimed as striking exceptions can be matched with hundreds of like cases in official state records, perhaps not so outstanding in financial returns but none the less identical in spirit. Minnesota, to illustrate, has had a young man who was confined to his bed because of a broken spine but who nevertheless took a commercial course and set up an insurance business. It has had persons who could not move out of a wheel-chair but who have engaged in salesmanship over the telephone or have taken up tutoring or who have become photograph retouchers. Other States have similar examples. The underlying truth is so old that it is found ideally phrased by the Chinese poet Po Chu-i, who was stricken with paralysis about the year 842 A.D.:

"All that matters is an active mind;
what is the use of feet?
By land one can ride in a carrying
chair, by water be rowed in a
boat."

The active mind indeed has been the great factor with those who have grasped this new example of American opportunity and won their way back. It calls attention to a line of research for the future. Since morale is so important, should not psychology and psychiatry discover new ways of effecting it, and thereby reduce to still smaller limits the number that go into the scrap-heap? Only of recent years has the place of morale in the success of workers in general been given due appreciation. For the ordinary worker it is essential; for the handicapped worker it is doubly so. It is especially easy for him to develop a defeatist attitude. He not only has all the ills of the normal worker but in addition the difficulties and trials that arise from his disability. If, as Elton Mayo, the University of Pennsylvania economist, contends, there is under our industrial system too great a tendency for the average person to acquire a mild form of the manic depressive psychosis and give way to pessimistic reverie, what is to be ex-

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pected in the case of a person who has suffered a bodily impairment, who knows he is conspicuous among his fellows, and whose effective activity very often is reduced? Then, if ever, irrationalities of attitude would be developed. It speaks well for the inherent grit of human nature that so many of the disabled win their way clear of abnormalities of outlook and come back to a healthy and normal economic existence. Not the considerable percentage of wrecks but the notable proportion of reconstructed lives is the surprising thing.

§ 4

Despite the fact that it is so revolutionary a step, the rehabilitation movement has aroused little adverse criticism on its merits. Such criticism as there has been was either based on mistaken premises, finding fault because the public work could not do what it was not legally authorized to do, or was directed at the adequacy of the work for the large numbers affected. In the first category have been complaints that the work did not spend its funds in effecting the physical restoration of the disabled when such was possible, or did not pay personal expenses of those it put in training, or did not go after a larger number of rehabilitations by specializing in mere job-finding instead of training. It may be conceded that all of these things have their place, and yet not weaken the answer that the federal statute and most of the state enactments contemplated a training program. They provided the great chance that numbers of the disabled required, and brought about a valuable and permanent form of restoration. Then their influence went further. Though limited in their scope, the persons intrusted with their administration launched a general campaign of rehabilitation of the broadest nature. They secured from other agencies many of the services that they were not permitted by law to give, and they promoted or are promoting many of the other activities which experience has shown to be needed. If public provision should be made for certain other phases, is it not reasonable to do so as each need is demonstrated rather than in one gigantic omnibus bill?

Much the same reasoning applies to the criticism that the present rehabilitation system is not adequate, does not reach all or most of the disabled. No one knows better than those now engaged in the work how vast is the problem. They see no reason to doubt the correctness of the estimate, based on the Cleveland Survey of 1916, that there are in this country six hundred thousand persons handicapped because they lack the normal use of skeleton or skeletal muscles. They are appalled by the large numbers of crippled children brought to light by the recently intensified movement for care and education of this group, and realize that soon many of these will be before them for adjustment in economic life. The rehabilitation work is unquestionably not adequate at present. But what public work is adequate in its beginnings? Not workmen's compensation, not mothers' allowances, not vocational education, nor any other public activity known to economists or sociologists. Rehabilitation, like everything else, calls for experimentation and demonstration. If no catastrophic influences intervene, it will

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eventually reach a stage which will represent the full extent of the public will to give support. It may be that many aspects of it will always have to be developed and maintained by private funds. Such things as personal maintenance of trainees, and schemes for sheltered employment for the very seriously handicapped, are expensive and difficult of management. If the public conducts the side it is best fitted to conduct, and provides leadership, more should not be expected.

The real danger to the continuance of the rehabilitation work does not therefore come from any attacks directed upon it as such. It consists rather in the chance that it may be caught in the conflict between mighty antagonistic forces that have been loosed in the political and social life of to-day, federal aid as opposed to state's rights, economy as opposed to socialized governmental activity, a resurrected laissez-faire as opposed to zeal for amelioration of society's ills. A situation worthy of the pen of Thomas Hardy has come about. After long ages of neglect and contumely the luckless marred fragment of humanity have had a vision of a new day, have seen communal provision made for converting them into self-sustaining units, have witnessed the rise of a leadership to wage an attack on the obsessions and prejudices in the minds of their neighbors. Then with trepidation they behold the approach of Crass Casualty, the blind god whose deeds Hardy so often narrated. They see the new vision about to be scattered. They see themselves in imminent peril from the titanic struggle of forces unmindful of them.

A few years ago Lothrop Stoddard advanced the thesis that the under-man is culture-weary and ready at any moment on little provocation to revolt against civilization. He supported it by plausible evidence and secured wide acceptance for it. But the signs of culture-weariness at the present time are exhibited by the over-man, not by the under-man. It is the prosperous and presumably intelligent who are displaying the distaste for progress, the rebellion against further coöperative work for civic and social welfare. These signs on the part of the under-man were interpreted as the old inertia of the beast that wants to live in the physical realm only, that finds thought and aspiration painful. Can any different view of them be taken when manifested by the over-man? After all, are not altruism and idealism the chief things which justify civilization, and if they are not to be maintained, are we not all of us on the same mental ground as the culture-weary under-man? Surely if the movement continues it will constitute a new phase of the revolt against civilization.

This, then, is the present state with regard to the luck that recent years have brought to the luckless of the United States. An epoch-making plan, a kindling of hope in a neglected group, a rich and swiftly developing experience, a menace from great unconsidering influences. Again it is a story of the weak caught

"Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites."

The next few years will tell whether the American is still able to discriminate, whether he retains his traditional instinct for giving his neighbor a chance.

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The Roving Critic

By Carl Van Doren

The Negro Renaissance

Those white Americans who for sixty years have been insisting that the black American must keep in his place have generally been the sort who in another breath could insist that America is the home of opportunity for all men. If now they are disturbed at seeing that the negro's place is no longer what it was, perhaps they can be consoled by thinking that the opportunity was even greater than they realized. It was, after all, too much to expect that the colored tenth of the population, whatever its racial handicap, would not be touched by the gospel of progress which the other nine tenths swore by. That tenth has been touched. It has, in fact, learned its lesson so well that certain of its members decline to remain soil-bound peasants or obliging body-servants or even punctual artisans or melodious entertainers, and manage to become experts, capitalists, even scholars and poets. And in doing this they have done, in the face of American expectation, precisely what Americans at large have done during the past century and a half in the face of European expectation. On the eve of the Revolution the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, a fairly well disposed Briton, had announced that "America is formed for happiness, but not for empire." As late as 1844 a British journalist, less well disposed, announced that "as yet the American is horn-handed and pig-headed, hard, persevering, unscrupulous, carnivorous . . . with an incredible genius for lying." If the whole of the nation could so disappoint prophecy, a part of it could hardly lag entirely behind.

The negroes, though delayed by slavery, have not lagged. In the symposium called "The New Negro," [1] a group of them have undertaken to present their cause after two generations of freedom and to exhibit the best fruits of their achievement. The information of the work is extensive, the reasoning sensible, the temper all that could be desired. Compared with what the white Americans could have exhibited a century ago, when the total population of the United States was roughly equal to that of the colored Americans to-day, the book does not suffer. The fiction may not equal the best of Irving and Cooper, but the verse is higher in workmanship and poetical quality than the verse generally being written in 1826, and the prose discussions put to shame the vexed and feverish provincialism with which Americans then argued their case against Europe. If any evidence is needed, the volume is evidence

[1] "The New Negro." Edited by Alain Locke. Albert and Charles Boni.

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that the new negro is a civilized and accomplished being, who not only has given to the nation its most joyous dances, which may have a barbaric strain in them, and its most characteristic music, which may be only a folk-art, but who has learned how to write lucid, cogent, and charming prose, which is one of the unmistakable signs of an advanced civilization.

It is no doubt true that the current enthusiasm for negro life and art is in some degree a fad which cannot stay at the high pitch of the past few months. But when the fad has passed it will leave behind such solid documents by white writers as Dorothy Scarborough's "On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs" (Harvard University) and Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson's "The Negro and His Songs" (University of North Carolina) and R. Emmet Kennedy's "Mellows: Negro Work Songs" (A. & C. Boni) and such sensitive fiction as Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy" (Doran), to say nothing of such veracious contributions by colored writers as "The New Negro" and James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson's "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" (Viking) and Countee Cullen's "Color" (Harper) and Langston Hughes's "The Weary Blues" (Knopf). Something has been poured into the stream of native culture which cannot soon cease to tinge it. Something has been uttered to enlarge the imaginative sympathy between the races which is an absolute essential of any decent solution of the color problem in America.

Fads, of course, do not come without a reason. If the whites have been hospitable to negro themes and modes of expression, it is because there was something for them to be hospitable to. It is probable that the historian of the episode will trace its roots to Harlem. So long as the negroes continued to be in the main a peasant race, they had little opportunity to make themselves heard. To the white governing class they seemed to be primarily comic or, at best, tuneful. With that gift of theirs which is at once discretion and courtesy, they kept to themselves the genuine impulses stirring within them. They developed a folk-lore and a folk-art which was little conditioned by the industrial system of the country as a whole. Then suddenly a greater number of negroes than had ever before been gathered into any city found themselves in Harlem. They had to struggle against serious difficulties still, but New York was at least cosmopolitan enough to leave them more or less to themselves and to permit them to form as complete a community as they could. A generation before, and the thing might have come too early. Oppressively aware of being freedmen, they might have made a successful effort to lose the traits which could remind them of their former slavery, and might have sunk into a drab, limping uniformity. Whether they might or might not have done this once, they did not do it in the twentieth century. The new generation had outgrown the earlier habit of self-depreciation, and some of them were outgrowing the later, and healthier, habit of self-assertion. They had the courage to cherish certain picturesque racial elements in their natures and customs. They moved from the point at which they were bound together by a common condition, in Mr. Locke's phrase, to the point at which they were bound together by a common consciousness.

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And they swiftly flowered into utterance, much as New England, in the early part of the nineteenth century, flowered into Transcendentalism.

The scale is obviously not yet the same as it was in New England. No mature Emerson, Hawthorne, Melville, or Thoreau enriches the pages of "The New Negro," although the poetry of Countee Cullen is as good as has been written by any American in his teens or early twenties, and the prose stories of Jean Toomer have exquisite promise. But there was no New-Englander in 1826 who could have produced a better survey of an international complication than Mr. Du Bois has produced in "The Negro Mind Reaches Out," or a better analysis of national conditions than appears in "The New Frontage on American Life" by Charles S. Johnson, or who could have shown himself more learned in various aspects of Americanism than Mr. Locke shows himself in various aspects of Afro-Americanism. In fact, the most striking impression of this book is that the negro is better as analyst than as artist. Perhaps this is because his greatest artistic endowment lies in the direction of dancing and music, which cannot easily be represented in print. But it is none the less true that he has a remarkable skill in stating his case, a skill which, it may be guessed, has come from a prolonged and bitter knowledge of it. At any rate, the art of the new negro in America has now a chance to be built upon a very firm critical foundation.

There is bound, however, to be on this plane of art something of the same conflict between white and black as there has always been in the United States between the majority and any minority whatever. A profound national impulse drives the hundred millions steadily toward uniformity. How can the negro resist the impulse, when the main pattern of life is marked out for him by white institutions, and when, indeed, he can prosper at all only by adjusting himself at most economic, social, and moral points to the prevailing scheme? He cannot mark himself off by special costumes, by a distinctive dialect, by different industries or laws or religions. The best he can do, probably, is to have the courage of certain inherited sentiments and to feel sustained in them by racial consciousness. But this may be a factor of great importance in shaping his future. It may enable him to keep his religion rich and dramatic, instead of thin and formulistic; to permit his public ceremonies, as he does now, to be as gorgeous as he knows how to make them; to prefer, in his daily manners, variety rather than monotony, high color rather than low color, spontaneous rhythms rather than tight, regimented motions, full laughter rather than guarded snickers, metaphor rather than logical demonstration, comfortable song rather than uncomfortable silence. If the negro can by some miracle preserve these generous qualities for a century or so, he may become as fertile a soil for all the arts as for dancing and singing. Yet miracles do not happen. The negro will do a great deal for himself if he carries out a small part of this program which his friends predict for him. And he will thereby do a great deal for American culture generally. If these things happen, 1925 will be marked in the history of the nation as a memorable year, and as the beginning of a new epoch for the African race.

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The Scent of Philosophies

There is a witty passage in George Santayana's "Dialogues in Limbo" (Scribner) which defines, as well, I think, as it can be defined, the method by which an expert perceives the inner qualities of a work of art. The fact that Democritus in the dialogue is speaking of philosophy, not art, makes no essential difference. "When the inner heat of the body is excessive (which heat is but rapid and disordered motion) actions and thought are bred too hastily, without attention to things; then in the shaking hand and rolling eye and words inapt and windy the physician easily recognizes the symptoms of delirium. So even in health the look and (as we say aptly) the air of a man will reveal his ruling passions, every secret impulse causing some deviation or special crowding of the rays that flow from him in moving or looking or speaking. Now these rays, so compacted and directed, are far from odorless. The sweet scent of love is exciting and to one himself amorous is irresistible; and the scent of anger is acrid, and that of sorrow musty and dank; the scent of every state of the soul, though nameless, being perfectly distinct. So a soul vibrating in harmony with the things that nourish and solicit her has an aura which, without spreading any sharp odor, refreshes every creature that inhales it, causing the nostrils and the breast to expand joyfully, as if drinking in the sea-breeze or the breath of morning. When, on the contrary, the soul issues from the eyes or lips turbid or clotted, by virtue of the distorted imprints which she bears of all surrounding things, she also stinks; and she stinks diversely according to the various errors which her rotten constitution has imposed upon her. Hence, though it be a delicate matter and not accomplished without training, it is possible for a practised nose to distinguish the precise quality of a philosopher by his peculiar odor, just as a hound by the mere scent can tell a fox from a boar. And when the hound of philosophy is keen, this is a surer method of discerning the genuine opinions and true temper of philosophers than are their own words; for these may be uttered by rote without self-knowledge, or made timidly conformable to fashion or policy; whereas the trail which, without intention, a mind leaves in passing through the air is a perfect index of its constitution."

Michael Webb and More

One penalty of writing a popular book is that the author, when his next book appears, is sure to have it said of him (1) that he has not written the book he wrote before or (2) that he has written the book he wrote before. The accusations are both intended to be deadly. Sometimes, indeed, they are brought against the same book by the same person. Of course neither criticism ought to be regarded as an accusation. To speak accurately, any book by any author is in its essentials like every other book by that author, and none of them is like any other in its details. The differentiation of a writer from book to book is always growth, whether the grade, according to some standard outside him, be upward or downward. Take the case of W. E. Woodward, who less than three years ago flared picturesquely into reputation with "Bunk," a novel packed with brilliant, miscellaneous ideas which strained the seams of the

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plot. "Lottery," which followed it, told a straight story, with some coruscations, it is true, but still a straight story. At first glance, Mr. Woodward's newest novel, "Bread and Circuses," seems to be only a return to the audacious waywardness of "Bunk," if not a mere sequel to it. Yet the glance which fails to linger upon "Bread and Circuses" will make a bad report of its nature, for it actually represents a more considerable advance than did "Lottery." What seems to me to have happened is that Mr. Woodward found he had by no means exhausted the possibilities of Michael Webb, the hero of his first book, and resolved to give him another turn on the stage which had eagerly greeted him before. He therefore sets Michael up as a kind of resident philosopher at an inn among the Connecticut hills, fills the inn with properly diversified guests, and lets Michael's philosophy play upon them. This by itself would make a book, for that philosophy is remarkably shrewd and beguiling. But something better happens. The guests, like the living wickets in "Alice in Wonderland," do not remain wickets alone. They get up and walk around, perfectly alive. Though this may disturb Michael's game, it increases the general variety of the entertainment. And in certain of the episodes dealing with these incidental personages, Mr. Woodward goes further, I think, than he has ever gone before in the art of the novelist. The story of Martha Trellis is as good a story of oncoming madness as I have ever read. The novelist Ernest Torbay and his secretary Jean Coleridge are lodged in my memory with strong, subtle barbs. The interior monologue which reveals the secrets of Alice Wayne is masterfully conducted. Much as I value and enjoy Mr. Woodward's general ideas, I am now convinced of a thing which I suspected when I read "Bunk," that he has an even greater gift for detecting human motives than for analyzing social conditions. And I cannot help believing that he has said his say, at least for the present, about things at large, and would do wisely to devote himself through a series of novels, a series which I hope will be long, to the presentation of individuals shown going about their personal and emotional affairs. There are more persons than ideas; and they are the only subjects about which a novelist can speak truly.

A Comedy of the Fathers

Current life furnishes only part of the material for comedy. There is also history. Claude G. Bowers, whose book on "The Party Battles of the Jackson Period" delighted many readers four years ago, has once more mounted the stage in "Jefferson and Hamilton" (Houghton Mifflin), and has picturesquely narrated the conflict between those two leaders from the accession of Washington to the election of Jefferson to the Presidency. The major plot, of course, is the rise and fall of the Federalists, those excellent men whose chief fault was that they could not understand the temper of the young nation which they had delivered, for the reason that it was American when they had expected it to be as British as its mother. But Mr. Bowers has diversified his comedy with many minor plots, dug out of the best secondary sources with a good deal of research and recounted with a great deal of spirit. Jefferson is the hero of the book.

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Short Cuts

Full and By. Edited by Cameron Rogers. Doubleday, Page & Co.

A hearty quarto full of drinking-songs from Walter Map to Don Marquis, illustrated with amusing pictures by Edward A. Wilson. Thus the friends of rum, defeated at the ballot-box, fall back upon the consolations of literature. The prohibitionists ought to be warned that this is dangerous to their cause.

From an Old House. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf.

Mr. Hergesheimer takes a turn through his fascinating house in West Chester, Pennsylvania, and tells how he found it good enough for a farmer and left it fit for a baron. The book may not be as interesting as a novel, but it is a great deal more interesting than a treatise on antique furniture.

Americana: 1925. Edited by H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf.

Choice bits of imbecility from the well known department of Americana in the "American Mercury" are here arranged under the States of their origin, with a systematic introduction and notes aiming to interpret the documents to the candid world.

Manhattan Transfer. By John Dos Passos. Harper & Brothers.

A novel of clattering, blazing, reeking New York, presented as if half a dozen films had been snipped into unequal length, pasted hit-or-miss into one, and run off at flickering speed. As a whole it induces eye-strain, ear-strain, and nose-strain. The parts are brilliant, and difficult to forget.

Fräulein Else. By Arthur Schnitzler. Simon & Schuster.

A slightly melodramatic story, told with remarkable deftness. The whole narrative consists of an interior monologue running on in the mind of the tragic victim. There is about the usual Schnitzlerian mixture of sentimentalism and sophistication.

Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles. By Thomas Hardy. Macmillan Co.

In this collection of verse published at eighty-five Mr. Hardy commits every sin except the unpardonable one for a poet. He tortures his syntax and his vocabulary; he slips occasionally into prose; he virtually never sings. But he is still pardonable, and honorable, because he never fails to communicate that profound mood which, more than anything else, is his contribution to English literature.

May Days. Edited by Genevieve Taggard. Boni & Liveright.

Representative poems selected from the files of the "Masses" and the "Liberator," the first organ to give adequate voice to the Younger Generation.

British Drama. By Allardyce Nicoll. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

A heavy-handed survey bringing the account down from the liturgical plays to the present day; valuable only until some more skilful hand betters it, as no more skilful hand has yet done.

The Nobel Prize Winners in Literature. By Annie Russell Marble. D. Appleton & Co.

A useful compilation rather trivially executed.

What Evolution Is. By George Howard Parker. Harvard University Press.

As good a simple statement of the theory and the process of evolution as has been called forth by the recent controversy.

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Changing England

What the War Did to the Social Order of the Village

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

LORD GREY of Falloden in his recent book of reminiscences says that the social order of every country in Europe, with the single exception of France, has been altered by the war. This is plainly true of Russia, Germany, and Austria, which have passed through the throes of revolution. It is scarcely less true of Italy, where revolution has been averted by anticipatory counter-revolution. It is perhaps not obviously true of England. In England there has been no revolution, nor is there likely to be one. Neither has there been reaction, like that which followed the revolutionary epoch of the latter part of the eighteenth century. To the casual stranger it might very well seem that no profound change has taken place in the English social order.

Politicians are shouting threats of disaster and proclaiming their cures for the country's diseases. But they always shouted threats and proclaimed cures. Nobody pays much attention to them. They may be shouting a little louder than usual, but that is all. A shout or two more uttered on a note a tone higher is not a change in the social order of England. The strife between capital and labor has perhaps become more bitter, but only a little more bitter. When it reaches one of its recurring crises disaster is still averted, just as it has been any time during the last thirty years, by one of those strangely English arrangements which settle nothing but somehow keep things going, not indeed silencing the shrieks of the antagonists but reducing them to muttered growls which at all events do not deafen the rest of us. There is no fundamental deep-reaching change there. We hear complaints from moralists of Puritan inclination about an orgy of luxury and a reckless spending by all classes. But almost exactly the same complaints were made during the reign of King Edward VII. Our spending may be a little more reckless now because we are poorer and have less wealth to waste, but we are still paying for the things we buy and the services we receive from each other.

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It might very well be maintained that no change at all has taken place in the English social order. It is at least arguable that the country is moving along the lines of democratic development exactly as it has moved during the last hundred years, sometimes by slowly gained inches, sometimes by what feel like violent bounds, but always after the English fashion by growth rather than revolution, scarcely departing from that ideal of Tennysonian Liberalism where

"Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent."

Yet despite all that might be said on the other side Lord Grey is right. A fundamental change has taken place in England.

The social order of the English village has changed or is rapidly changing. The position of the middle classes has been profoundly altered.

The English village community and the English middle class were singular things. No other country had anything quite like them. Their importance has never been recognized. England has not thought much about her villages or their life and has always steadily ignored her middle class.

Leaders of what it would be overpolite to call thought, what would be better described as opinion, do not know what is happening in the villages and if they did know would not care. The village has never been worth the consideration of politicians and for many years has been a favorite mark for the arrows of ridicule which our intellectuals delight to shoot. Yet it is certainly true that the English country-side and the English villages are largely responsible for that curious steadfastness of English character which is the despair of revolutionaries and the standing puzzle of observers from outside, whose calculations are upset and whose prophecies are falsified by what seems to them an unintelligible inertness. Given certain conditions it seems that certain things must happen next. In England they do not happen, although they must. In the English village is found the reason.

A very able American observer of European affairs, Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, said recently that the English working-man is the very worst material for Red revolution to be found anywhere in the world. This is perfectly true and very interesting. It would have been more interesting still and its truth would have been more evident if Mr. Stoddard had gone on to ask why and to find an answer to the question. This steadiness of the industrial workers in England came to them from the country and is the result of the English village order. Cities do not breed, or do not breed sufficiently to keep up their numbers. There must be and is an inflow of country people. The ranks of the industrial workers are recruited from the villages. If not the trade-unionist of to-day, then his father, or at furthest his grandfather came from the country and entered his new life saturated with the tradition of the village. It was an inheritance not easily got rid of, a tradition which deeply affected the man's thought and feeling though he himself was scarcely conscious of it. To understand the English industrial worker it is necessary first to understand the English village, and this is not an easy thing to do.

I spent a Sunday last June in a remote English village. Peace brooded

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over the country-side. A sense of unfathomable quiet seemed to be choking life. From the great dominating tower of the church the bells rang out, a succession of changes without method. Their mellow notes floated over the village, over the fields, away to the distant hills and the flanking outposts of deep woods. Men and women came quietly from the doors of ancient cottages; children shining with Sabbath cleanness trooped from the doors of the Sunday-school. Out of the many-gabled manor-house, old almost as the church itself, came the squire and his lady, crossing smooth lawns passing through the arched gateway which led to the church.

Inside where the people gathered soberly was the long arcade of pillars and arches, the ancient wooden screen, the gleaming brass on the altar. The choir came in, village men and boys in white surplices, and behind them the vicar, elderly, benignant of face. The service began—prayers, familiar for centuries sung to melodies older still, quiet ordered chanting, emotionless reading of great words, sober preaching. Over all of it was the feeling of a sincere conviction that as it was in the beginning and is now so it ever will be, world without end.

In the whole of this illogical and absurd world, there is perhaps no institution so wholly indefensible, so easily ridiculed as the Church of England. It excites the irritated hostility of quick-witted intellectuals and the scorn of scientific theologians. There it is, a great unwieldy defenseless body, a standing invitation to the satirist, and yet— The church is a potent thing in the village order. It has done much in forming the slow steadfast character of Englishmen.

Along with the church goes the system of land-ownership. The village is the property of the squire, who is, or was, god in temporal affairs, while his lady was the villager's kindly providence. Scarcely less than the church and the parson have the squire and his wife been mocked. Where the two positions have been combined as has often happened in England, though nowhere else in the world, the result has been that curious hybrid, half country gentleman, half priest, the squire-parson; a figure so absurd as to stagger even our intellectuals. The "squarson" has to some extent escaped the satirists. I suppose he was too easy a mark. To fire at him was to shoot a sitting bird.

I sat on in the church that morning till the service was ended. Afterward I wandered in the lanes, past cottages with flowery gardens, over fields where sleek beasts grazed placidly, where young men and maidens wandered along half-trodden paths, where children played. I went across the lawns and through the gardens of the manor-house. I peeped through flowering trees at the vicarage. Everywhere was the same feeling of a civilization based on something strong. Long afterward I began to understand. The village order rests on two foundations. There are rights and there are duties. Rights are sacred and deeply respected. Any one who tries to interfere with them finds himself up against something immovable. Neither squire nor parson can override the rights of others. Not even the wealth of some incredibly rich newcomer is sufficient to buy these rights. They are a settled heritage, respected when they belong to others, tenaciously defended when they are our own.

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Yet it is not chiefly on rights that the village order rested. Inseparably connected with all rights, rights of property, rights of control, rights of position, rights of personal liberty, are duties. There is no escape from the yoke of duty. The squire and his lady are bound to their duty, the parson to his, the schoolmaster to his, the farmer, the laborer, the maid-servant to theirs. Like the rights these duties are unwritten, no part of any formal law, for the most part not enforceable except by conscience. Yet they can be escaped only at the price of self-contempt and the contempt of the community.

Such is, or was, the village order in England, a thing very little noticed except to be scoffed at, very little valued or understood, but an immensely powerful factor in the formation of the English character. Now it is rapidly passing away. In many parts of England it has already passed away. The war, or rather the effect of the war, has destroyed it.

§ 2

At first it looked as if the war, the actual going forth to fight, would strengthen and not destroy the half-feudal ideas on which the village social order rested. The squire class proved how sound it was at heart when the call for sacrifice came. It displayed also a capacity for leadership. The sense of duty was so entirely a part of the nature of the village people that they were willing to follow the example they were given. The village social system proved its worth.

It was afterward that the breakdown came, and it had two causes.

The first was the redistribution of wealth which followed the war. The squire and the country parson suddenly ceased to be well off. They were never rich men as the term is understood in America, but they were rich in the eyes of the villagers among whom they lived. The manor-house was the home of a certain stateliness, and the vicarage of more modest but imposing comfort. From both benevolence was expected and rarely failed. The sick, the aged, and the poor looked to these two houses for material help in time of need. It was part of the duty of squire and parson to give, and they gave, not always wisely, seldom lavishly, but they gave and the giving could be reckoned on. Every amusement and sport—the cricket club, the football club, the village institute—every festivity, every party, expected and received support. Grounds were given for games. Rooms were supplied, heated, lighted, largely at the expense of the squire. The giver was thanked from time to time, formally and perhaps sincerely, but only as those are thanked who do what it is their business to do.

Then in the course of a few years the squire and parson became poor men, sometimes desperately poor. Such riches as had been theirs vanished mysteriously. The crippling taxation of post-war England fell with severity on them. The rise of all prices hit them with peculiar severity, since by no means could they gain that increase of income which came to almost every one else. The rise of wages, a necessary consequence of the rise of prices, crippled men who had always spent an unusually large proportion of their incomes in paying for the services of others. With the riches passed the possibility of doing the duties. Their own way of life

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was necessarily altered. The manor-house lost something of its stateliness, the vicarage much of its comfort. And with these went prestige. The long admitted rights of squire and parson began to be questioned and denied. This was inevitable, for respect for the rights depended on the performance of duties, and the duties were no longer done.

The wealth which these classes lost did not disappear. It passed into new hands. Some of it has gone to the newly rich, those who managed to make fortunes out of the war. These people had no tradition of duty, no inbred sense of responsibility to steady them. To them wealth generally meant nothing but the opportunity of lavish spending. Not always but too often they claimed all the rights of the rich without recognizing that there were duties.

It is true that this same transference of wealth had been going on for a long time in England. Since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution the impoverishment of the squire class and the enrichment of the manufacturing class have been one of the most striking features of English social history. It was probably a wholesome thing making for ultimate stability, because it happened slowly. The newly rich were absorbed into the class they were dispossessing. They were learning the meaning of duty and responsibility even while they were coming into possession of their wealth. They were never a class apart for very long. During and since the war the transference of wealth has taken place so rapidly and so widely that there has been no possibility of absorption. It is doubtful whether the rich of these later days want to be absorbed into the old upper class. The life and position of the squire with all its intimate ties of place does not attract them, as it did their predecessors, the newly rich men of the nineteenth century.

It is, however, easy to exaggerate the importance of the war-enriched. Their blatant extravagance advertises their existence and forces their wealth on the notice of the less fortunate. They are disliked, abused, and held responsible for many evils. They are held up as the worst example of the orgy of spending about which we hear on all sides. In reality they do not matter so much as is supposed. The transference of wealth which followed the war has not been simply a matter of taking money out of the pocket of one rich man and putting it into the pocket of another rich man. A great deal of the wealth of England has not gone to rich men at all. It has gone to those who were poor before the war, who now, though they still regard themselves as poor, have raised their standard of living immensely. The village people have things and do things which they could not have or do ten years ago, which their fathers never dreamed of. What has happened was not merely a transference but a redistribution of wealth.

It is no longer necessary in a village community that things should be done for the people as they had to be done for them before the war. The people are in a position to do things for themselves. Unfortunately, as in the case of the war-enriched class, the conception of duty lags far behind the power to do it. The addition to the people's wealth has not brought with it any sense of responsibility. One of the most surprising things in the English

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village to-day is the extreme unwillingness of the people to pay even small sums for the conveniences, charities, and amusements for which the squire and parson used to pay. The old order, under pressure of wealth transference and redistribution, is vanishing or has vanished. The birth-pangs of the new order are protracted and severe.

Along with the transference of wealth, and partly dependent on it there has come a new spirit into English country life. Up to the end of the nineteenth century and well on into the twentieth, the English village was spiritually self-contained. It was very little influenced from outside. New ideas came slowly if they came at all. Local tradition, local pride, and the sense of village patriotism were extremely strong. The people traveled little, read little, and were content with home. Then the war took men, often women too, out of familiar surroundings. They saw new places and new things. They learned new things. While the process of learning was going on men resented it. It was my lot during the war to read hundreds of letters written by soldiers in France to their friends at home. Almost every letter breathed the same desire for a return to familiar things. The men wanted to be back again in an unchanged world, wanted to live as they had lived before the great catastrophe snatched them from their homes. But when they got back, the familiar things, for which they had longed so earnestly, no longer satisfied. A restlessness, feverish in its symptoms, took possession of people. They wanted to move, to keep on moving, to move constantly ever greater and greater distances. The improvement of motor transport and the popularization of the motor-bus ministered to their desire. The redistribution of wealth made the realization of the desire possible.

The roaring of crowded buses along our roads is something more than a nuisance, more than a desecration of beautiful scenes. It is an effective factor in the breaking up of a social order. The village is no longer a self-contained community living a self-centered life. It has been merged into something larger, a vague, as yet unrealized society, involving new social relationships very different from the old sense of neighborliness. With this widening of horizons has gone a fading of old intimacies.

In the old order a man had a definite settled position and connected with it many rights which were valued and cherished, all of them local, all of them dependent on an unbroken tradition. The new life is independent of locality, a little scornful of tradition, and careless of rights which now seem to be of very little value.

The two foundations of the old village life have been broken up. Neither duties nor rights are any longer of great importance. The order which depended on them has gone. Is the kind of character which that order created gone too? If so is steadfastness no longer to be a characteristic of the English, or will that survive, remade by a new order of village life, of which we cannot yet see even the beginnings?

§ 3

The other great change which has taken place in English society is the depression of the middle class.

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Like Wordsworth's lonely maiden the English middle class has had none to praise and very few to love it. It used to be the fashion some years ago to speak with moderate enthusiasm of this class as the backbone of the country and so forth. But this was never more than lip-homage and in any case was paid only when middle-class votes counted in elections more than they do to-day. The middle class has always been despised by the class above it, disliked by the class below, and, like the squire, the parson, and the villager, mocked by those gay poppies of the wheat-field, our clever intellectuals. To some extent it deserved the treatment it got. The outstanding characteristic of the middle-class Englishman has always been independence. He refused to be imitative of the aristocracy in social matters. He refused to conform to the teaching of those who claimed the right to establish standards of taste in literature and art, resting in secure Philistinism on his favorite formula, "I know what I like." A thing might be good or bad, but for that the middle-class Englishman cared nothing. If he liked a book or a picture he liked it, or if he disliked it he disliked it, and there was no more to be said. He faced the world with the you-be-damned expression of face which has made him quite deservedly unpopular everywhere.

The dividing line between this class and those above or below it is fairly simple and, as such distinctions go, well defined. The man of the middle class earns his keep, that is to say lives entirely or almost entirely on what his work produces. An aristocracy lives on what it inherits, that is to say on wealth earned, fought for, stolen, or received as gifts by ancestors. The true aristocrat, where such a person still exists, despises those who work. In England the members of the middle class have always felt a real, not merely an assumed contempt for any one who does not work. What we, somewhat foolishly, call the working class depends to some extent and is coming to depend more and more on the largess of the state. For a long time in England this class has enjoyed free education, to which has now been added free medical and dental care of the children. The middle-class man might enjoy this gift too. The schools are open to his children. He prefers to pay for his family's education, even though, as often happens, he pays for something inferior to what he might have had for nothing. The old age of the workman is provided for by the state by means of a pension, very inadequate, but so far as it goes a free gift. He receives, only partly paying for, insurance against accidents, ill health, and unemployment. The middle-class man depends entirely on his own savings for provision against the accidents of life, the chance of not being able to earn, and the coming of old age. The state does nothing for him. He would regard help from taxes or rates as an insult and is unwilling to barter his cherished independence for any mess of pottage.

It was the savings of this class which made England financially the strongest nation in the world in the time before the war. Financiers and bankers dealt with the money, skilfully, cautiously, and at a profit; but it was the middle class which provided the money to

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be dealt with. One of the least amiable characteristics of this class was the excessively high value it set on money. Capital was really in the case of this class what economists suppose capital always to be, the result of saving. What is saved by means of long continued self-denial acquires a sort of sacredness. To spend capital is to the middle-class Englishman a sin, a breach of an eleventh commandment quite as binding as any of the original ten.

The village has given steadfastness to English character. The middle class has contributed self-respect, that virtue, if it is a virtue, which belongs only to those who feel that they are under no obligation to any one. If like Longfellow's blacksmith the ordinary Englishman looks the whole world in the face without fear, he owes it to his middle classes whose obstinate determination to be independent at any price has permeated English life, affecting the outlook of every other class.

The middle-class man, like the squire and the parson, like every one else with any possessions, has been hard hit by the taxation which followed the war. Some one has to pay for the semisocialistic experiments which are rapidly reducing the working class to a condition of helpless dependence on the state. The burden of these new expenses has bent the backs of the middle class but not broken them. The immense persistence and the strong vitality of men of this class would enable them to struggle on and finally to regain their old position if nothing worse than poverty threatened. Hardship, even injustice stiffen the spirit of independence. They do not beat it down.

The real danger of the middle class is fear. Men who are frightened cease to be independent and self-respecting. It has been my lot to see and to live among a bourgeoisie which had been badly frightened. The Hungarian middle class lost its nerve during the brief reign of Bolshevism in that country. It has never recovered and still lives, even under a government essentially conservative, as if it existed only on sufferance. Nothing so bad as that has happened to the middle classes in England. But the mutterings of the storm of social unrest have made them nervous, and men who are nervous are no longer independent. Instead of going his own way, saying his own say, thinking his own thoughts as Englishmen of this class loved to do, the middle-class man is inclined to look round him cautiously and to make excuses for being where he is. Ten or fifteen years ago the Englishman of this class said, "I am going to do what I jolly well please, and be hanged to any one who interferes with me." Now he is much more inclined to say, with a helpless shrug of his shoulders, "I suppose I've got to put up with this or that infringement of my liberty."

This is not to say that fear has yet laid a paralyzing grip on the English middle classes. They are nervous but nothing more, and there are already signs that a combative spirit is beginning to take the place of nervousness. The tradition of independence and the love of it will die hard in this class if it ever dies at all. And that is well, for greater than the loss of the village-bred steadfastness would be the loss to England if the middle-class independence disappeared.

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These two things, the breaking up of the old village order and the partial cowing of the middle class, are the great changes which the war and the peace after the war have wrought in England. They justify Lord Grey's inclusion of England among the countries whose social order has been changed. Whether the changes are fundamental and lasting is another matter. It is permissible for those—happy people!—who look for a new heaven and a new earth, "Jerusalem in England's bright and pleasant land," to hope that they are permanent. It is surely permissible also for those who love the old to hope that they are not, to rejoice at every sign of returning steadfastness and reviving independence.

Villages

By Theodosia Garrison

The inland villages are fair;
  Above their roads the high trees meet
And shelter houses white and square
  That front a quiet street.

And folk are there whose one desire
  Is in all fellowship to dwell;
And there's a white church with a spire,
  And doves about its bell.

And there are food and hearth and chair
  For any traveler who asks,
And gentle maids with banded hair
  Go softly on their tasks.

But villages beside the sea
  Are rough as wind and fierce as light,
And brown-skinned girls dance wild and free
  When fiddles play at night.

And love and death have equal rates,
  And men are strong and loud of speech,
And make a housing for their mates
  From wrecks that strew the beach.

In inland villages they grow
  The herb called heartsease—would that we
Might find it there who long ago
  Turned hawk-like to the sea.

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The Iron-Hunter and His Island

The Rare Indescribable Shock of a Genuine Individual

By Webb Waldron

For two hours that morning the motor-boat *Zheshebe Minis* fled down the wide rushing gray-green St. Mary's River. Our Chippewa pilot, Paul Joseph, stood forward at the wheel, gazing straight ahead, careless of the sharp sou'wester that riffled the river into whitecaps. I crouched in the cockpit aft, exchanging a word now and then with Bob Barnes, the old stone-mason, the only other passenger. At almost every turn of the channel we met the high blunt bow of an up-bound freighter. Then the freighter's long red bulk plowed past us, with perhaps a deck-hand at the rail staring down curiously at our tiny zipping *Zheshebe Minis* and the motionless bronze Indian at the wheel. An unending line of freighters plowing north to Lake Superior to load iron-ore. And behind us, following us around every turn of the channel, came a laden freighter, down-bound; behind it another and another; an unending line of ore-laden freighters, an unbroken stream of red ore pouring to the blast-furnaces of the East.

Then sharply we swung out of the main channel, around the foot of a wooded island into a reach of water empty and silent. We were in the old disused channel along the Canadian shore. Ahead in a shallow bay of the island I saw a weather-beaten dock. There we landed. Paul Joseph caught up my knapsack. "Come," he said. A steep narrow trail through thick woods brought us in a few moments to a big log cabin on the shore. But the Indian strode past it to the smaller cabin two hundred feet beyond. Without knocking he opened the door.

A man standing in front of the fireplace wheeled quickly.

For an instant I thought he was an Indian too. He was tall, gray-haired, magnificently built, with piercing brown eyes and skin as dark as an Indian's. But it was not an Indian face.

This, I realized, was the man I had come to find—Osborn the Iron-Hunter.

"Welcome to Duck Island," he said.

Then he turned to the two persons to whom he had been speaking as I entered: a slender Indian boy of perhaps twenty in a black suit, a stiff white shirt, a high white collar, and a white tie; and in the chair beside him a pretty Indian girl in a white dress.

"This," the Iron-Hunter introduced, "is Gilbert Joseph and his bride, Rose. The French priest married them yesterday. Gilbert is Paul's brother. Gilbert, I don't think I had better come to the wedding-feast."

"Yes, yes," Gilbert insisted, nodding his head solemnly.

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"But won't you have a much better time if you have it all to yourselves?"

"No, no."

"But, Gilbert, I can't come. I have a guest."

Gilbert Joseph and Rose looked at me.

"Him too."

"You want him too?"

"Yes, yes."

"And Bob Barnes too?"

"Yes, yes."

"All right. We'll come."

The Indian and his bride stood up, bowed to me politely, and moved to the door. The Iron-Hunter followed them out upon the porch. As the outdoor light fell upon his face and arms, I saw that their rich mahogany was not native but the mark of wind and sun; of many seasons of wind and sun, it must have been.

I was still under the impact of the encounter. I knew something of this man Osborn the Iron-Hunter, but I had not known that he was a man who would give that shock which I had experienced only two or three times in my life before—and never before so keenly—the rare indescribable shock of a genuine individual. I could not take my eyes from him.

Then for a moment he passed off the porch, out of sight and hearing.

I glanced around the room. It was a typical wilderness cabin—fireplace, boots in the corner, guns, snow-shoes, fox- and wolf-traps hanging on the wall—but in the center stood a table overflowing with magazines, books, letters, telegrams—latest issues of "Science," literary supplement of the "London Times," the "Hibbert Journal," the "Astrophysical Review," the "American Journal of Sociology," the "Engineering and Mining Journal," books on medieval history, Italian art, forestry, finance. And on top of all a bulky scattered manuscript.

The Iron-Hunter returned briskly.

"Perhaps you'd rather not go to this Indian wedding-feast," he said.

"Oh, I'll be delighted!"

"They really seem to want us to come. But I'm still a little doubtful about it. I'm afraid we'll be in the way." He stoked his fire. "Now you'd like to see your quarters, wouldn't you? All right. Just a minute."

He gathered up the scattered manuscript and thrust it into a portfolio.

"My great work," he smiled. "A new theory of the earth's motion that upsets the ideas of the astronomers, accounts for earthquakes in a new way, and all that. People who've read it don't know whether I'm crazy or whether I've struck something big. Every time I get a little leisure I do some work on it. This morning I had to break off to write a message for these fellows up here at the Soo on the tenth anniversary of the Dixie Highway, and finish up my address I'm going to make next week down in Indiana on the hundredth anniversary of Tippecanoe County, and write a couple of book-reviews."

We walked out into the yellow September sunshine.

"This," explained the Iron-Hunter, "is called Little Duck. That," nodding toward the big cabin, "is Big Duck, where you live."

Down by the shore Bob Barnes stood contemplating the half-finished walls of a rectangular concrete building.

"We had a forest-fire here on the island last spring," the Iron-Hunter said as we walked on, "and I made up my mind I must have some place where my books would be safe. Did Bob

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Barnes tell you that when he was a boy in Warwickshire his Sunday-school teacher was George Eliot?"

Big Duck had the biggest fireplace I have ever seen, with a cord of wood stacked beside it, and in the corners two tremendous beds, a table piled with alluring magazines, and a door leading to a dining-room in the rear and a kitchen where reigned Mrs. Sebastian, the French-Indian cook, and a bath with hot and cold water. "But that," said the Iron-Hunter, "is for tenderfeet. Of course you'll want to jump in the river at six in the morning, just as I do."

"Of course," I agreed, not suppressing a shiver.

"All right. I'll be back in a few minutes, and we'll take our lunch out into the woods. I always have lunch in the woods."

He strode away, leaving the air quivering.

Bob Barnes, down by the shore, turned and looked at the Iron-Hunter. "I was wonderin', governor," I heard him say, "about where to put the windows."

"Windows!" Osborn halted. His voice crackled. "Why, Bob, you know as much about that as I do. I've given you a free hand to make as good a library as you know how."

"All right, governor."

The Iron-Hunter stalked on toward Little Duck.

§ 2

Governor!

Yes, that bronzed iconoclastic giant had been just that—governor of his State. It was fantastic. What is deader than an ex-governor, ex-senator, ex-anything in our political scheme? But this was the most alive man I had ever met. The fact that he had been governor of his State had seemed to me incidental, unimportant in the light of his other achievements, and now more so than ever in the light of himself.

My mind flashed back over the vivid pictures of his life that he had drawn in his own life-story, "The Iron Hunter."

The boy born in Huntington County, Indiana, in 1860 in a two-room log cabin with one real glass window and two others of greased paper. The boy who was ostracized from his home town for fighting a bully in church, who tramped afoot to Chicago, who lived a Jim Tully life among the hobos, worked as a porter in a cheap boarding-house, a waiter in a fifteen-cent restaurant, went afoot north to Milwaukee, drove a coal-wagon, walloped lumber on the docks, became a rough-and-tumble newspaper reporter with a hatchet in his belt by authority of a municipal judge to protect himself from the murderous threats of a county supervisor whose immorality he had exposed in the paper! Then a newspaper editor in a wild mining town of the North Woods, fighting a savage gang of white-slavers with pen and gun. Then the emergence of the dominant theme of his life—iron.

How this man Chase Osborn gained that nose for iron even his own story did not quite explain. But somehow he did get the reputation of being able to smell out iron. He was sent off into the wilderness of Upper Michigan to hunt iron-mines. He found them, in country where geologists had said no iron could possibly exist. He had discovered many of the very Lake Superior iron-ranges whose red ore filled the great freighters that were at this moment plowing down the main channel

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over there—the red vital stream pouring into the veins of the East. With a pack on his back, he had adventured farther, into the untracked Canadian wilderness, hunting, hunting iron, and still finding it.

And in the succeeding years that lure of iron had persisted, had drawn him to the uttermost parts of the earth—to Lapland, Siberia, Madagascar, Burma, India, Central Africa, and had brought him wealth.

Here, in a pile of books on a shelf, I spied a copy of his own book, "The Iron Hunter." I opened it. Its pages darted at me with a new force now that I had met the man. I encountered a passage that once before had struck me:

"There is a romance about iron that has always fascinated me and it holds me yet as a magnet attracts. I wonder if the courageous men who seek it in the bowels of the earth realize their big part in the life of the world? Do the brave bare bodies that reflect the furnace light and the gloating glow of the smelter do their work because of a subtle subconsciousness of the fact that the wheels of the world and civilization would stop if they stopped?

"Iron ore and steel are of greater importance than wheat, because there are many good substitutes for wheat. There is none for iron ore. Those who are associated with its production should know of the dignity of their calling. . . . There would be a brotherhood of iron that could not know strife if the totality of performance could be shown to the eye of all those who inhabit the world of steel. Nor would its boundaries be smaller than those of the earth, for it would tie together the best developed American iron worker and the lowliest African."

And somehow the fact that his search for iron had brought him millions seemed as unimportant as the fact that he had made such a record as a fighting governor of Michigan that once he was prominently discussed as a candidate for the presidency of the United States. No, it was as an iron-hunter that he had been a vital figure to me.

§ 3

In a dozen minutes his knock came at the door of Big Duck. He walked through to the kitchen and reappeared with two paper parcels.

We crossed the clearing, set off through the woods.

Once he paused, pushed aside a bush that overhung a rock. "That's a beautiful piece of glacial grooving on that piece of quartzite, isn't it? It's as smooth as if the polishing had been done yesterday. Feel." He watched me, delighting in the pleasure that the touch of the polished curve brought to my face.

We walked on down the shore to a camping spot among white birches. While Osborn chopped wood I went down to the beach for water.

"You're not a woodsman, are you?" he said quizzically as I watched him build the fire.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, in several ways! When you went down to the shore just now, you stepped over a fallen branch instead of lifting it out of the trail. And you called the trail a path. A path is a footway through a meadow. In the woods it is trail."

He looked at me closely, and I could see that he was expecting me to resent his criticism. But I didn't; I knew that I knew nothing of woodcraft.

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"Also," he grinned, "if you were a woodsman, you'd have been stripping bark off a birch-tree for tinder when I was chopping wood."

Once, I was told afterward, the president of a great university had come to visit at Duck Island, and the Iron-Hunter, taking the great man on a walk through the woods, said casually, "Oh, doctor, do you happen to know the name of that tree?"

"No, I'm sorry, I don't."

"I wonder what kind of a tree that over there is."

"I'm sorry, I don't know," confessed the president.

Then, a little further on, "Do you know the name of that shrub, doctor?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"I wonder what kind of a bird that is."

"I'm sure I don't know."

"And you're the president of a great university!" laughed Osborn. The leader of youth burst out laughing too, and Osborn's razzing ceased; but the story went on to say that the head of a big professional school, nationally known in his line, confounded by some equally simple questions, didn't take it nearly so well. . . .

Then he talked casually of this and that—of medieval art and the St. Lawrence Waterway and geology and Robert Frost and lake navigation and aëronautics and prison reform. I remembered that he had been the man who financed Robert Frost's first year at Ann Arbor as a resident poet. I remembered too, as a curious comment on the supposed deadness of ex-political figures, that of the two other men I had known who nearest approached this man in versatility, in ability to speak keenly and authoritatively on forty subjects in half as many minutes, one was also a man who had been governor of his State—James Hartness of Vermont, machine-builder, inventor, aëronaut, astronomer, philosopher—also a man whose political eminence was incidental to his qualities as a human being.

"The trouble with prisons is that the prisoners are kept shut up too much," he said, frowning. "We are getting away from that, but not nearly enough. One time when I was governor the state prison at Ionia burned down. The warden came to me with a requisition for several hundred thousand dollars to build a new prison. 'No,' I said, 'I won't O. K. that.'

" 'Aren't you going to let me have a new prison?'

" 'Yes, of course, but you go back and bring me a list of the material needed for the building, how much bricks, stone, cement, lumber, and so on.' He grumbled, but he did it. The stuff came to about sixty thousand dollars. 'Well,' I said, 'take your prisoners and go and build your prison. You've got men of every trade among them.' Well, he did it. It was good for the men, and it saved the State over half a million dollars."

But a word he had let fall a few moments before had turned my mind into another channel.

"You're not in favor of the St. Lawrence Deep Waterway?" I said in surprise. "Every one else up here—"

"Oh, of course, I know it's heresy to say anything against it up in this country. But I think it would be a mistake. I call the St. Lawrence the Iceberg Route and the Mississippi the Sunshine Route. Anyway what would be the result of opening the lakes to the commerce of the world? It would

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simply make our cities bigger. That's the madness of the age. The rush to big cities. They mean less human happiness, not more."

Of course his remark was inconsistent. If he had really thought the thing out, why should he have gone all over the world seeking iron whose destiny was to be smelted and rolled into rails and cars to carry people to big cities and make them bigger, into sky-scrapers to house their jobs, into subways to make their mornings and evenings hideous, into steamships to carry goods to and from our ports and increase our wealth and the size of those cities which, according to him, only bred human unhappiness? But isn't it too much to ask strict consistency of any man? The bigger and more vital a man is, I find, usually the less consistent he is. The interesting thing about the remark was that it gave a real key to this man's philosophy—that wealth and size have no virtue in themselves.

So I did not call his attention to his inconsistency, and he sat there telling me of the trees we saw around us, then of the local Indians and their language. Not boastfully, but as a matter of curious interest, he described how once in a Lake Superior gale, when the captain had given the vessel up for lost, he had taken charge and brought her safely in. He asked whether a certain incident could be used as the basis of a fiction story, what the difference in technique was between fiction and an article, how I planned a book, how I marketed it when written. From that his talk ran to intimate humorous stories of men big in Chicago and New York business and finance, then to tales of travel in outlandish places, and through those tales I felt run the mood which informs the latter chapters of "The Iron Hunter" and his book "Madagascar: Land of the Man-Eating Tree"—the passion for human justice, the hatred of racial bunk. In his wanderings about the earth he had seen the nonsense of the Nordic superiority fetish. He had seen too that the exploitation by great nations of so-called inferior peoples is perhaps the greatest root of war.

We rose, put out the fire, and walked back to Little Duck, still talking eagerly.

While he washed out some towels, I dipped into the manuscript of his amazing iconoclastic work on astronomy.

Suddenly he looked up from his task. "Isn't the hypocrisy about Russia disgusting? We pretend that the reason we don't recognize Russia is because we don't approve its kind of government, when of course the real reason is because the Russians don't assume the debts of the czarist régime. If they'd assume the debts, we'd recognize them soon enough. I've been in Russia seven times, before and since the revolution. As a matter of fact, it has a government a good deal more democratic than ours, and the country is a good deal more orderly. They don't have hold-ups in the main streets of the big cities, and they don't have any lynchings."

He rolled down his sleeves. "What do you think of these shirts? I like them. A man I know up the river gave them to me. I happened to have a chance to do him a good turn, and then one day he came down here to the island with half a dozen of these splendid woolen shirts.

" 'Good Heavens, man,' I said, 'you can't afford to give me shirts like these.'

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" 'Oh, go to hell!' he said, 'I stole the shirts!' " And then the Iron-Hunter laughed.

After a time, somewhat dizzy, I excused myself and retreated to Big Duck to collect my thoughts.

§ 4

At six o'clock a tall handsome Indian chieftain came stalking across the clearing. I stared. No, it was the Iron-Hunter in his costume for the feast —a light-colored suit intensifying the mahogany of his skin, a turkey feather in his hat, a string of beads round his neck.

As we neared the Gander, the cabin where the feast was to be held, he glanced at his watch.

"We're a little early. I think I have time to show you something."

He turned up a half-dry channel that divided Duck Island from the adjoining island. He pointed out a broken beaver-dam and above it an abandoned beaver-house. The earthquake of some months before, he explained, had shattered the dam and so left the house high and dry. Farther up the channel was a new dam in course of construction, and, on the shore of the pond it had raised, a new beaver-house. "Look," he said quietly. In the smooth pond moved swiftly a tiny black head, pushing a floating branch down toward the dam. Then another black head, and another, all working busily. Cautiously we walked along the shore of the pond to the beaver-house. Osborn explained its construction. "Did you know," he asked, "that beaver enslave muskrats? Almost every house will have anywhere from two to half a dozen or more muskrat slaves, who do the heavy work." We stole on down the shore. Osborn pointed out an oak near the water, ringed and dead. On the browned ring I saw fresh tooth-marks. "Some woodsmen would tell you that the beaver have been eating that tree. But they've not. Beaver don't eat oak. They're not trying to cut the tree down either. They ring it, let it die, then use it to sharpen their teeth on. That sort of oak when dead and seasoned is about the hardest wood in the world."

Two hundred feet beyond the beaver-house the channel widened into a lake encircled by heavily wooded shores. Across the west stood a red splash that was mirrored in the lake, and here half a dozen beaver were swimming about on idle or purposeful errands, black heads in molten gold. We stood silent on a point of sand. The beaver circled nearer and nearer, raising their heads, sniffing at us. Their faces, I discovered, were remarkably like cat faces. One big fellow, swimming up within ten feet, suddenly brought his tail down with a mighty splash and dived out of sight. "Trying to scare us off," the Iron-Hunter whispered. "Doesn't like us standing here." But we refused to be scared. The big fellow came up again, swam nearer still, sniffed, then went on his way, and presently the whole party were swimming about on their business, almost tolerating us. "If you told the ordinary woodsman that you'd seen wild beaver swimming up to within ten feet of you, he'd call you a liar," said the Iron-Hunter.

Sharply the thought came to me that over there beyond that black point of island, half a mile away, the great red-bellied ore-freighters with shiny white pilot-houses, glittering compasses, gleaming engines, were plowing in an

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unbroken line down the main channel bearing the life-blood of civilization, red ore, from the Lake Superior ranges to the teeming East—and here we stood—brothers of the beaver—on this quiet lake shore as if a thousand miles from any mark of man.

Dusk drew on. We turned back.

A crowd of Indians had gathered at the door of the cabin, ancient gnarled-faced squaws, slender young bucks, pretty round-cheeked maidens, fat papooses. As the Iron-Hunter mingled among them, speaking to each, the illusion of half an hour ago sharply returned: it was hard indeed not to believe that he was the authentic chieftain of these people!

Inside the cabin the feast was spread on a long table with the great wedding-cake in the center. The Indians edged into the room timidly. At the head of the table stood a chair of honor. "Here, here," an old Indian touched Osborn's sleeve, "this for you."

Awkwardly the Indians sat down, Gilbert Joseph in the middle with the bride. All turned their faces to the bronzed figure that stood erect at the head of the table.

The Iron-Hunter looked from face to face, and then began slowly and gently to speak.

I wish I could reproduce that speech. It was a masterpiece.

"You all remember the story of Hiawatha and Minnehaha who lived here right in this very country long ago. Just as Hiawatha brought gifts to Minnehaha as tokens of his love, so Gilbert Joseph has brought this feast as a tribute to his bride." Those words at least I remember of the speech.

Then the Iron-Hunter lifted up his face and prayed to the Great Spirit, calling for a blessing on the wedded boy and girl. At the end of the prayer the Indians around the table bowed their heads, each crossing himself reverently. What an extraordinary mixture of paganism and Christianity! . . . Yes, I suppose it was, but it all seemed to me deeply religious and very beautiful.

The Iron-Hunter sat down.

Bob Barnes, next to me, eyed the tremendous platters of food and mumbled:

"My God, I never 'oped to see such a feast in my whole life!"

And as I glanced about the table at these bronze faces, so young, so simple, so old, so wise, and then at this other face as bronze as they, so much like a noble essence of all of them, a chieftain—and yet so different—the wonder rose that always assails me at the impact of greatness or genius. What was it that had got into this man—a man like the rest of them here, with two hands, two feet, two eyes—to lift him a gulf beyond them? He sat here with them, understood them, talked on the same plane with them, knew everything that they knew, could follow a trail, build a camp, fend for himself in the wilderness better than any one of them though they had been born to that life, yet he had in him so much more that he was like a being from another planet.

What was the secret?

The Iron-Hunter seized his weapons vigorously.

"Come on now," he cried; "let's eat!"

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The Freedom of John Peabody

By Jennette Lee

He had come straight to Southern Head, hurrying a little at the end and driving down late at night through wind and rain. He knew there was a welcome for him in the lighthouse. The old Scotch keeper and his wife would put him up. Jean's face would give its slow dazzling smile—the look of heath and sun, the freshness of the sea. . . .

But Jean had not been in the lighthouse—she was away with friends inshore—and he had waited, talking with Hugh MacFarland of storm and shipwreck, and with Elsie MacFarland, Jean's mother, of her tiny patch of garden under the sky on the headland. . . . He had waited three impatient days. Then she had come walking along the cliff. . . .

Just as she was coming off there now. He watched the strong supple figure advancing in the sunlight. . . . He had been there two weeks, and he had told her this morning: he was going away, and he should not come back again. She had looked at him with her quiet young eyes.

"All right, John; you go and make a sketch on the cliff. There's two hours till the boat goes. You make a sketch, and I'll pack your bag."

So now he was here on the cliff making the last sketch she had told him to. His easel was not unpacked; his paint-box lay unopened on the turf.

How freely she moved along the edge of the cliff; a misstep would send her to the bottom, four hundred feet straight down! But she did not look. Her head was up. She was smiling, coming toward him—coming to tell him it was time to start. . . . A woman always nagging with times and seasons!

His eyes drank in her approach and hated her—and hated himself. She stopped beside the gloomy figure, smiling down.

"I knew you were not painting—so I came."

"You could not know!" It was gruff and defensive. She laughed.

"I watched you through the glass."

His lips made an impatient exclamation. Then his face cleared . . . only two more hours of being watched through a glass! He stretched his arms.

Her eyes rested on him candidly.

"I thought I'd come and we'd have a talk and you could go away easier. . . . I didn't want you to fret yourself about me when you are away. You'll be looking back maybe, worrying about how I'm taking it."

He pulled his hat well down over his eyes. He did not speak.

"You don't mind talking it over?" she asked.

"Go ahead," he said gruffly.

She was silent a minute. A gull

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called down and hung on wide wings and drifted over them. Her eyes followed it.

"It's a feeling you have maybe"—her eyes followed the gull—"that you can't be tied to any one—it's not just me."

"It *is* just you!" he said harshly. "That's the trouble!" He stopped.

A light danced for a moment in her face like sunlight. "I'm liking to hear you say that; it makes a kind of music to me! But I'm thinking it's something deeper, inside somewhere—something that's got to be."

He plucked a spear of tough grass, watching her beneath his hat-brim.

"You'll never be content till you go away and know," she said.

"Know what?" he grunted. Her eyes watching the sea smiled and turned to him.

"Like the tide—and the birds," she said. The outstretched wings hovered and wheeled. "They are there—they are gone. . . . Mayhap they don't know why—but with the spring I'm watching . . ."

"The birds will come back without me, Jean." He set his teeth grimly on the tough spear of grass. His eyes glowered like an animal imprisoned, alert, watchful. . . . "I've never had freedom, I tell you!" It broke from him. "Always somebody tagging at me—mother, school, tutors, summer camp—after my soul! Then last year I came here—" He bit his lip.

"And then it was me," said Jean. He nodded. "And I came back—but I'm going now. I sha'n't come back."

Her face was content. "It's right for you to go, John. Of course I'd like right well if you were happy and could stay—or take me with you when you go." She moved a hand to the sea. "But it's different with a man. Mother always says, 'Men are men!' I expect mother knows. She's wise."

She smiled with the words, and he seemed to see Elsie MacFarland's wise shrewd face looking up from her squash-vines and cabbages.

"You won't be doing your best work till you've gone free. I'd be glad to wait till you come—"

"I don't want you to wait!" The words were almost savage.

"I know." Her voice soothed him. "You want to forget me."

"I never want to see you again." He buried his face in his arms. "Never!"

"That's as may be." Her voice was quiet. "I'd like right well to think you'd come some day. I'd like my bairns to call you father."

He stirred. . . . His eyes were on the sea.

"But don't think I'll be looking for the smoke from Eastport, wondering if some day you'll come. . . . I'd waste my life that way. I'd do a wrong to myself and to you. . . . I'll never love any other man like I love you, John. I want you to be happy—a great man. You will be!" Her voice lifted him to heights. "You're not just ordinary— That's why I've loved you maybe. . . . I wanted to tell you—so you wouldn't be worrying when you're gone." She got up. "I'll go and finish packing. You make the sketch—unpack your box and get to work. You'll be glad you did it."

She stood a minute listening. A bird was singing in a little cedar-grove a distance from the cliff. Her face held the notes of the bird. He watched her from beneath his hat jealously, holding the notes of the bird.

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"No, it's not the whitethroats." She moved a hand. "I was hoping they'd come; they're always here about this time. They nest in the wood over there." She nodded to the cedars. "You know the song they sing, the whitethroat sparrows?"

"No." His voice was dull. Her lips smiled, watching the greenness of the wood.

"They sing 'Peabody,'" she said. "Folks call them Peabody birds."

"Peabody-peabody-peabody!" Her lips whistled the plaintive half-human call of the bird—and waited. The bird in the cedar-wood seemed to listen. Then it sang its song. She shook her head.

"That's not the whitethroat—but they'll be here soon. I like to hear them when they sing your name, John Peabody!"

She moved away. He lay with his face on his arm. Below him the surf thudded on the rocks. . . . It must be nearing high tide, and in his nostrils he smelled the pungent scent of the turf where the ants ran to and fro.

§ 2

He got up and walked toward the wood. The bird was still singing. He would make a sketch of the cedars and send it to her when he got away. It would please her to have a little sketch of the place where the whitethroats sang.

He passed through the outer circle of trees and came to the grove where the trees grew thick, huddled together for protection against the wind. They showed huge trunks stunted and uncouth. Through the bare tracery of the twigs and branches he could look up to a high flat roof of green that seemed to be shutting out a mysterious sky. All about him in the wood the light was cool and brown; not a fleck of sound but the far-away roll of surf.

He put down his easel and box and stood listening, letting the silence drift in. . . . No one could paint the sustained harmonious quiet of the wood. It was as if a hand were laid on his brow. The unrest of the headland left him. . . . Great pictures—he should paint them. It needed only this mood—removed from life, untouched by the things men strive for.

Peace was in the wood. . . . There was something behind life that he wanted to get at . . . something that evaded him—a significance in things peeping out at him and withdrawing swiftly. When he glimpsed it for an instant, horizons drew back. When it disappeared, he painted flat surfaces without a thrill. . . .

If he could only understand what it was, back there, hiding behind illusion, if he could fairly glimpse it, hold it, paint it for men to see, he would die content. . . . But it meant a lifetime of devotion; a whole lifetime was none too long.

His eye rested gratefully on the gnarled cedar-trunks that upheld their canopy of green. They had wrestled and overcome . . . they knew. He wanted no other companionship than the green roof shutting out the sky and the great gnarled trunks. . . . He stood in the temple of his genius.

When he was away he would still paint here in the cedar-grove. . . . And suddenly Jean was in his thought—with tenderness; she no longer threatened him. He must make the sketch for her. . . . But not here; the grove was sacred. He wanted no thought of Jean to trouble the great mystery with cross-desire.

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He passed out into sunlight. Beyond the grove he saw a scant patch of earth and a figure—Elsie MacFarland, Jean's mother, planting her garden against the sky. He moved toward her.

She looked up and put back the lock of hair that the wind blew in her eyes. The storms that grayed the hair had not touched Elsie MacFarland. She had Jean's eyes and smile, with a deepening steadfast look—the look Jean would bear in forty years.

"We'll be getting a storm," she said.

"Think so?" He looked back of him—across the sunlit cliff. "It does not look like a storm."

"It's the feel of the wind; there'll be a blow, I'm thinking. No rain maybe; but I'm getting my seeds in, on the chance. Jean's coming to help me—when she's packed your bag. We're sorry you're going."

"I must." He looked stubbornly across the cliff.

"That's right!" she nodded. "Go and have your play."

His play! He held the thought of the greenwood to him. No woman would understand!

Her shrewd kindliness infolded him. "You'll be a different man when you're coming back," she said.

"I am not coming back."

She did not reply. She bent again to her seeds. He watched her for a minute: strong like the earth she handled in her brown fingers, and quiet like the light in the cedar-grove. . . .

He turned away and walked rapidly across the cliff, as if something sought to hold him; he must escape.

He passed along the edge of the cliff and descended a sloping path at the farther end where the cliff dropped down and thrust out in a projection of broken rock to the sea. He had come here every day with Jean. Hardy cliff flowers grew in the crevices—bartsia, pimpernel, speedwell, blue like her eyes. . . . He scanned the path ahead. It should be a pretty sketch for Jean, something she would like to put on her wall and live with. The curving path rounded a huge boulder, and he looked up. He stood gazing toward the great cliff that rose in sheer lonely height from the sea. . . . He stood holding his breath. The light on the face of the cliff was changing, and the wall of block-like surfaces took on a look of grandeur. Curved in the ample sweep of some majestic amphitheater, the sea-carved rocks rose tier on tier, block on block—the stalls of Titans, facing the sea. His breath caught. The cliff stood imperious.

To seize the moment—the light that swept the headland! He looked down. Below him the rocks of the lower headland on which he stood sloped, jagged and broken, to the foot of the cliff. A steady foot would carry him down, and out to that projecting rock that faced the cliff.

His eye searched the pathless descent; his hand in his pocket was feeling for the strap that fastened easel and box to his back. . . . With a little laugh he bounded down and remembered the many times Jean had prevented his scrambling down the zigzag rocks to the bottom of the cliff. . . . Not safe! Sometime, she had promised him, when wind and tide served, she would row him out to that rock that faced the cliff and he should make his sketch—if he would promise her not to go down by the rocks. He had promised her.

Well, promises were off! He leaped to a rock below. She should have a

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sketch of the great cliff frowning up from below—that she forbade him to take a risk for!

Sliding now, scrambling and slipping down the fissured rock, testing each step of shale with his foot—like a flying figure of a dream he saw himself lose balance and recover, and leap again. . . . One more breath!

He landed with a shaken laugh and ran along the seaweed surface, slipping and scrambling—out to the plateau of safety he had watched from above.

He turned and looked up. Above him rose the cliff, challenging. Below him around his rock washed the sea—kelp and seaweed rising with the tide and sucking downward with its withdrawal. He measured the great cliff—three hundred, four hundred feet, straight up from the scant foreground to the edge in the sun. . . . And the sea lapping its foot—the sea that could crumble but never wear it down. . . . He studied the towering rock. How catch in color that serene repose—strike off with a touch of his brush a million years?

He set up his easel and canvas. . . . His fingers tingled; his heart was singing.

Freedom! He had cast out the last human call! He stood with the masters of the world before the cliff!

§ 3

Swift lines, urging breath, incisive strokes—the stark cliff set in that tiny space, caught in a globule of matter, to light the world! He carried the torch ahead. . . . He would set it where other men must climb!

He stood back from the picture and gazed. He stared at it whistling softly. . . .

He turned and gasped and looked down. The tide had stolen on him; the lapping water was swirling about his rock. He glanced at the trackless path by which he had descended: a flood shut it off, too deep and swift to swim. Through the narrow channel between him and the foot of the cliff the water was pouring with swift rush. He packed his sketch with flying fingers and strapped the box on his back. The easel—he dared not risk it. He kicked it with his foot, and it fell into the sea; he saw it sucked back and tossed up once—and disappear.

He smiled grimly and hitched the strap closer to his shoulder and ran along the rock and gave a flying leap—straight to the foot of the cliff. He stumbled and caught himself and stood upright.

He drew a laughing breath, looking up to the stern face of the cliff. Did it think it could daunt him? He studied the surface with sharp eye and put up a foot and mounted. He tested the next projection. He was cool now. He knew what he had to do—straight up—only a little leeway on one side or the other. . . . His sinews were iron! He wondered coolly as he went whether any other man had done it—not likely! . . . Not many fools in the world—to lose their wits for a little paint! . . . Up another pull—sheer perpendicular climbing. An orgy of exultation was in him as he mounted. . . . Free!

Free as the gulls up there soaring above the cliff. He paused, noting how the great wings hung motionless. The wind must be rising to a gale—they seemed borne on a tide.

He lifted himself steadily; the gulls were nearer now. He could see their breasts glisten; his eye measured the distance up to the edge of the cliff—

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fifty feet, seventy-five. . . . He rested his fingers; they were beginning to feel the strain, but he had covered three quarters of the way. . . . His eye glanced down over the rock he had scaled—

The whole world was heaving in space. . . .

Slowly the fingers gripped the rock. . . . Steady! The space behind him was calling—trumpeting. . . . Steady —up!

"Two times four are eight," he said under his breath; "two times five are ten; two times six are twelve; two times seven are . . ." The world grew steady and settled on its axis—he saw a boy at his desk in school, the wooden seats and the teacher's kind face—she wore her hair in a braid. . . .

"Two times eight are sixteen." Flat sheer surface! He saw himself pressed against it in mid-air. Then it seemed to shake beneath him and he felt it crowding out. . . . And space off there—calling. . . . One flying leap—his hurling body would be free!

The irony of the thought wrenched a grunting laugh. . . . If he could get his fingers off that sucking rock!

Then he knew—sheer terror pinned him to the face of the cliff! . . . Only the suction of his tense nerveless fingers between him and space. . . . Free!

A cry broke from him—and another. God! Would no one hear?

A voice came—a call that thrilled him, running. . . . The voice sailed on the wind:

"Cling-a-hold, John! Hold fast!"

Cling hold! The nerveless fingers on the tiny projection could not loose their hold if they would! . . . The cliff was pressing out, pressing against him, pressing him off into space—crowding out, swelling to fling him into the abyss—pushing on spent fingers to let go and drop!

"Hold fast, John!" The cry came again, and the wind caught it ironically and tossed it. It sailed in empty space. . . . She was running on the cliff above—her voice drifting as she ran.

§ 4

A coil of rope hung from a great cedar; she caught it and wound it about the trunk. She drew a knot, testing it with set lips. . . . More than one figure she had seen drawn up the face of the cliff with that rope—strength gone, finger-tips bleeding.

She drew another knot and tested it and ran swiftly to a smaller tree at the edge of the cliff and passed it around the trunk. . . . Leaning over she gaged the figure clinging to the face of the wall. The looped end of the rope swirled outward—caught by the wind—borne up. . . . She dropped to her knees, her eyes on the figure. Her arm flung again with free swing—a twist of the wrist, and the rope dropped on the shoulders—her eyes watched.

"Slip your arm up, John! One arm —and the other! You can do it!" Did she know he could not move a finger—till the last plunge into space! The voice came down—coaxing, commanding:

"Don't hurry; you can do it. . . . We've seen it a dozen times—here at the light! Take your time; it's nothing!"

His lips were dry; he ran his tongue along them. He tested the fingers that clung to the rock. . . .

"Look up, John!" He glanced

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above him. Her face, clear and homelike, was bending to the edge of the cliff. She was smiling. . . . The tense fingers relaxed a breath—and she nodded quickly. "Now!"

He felt the rope give—one arm reached up—the other . . . The rope slipped down his body and tightened with a gentle pull. He drew breath.

"All right!" The sound floated from him. It became the hoarse call of a gull circling, screaming on wide wings. He rested and felt the blood course through his body.

Above him he could hear her voice:

"The one on the left there—yes! Then the next one and *up!*"

The voice seemed to laugh and lift him. Fear dropped in the abyss. . . . With Jean against the sky—with that tiny circle of rope shutting him off from space—he could climb forever! . . . Hand over hand. He had only to put one hand over the other—then a foot up and another. . . . He drew breath and came above the edge of the cliff and leaped. . . . Danger fell back in space.

She stood before him, the slackened rope in her fingers, her legs well apart still braced, looking at him with her steady gaze.

"That was a grand and foolhardy risk, my man!" she nodded. . . . Far in the depths of her brimming eyes he saw the cedar-grove, brown and cool, and beneath the high flat roof of green he heard a bird singing. . . .

This Day

By Grace Strickler Dawson

This day was like a woman. Sleepy still,
  Some clinging mauve and silver garment drawn
Around her shoulders, on the window-sill
  She leaned one dreaming moment in the dawn.

Then in a cheerful garb of white and blue
  Flitted about her work through shining hours,
Small customary tasks, something to do
  With nesting birds and faint white opening flowers.

Now pondering her loveliest array
  Against the coming of her lover, Night,
One after one, like a fantastic play
  She clothes herself in robes of flowing light,

Rose and vermilion, amethyst and cream,
  Broidered and jeweled to a queen's desire,
Amber and jade, debating which will seem
  Most beautiful, which will he most admire.

Weary at last she flings them all away,
  Shakes back her hair, one wistful moment stands,
Then goes to meet him clad in quiet gray,
  The first frail stars like daisies in her hands.

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Am I a Christian

An Idea That Links Four Continents Together

By Edwin Björkman

Strange as it may sound, it never occurred to me until a little while ago to wonder seriously whether I could and should claim for myself the name of Christian. Having once for all left the rut of ancestral faith, it seemed natural to answer the question negatively when it first arose. But a certain inner uneasiness warned me that I had better take more thought before I accepted any conclusion as final. And gradually I came to realize how multifaced the problem was that lurked behind that seemingly simple inquiry.

To arrive at an unprejudiced consideration of this problem, in so far as objectiveness be humanly possible in such a matter, one must first of all dispose of various factors which, although not germane in themselves, nevertheless tend to influence every phase of the argument fatally. There is the force of habit, for instance, rooted in inherited tradition and nursed by early years of unthinking submission. More potent still is the largely subconscious fear of losing caste by a too pronounced divergence from the views of the surrounding majority. On the other hand there is the danger, illustrated by my original impulse, of rushing at a denial based entirely on theological reasoning. In my case this tendency was checked by that one little pang of uneasiness already referred to.

I do not believe I am much concerned, consciously or subconsciously, by the possible frowns of my fellowmen. My habits of thought, fostered by forty years of undeviating, though not always clearly realized, progress in the same direction, are averse rather than favorable to any continued hold on my allegiance by the religion in which my forefathers died and I grew up. Yet I suddenly discovered myself unwilling to renounce the religious designation which they cherished, and which for many years had seemed to me a mere echo of voices long dead, when it was not a challenge to acutely hostile reactions. And immediately that mysterious inner clinging to supposedly outgrown terms and ideas became the crucial point of the problem.

Let us, before we go further, try to arrive at a common understanding of the name of Christian. How far it can be stretched is shown by the fact that, without serious dissent, it is used to include believers of such vastly divergent types as our own intellectually sophisticated Modernists on one side and the primitively superstitious confessors of Orthodox Greek Catholicity on the other. To find a formula cover-

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ing such a wide range of religious values is not easy, but Archbishop Nathan Söderblom of Sweden appears to have been successful in this respect. He defines Christianity as "community with God through the intercession of Christ." This definition strikes my rather tyrannical sense of logic as clear, concise, and satisfactory.

Of course it would seem to leave the Unitarians outside, in a class somewhat analogous to my own, but that is their concern, not mine. To all the rest of those officially recognized as Christians the definition undoubtedly applies. They may believe in a historical Jesus who, though only human, still leads men to God through the force of his teachings and the memory of his example. Or they may proclaim a truly divine Christ who literally bought redemption for human sinners by his sacrificial death. In either case faith is the main thing—faith in a personal God taking a direct interest in individual human actions, and faith in the one-time existence of a human personality through whose intercession or guidance we may achieve a closer proximity to the God of whom he may or may not have been the son in a literal sense.

It is this faith I lack—in both aspects of it—although the mysteries of the Trinity do not appal me quite so strongly as some others. As I see them, they represent a piece of shrewdly anthropomorphic symbolism, which may be made useful if properly understood. If we can accept a deity whose stature and characteristics are superhuman at the most, then it is only logical that he should be equipped with three mystically divided as well as united personalities, corresponding with striking accuracy to the three planes of consciousness on which normal human beings live all their time in no less mystic simultaneousness. A slight analysis of the qualities attributed to the three persons of the Trinity will suffice to show them a closely representative symbolization of man's senso-motorial, emotional, and intellectual forms of consciousness. The Father is action, the Son feeling, and the Holy Ghost thought. It interests me profoundly as one of many instances showing the Christian dogmas to be full of symbolisms derived from an intuitive perception of the subtlest mysteries of human nature.

The main difficulty in my case is caused by the anthropomorphic conception itself. I have faith too, but the power toward which my faith is directed looks lightly on the petty details of our human affairs, and it neither can nor will meddle with the law that immutably binds the doer and the deed to the effects of the deed done. It follows naturally that I can have no more faith in the Christ figure commonly presented. Where there is no father, there can be no son, except in a purely symbolic sense not yet deemed acceptable by the average run of professed Christians. And where no intercession is possible, there can be no faith in a wholly or partly divine mediator doing mystically and once for all what life demands of us to do for ourselves day by day. Finally I have no great faith in the historicity of the Jesus pictured by the four synoptic Gospels.

For a century now, the Western world has resounded with wordy battles about the historical value of these documents and about the validity of the creeds based on them. The origi-

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nal dogma of a Christ that was God Incarnate has steadily lost ground. Modern science has rendered that conception more and more untenable. Instead Christian apologists, secular as well as clerical, have increasingly concentrated their efforts on proving the historical existence of a human personality named Jesus of Nazareth, who lived a life so perfect that it made him a model of all human life to come and a perennial embodiment of the divine spirit in man. And it is against this position that the batteries of modern criticism have more and more become directed in recent years. But to my own faith it matters little whether the central figure of the Gospels ever lived or not. If, in my opinion, a belief in his actual existence formed a *sine qua non* of Christianity —as, of course, it does with the average church-going American—I might as well end here with a complete admission of my inability and lack of right to call myself a Christian.

§ 2

There is a third current of opinion, however, which is gradually gathering force, and which tends to establish the Christ idea on a totally new basis, separating it equally from a supernatural being in whom no modern mind can believe literally and from the proved or disproved existence of an extraordinary but wholly human being named Jesus of Nazareth. Whether or no such a man ever trod the soil of ancient Palestine, the contradictions and incongruities and plagiarisms of the synoptic Gospels are too palpable to furnish us with much reliable evidence as to who or what he was while still alive. Whenever we try to deal honestly with the alleged facts of his life and death, in the manner of a modern historian scrutinizing the probabilities of any other historical event, we are forced to admit ourselves confronted by a vast mass of inextricably confused guesswork. Barring the sensational discovery of some hitherto unknown authenticable document, we can never hope to arrive much nearer to definite knowledge than we are to-day. And were it otherwise, it would make no great difference, I fear. For every teaching ascribed to Jesus and cited in proof of his exceptional place in the history of mankind can be traced to some older source. The didactic and parabolic parts of the Gospels most intimately associated with his figure as that of the ideal man are almost without exception Jewish in their immediate origin, though many of them may be followed much farther afield into ages removed from that of Jesus by many centuries. The famous Golden Rule, in which so many progressive minds have sought the climax of his teachings and the essence of modern Christianity, is practically given in the Book of Tobit, and completely in the Talmud, where it is ascribed to Rabbi Hillel, himself a man of almost Christ-like nobility, gentleness, and insight, who was at the apogee of his spiritual power about the very time of the birth of Jesus.

Quite regardless of the possible presence of an actual human life as a nuclear principle in the stories told by the Gospels, we know beyond all doubt that these stories have drawn their whole confirmative apparatus of supernatural embellishment from various other religions current prior to or about the beginning of our own era. The Christ story as we have it, in both its natural and supernatural phases, is

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demonstrably a conglomerate of pre-Christian myths, some modified to suit their novel application, and others taken over practically intact. From this abundantly proved fact has sprung the new current of opinion already suggested. It sees in the exalted figure at the heart of all religions called Christian, a myth gradually built up by the race-mind for the symbolic embodiment of man's ever recurring dream about an agency capable of leading him out of the misery and despair that result from his lack of authentic communication with the omnipotent power sensed behind life's perplexing phenomena.

No other theory concerning the origin of the main Christian tenets has aroused greater fury among Modernists and Fundamentalists alike. One set clings no more desperately to the inspired character of the Gospels than the other to their historical veracity. The former, as well as the latter, seem to ascribe exaggerated value to literal reality in a matter that, according to their own views, must either transcend everything called natural or lose all validity whatsoever. They hope of course that this combined claim of actuality and divine revelation will save their own mythology from the doom of decay threatening all others. Because they fail to realize the true character of a myth, they fail equally to realize that all our efforts at expressing the unknowable must be more or less mythological in their results. This is true of my own, I fear, though it is garbed in terms borrowed from modern science. What is the description of an atom as a solar system in miniature but a piece of scientific mythology?

A true myth rarely fails to display two interdependent elements in its origin and development. It combines the characteristics of a crude scientific theory with those of a racial wish-fulfilment dream. First of all it is an imaginative explanation of phenomena reaching beyond man's available knowledge. In addition it generally offers a method of influencing those phenomena for the promotion of man's interests or the amelioration of his misery. Such a myth, once rooted in the racial consciousness, grows by legendary accretion until it becomes necessary to establish a canon by sorting the plausible and useful from the purely fantastic and irrelevant. This is what has happened to the Christ myth and its orthodox embodiment in the canonical books of the New Testament.

By saying so I shall undoubtedly lay myself open to the charge of having reduced sacred documents to a set of fables and fairy-tales. Even such products of the human imagination are rarely without their kernel of valuable truth. But a myth is different. It possesses four important qualities that, when combined, set it far apart from the more ephemeral and less commanding products of man's poetic faculty. It has at its heart some truth or fact of transcending importance; it represents the distilled intuitive wisdom of many minds and generations; it has the power of continued growth; and it can be interpreted symbolically. Like everything else it is subject to the law of evolution, and if sufficiently vital it will go on growing until hopelessly outlived.

By proper development and ever renewed interpretation, such a myth may grow integrally into the consciousness of modern, scientifically thinking men as a living, breathing, working

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ideal—as one of those "romances" to which man, in the words of James Branch Cabell, "plays the ape" for his own improvement. Thus understood, a myth is something within ourselves, an active principle of our own selves, and not something on the outside moving us as the lever moves the stone. It works only through us, and on us depends how and to what purpose it shall work. Herein lies the main future possibility of the Christ myth as it has come down through the ages to us men of to-day. It is still changing, growing, evolving; and it is for us, by constructive symbolical interpretation, to make it meet and further our new spiritual needs.

There is nothing irreverent in these ideas when seen in their proper light. Looking back over the past with an unbiased mind, it seems impossible to deny that man's conception of the Christ figure has changed steadily and radically. How could the Christ of men who believed this globe the center of the universe and its destruction imminent, be in every particular identical with the Christ of modern Occidentals who know that this mere speck in space has untold millions of years behind it and probably as many still ahead? There must have been a tremendous development from the day when the myth first took shape around whatever piece of actuality served as a crystallizing agency, and up to the formal canonization of the synoptic Gospels. But that development is equaled in significance, if not in speed, by the later growth which separates the Christ of the Nicean Council from that, say, of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Is it not possible then that this myth, which shows such vitality after two thousand years of incessant disputes as to its real nature, may go on growing, gathering new contents and meanings, until it becomes once more a poetically truthful expression of the hopes and yearnings and dreams of minds equipped with all that their own time has to offer of secular learning?

§ 3

What is back of the Christ myth when seen in this light?

It is the product, we must remember, of a time that was sick to death with the endless misery of its own selfish and futile strife, and no less sick with the proved futility of the ever newly spawning multitudes of ancient deities—but also of a time that was gradually becoming aware of the rights and claims of the individual as opposed to those of the tribe or the state. It was a time of transition in every respect, when men at last were beginning to think of themselves as having souls. Behind it lay ideals that were almost exclusively social; ahead of it others that were as one-sidedly individual. For this very reason, however, the teachings ascribed to Jesus of Nazareth reflect both these sets of conflicting and seemingly incompatible ideas. And in this fact lies undoubtedly one of the chief sources of their continued vitality at a juncture when changing social conditions have caused a much over-emphasized and largely misconstrued individualism to become a hindrance to the further progress of the race.

In its primal origin the Christ figure may have symbolized the renewal of life in spring, and this grew into a symbolization of the constant renewal of all life through birth and death and new birth. Then, and with increasing

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preponderance, it was made to symbolize the new aspirations of the individual to a personal identity so distinct as to make him immortal. By a parallel process of growth no less important, it came also to symbolize man's dream of a social organism that would permit every individual to develop freely in accordance with his own nature. Lastly that steadily growing figure of the Son of Man, who mythically and miraculously was also the Son of God, the direct offspring and delegate of the power back of all life, became a symbol for man's dream of an ideal man, a superman, that would lift the whole race out of the slough of selfishness and greed and jealousy and ignorance in which it had wallowed since it first learned to claim the epithet of human. The Kingdom of God which that final Christ was represented as preaching must be understood not as a heaven in the skies but as a millennium on earth, based on the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God; based, that means, on man's complete and effective realization of the universally harmonious coördination of all life as the purpose toward which the force or spirit back of it seems to strive when properly comprehended.

This last form of symbolism is particularly exemplified and accentuated by the idea of vicarious atonement, which may suggest nothing more than a cowardly escape if falsely interpreted. It does not teach that we may evade the consequences of our own acts through the gratuitous intercession of some one else, but that we are all parts of a common whole, united to each other by the fundamental facts of our existence as the cells of the body are united by tiny filaments of protoplasm, so that daily and hourly we suffer and rejoice, pay and reap, vicariously, on account of innumerable acts in which we bear no open share. There is in all of us a Christ portion that carries the sins of others and helps to atone for them, so that others still to come may not have to pay quite so high a price for the mistakes and misdeeds of the past; a portion that is not of our own choosing but imposed on us by life itself. To me personally this truth was brought home unforgettably when, as a newspaper man, I had to face the horrible details of the so-called *Slocum* disaster, and my tortured mind insisted on knowing why, in a universe not ordained by fiends, so many hundred women and children should perish cruelly for no fault of their own. And the dawn of peace came to me only when I saw that they were all infinitesimally small replicas of the Christ figure, atoning for sins not their own, that others might learn and live.

If this interpretation of the Christ myth have any truth in it, then it should be easily seen why, instead of scrapping it as antiquated and outlived, we should cherish and develop it still further, until it grows universal enough, exalted enough, and lifelike enough to gain acceptance throughout the world in an ultimate merging with similarly understood myths of other Messianic prophets. The chief sin of the Fundamentalists and other orthodox confessors of every type is that they must needs cast their Christ figure in some material so hard that neither love nor hatred, neither time nor space, can affect it in any manner; while to live, and to draw living love, and thus to urge life of ever increasing perfection, that figure must be kept

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plastic and experimental as are all those parts and forms of life that have a future and a destiny ahead of them.

Another aspect of this myth has played a part in shaping the conclusion to which this self-scrutiny led me—an aspect that impressed me deeply as soon as it occurred to me. While I am pondering whether I should call myself a Christian or not, there are millions of people in other parts of the globe who have no hesitation at all on that score. Of course I am a Swede and a European by birth, an American by nationality and adaptation, an Occidental by geographical location, and a member of the so-called white races anthropologically. But to innumerable Moslems, Buddhists, Brahmanists, and Confucians, all such distinctions are submerged in my membership of that part of humanity which constitutes modern Christendom. To all such outsiders I am first and last a Christian, no matter what I may say about it. The community of different peoples is determined partly by their own sense of it, and partly by their common juxtaposition to other parts of the human race. From both points of view Christianity remains a real and living fact even at this late day, and I find myself a part of it.

After all, that beautiful old myth is the one thing that makes a nominal unit, however precariously knit together, of four whole continents—Europe, the two Americas, and Australia—as well as of considerable parts of Asia and Africa. In that name meet men of such different types and cultural stages as the Siberian settler, the Slavonic peasant, the American business man, and the South American Gaucho. This far-flung tie of a wholly spiritual nature traverses the more material factors of race, color, nationality, and class. Evanescent and weak as it may seem at times even to the firmest and least skeptical adherents of the Christian faith, it nevertheless sets them apart from other men in a symbolical entity that may some day become actual. It is a heritage not to be lightly discarded in a world so rich in dividing influences, and so poor in manifestations of our fundamental human community.

To myself this slight bond has proved too precious an asset to be rejected for the sake of any differences of religious formulation. Believe what I may, I am a member, by birth and upbringing, by political allegiance and cultural tradition, of a vast number of racial groups scattered all over the earth and held together, nominally at least, by a name and an idea, a myth and a dream. It has a different meaning to every one of them, and yet it gives to all of them an inevitable identity of orientation. To break this single bond now would be not only a waste but an impossibility. The old bottles must house the new wine for a long time to come. So I think it the better policy by far to accept this bond, and to work for a further development of that central unifying myth to a degree of purity and significance that will make it a common inspiration for all mankind, not toward barren asceticism or paralyzing other-worldliness but toward constructive collaboration in that service of the Spirit of Life which may also be defined as "community in God."

These are, in the main, the reasons why I not only am willing to call myself a Christian but hold it my right and duty to do so.

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Woman's Tolerance of Woman

Her Changed Attitude Toward the "Bad" Woman

By R. le Clerc Phillips

Probably no one denies that there has arisen among women a new spirit of tolerance. Tolerance for that ethical ideal which they have always been expected to treat with intolerance. I mean of course the question of what is generally known as immorality. And one student of society at least, Mr. Bertrand Russell, in a recent book has actually gone so far as to declare that the emancipated woman of to-day has shown so slight a disposition to bolster up the institution of marriage that there is some possibility that it may ultimately disappear altogether.

The new toleration among women is coincident with their recent economic independence and with the spirit of unrest in marriage which is to many so disquieting a feature of modern life. All three are closely interrelated and hinge one upon the other. It has so constantly been stated that the influence of women is and must always be in favor of the preservation of marriage and of family life that the mere repetition of the statement has apparently created a universal belief in its veracity.

But so far from women having used their comparatively recent-acquired powers for the strengthening of the married state and the furtherance of conventional morality, their emancipation has beyond all question been used by them in precisely the opposite sense. Social reformers and ministers of religion are well aware of this and of recent years have indulged in an orgy of nagging, blaming women entirely for the real epidemic of divorces and separations which is one of the most striking features of modern life.

Divorce, as every one knows, is enormously on the increase in the majority of civilized countries; certainly in all those countries characterized as progressive. And in the United States the increase has been immeasurably greater than anywhere else. Seeing that women occupy a better, freer, and more dignified position here than elsewhere, it is impossible to avoid linking the divorce phenomenon of this country with the large emancipation of American women. In 1922 there were 148,815 divorces in the United States; in 1916 there were 112,036; in 1906 there were 72,062; and in 1896 there were only 42,937. That is to say that in the extremely short period of twenty-six years there has been an increase of 105,878 divorces over the figure of 1896. According to the latest government statistics, in this country one marriage out of every seven ends in the divorce courts. In

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England there were 3464 divorces in 1921 as compared with only 1348 in 1914, the increase being largely due to extraordinary marriages which took place during the war. The latest available figures for both France and Germany are staggering by the side of the relatively modest English figures. In 1922 there were 33,000 divorces in France, and in 1921 Germany brought her total up to 39,216.

As to the striking increase in the economic emancipation of women, it is sufficient for the purpose of this article to mention that while in 1880 there were 2,647,157 women gainfully employed in the United States, in 1920 the figure had risen to 8,549,511, or sixteen per cent of the total population of the country. The number of married women gainfully employed was 1,920,281 in 1920; but in 1890 the number was no higher than 515,260—a really sensational increase for a period of only thirty years.

The attitude of the feminists toward the economic emancipation of women has always been one of the noisiest kind of approval. And small wonder. For judged from the point of view of the individual woman, and from this point of view only—for I have no intention of discussing the question from the point of view of the race or the family, and certainly not from that of man—nothing could conceivably have done more to enable women to flout custom, convention, and even morality with such perfect impunity than the power of earning their own bread.

Wherever and whenever women have been able to fend for themselves it has been usual for them to make their own laws of living. This truth has been evident throughout history, and explains the tolerant attitude which has always been extended to the unconventionalities of actresses, dancers, and women of great wealth. Being economically independent of men they have not been forced to do the bidding of any man—except by choice; and the only really infallible whip that men have ever possessed to command women to their will has been that of women's economic dependence on the male.

§ 2

It is possible that few men realized at the time of the inception of the feminist movement that once women no longer depended on fathers, husbands, or male relatives for their food, shelter, and clothes, the hold over them was at an end except in so far as women wished men to retain it. Sir J. M. Barrie made this very clear in his famous little play, "The Twelve Pound Look."

It is probable too that if men had thought about it at all before women launched themselves on their triumphant series of emancipations, it would scarcely have occurred to men that their domination over women would ever have been questioned by women to the extent that it actually has been questioned—and resented. Men have naturally accepted this domination as a fact of nature, and no doubt they have been deeply disappointed that of recent years women have to a limited degree not only denied it but have occasionally even succeeded in disproving it, since it is absurd to think that a man can dominate any woman who earns more than himself.

The feminists, in the days of the heat of the struggle, never greatly stressed this aspect of the results of the economic emancipation of women,

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therein giving proof of considerable tact. It would not have helped matters if they had taken pains to warn men that the economic independence of women could be utilized, and since has been, as a weapon of attack and defense in marriage. Their arguments were as superficially sentimental as a short story in a woman's magazine. Marriage, they said, has hitherto been virtually the only means of livelihood open to women; and women have thus been forced to adopt it for a living just as men have been obliged to study law, medicine, or engineering, or go into business for a living.

The result of this iniquitous state of affairs has been that while men as a rule marry for romantic reasons, women have not always reciprocated in this respect, but have only too frequently married for purely mercenary motives. This, the feminists have always pointed out, is a grave injustice to men, which can be removed only by allowing women an alternative means of earning their living.

So far this is admirable reasoning, and its truth is irrefutable. But the feminists have seldom carried their arguments beyond the point of the marriage ceremony. They have never dwelt too long on the fact that the same economic independence which enables a woman to marry a man for love instead of for a meal-ticket also enables her, when out of love, to put on her hat and, like Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," walk out of her home, slamming the door behind her. In other words, the ability to earn thirty-five dollars a week—the earning-capacity of a very large number of women in this country—has placed in the hands of women a weapon of deadly effectiveness.

The mere knowledge of their competence to shift for themselves has had the perfectly natural result of making married women less tolerant of restraint, less willing to give as well as to take, more imperious, more exacting, more capricious. This spirit, in turn, has had and is having a marked influence on the increase in divorce. It is clear that the married woman who is unable to fend for herself economically must, and of necessity does, submit to various trials to which another woman, capable of earning her own living, will not submit. It is to be feared that the virtues of resignation, self-sacrifice, and womanly duty which the moralists advocate in cases of unhappy marriages are apt to receive but scant attention from a woman who believes herself to be the victim of outrageous marriage conditions and knows herself to be fully capable of earning a decent livelihood for herself.

"Women," said Mr. Justice Darling, the famous English judge, in a post-war newspaper interview, "differ by the width of Heaven from what their mothers were." But do they? Is it not the circumstances under which women live to-day that are so radically different from those which governed the lives of their mothers? The women of the past generation when compared with their daughters may seem to be paragons of virtue; but those who uphold them at the expense of the modern woman may forget that the womanly virtues, the decay of which they so deeply regret, were as often as not only the result of women's inability to adopt any line of conduct except that of submission in marriage. The modern woman fails lamentably in the matter of submissiveness for the reason that it has dawned on her that

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there is no need to submit to any man or any thing so long as she can earn thirty-five or forty dollars a week.

Nothing better exemplifies this modern lack of submission on the part of women to the trials and tribulations incident to married life than an observation made by the U. S. Bureau of the Census in a publication entitled "Marriage and Divorce, 1922": "There appears to have been a large increase in 1922 over the period 1887 to 1906 in the proportion of divorces where the marriages had endured 'Less than one year,' 'one year,' 'two years,' and 'three years.' *There were, in fact, no less than 6,445 marriages in this country in 1922 which failed to last even so short a period as one year.*" (The italics are mine.)

Although, of course, women were not the petitioners in all of these cases, in view of the fact that between 1887 and 1922 rather over two thirds of the divorce applications have been made by the wife and rather less than one third by the husband, it is fair to assume that far the larger part of these short-lived marriages were dissolved on the application of the bride. Surely this is eloquent proof, if any were needed, of the immensely powerful weapon that woman has made of her newly won economic independence.

§ 3

But if the economic emancipation of women has been the chief factor in the creation of marriage unrest, it has a very close second in the rapidly changing attitude of woman toward the morality of her sex. Some few years before the war, Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, the well known English suffragist leader, wrote that she saw distinct signs of a movement toward a single standard of morality as between the sexes, but that this was being reached, not by any elevation of the man's standard to meet the woman's, but by a lowering of the woman's to meet the man's. Since those words were written the World War has taken place; and in the general upheaval that followed, it became apparent that the old hostility of the "good" woman toward those of her sex whose morality is unconventional has been so greatly mitigated as to be in some cases almost non-existent. Even a few dignitaries of the Episcopal Church seem to have recognized this new spirit, for one of the speakers at the recent convention in New Orleans alluded in the same breath to the growing independence of women and the progress of the idea of an equal standard of morals.

My own friends are virtually all women who are no longer quite young. Some are married and some are single and many of them are very highly educated. Without exception their early environment has been that of rigid conventional morality. But strict as their own personal conduct may be, I do not know one woman—no, not one—who harbors harsh, contemptuous, or resentful feelings toward those women whose moral conduct is not so exemplary as their own. I think that this immense change in the attitude of the modern woman toward what has hitherto been called immorality is one of the most striking features of modern life; and it certainly has an important bearing on the divorce question in that a divorced woman is no longer regarded as a permanent outcast from society, even when her guilt is a matter of common knowledge. One powerful incentive to submission to the conditions of a

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loveless marriage is thus virtually wiped away for the woman who decides to disregard her marriage vows.

What is the real cause of this immense change in the attitude of women toward the question of immorality? I have mentioned the general upheaval provoked by the war, but this would not be sufficient of itself; the acceptance of new ideas must necessarily rest on their capacity for being carried out in practice. There would be little except futility in the determination of women, or at least of a certain proportion of emancipated women, to adopt a single standard of morality if they did not possess the power of sustaining their actions. And in the same way, the new tolerance of women toward women rests on a basis of solid economics.

It has frequently been remarked by sociologists that the ancient hostility of "good" women toward women of unconventional morals is based on the fact that the "bad" women are "scabs." That is to say that from time immemorial women have made it their business to insist on a life contract with men—marriage. They could hardly have done otherwise, since no means of earning their own bread was open to them; while to any but the women of exceptional beauty or charm, who constitute an infinitesimal proportion of the female sex, the outlook resulting from short-time contracts would be exceedingly precarious. The average woman has not usually been able ever to depend on unlimited offers of maintenance on the part of men. A life contract is therefore virtually essential to the average woman, handicapped, as such a woman always has been up to the last few years, by absolute economic dependence.

Consequently it was the most natural thing in the world that women who held out, so to speak, for trade-union regulations should regard as "scabs" those women who were ready to "work" for less than these regulations insisted on. The resentment that the "good" women felt against the "bad" was therefore precisely of the same character that the workman, struggling to keep up his price of labor, experiences against the man who is ready to undercut him. The industrial "scab," by refusing to subscribe to trade-union rules, is helping to make life more difficult for the ordinary workman; the sex "scab" has been doing the same thing to the ordinary woman whose sole livelihood has hitherto been marriage.

As we have seen, marriage is no longer the sole means of livelihood for women. There are a hundred other means. As a consequence the sex "scab" and her operations have become far less deadly to the "good" woman. The sex "scab" may do her worst to-day; and although she may, with this worst, deprive the "good" woman of marriage, she cannot, thank Heaven, deprive her of her bread and butter, for the two things are no longer interdependent. Consequently there is no longer the same reason for hostility on the part of the "good" woman. The fear that the sex "scab" inspires to-day is only the tenth part of what it once was.

Naturally women have never chosen to cry their fear of the "scab" from the housetops. To have done so would have plunged them still more deeply into the morass of men's domination, for it is only human to take advantage of the fears of those in our power. Instead they combined in a mighty

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organization to retaliate on the sex "scab" by the most perfectly elaborated system of social ostracism that the world has ever known. Individually the sex "scabs" have always wielded immense power; but *en masse* they were totally unable to cope with the endless battalions of plain, ordinary, average women who formed the great women's trade-union, with "Marriage a life contract" as their rallying-cry.

And out of this perfectly organized and artificial system of social ostracism there gradually arose an attitude of genuine hostility and contempt for those women who were willing to take less than a life contract—an attitude which men did not share but to which they subscribed with lip-service in order to preserve some semblance of peace within the portals of the home.

What is to be done to check this new tolerance of women—always supposing that the body of opinion which objects to it becomes strong enough to create a demand for its suppression? Frankly I do not know. If women were deprived of their economic independence they would automatically revert to the old order of things; at least, presumably they would. But even if it were possible to force them back into dependence, one imagines that most men would make a wry face over the prospect of contributing to the support of female relatives who had failed to find husbands to support them. Of course the tolerance of women might be countered by a still newer intolerance of men; that is to say, by the institution of a complete reversal of the old order of attitudes toward immorality. But, for obvious reasons, the point is not worth ten seconds' discussion.

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Reading for Education

When Sophistication Muddies the Waters

By Hugh Walpole

Of all the snobberies common to man the literary variation is, I think, the least harmful. That is because I suppose it is really based on a love of beautiful things, yet a great many very fine and handsome readers are quite innocent of it. I divided in my first essay nursery readers into the two grand divisions of Romantics and Realists, and now the time has come for a later division into the two great nationalities of the Sophisticated and the Unsophisticated, and one of the principal characteristics of the Sophisticated is that they have been all at one time or other literary snobs.

I like to think of the Unsophisticated; charming and happy creatures, they are seeking only to gratify their simple and sensuous emotions, passing from the twopence colored pamphlets to the swashbuckling romances of the great Dumas or the happy family chronicles of the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe" or the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, Longfellow, and Sir Edwin Arnold to the mature uncritical happiness of anything that seems to them real and true and beautiful. It is the fashion in the more superior literary journals of our time to sneer at the Unsophisticated; almost nothing is done for their reading by these journals. Because they are moved by Longfellow as well as by Tennyson, by Mrs. Humphry Ward equally with Jane Austen, by the latest successful novel of the day and by Mr. De La Mare's fairy-stories at one and the same time, therefore little articles are written making fun of them, sarcastic poems are composed in their honor by very clever young poets, and the true love of literature is said to be quite beyond their experience.

But is it? Because the Unsophisticated have never considered whether their reading is good form or no is merely an argument in favor of their honesty; the Unsophisticated indeed have no opportunity of being anything but honest. There are times perhaps when they are shy of their appreciations, when some very clever relative has raised an eyebrow at their enthusiasms or some young critic has been entertained at dinner and has written to them with that superior tolerance that is so natural an attitude for young critics. They blush then a little, they hedge a trifle perhaps, they try hurriedly to summon to their memories any works with fine-sounding titles that have given them pleasure, but their innocent attempts at such snobbery are happily short-lived, their true enthusiasms will keep breaking

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through, and it is no more possible for them to disown their favorites than it is for Mr. Walkley, say, to pretend an ignorance of the works of Aristophanes or Marcel Proust.

§ 2

How different are the Sophisticated! I would not for a moment deny them their virtues; it may well be that it is in their hands that the true growth of literature lies, for they are the ones ever on the lookout for the latest superior thing; and as the latest superior thing will almost certainly sell very few copies indeed, it is the Sophisticated alone who are able to nourish its life and keep it fed and housed until the wide world is ready to recognize its importance.

The reading of the very young Sophisticated, however, is not as a rule concerned with contemporary genius. He must first be fed on all the earlier superior works, and it is at this stage in his reading that the temptation to snobbery will attack him most severely. The youthful reader of seventeen or eighteen when he first sniffs the delightful airs of fine writing will discover immediately that he is different from many of his companions. I had only to taste Hazlitt, Keats, and some of the Elizabethan dramatists to find that I was considered by some of my contemporaries to be a rather superior person. This had never occurred to me before; indeed during my reading of Scott and some of the early nineteenth-century novelists I was thought to be rather stupid and sadly behind the times; but I found that for some mysterious reason my liking for Hazlitt's Essays and Lamb's Letters and yet more my rather nightmarish pleasure in the plays of Webster and Ford moved me into another world. I was immensely pleased by this; I had always thought myself rather unusual and had never quite understood why it was that I was not more generally thought so. A new subtle element crept into my reading. I enjoyed Hazlitt and Lamb of course; that first thrill on that Christmas evening had been far too authentic to be doubted; but I began now to read under the observation of others, and I began, worst of all, to read things because they were difficult and to fancy that I understood them when most assuredly I did not.

Every generation provides for its literary young its own especially difficult tests: to-day it may be that the poems of Doughty or T. S. Eliot are the particular temptations; twenty years ago "Sordello" and the novels of Meredith were still fresh enough to serve that purpose. "Sordello" I read from beginning to end while I was still at school, and I did, I think, obtain a sort of confused pleasure from it. Fine words stuck out like plums in a pudding here and there; I had a glorious picture in my mind of an Italian night-piece with rude battlements and towers, fires flashing, the clashing of arms in the invisible dark, and Sordello himself somewhere singing his songs. If I had been content with that no harm was done, but I pretended to myself, as well as to others, that I understood every word of it, and I am still able to blush at the recollection of an unhappy evening when a fierce old professor of my father's college produced a page of it and challenged me to interpret.

But the devil of this business is that once falseness has crept in there is no stopping it. A true reader, that is,

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one to whom books are like bottles of whisky to the inebriate, to whom anything that is between covers has a sort of intoxicating savor, is unable often to distinguish between that same love of a book as a book and the real grasping of it as an individual creation. In some mysterious fashion all books that were considered esthetically superior had from that very consideration a fascinating shape and color. I remember that I carried about with me at this time an old volume of Landor's "Gebir" only because I had understood that it was something that almost nobody had read and that it was only appreciated by the very finest spirits. Yes, I carried it about with me, but at this time did not read a word of it, always intending to, loving to see it there lying on my table like some mysterious orchid, and loving it, especially when some one picked it up, examined it, and wondered that I could be so wise.

These are lamentable confessions, but I suspect that most readers have one day or another known something of the kind. And after all, who knows but that there may not be something not quite dishonorable about it; who knows but that the books themselves are not working actively in the matter? "Sordello," it is true, I have never quite heartily liked; too much manner and too little matter perhaps, something of literary snobbishness on Browning's own part somewhere; but "Gebir" had not to wait so very long before my affectation changed into something most truthful and sincere. Do you remember:

"Now disappear the Liparean isles,
Behind and forward hang the Etrurian coasts,
Verdant with privet and with juniper.
Now faith is plighted: piled on every hearth
Crackle the consecrated branches, heard
Propitious, and from vases rough embost
Through the light ember falls the bubbling wine,
And now the chariot of the sun descends!
The waves rush hurried from the foaming steeds:
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate;
Which, when we enter, with huge golden bar
Atlas and Calpe close across the main."

The final lure for my snobbery, however, was nothing so innocent as "Gebir" but rather the overwhelming personality and power of George Meredith. Every literary age has of course its own special fetishes; the fetish of to-day, I fancy, is the poetry of Thomas Hardy, and there is, I am sure, many a young snob at Oxford and Cambridge at this particular moment who, just as the medieval hermit forced himself into his hair shirt, is driving into his young consciousness a determined admiration for those marvelously crabbed and gnarled poems. Meredith's novels twenty years ago were far from being remote as in so many ways they are to-day. He was unpopular, he was a rebel, he was a creator of glorious women, he wrote in a difficult and richly tangled prose. One of the unquestioned results of the World War is that we are turning more and more toward honest simplicity in our reading. Defoe and Swift and Jane Austen, John Clare and Barnes

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and their kind are now our heroes and heroines, and I venture to prophesy that the young author of "Lady into Fox" will prove to be the ancestor of many a tale almost as simple if not quite as innocent as "The Fairchild Family." But twenty years ago we were still caught in the web of all the fine affectations of the nineties, and, at Cambridge at least, it was still unaffected to believe nakedly in affectation.

I certainly had no consciousness that my Meredithian fervor was insincere. It began quite definitely on a fine summer's afternoon in Cambridge when my father and mother, sitting under a hedge in a field, read "The Egoist" one to the other. I, sitting near at hand, heard my father consider Meredith's "difficulty," and from that moment I was caught. It is quite true to say that "The Egoist" won me to a new conception of the possibilities of fiction. The novels hitherto known to me had been concerned in the main with external action; and although that action might not be very important, as for instance in the stories of Jane Austen, when the principal excitement was a ball in the Bath assembly-rooms or the expectation of a proposal of marriage, nevertheless the characters moved, there was changing background, people were clothed in definite costumes. Now in "The Egoist" nothing external was of importance compared with the manœuvers of heart and soul. It is true that Clara Middleton attempted to run away, that Dr. Middleton enjoyed his wine, and that in Crossjay there was a real living, kicking school-boy, but no physical movement was of importance compared with the spiritual state of the characters; Sir Willoughby was the thing, and as his soul was revealed to you it was like a bird's-eye view of a new and marvelous country. This book I loved, and with, I think, a true appreciation of what was grand in it, but I can see now on looking back that there was a terrible deal of unreality about my passion for some of the others. Oddly enough the one that I cared for the most truly after "The Egoist" was one of the most difficult, "One of Our Conquerors," and I shall until I die always think the heroine of that book the princess of English beauties. "Evan Harrington" entertained me, but in my heart I liked "Barchester Towers" better, and the first half of "The Amazing Marriage" will have for me always a strange, mountainous, haunting beauty lovely in its dim retrospect. But "Harry Richmond" and "Vittoria" and "The Tragic Comedians" and even the famous "Diana" herself were difficult work; I never really believed in them, and I fought my way through their pages like Jabberwock in his forest. But did I honestly say so? No, alas, I did not; I made it my test of every one I met whether they read Meredith or no, and if they did not my eyes went up in a surprised distress and I hurriedly but pointedly and a little pityingly turned the conversation into other directions. There were at the same time other servants of my affectation; Walter Pater was one of them, Francis Thompson a second, Beddoes a third. Pater, fifteen years afterward, I was to recapture with a fresh sense of delighted discovery, although even now I feel that there is inside him a cool green slab of marble, such as Browning's bishop ordered for his tomb, instead of a heart. I have yet a note-book filled with my

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literary dicta of that time, extracts from "Death's Jest-Book" are scattered like freckles all over the paper, and I write about "The Hound of Heaven" as though I were in truth Thompson's one worthy reader. I had a very small library at this time, but my fine poets and dramatists, my superior essayists and one or two French novels (the last almost entirely unintelligible to me) were arranged ostentatiously upon my shelves; I was always vexed did any one come into my room and not notice them.

I was saved from hopeless ruin by the intrusion of Carlyle and a sudden panic-driven suspicion that I was completely uneducated. I wonder how many readers in his own good time Carlyle has thus saved, and I wonder too at what stage in life as a rule the idle lotus-eating reader has been conscious of this sudden thirst for education.

§ 3

We are told constantly about the many serious people who from their earliest years read only for education. They begin apparently with Mrs. Taylor's "Cautionary Tales," pass on through "Lives of the Saints" into a full enjoyment of the classics, thence slide gently into Kant and Schopenhauer, disport themselves freely among comparative religions, and, at the age of twenty-one, are fine, tabulating, reasoning creatures about whom there is no nonsense and for whom nothing in life holds a mystery. And indeed the last thing I intend to do is to sneer. I have never known what it is to be a student of anything; I have never had the clear-headedness, the application, the austerity of life; and moreover it is absurd to pretend, as I have seen men do, that it is impossible to obtain fine ecstasy from the works of Kant and Schopenhauer and the intricate conclusions of Bergson and Einstein. I incline my head before brains of such caliber; yet we all know that it is the most learned philosophers and mathematicians who delight in fairy-stories and detective tales.

The difficulty is that to be deliberately self-educative limits sadly one's un-self-consciousness. As soon as I discovered that I ought to be better educated I began deliberately to consider what would be the books that would educate me best, and that deliberation hindered, deny it as I might, my innocent pleasure.

There were for instance the classics. I had learned, like most English public school boys at that time, nothing at all at school. I had spent week after week over the parsing of ten lines of Euripides or Vergil; I had been kept in for many a sunny afternoon because of the wrong placing of a Greek accent; I had constructed with infinite difficulty some of the worst Latin verses known to man; but no single human soul during all those eight years at school had given me any sense at all of the glowing excitement of Homer, the quiet pastoral beauty of Vergil, or the touching human drama of Euripides. I was to discover Homer years later from Chapman, and Euripides from Gilbert Murray, and Æschylus from the Loeb Library; but at this time the whole classical world was a dim mist-shadowed country surrounded with a kind of Chinese wall of impossible grammar and long accent-haunted sentences. Of philosophy I knew nothing at all, of history only some sensational episodes, and of foreign languages enough to translate a page

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of "Tartarin" with a difficult inaccuracy and a scene of Schiller into stiff lopsided sentences.

§ 4

It is perhaps worth while to pause here for a moment and consider a specimen of the perfectly educated reader, partly because in any article on reading he assuredly deserves a place, and partly because it is only just that I should present a type so far away from my own.

A. W. (I know that if he sees this and recognizes himself he will forgive me) must from the very earliest age have been a perfect specimen of the educated reader. He always loved books and truly loved them, but never allowed himself any heady enthusiasm about them. I did not know him as a boy, but I am sure that whether it was Henty or Baines Reed or Hans Andersen that he was reading he read like a little spider sitting in the center of his web and waiting for the right fly to come to him. He must have always had that gift for extracting from his material the essential food for his precise need. On Henty he would nourish his desire for facts; with Hans Andersen and Grimm he would encourage his need for the fantastic; with Baines Reed he would study that queer thing Boy.

It was a classical mind that he really had, but he knew something about mathematics and chemistry, modern languages and the literature of sport, and from all these he gathered just enough and no more. If his real love was for classical literature he very soon became aware that it would not be truly educative to permit its fascination to enchant him too completely. He went through Eton and Oxford, I believe, as a most brilliant classical scholar, but he would always make it his business to talk to the men whom he met on their subjects and not on his own, in order that he might never pass an hour that should not inform him about something. When I first met him I was still in my heady condition of admiring only the best literature. I remember during the first evening that we spent together his polite interest in my Swinburne and Rossetti enthusiasms, and indeed he was so kind and attentive that I soon passed to my genuine love for Scott and the early nineteenth-century novelists and essayists. You might have thought, to listen to him, that he had never read a line of anything, and that for the first time in his life it occurred to him that it was very important that he should know more about the Waverley novels and Hazlitt and Lamb. He listened to me most deferentially, and when at last I ventured to say something about Greek literature he waved me at once away as though that were a subject in which he had not the slightest interest.

It was only afterward when I visited his astonishing and marvelously arranged library and heard from others of his astounding universal erudition that I blushed for my self-confident naïveté. How, I thought, he must have mocked at me in private, how childish and ignorant he must have considered me! But there I believe that I did him an injustice; he may well have been amazed at my confused and ill ordered mind, but he probably in the course of the evening acquired one or two facts that were useful to him about Walter Scott, and although he had, I think, no more than the average amount of self-conceit, he was

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so well accustomed to finding every brain disordered and ignorant in comparison with his own that I was for him no novelty.

He was an extreme and brilliant example of the kind of reader concerning whose merits I can never quite make up my mind. One sees them everywhere, note-book in pocket, furrowed brow and a sort of extension-lecture attitude to the world. It is the reader of this sort who underlines with thick pencil-marks the books that he reads and comments down the side of the page on misprints, topographical inaccuracies, and foolish philosophies. I am a little prejudiced against this kind, I think, because he is the terror of the novelist, is forever writing letters to say that the moon has risen on some occasion when it should not, and that it would be impossible for the hero to arrive by such and such a train from such and such a place. I once, I remember, received fifty or sixty letters pointing out that a lady in one of my novels had a mustache on one page and none at all on another, and I was blamed from many quarters of the country on another occasion because my hero resident in Cornwall read the "Morning Post" at breakfast.

§ 5

The danger of being too thoroughly educated in your reading is that education becomes with you a vice; you dare not read anything by chance lest you should be wasting the time over a poor book that you ought to be giving to a good one. It is very hard too, if you are a really educated reader, to avoid an attitude of superiority to all other readers. Educated critics are, I think, the worst of all in this; of course you may have so lively a fancy for the foibles of human nature that, as with Sir Edmund Gosse for instance, your educated pages are everywhere enlightened with human observations, or you may, like A. C. Bradley, be a genius of your kind and so above all human laws. But the ordinary educated critic is often a nuisance both to writers and readers because his own education is of so much more importance to him than the glorious excitement of literature. However, as there are, thank God, many more uneducated critics than educated ones, this is not a matter of great importance.

When I discovered the horrible facts about my own lack of education I hurried tumultuously, as many another reader has done, to improve myself. I laid down a schedule of daily reading; I determined that no more works of fiction should lie in my hands for years to come, save possibly on Sundays; for an hour before breakfast I would read the classics, in the morning when my regular university work was over I would study philosophy, in the evening modern languages should be my delight. The difficulty about the classics, I soon discovered, was that I was still in the stage of fourth-form knowledge; that is, I could translate with the aid of a dictionary at the rate of about ten lines an hour. The natural sequence of this was that I was an easy prey to cribs; cribs of the superior kind were in fact so fascinating that the original Greek and Latin were soon left far behind, and it did not seem necessary to go back and pick them up again when one knew so exactly what it was that they were trying to say.

The trouble with the philosophy, on the other hand, was that it was either so simple as to seem childish or so difficult as to be unintelligible. Philos-

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ophy needed, I discovered, a particular absorption of mind that was not apparently mine. When I had read a page or two of Hegel, we will say, my thoughts began to wander so destructively that I had to begin from the beginning again. Nietzsche seemed to me to be comparatively straightforward, but then I did not believe in anything that he said. And that was a further difficulty. When I had understood a little of the philosophy presented to me, my own natural philosophy, although obviously jejune and childish, was the only one that appeared to answer my particular case. My stature was simply not tall enough for these fine overwhelming systems, and I felt as I always feel in the Swiss mountains that my own English lakes are really more my own size.

With the modern languages my education was a little more satisfactory. If my memory is clear I made a miraculous leap from the painful line-by-line elucidation of my school "Tartarin" into the very arms of Balzac himself. It seems incredible, but I believe that quite suddenly, and as it were by a sort of divine dispensation, I had a clear understanding of the by no means uncomplicated finances of that citizen of Paris. I don't know how it happened; I have never as a matter of fact been able to read any other French quite so easily as the French of Balzac; his French is, I believe, not difficult, although clumsy and cumbrous; I only know that when I read Balzac in translation I do not feel that I am gaining anything or that I have missed very much of the French, whereas when I read Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's marvelous translation of Proust I realize that in the original I simply understood nothing at all. In any case, with this discovery that I could understand Balzac, there came a great leap forward in my educational reading; snobbery again, I suppose, and I must confess that at this distance of time it is very difficult to dissever the pride in my understanding any language whatever in its original from the real happiness that I caught from the art of the books that I was reading.

But how many readers will really love the literature of a foreign country, whatever they may pretend? Certain great writers—Goethe, Dostoyevsky, Balzac, Cervantes, Dante, Tolstoy—become by a kind of gigantic simplicity world voices, and no one may flatter himself with any special credit for catching at least an echo of their intention. But this other business of understanding the literature of another country better than your own, that must surely in all sincerity be very rare. With painting and music of course not; many a minor French painter has captured beauty for all the world to see, and music is surely a universal language. But when we come to this intricate, twisting, elusive tangle of words, life is not nearly long enough for the beginning of knowledge of our own. In that very strangeness of a foreign tongue there lurks, I suppose, magic, and I can remember that the first time that I heard some one in Moscow recite a poem of Pushkin's I was enchanted. But I was enchanted by the power of music only, whereas when I read "Tintern Abbey" or "The Ode to the Skylark" or "The Scholar Gipsy" or Crashaw's "Flaming Heart" I have the music and then beyond that the contact with the soul, intellectual, physical, and spiritual, of the artist.

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Even the most perfect translation wins you only half-way. The most perfect translations in my time in English have been Constance Garnett's editions of Tolstoy, Turgenieff, and Tchekoff, and Scott-Moncrieff's Marcel Proust, to which I have already alluded. How marvelous Mrs. Garnett's translation of Dostoyevsky is any one who has the slightest knowledge of the original will easily recognize; but inevitably so much, so very much, is lost by the mere sound of the words. Her translation of "War and Peace" is a masterpiece; but "Voena e Mir," and then "War and Peace"—does not the title drop in translation into a world of flattened intensity? So that it is, I fancy, a few great masters alone who push triumphantly over their country's surroundings; and even there, fate is so strange, it is still credibly held on the Continent, I believe, that our three greatest writers are Shakspere, Byron, and Oscar Wilde, with Dickens a languishing fourth and Thackeray and Fielding nowhere at all, and one has only to talk to an educated Frenchman or Russian to discover an astonishment that we consider Thomas Hardy one of our finest novelists.

I suspect then that for most of us, if we are honest, our foreign reading is pursued mainly because it is educational and not because we love it. French novels were a good deal read, I fancy, in the nineties in England by ladies upon whose hands time hung heavily because of their salacity, but of course that could be so no longer in this our day, when our own novels go so beautifully far in that direction.

But the educational demon, when he has once poked his nose into our reading, never quite leaves us again; it is he who finally once and forever has driven us out of that Elysian garden where once we read only for fun. I have in front of me now a little yellow-colored paper upon which twenty years ago I wrote these serious words:

"To Be Read Before the End of March

"Pater: The Renaissance; Marius the Epicurean
"Carlyle: Frederick the Great; Past and Present; Oliver Cromwell
"Nietzsche: Thus Spake Zarathusthra
"Bury: Mediæval History
"Zola: La Terre; Paris
"Wilberforce: Sermons (six volumes)
"Beowulf
"Calderón: Plays
"Stendhal: Le Rouge et le Noir"

What a touching and admirable list this is! How moving the insertion of "La Terre" into the middle of it; how wide and admirable a field it covers! But the pale specter of Duty hanging over it rids it of all charm. History especially suffered from my stern educational principles—history that should be the most glorious, captivating, and moving of all the written arts after poetry and yet apparently the most difficult of all to achieve successfully. I was reading during these years for honors in history, and was rewarded at last with the fine distinction of obtaining no marks at all in the ancient history paper; and that was partly, I remember, because we had to study among many other things the details of Napoleon's 1814 campaign. As the lean kine swallowed up the fat in the Bible, so did the minutiæ of these months in Napoleon's career swallow up all the rest of my historical studies. We had to follow from day to

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day, and even from hour to hour, every movement in that wonderful drama; every road and every village became vivid to me; military orders and private letters, unimportant officials, details of dress, colds and coughs and sudden headaches—here was a world into which I could plunge myself with understanding. But these other arrays of dates and national movements and successions of kings and princes, it was all the mere scaffolding of life to me. One short hour in the career of Pericles, could I have truly perceived it, meant more to me than all the struggles of Sparta. No, it was of no use; I simply had not the brain or the patience.

My final vision of myself during this strenuous time of progress is not a splendid one. I am a schoolmaster, by what whim of fate who can tell? Rows of tousle-headed boys are waiting for a lesson in French grammar, and now I begin: "This morning I will tell you a story, and you will deliver up to me next lesson a translation of this in your best French—" "A few years ago, on a dark and windy evening in Paris, a tall man, his face hidden in a black coat, might be observed passing swiftly down a side street—"

Yes, very sad. I was a schoolmaster for the merest year; education with me had sadly failed.

("Reading for Love" will appear in the May CENTURY.)

An Abandoned Tow-Path

BY ELIAS LIEBERMAN

In idle dalliance now it welcomes weeds;
  Grasshoppers dance along its unused ways;
A rainbow blur of flowers tells of seeds
  The wind had caught in care-free yesterdays.
And resting close beside it, almost dry,
  A greenish ghost of what was once a stream
Sags low within its muddy bed, as lie
  The broken things whose life is but a dream.

In memory alone it suffers pain:
  Informal insect choirs and elfin brass
Intone a dirge for all who wax and wane,
  A requiem for all who thrive and pass.
Sometimes, beneath the moon, it wakes to see
  The rotted locks draw open noiselessly.

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Women Want Too Much

By Herbert Shaw

Harry Hodgson is the solid stuff, you understand, and I'm the man with the brains. Harry's my best friend. I stopped one on the Somme in a January about a million years ago, and Harry brought me back. Next day Harry stopped one too—there were lots of little accidents happening about that time—and we both got to Blighty together—and we got into the same hospital.

I got the D.S.O., but Sergeant Harry Hodgson was due the whole alphabet for the way he trotted out under fire to bring me back to the lines. I knew, if the big fellows didn't; and when we were merry and free again Harry went back to his job in the metropolitan police, and I joined the police too. I was to have been a lawyer, and my uncle went off the deep end when I told him I was going to be a policeman for my living. But I liked Harry better than the dusty old office in Bedford Row, and the job that gathered Harry in again was good enough for me. It was the life, and it is still. If you want to ask a policeman, pick on me!

A few years elapse—I got that one from the pictures—and it's still all on the level between Harry and me.

Harry was top of his form in the solid class and winning by a distance. He'd got the whole of the "Policeman's Pocket Almanac," including the texts on the top of the diary pages, in his napper. He knew, without the book, the consular offices from Argentine to Venezuela, and could skip through the foreign embassies from Afghanistan to Uruguay. Passport offices were his playtime, and he could recite the three hundred and fifty combinations of letters of the motor-index at a trot.

Portrait of Harry: engraved by one who knows. Time: when Androssi, the cat burglar, was still off the hook.

Polly came along—no, that doesn't seem right. Polly danced in somehow, and there she was, like a sudden light.

Portrait of Polly? Not so tall and not so short; slim, I suppose. Sometimes she wore a tammy that made her look like a kid, and I used to think of a fairy lamp when I looked at her hair, and almost always she had a smile. On her toes—never one of your stand-still sort. And she could look straight at you and laugh with her eyes. There's lots can't.

She came from the country to work in the big canteen at the Police Institute. In a week she might have been a real bit of London. The first time she saw old Harry—I notice these things—she sort of looked at him with her mouth and moved toward him with her eyes. Then she brought Harry his silverside and dumpling and gave him an extra potato.

Harry hadn't finished his plate more than a second when she flashed across

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from six tables away, so quick she might have jumped them. She'd filled twenty-five orders and a couple of grumbles since she'd served us, and she hadn't slipped so much as a runner-bean or a spot of what we policemen are trained to call coffee. But she'd been watching Harry all the time.

"Hullo, Lightning," he grinned, and Polly took a look at him.

"Baked jam roll strawberry or prunesarice no custard to-day," she threatened. "How did you know my eyes were blue?"

That was when Harry took his first real look at Polly, and it was also the moment when he was knocked over. He was very puzzled, for her eyes weren't blue at all. They were brown, with a wink of light in them. After he looked, he gaped. After he gaped, she rolled the book of words out at him again, and Harry said brightly but respectfully:

"What you said last will do, thank you, miss."

"There *are* others," said Polly kindly, with her chin well up. "I was told this was to be a *quick* job. Coming!"

And off she quicked. Would you believe that after that Harry gets five full-grown prunes and a baby one to my miserable four? I was too upset to count the rice.

"I didn't say anything rude to her, did I, George?" Harry whispered. "What did she mean about her eyes?"

"Don't they call lightning blue, you chump?"

"I don't see it. I'd do a lot for that girl; honest I would, George!"

"She'll see to that, Harry. She was only going on that way to make you feel chatty and comfortable."

"But I don't feel comfortable," objected Harry. He pushed his plate away, and I said sternly:

"Here, don't you *want* those prunes?"

I didn't see Harry till the next Tuesday. Androssi had done another night climb and had got away with the Duchess of Trent's diamonds and the best of the duke's miniatures, and the newspapers were beginning to moan even worse than the duchess.

Old Harry wasn't bothering about Androssi. He had a glad eye and a face like a year's good news.

"I've tumbled to what she meant by the lightning," he said. "It was just a joke of hers. I'm thinking a lot about that girl, George."

"No!"

"I am," he declared solemnly. "But she's a funny girl. There's times when I think she don't like me at all; times when she looks at me old-fashioned and don't seem to have anything to say."

"Fancy that," I said, surprised. "You're joking, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not. She looks slow at me sometimes. And she laughs a bit queer, though I've been out with her every chance I've been off duty."

"Go to the pictures?"

The old bird shook his head and put a couple of fingers in between his neck and his collar—size seventeen and a half his collars are. Solid stuff.

"I like a bit of walking when I'm off duty. *Proper* walking; step it out, like. One evening we had a great time. I showed her Nelson's column, and the time they shut on Fridays at the National Gallery, and where the old buffer with the little red beard stops every day to feed the pigeons, and where the electric signs show when it comes dark."

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"What did she say?"

"She loved all of it," said Harry proudly. "And she laughed. She didn't think she would wait for the electric signs, not that evening. She said she wanted to save that up for another time. So I took her up Charing Cross Road and told her it was a pity all the old book-shops were shut, and showed her where the big pickle factory used to be. Then we ambled along Oxford Street and down the Bayswater Road till we got to Notting Hill. She was very struck with the Lancaster Gate Tube Station. We sat down on a seat opposite there. At Notting Hill we had an easy down the hill into Kensington, and doddled home along the Brompton Road and Piccadilly. There's nothing like walking."

"You're right," I said sadly. "Walking's like nothing. You galloped that poor girl seven and three quarter miles."

"That's right," beamed Harry. "About eight, I reckoned it. She's a country girl, you know; I thought of that. We enjoyed it fine. George, did I tell you I've found out her name? It's Polly. I'd give something to know why she looks at me so odd sometimes though."

"It's because of your company manners," I told him. "She never by any chance reminded you, I suppose, of a pound of Lyons's chocolates or a pair of new gloves or one of those vanity-bags in doo-dah colors they swing on a finger?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Harry. "That's an idea."

"It's all the idea," I drove in. "I've given you the three winners. Come to me if you can't think of anything else. They'll pay out on a fourth in this race. Have no fear. *Buy* something!"

I left old Harry. I wanted to buy a packet of cigarettes. Wouldn't it jar you—when I would have dashed for a bit of ready I've managed to hang on to, and taken that girl to the feed of her little life at Romano's and a laugh at George Robey to follow! Half the world doesn't know how the other half gives.

§ 2

Then they were off, right enough, Harry and his Polly. They were running neck and neck, as you might say; close together and the best of pals.

In six weeks you couldn't tell Polly anything fresh about Owen Nares or Pauline Frederick or Gerald Du Maurier. They were the happiest sweetheart team in London. And then it all went phut. I knew it on the fatal day Polly dumped the extra potato on my plate instead of Harry's, and marched off without a look at him at all. The way she banged the plates about at the service-counter was a shocking waste of noise.

I glanced at Harry. He looked as gleeful as a truncheon in its black case, and much the same color.

"Where are you and Polly going to-night, Harry?"

"Nowhere," he barked. "It's all off. Mind your own business."

There was a bit of silence like Blackwall Tunnel.

"Women want too much," said Harry.

I speared my buckshee potato.

"They're always *asking*," he groaned. "Want—want—want. There's no peace with them."

"There isn't a heap without," I burbled, and just then one of the

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loud-pedal plates rolled somewhere near my way. I picked it up and took it back to the counter in my best manner.

"You're looking fine this morning, Polly," I lied.

"No, I'm not," she snapped. "What did you want to lurch over here for?"

"For a look at your bright eyes, of course," I got out quickly. "What's up between you and Harry?"

"Nothing," said Polly, with an edge to it.

"What's he been doing wrong?"

Polly dropped a plate. It made me jump. "Nothing. Do you want any coffee?"

"Do you mean there's nothing wrong between Harry and you?"

"Nothing," said Polly. She was waggling one of the big plates between her thumb and fingers in a distinctly dangerous way, and I hopped back to Harry. He was looking like the latest arrival in the Lost Seals' Home.

"What did she say? I couldn't hear."

"You didn't miss a lot, Harry. It's all about nothing; she told me so."

"But what did she *say?*"

"Nothing," I told him truthfully. "Don't you worry. Just you leave it till this evening, and—"

Then there was a sort of an explosion. I was looking at Harry's third tunic button all of a sudden, and not at his solid old face. He had come out of his chair with a jump. I saw what it was, and I jumped too. Polly, the cunning little piece, had padded up to the table in a most unfriendly way. It wasn't social of her. Besides that, it was bad for my nerves.

"Why don't you mind your own business, you great fool?" she backfired at me. "I didn't say anything of the sort—and you know I didn't. You don't know the meaning of words. You're all alike, you men. I wish I hadn't come to London. You're none of you worth thinking about. What did you say?"

"Nothing, teacher," I said humbly. "I was trying to listen."

"Well, listen!" Polly ordered. "I can't stand a man who hasn't got a penn'orth of sense. I thought they *trained* policemen—and don't you stand there and grin, Harry. I've asked Harry to do a little thing for me —the simplest thing—and he won't. Very well. That's enough. He won't do it. I'm sick of policemen!"

Harry flapped miserably.

"I can't do it, Polly. You know I can't. If—"

"Ifs are no good to me, thank you. If you won't, I'm finished with you," barked Polly, and then the machine stopped. We were both looking at the hole in the air where Polly had stood. It felt nice to be out of the draft. Polly had marched back. With her arms folded on the counter she was stonily surveying the universe, not including Harry and me. There was a touch of Napoleon at his worst about her, and a dash of the queen of Sheba looking out over the ruins of Rome.

"I think I'll just go and talk to her quiet for a bit," Harry murmured hopefully.

"No, you won't. The land isn't fit for heroes; not this Wednesday. Polly's got a pile of plates there she can reach almost without moving, and she couldn't miss with the lot of them. I tell you I know the signs."

We wormed out. Harry blurred a few words about something or nothing when we stood in the open,

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and I took a deep breath of the fresh. The sky looked fine. Harry blithered again.

"Quite," I said. "But if you wrote it down I might have the right answer."

"Look here, George," he shouted, very hot, "are you trying to make fun of me?"

"I accept your apology," I said. "On the level, Harry, to save trouble, why don't you do what that girl wants?"

"I can't," he protested, and shook his feet about. "It isn't possible. She's asked me half a dozen times. I can't. If I could, I would. I can't."

He seemed to have the world's rights of that word. I ask you: this from a man who had walked on his own into a Soho night-club the month before, and stopped a three-a-side nigger fight with razors and broken glasses. Can't!

"And I can't do without Polly either, George," he bleated, returning his feet to normal. I looked at him, and I feared the worst. Well, what would you do if you saw a big policeman crying in the street? The newspapers would be full of it. I grabbed his arm hard and woke him up in time.

"I'll put you right with Polly, Harry," I said, very quick. "What's the matter with that big fruit-van turning down here out of the Strand? This bottle-neck is no route for the Covent Garden trade."

"That's got nothing to do with Covent Garden. It's one of the new police-vans—flying squad. Covered. Wireless. George, there's something doing!"

"J. K. Crediton, Fruit and Produce Merchant," was painted in big letters on the tarpaulin. Somebody looked out as the wheels scraped against the gutter, and I rumbled him and got a jolly thrill. I'd met him quite a few times, and very friendly too, when he had been in command of my division over there. He didn't recognize me. I got a glimpse of the wireless gadgets before he spoke. He was taking a dekko at a slip of yellow paper with our names on.

"I want Hodgson and Crombie," he said.

"Here, sir!" We were both together, good and quick and as pleased as Punch.

"Both of you? I'm in luck. First and third in revolver practice, weren't you?" said Sir John. "Nip in quick; I've got a job of work for you. Right—drive on!"

It wasn't half a minute before the car had backed into the side street and then was in the Strand, heading east. I tell you, with the commissioner himself in command, it smelled good and exciting. Old Harry was recovering fast. "Forty-horse Daimler," he purred professionally. "New type—one of three. I wonder what the hurry's about, George."

Sir John turned and told him. He held out both his hands, and there was a forty-five in each for us to take.

"They've got Androssi," he said. "Or rather, we know where he is. He joined up with Clement the coiner and his gang, and the whole lot of them have gone to earth in a solid old brewery by the river. They won't come out till they're forced."

"How many of them, sir?" asked Harry.

"Seven, certain," said Sir John. "Five of them are known to be gunmen, and they're ready to play hell.

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There's been a shooting-match already. A man of C Division was shot dead ten minutes ago, and two men who joined in the chase badly wounded. That was just before Androssi and the fellow with him got into cover." He opened a flap in the tarpaulin and looked out. "We'll be there in five minutes. I'm not going to give Androssi the pleasure of blowing him up. I want to get him for killing one of my best men."

The place where Androssi was being funny was simple enough at first look, but at the second look there were decided knots in it.

The brewery had been out of business for a couple of years, and a valuable site had gone begging. We found out afterward that the two watchmen, day and night, had been bought over by Androssi and the Clements gang, and so Mr. Androssi had had a nice snug bolt-hole during his busy holiday in England. It was now time for him to come back to work and pay a few bills.

We followed Sir John through an untidy tailoring-shop, pushing aside a little Yid with revolving hands who was bleating about damage and compensation and the shock to his poor Rebecca. He wanted to know why he had ever come from Hamburg, but I hadn't time to tell him. I did manage to give him a sudden private view of my gun, and he oy-ed himself away with a jump and a shriek. Sir John had reached the open window of the back parlor, and we looked out to the brewery yard.

"Here's your station," said Sir John. "They're in the building on the left corner—one or two on each floor—and if they see any movement in the yard, they shoot. I've got the roofs covered; they haven't a chance that way. They all know they're for it once we get hold of them, and they're desperate. I think some of them will try to rush the cellars."

He pointed to a big raised trap-door, on the other side of the yard and almost opposite our window.

"If they do try, you've got to stop 'em. There's miles of those cellars, and they've got explosives stored in them. The only outlet from the cellars we know at present is barricaded like a fortress, and there are other outlets we can't yet trace. They'll give us a heap of trouble if they get to the cellars."

I heard old Harry say dreamily, "Stop 'em." Sir John heard him say briskly, "Very good, sir." I remember stroking my forty-five, and it felt as good as velvet.

Sir John spoke from the inside door. "There's a telephone on the shelf here. Report to me every half-hour. Good luck."

§ 3

Even in a harassed policeman's life there are times when one gets an easy, restful job. Otherwise we couldn't stand the strain. This was one of the times; nothing to do but a quiet smoke and a stand easy. We were in luck, there's no doubt. After Harry had pulled open the wooden door which led out to the yard, all was peaceful.

We lounged by the window and stared at that open trap. When you got used to it, the view wasn't at all bad. There was even a pleasant lingering recollection of the magic stuff for which the place had really been built which repaid me for an occasional sniff. Harry missed that, poor chap. He isn't imaginative. I

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had counted three hundred and thirty uneven cobblestones and five fairly even ditto when one of the naughty pupils we were keeping in pushed the boat out and made a bold dash for the trap-door and the cellars.

I don't think crooks are very clever, by and large, but I will say this 'Erb had organized his little outing very creditably. The moment we saw something different in the landscape at the corner, Harry and I both let go, and there was a genial but annoying "*pung!*"

Both of our shots had made an honest landing upon a great piece of sheet-iron which the fellow was taking for a walk. It covered him all ends, and he and his pal Mr. Iron looked like a section of an armored train, but ten times as fast. He was making a lightning trip.

Harry moved to the door and had another go. He showed himself ever so little, but the men who were covering the runner from their windows made a few terse exclamations in lead, and some of my nicest cobblestones got a little more uneven. I played on the iron a couple of smacks and pulled at Harry's coat. I remember thinking that there were only fifteen yards between the man of iron and the trap-door when Harry suddenly ducked and kind of jumped himself all across the yard. It was a shame, the way his pals at the corner began mucking my pet cobblestones about.

"You stop where you are!" yelled Harry to me, and he leaped upon that sheet of iron. You've got to take my word for it, he scored a try. There was a clatter that somehow made me think of Miss Polly and her plates; but what I was jolly glad about was that Harry and Iron and the Unknown Pilgrim were all so neatly mixed up that the boys at the windows stopped their shooting. And then Harry shuffled the pack and discarded the ace of irons. He had his man fair and collared, and I dashed out and helped the party in to shelter. I gave the welcome visitor a click of the wrist that made him drop his gun just inside the doorway. He started kicking like a maniac, and Harry got one across, short but sweet, that knocked him silly and quiet. I looked Harry over, very careful, up and down.

"Hurt?" I asked him.

"Yes," grumbled Harry. "I scraped all the skin off my knees when I fell on those confounded stones."

"Is that all? Are you sure?"

"It's quite enough," Harry exploded. "It hurts too. What are you staring at me for? It wasn't my fault I had to have a puck at that fellow; I was nearest the door. I tell you what; you can have the next one. If another of 'em tries to have a go at the cellars, it's your move. I'll leave him alone."

"Thanks," I said, having a look at our silent guest. "You're all right, Harry. You got the best one. Do you know who this bloke is?"

Harry shook his head.

"It's Androssi, old son," I told him. "It's the star turn. You'd better ring up for an ambulance. He'll be waking in ten minutes. Where did you learn that eight-inch jab of yours?"

§ 4

I put it to you, as a possible policeman sometime if you've got the sense, and you're not too old for examinations and the preliminary canter, these quiet spells that come on a lucky day now and then make you dead certain

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you wouldn't change places with the king of England.

There we were again, each with a couple of cigarettes left, all set and peaceful, and a sort of quiet sunset in the mind, if Harry could get that high in the realms of thought.

Nothing doing from the crooks in the corner building. They had probably slacked off for tea with an egg to it.

No traffic to stop, no miles of beat to walk with a suspicious sergeant cropping up on the wrong corner, no jar to the soles of the poor feet.

No Polly.

I mustn't forget to lay in that little stock of cotton-wool.

These little precautions count.

Androssi carted off to be looked after in a friendly way; and they'd been trying to collar hold of him for six months. Harry without a scratch, because knees don't show anyway, and the proper ointment is about eighteenpence a small cask.

No need to step through that open doorway unless anything happened. I lit the last cigarette but one, and waved the match out like a lord with the old brandy at Prince's or the Ritz.

And quiet. No Polly.

"I don't think the lads'll bite again, Harry," I said. "They've had some."

No answer.

So I took a peep at Harry. And I didn't like it. It was too obvious that he was doing a bit of thinking. And when the strong silent type, the solid stuff, gets to doing anything so silly, it suffers a revolution all over itself. Harry looked ghastly.

"They didn't get you with any of those shots, Harry? Did they?"

"No. I told you."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm tired," said Harry, sort of in his sleep. "I want a rest. I've wanted a rest this last week, George."

"Aren't you getting one, you old grouser?"

"I want a *proper* rest," said old Harry slowly, and he looked queerer than ever. "Must have a rest. Time to think; that's what I want. Women want too much. That's what it is. I want a rest. That's not much to want. I've had enough for a bit. I must get a rest, George."

"Of course," I agreed blithely, and I looked round for a cushion, but I knew there weren't any. "I'll tell Polly when I see her, Harry, and we'll see what we can do."

"Polly!" hissed old Harry. And he picked up the gun Androssi had dropped. "They're using the same as ours, George. I've got an idea. George, I'm going to have a rest. I need it. Don't you think I'm right, George?"

"I'm thinking you're not," said I. "Put your feet up on a chair and have half an hour of good old shut-eye, you silly loon. I'll look after the ship."

"I'm going to have a rest," said Harry, stubborn, and he shoves Androssi's gun into my paw. "Clutch hold of this, George. I'm going to stand over there, and you're going to take a shot at me, understand. Through the thigh. You've got to make me a casualty, George. It won't hurt. And I'll get a good fortnight's rest. In hospital. Time to think a bit. Through the thigh, George. See?"

"Have you gone loopy, Harry?"

"I want a rest," he croaked, "and I'm going to have one. It's no good reporting sick. The doctor would

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rumble me in a minute. Are you going to let me have a good rest, George, or aren't you?"

"No, fool," said I, and Harry looked at his watch.

"It's time to report to Sir John," he said and grabbed the receiver. After ten seconds I got a jump all through me.

"Another attempt to leave the corner building in yard," he sang. Then he sort of caught up his voice. "Constable Harry Hodgson wounded in the thigh. Not dangerous. The attempt failed. No further capture. Man who tried to reach the cellars regained the corner building safely. Yes, sir."

There was a pause.

"Very good, sir. Please send ambulance for Constable Hodgson."

The receiver rattled back, and old Harry looks at me again.

"What's the game, Harry?" I was angry.

"They'll be coming along with the ambulance in a tick," says Harry. "Any road, they're calling us off. Sir John says he won't let us take any more risks."

"That's nice of him," said I, still wondering.

"He's sending up a couple of experts and a new detachment to guard the cellar entrance. They're going to bore holes every place they can reach in the corner building, and fire poison-gas cartridges through the holes. They'll force them out. We've got to quit as soon as the new men come."

"Blacklegs," I said. "Well?"

"Take a hold of this," Harry ordered, and again he gives me Androssi's revolver. "You've *got* to do it now, George; I've reported I'm wounded. If you don't, I'll do it myself, and they'll get on to the truth of that the very first examination. Through the thigh, George; I'm going to have that rest. I've earned it. See you in a fortnight or so, George. Come and see me in the hospital."

I fingered Androssi's gun. And I thought a lot. But old Harry had got me cold and cornered. He'd got in the way of an idea, and—whatever his idea really was—it was too much for him. Solid stuff. You can't stop them. He'd got it all organized. There he was, with the old lost seal look and an addition of a browsing cow, patiently waiting. Master of the situation—I was scuppered.

"Curse you, Harry," I said. "Haven't you got an apple about you?"

"Whatever for?" says old Harry. "A bit of a rest, that's all. Through the thigh, please, George."

§ 5

I called at the hospital a week later, to pass the time of day with the solid old lad. There ought to have been laurels and diplomas and the like of that, they were making such a blessed fuss of him. He sat up in bed, with the letter of thanks from Sir John somewhere up stage; red and blooming in the face and as happy as a grig, and looking about twenty-three and a short half instead of his certificated thirty-seven.

"How does it go, Harry, old son?" said I, and dumped my box of cigarettes on the bed. Harry begins to look a bit furtive.

"Fine," he said.

"They tell me you're a hero," I grinned at him. "Polly's outside. She's got you some bonzer flowers and

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about a tree of grapes. Harry, you've clicked there!"

"Polly?"

"Polly. It's quite all right, Harry. She hasn't brought any plates."

Harry waved aside a watching nurse and sat up a bit straighter. He stretched out a long arm and looked like a Sunday orator in Trafalgar Square.

"Tell Polly I can't see her till to-morrow. Tell her I mustn't see another visitor to-day. Tell her I *want* to see her to-morrow. Tell her she was wrong. I said I can't. I made a mistake. I *can*. That's why I wanted a rest."

Of course it *sounded* simple. But I was beginning to wonder after all whether I had any brains. I said soothingly, "*Why* did you want a rest, Harry?"

Harry looked at me with dark suspicion; his mouth was dropping open.

"Promise me you won't tell any of the boys," he whispered very earnest, and I nodded and took my solemn oath. Even so, it took him a long time to seem satisfied. Then he whips back the sheet that covered the top of the bed, and I knew the answer. I thought for a moment that old Harry was blushing, and then I knew he was. I perceived, with a prayer and a stagger, a rainbow heap of colored wools, among which a couple of knitting-needles gleamed like a couple of underfed baby snakes. There was orange color and mauve color and puce color and magenta and the like; but it wasn't the reflection from this jazz decoration that had lit Harry's manly brown countenance with all the horrors of a sunset scene by Woolworth or one of those other artist fellows. He was found out. He was that most pitiable of mortals, a male knitter.

He blushed. That's all. He could not look at me. I turned my head from the glare and held my peace. I was beginning to remember.

"It's not my fault," breathed old Harry huskily. "You know I started it in the trenches—when there were weeks with nothing to keep your mind off things. I've never done it since the Armistice—not till now. Like a fool, I told Polly—and she got me to promise to make her one of those sports jumpers. She loaded me with the paper pattern and the list of colors she wanted—said she wouldn't speak to me again till the damn thing was done. And I wouldn't have a moment's peace if any of the boys knew—I had to get somewhere quiet and all by myself, didn't I? Tell Polly it'll be finished for her before I get out of here! You don't know Polly! I had to, George. Didn't I?"

"You've said it," I told him. "Of course you've done the right thing, old son. Pull up the shutters over that Eastern bazaar scene. I want to see your face. Cast off, Harry. All's plain!"

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Androcles and the Lion

The Silent President and the Roaring Borah

By Charles Merz

WHY is it that people who seek to find a counterpart in history for Calvin Coolidge have never thought of the silent, self-effacing, deeply determined Androcles? And the lion? Yes, the lion. That is why the comparison seems so forceful. Did Androcles ever face an adversary with a louder roar and yet a more friendly bite than William Edgar Borah?

Coolidge and Borah, Androcles and the lion; certainly they are the outstanding figures of a winter's work in Washington. . . . "Mr. Coolidge thinks—" "Mr. Borah says—" . . . "Mr. Coolidge will affirm—" "Mr. Borah will deny—" . . . "Mr. Coolidge will propose—" "Mr. Borah will explode—" . . . So runs the news from press headquarters in the capital. There are no other men in Washington so close to the center of each controversy, so consistently at odds, so spoiling for a disagreement. They do not like each other's plans. It is Mr. Coolidge's mission to propose policies which are unacceptable to Mr. Borah, and Mr. Borah's mission to thump, whack, gouge, and batter, as best he can, what is near and dear to Mr. Coolidge. And yet, for all the vigor of their disagreement, and for all the width of a continent which separates New England from the West, a curiously warm and continuing friendship exists between these two. Hints of that friendship find their way into news despatches sent from Washington. Every correspondent in the capital is aware that it exists. And the more authoritative the source of the reporter's news, the more likely is he to make something of the story. Thus, for example, the Washington correspondent of an unusually well informed administration paper in New York, the "Herald-Tribune":

"The constant cultivation by President Coolidge of Senator William E. Borah is perhaps the most absorbing puzzle in Washington to-day. Certainly there are few things going on in politics which are so much discussed, and about which, both as to probable motives and possible results, there are such wide differences of opinion."

Why should there not be wide differences of opinion, "both as to probable motives and possible results"? Some valiant bit of explaining is apparently required here. For on the face of it there is no reason in the world why these two should be friends. There is every reason in the world, as personal disagreements in American politics are ordinarily reflected in personal coolnesses, why they should

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not be friends, but enemies. Consider the record:

Mr. Coolidge became president of the United States on August 3, 1923. He addressed Congress for the first time on December 6. He chose five major issues: support for the World Court, support for the Mellon Plan, caution toward Russia, firm allegiance to the tariff, and opposition to a soldiers' bonus. Mr. Borah embraced the fifth point, did his best to wreck the other four.

Mr. Coolidge addressed Congress for the second time on December 3, 1924. He chose as his major issues economy in government, support for the World Court, support for the Mellon Plan, hands off the tariff, and repudiation of the farm bloc. Mr. Borah accepted the first point, bolted on the rest.

Mr. Coolidge addressed Congress for the third time on December 8 last. He argued once more for the World Court, once more for the Mellon Plan, welcomed, this time, the debt settlements with Italy and Belgium, bespoke a good word for disarmament, and called for a prompt end to publicity for income tax returns. Mr. Coolidge has had from Mr. Borah in these winter months a few precepts on the subject of disarmament, and, save for opposition, little else.

Three major administration issues, and three only, Mr. Borah has embraced in three winters' time. It is a low average for a party leader, a committee chairman, and a faithful friend. The number of occasions on which Borah has arisen in the Senate to proclaim himself a Coolidge man are inconsiderable in comparison with the number of occasions on which Borah has arisen in the Senate to disown administration leadership. It was Borah who denounced as "a betrayal of the public trust" the failure of the administration to press last year's Congress for farm legislation. It was Borah who declared that he "despised" many of the office-holders who still held on under Mr. Coolidge, "and would dynamite them if he could."

Such has been the character of Mr. Borah's attempt to win the affectionate good will and abiding confidence of Calvin Coolidge. It is only fair to say that in this curious friendship of punch and chum, and chum and punch, Calvin Coolidge has given tit for tat. For not all the blows which have been struck in these three years have been struck on Borah's side. Mr. Coolidge's tactics are less reverberating than Mr. Borah's tactics, but they are exceedingly effective. And if Mr. Borah has spent a large part of his time since August, 1923, mauling the Coolidge program as publicly as possible, Mr. Coolidge has seen to it systematically in the meantime that the bulk of Mr. Borah's favorite enthusiasms be permitted to rot gently and die of age.

Mr. Borah for instance has been interested in proving that the World Court is a creature of the League and has taken his case to the White House. Mr. Coolidge, by way of an answer, has stared hard at the window-pane. Mr. Borah has been interested in proving that it is possible to trade profitably with Russia. Mr. Coolidge has listened carefully and then admired the setting sun behind the birches on his ample lawn. Mr. Borah has been interested in demonstrating that the State Department cannot honorably refuse a visa to Count Karolyi. Mr. Coolidge has watched the clock and counted the elastics in his upper right-hand drawer.

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How do we know, with such a record, that it really matters to either of these men whether he ever sees the other man again? How do we know that although Mr. Coolidge squelches Mr. Borah and Mr. Borah bombards Mr. Coolidge, the two stay cordial friends?

For the personal confidence and the personal liking which exists between these unlike men, we do not need to rely on the testimony of the correspondents. There is other evidence. We can cite the fact that Borah's was the first name proposed at the White House for membership in an American delegation to Geneva. We can cite the fact that after disagreeing with the president all summer Borah was not back in Washington two days last fall before he was closeted with the president. We can cite the fact that Borah was the president's own choice in 1924 to head his ticket with him as vice-president, and that a Republican convention in Cleveland was held up, awaiting final disposition of the question, while Borah was pursued the length of Rock Creek Park.

Two men who by the rules of the book should be enemies stay friends. This is sufficiently unusual to cause some concern in Washington and bring the president no end of good advice. Here, reported in the "Herald-Tribune," is a revealing incident in which an Old Guard member of the Senate warns Mr. Coolidge of his danger:

"Why are you seeing so much of Borah?" this senator says he asked the president.

"I like to have him close to me," he says the president replied.

"You better not let him get too close, or something very regrettable will happen," the senator says he retorted.

And then what?

"Coolidge smiled his dry smile and sent the White House automobile after Borah to come to dinner."

No wonder official Washington is perplexed. . . . Perhaps you remember the astonishment of the Roman emperor, in somewhat similar circumstances, when Androcles has faced his best lion in the ring and come off friends.

Rushing down from his box the emperor proclaims:

"My friends, my friends! an incredible! an amazing thing! has happened. I can no longer doubt the truth of Christianity. This Christian sorcerer—"

At this point Androcles and the lion emerge from the arena waltzing. The emperor bolts for his box again and slams the door.

§ 2

Why is it that the president of the United States consistently seeks the advice, counsel, and personal coöperation of the one member of the Senate whose advice, counsel, and personal coöperation, on all matters from the World Court to the Mellon Plan and the Mellon Plan to Russian recognition, he is most leery of accepting? To say that Mr. Borah is chairman of the important foreign relations committee of the Senate, and therefore bound to have at least some contact with the president, is no answer. For though it is true that Mr. Borah's position naturally brings him to the White House from time to time to discuss such matters as Turkish treaties, Tacna-Arica, and extraterritoriality in China, this fact does not explain many things. It does not explain why Mr. Borah should also be found at the

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White House discussing such affairs as aviation, Muscle Shoals, coal-unions, surplus crops, railway consolidations, and coöperative marketing—all of which subjects he has been reported as discussing with the president in recent weeks, and none of which subjects falls within the scope of American policy abroad. Nor does it explain—nor would any number of conferences about Turkey, Tacna-Arica, and China explain—why Mr. Coolidge should invite Borah to try his luck with him in an election.

For an explanation of the Coolidge-Borah friendship and the Coolidge-Borah consultations, it is necessary to look further and perhaps deeper. Carter Field, Washington correspondent of the "Herald-Tribune," one of whose comments I have quoted, reports that the capital has a favorite theory. This theory, he says, is that the president hopes, "by his cultivation of Borah, quietly to annex Borah's following, leaving Borah himself out in the cold." The theory is that Borah's following is an unruly following, forever threatening to bolt; by hobnobbing a little with this following it may be possible to avert trouble. At least why not have a try? Mr. Coolidge according to this theory cultivates Borah much as Mr. Coolidge's Puritan ancestors may have cultivated an Indian chief on the other side of their New England valley—as a precaution against a sudden expedition after scalps.

It is a theory which implies an extremely practical and prudent attitude on the part of Mr. Coolidge; and because Mr. Coolidge is an extremely practical and prudent man, the theory is quite possibly a sound one. But being sound, it does not necessarily exclude other theories. And other theories are worth considering: partly because this one is too deliberate to suffice wholly for the explanation of a friendship which is apparently real and human; partly because any theory making Borah an easy mark for Mr. Coolidge overlooks the fact that Borah is likewise a practical and prudent man, not likely to be interested in any friendship which has as its chief object "leaving Borah himself out in the cold."

Borah, despite an occasional nightmare, is really no more of a dreamer than the wide-awake tactician in the White House; and the chances are that if Borah is of some use to Mr. Coolidge, then Mr. Coolidge is of some use to Borah. There are various ways in which these two might give and take. Mr. Coolidge for example may easily feel that he needs some one who will talk straight to him; Mr. Borah may easily feel that it will do no harm if Mr. Coolidge seems to listen.

Like all presidents, Mr. Coolidge is surrounded by men who are over-ready to agree with him. The entourage of any chief executive consists in large part of admirers who have only to guess that the great man is about to open the window or recognize Tasmania, in order to leap to the sash or the atlas ahead of him. Mr. Coolidge is well ringed with me-too men and pious sycophants. He has no lack of friends in Washington ready to tell him what he wants to hear; his need, rather, is for a friend who will tell him what he does not want to hear, but ought to hear, for his own safety as a politician. What is more logical in these circumstances than that Mr. Coolidge should turn willingly to Borah? For Borah, whatever his

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other qualities, at least possesses in abundance a positive passion for telling other people things they do not wish to hear. Of him the president need not feel, when he sends the executive motor-car to fetch a guest for dinner, that Borah will spend his time en route saying, "Now what will that fellow in the White House like to have me tell him?" Mr. Coolidge can feel that he will have a straight answer to his questions. It is perhaps only natural if he appreciates this service and respects the giving of it. It is perhaps only natural, on the other side, if Borah is ready enough to come when he is called for, and by no means averse to acquiring a public reputation as privy councilor to the president. For Borah has been attacked, at home and elsewhere, as persona non grata to his party in Washington. And the occasional use of a White House motor and a White House chauffeur rather effectively takes care of that. With this result:

Mr. Borah is now known nationally not only as a man who almost bolted his party three times, and didn't, but as a man very close indeed to the inner circles of his party's councils. Mr. Borah now has one reputation as an outsider and another reputation as an insider. He had been limping along with only one reputation all these years. It was Androcles who drew the thorn.

§ 3

Mr. Borah, on the fifteenth of next January, will round out a continuous service of nineteen years in Washington. His début in the Senate, young and obstreperous though he may seem to a portion of his public, actually dates from days when Calvin Coolidge was a novice of thirty-five, poised midway in his career between clerk of the courts and mayor of Northampton, Massachusetts. Nineteen years is a long life, as lives run in the Senate. In this period Borah has known five presidents. Roosevelt he worked with only for the tag-end of a second term. Of Taft he saw more; Taft knew and liked him but could not understand his language. Wilson ignored him. Harding had other friends. It has remained for Calvin Coolidge to send the car and ask him what he thinks of Chile's claim to Arica. For nineteen years Borah has gone on building up a reputation in the Senate, building up a following in the country. And for sixteen of those nineteen years Borah has known the White House only as an outsider, no more familiar with the twists of its corridors and the confidences of its presidential mind than a party of prize-winning high-school students, on tour from Iowa. For sixteen of his nineteen years in Washington, the lion has carried in his paw the thorn of "not being consulted by the president." If Mr. Coolidge has drawn that thorn, is it to be wondered that the back of the lion arches?

Probably Mr. Borah concludes that it is no time anyway to be staying in a cave and growling. It is no time to be wholly irreconcilable about everything. The man in the White House is a popular president. He is a popular president for one chief reason, because he has successfully understood the present temper of the country. And the present temper of the country asks little of Washington by way of positive accomplishment. It asks chiefly negative accomplishment. It asks less government, not more government, less taxes, less armaments, and fewer

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bonuses. These happen to be the few points on which Mr. Borah genuinely and emphatically agrees with Mr. Coolidge. They are not many points, in the whole range of politics. But they seem to be a great many points indeed, when so few people are interested in the whole range of politics.

In these circumstances, why not be friends?

§ 4

To the theory then that the president is interested in Borah because he wishes to attach part of Borah's following, we can add the theory that the president is interested in Borah because he values a plain-spoken friend, the theory that Borah finds this interest to his very practical advantage, the theory that Mr. Coolidge has put an end to Borah's long isolation from the White House, and the theory that Borah regards the moment as appropriate for a truce. We can add too, I think, one other theory—though it is a hazier theory and speculates in the imponderables of human nature. It is an old theory, and it has been many times abused, and here—though I trust not—may be abused again. It is the theory that opposites attract each other.

Certainly it may at least be said that if two opposites ever flirted from an immense distance this is the occasion. Mr. Coolidge is a New-Englander; Mr. Borah is a Westerner. Mr. Coolidge is a conservative; Mr. Borah by comparison is a radical. Mr. Coolidge is a Puritan; Mr. Borah is a Celt. Mr. Coolidge looks before he leaps; Mr. Borah has acquired the knack of doing both in unison. Mr. Coolidge is self-effacing; Mr. Borah fills the eye. Mr. Coolidge is silent; Mr. Borah is voluble. Mr. Coolidge is trim; Mr. Borah is shaggy. Mr. Coolidge is a farmer with the instincts of a lawyer; Mr. Borah is a lawyer whose chief interest is the soil. Mr. Coolidge has stayed put within the frontiers of two narrow States for more than fifty years; Mr. Borah, born in Illinois, first practising law in Kansas, first winning fame in Idaho, has drifted across seven States in search of a career. Mr. Coolidge has won his way to power by doing what his party expected him to do at every juncture; Mr. Borah has won his way to power by doing nothing that his party expected him to do at any juncture. Mr. Coolidge has made it his method in politics to proceed rung by rung from councilman to city solicitor to clerk of the courts to mayor to member of the state senate to lieutenant-governor to governor to vice-president to president; Mr. Borah's ladder has had no rungs—he leaped suddenly from obscurity to the Senate because he could sweep juries off their feet and was willing, back in 1896, to think twice about free silver. . . . Certainly to each of these men there must come moments when the other seems nothing less than a phenomenon, a sheer prank of nature—moments when the desire to explore the other fellow, and discover what he is and why he is and how he managed it, must be well nigh irresistible.

Androcles had a way with him. . . . What was it?

And for that matter, why was the lion roaring? . . . Was he roaring from pain or roaring from pleasure, roaring for more or roaring for less, or roaring from mere force of habit?

Sheer curiosity has often laid the basis for a friendship lasting years.

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America's Place in the World

Isolation and Insulation Are Alike Impossible

By H. V. Kaltenborn

If there is in our world a single country that is the abstract and chronicle of the time in which we live, that country is America. All the world is astounded by it and feels its influence. Any one anywhere who wants to do anything on a large scale thinks of America. Whether he sells rubber, seeks credit, buys grain, delivers lectures, leads orchestras, makes movies, or paints portraits, the United States is his Mecca and his Eldorado. Whether his home is in a little Ligurian village or in some world capital, he thinks and dreams of the time when he can market products or persuasion here.

No European thinks of the United States as isolated from the rest of the world. To him it is the place where thousands of his countrymen have sought and found comfort and happiness. If his own relatives have not emigrated to the United States, his friend's relatives have. Through the letters he receives and from the lips of newly made Americans who return to the old home town in Italy or Germany or Norway he hears about the wonders of the New World and the marvelous things that have happened to those who abandoned the modest security of an Old World livelihood for the great adventure overseas.

Whoever wanders abroad with a seeing eye soon realizes the manifold ties that bind the Old World to the New America. Everywhere peoples and governments are anxious to please us, to interest us, to make us welcome. The American who wanders abroad in 1926 feels a sense of power, a sense of opportunity. The American banker, congressman, or publicist finds himself much more important abroad than he is at home. Something of the power inherent in the magic word America attaches itself to his person. He is transfigured and glorified by the strength and reputation of the country from which he comes.

We must go back two thousand years to find a parallel. Not since the ancient Roman proudly proclaimed, "Civis romanus sum," has such deference been paid to a stranger from abroad.

Let no one suppose that this is only because the world likes us. Apart from an occasional sense of gratitude expressed by some person in Berlin or Vienna who was directly concerned with administering an American postwar charity, there is no feeling that we have ever made an unselfish contribution to Europe. In those countries which were in the war on our side, Americans are constantly reminded

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that they came into the war late and that they returned home without helping to enforce the peace. In the lands of the Central Powers the disregarded Fourteen Points of Woodrow Wilson are brought up in every conversation that deals with the larger issues of the war and the peace.

Individual Americans whose pro-British and pro-French activities have been pronounced have helped very much to bring their country into disrepute. In speaking with their influential foreign friends as well as in public addresses they have misinterpreted their own country, emphasizing the anti-American point of view and confirming Europeans in the natural antagonism created by our detachment from the war, our huge war profits, and our refusal to underwrite the peace.

No prominent Englishman or Frenchman who visited America has ever spoken of his country's political policy in the slighting terms that have been common to some of our blue-bloods. The traveling American leaves the clearest impression of his political immaturity when he is making public addresses abroad. Often he falls into one of two errors: he either boasts about America, or he condemns his country's policy. In the one case he only offends good taste, but in the other he does violence to a deeper and holier sentiment. One need not hold with those who declaim, "My country—right or wrong," to realize that every traveler owes a certain loyalty to the land from which he comes. Silence concerning it is far more becoming than either boastful speech or carping criticism. And when that criticism concerns his country's policy toward the country where he happens to be, it is certain to be harmful.

America is too powerful to be liked abroad. Every one likes Switzerland because no one fears it. But no one knows what America may or may not do. The United States has already purchased or conquered an area larger than the whole of Europe, and no one feels quite certain just what the next turn in our ambition may bring. Europeans are realists and not romanticists in the realm of politics. They know what they might do if they possessed America's power, prestige, and opportunities. Looking back upon our history they observe that territorial aggrandizement has played its part in our development.

The astute European statesman sees us as children playing with the new-won toy of World Power, hardly realizing its value, uncertain whether we wish to break it, throw it aside, or try to do something with it. He would love to have us use it in a way that would be to his advantage, but not being an expert in child psychology, he does not quite know the best way to bamboozle us. He is always sure, however, that a good dose of flattery can do no harm, and he invariably tries that first.

This may help to explain why a beautiful avenue in Paris, the great railroad station in Prague, and the magnificent sea-front boulevard at Montevideo now bear the name of America's World War president. For a little while Woodrow Wilson seemed to the peoples of Europe a new Messiah bringing peace and victory to the stricken lands of the Old World, but that was only for a little while. He was a romanticist dealing with realists. The tired millions of the Old World

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who looked upon his beautiful dream of a new world order and saw that it was good have not forgiven him the human fallibility which left him unable to translate that dream into a treaty. To-day when they see his name they smile cynically or wistfully over what might have been. Only at Geneva has the world begun to recognize the enduring value of his failure. What has so far been done in Europe to perpetuate Wilson's memory was the result of a momentary élan or a lively appreciation of favors that were to come. The more sincere and lasting tributes belong to the future.

§ 2

Everywhere in Europe the Americans of 1926 have succeeded the Americans of 1918. The captains and the kings have gone, but the financiers and the administrators are everywhere. Whatever Europeans may say about our achievements in military science or the subtle arts of international relations, they cannot and do not deny our skill as bankers and executives.

The two Americans who now have the greatest opportunity to make mistakes that would reflect discredit upon their country are Seymour Parker Gilbert and Jeremiah Smith. They have not made them. On the contrary they have shown the same skill, tact, and patience in the administration of a task involving delicate international relationships as that which added so much to the reputation of the British people and the British Empire in the last century.

Here is a young man from New Jersey, without foreign experience, trained only in American finance, showing his capacity in the Treasury Department during the war, suddenly thrust into the most important administrative job in Europe. Overnight, thanks to the Dawes Plan, he becomes Reparations Czar. He is to supervise and administer the most delicate and complicated mass of financial machinery ever devised by the mind of man. It is to make possible the accumulation in one country and the transfer to half a dozen others of sums whose very size would have appalled the financiers of a previous generation.

With typical American insouciance he gets married and enters upon his job and his honeymoon at one and the same time. Everything is new and without precedent. He noses about a bit in Paris and then establishes himself in Berlin. Without fuss, with very little publicity, he creates and develops the Dawes Plan into a coördinated and integrated whole, securing the coöperation of the German government and people in meeting a terrific burden which they still feel to be both absurd and unfair. The Dawes Plan is well launched upon its second year without a hitch, without a serious dispute of any kind. It is an American plan financed largely with American money and administered by American brains. Europe may not like us any better for having put it through, but Europe certainly has a high respect for the way in which it was thought out and is now being worked out.

There is another American ambassador of business sense and good will in Hungary. Jeremiah Smith of Boston is doing the same sort of League of Nations job in Budapest that the Dutch Burgomaster Zimmermann has been doing in Vienna. And thus far he has been able to do it with very much

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less friction. Possibly because his task is easier than Zimmermann's, for Hungary is much more nearly self-supporting than overpopulated Austria. Mr. Smith represents Hungary's creditors. He has to see that the government of Hungary is run efficiently and economically. Let an American imagine how he would feel about an Englishman stationed in Washington to tell us how much we ought to collect from every five-thousand-dollar income and how much we ought to spend on the Lincoln Memorial, and he can visualize the average Hungarian's feeling about Jeremiah Smith. Yet Hungarians in Budapest will tell you that Smith is well liked. He has been so careful not to abuse his authority, to suggest rather than to command, to consider himself as a mediator rather than a dictator, that he has won universal esteem in the Hungarian capital.

It was the Dawes Plan more than anything else that gave Europe this confidence in American ability to handle delicate negotiations in regard to international business and finance. They found the American peculiarly able to concentrate on business to the exclusion of politics. He was detached and objective in dealing with financial and economic problems in a way that amazed those Europeans who could only see these things in their relation to politics. American bankers and business men were not concerned with the tenure of cabinets or the policies of political parties. They dealt with business problems in a businesslike way.

Everywhere in Europe Old World statesmen speak in terms of admiration of such men as Owen D. Young, General Dawes, and Alanson B. Houghton. They have seen them handling crises in negotiations in a way that amazed them. Disregarding precedents and formality, they struck straight at the heart of a problem, never asking whether their intervention might be misconstrued or misunderstood. The fact that something had not been done before was all the more reason why it should be tried. They spoke straight to the point, and it was not necessary to analyze their phrases to see what they meant, or what hidden motive they might have.

It soon became apparent that they were not diplomats in the European sense—men sent abroad to lie for their country. They were shrewd capable men of affairs used to getting things done by the shortest route with a wholesome contempt for delays or subterfuges. It is this that explains the success of this trio of Americans in getting all of Europe to accept the Dawes Plan. Europeans would never have trusted one another in so vital a matter. Whenever they got together their fears and jealousies threatened to make acceptance impossible. At the famous London Conference in 1924 when Herriot faced Marx and their best intentions seemed unable to resolve their differences, it was again Owen D. Young and Alanson B. Houghton who helped save the day.

In the morning Mr. Young wandered about the old book-shops of London hunting for first editions and rare old bindings, and in the afternoon he conferred with anybody and everybody, throwing out a hint here and a suggestion there, intervening with the right people in the right places, sometimes in person and sometimes by telephone. Unlike the then American Ambassador Kellogg, he had no official

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standing in the conference, but he always seemed remarkably well informed about what was going on. In speaking with the writer neither Chancellor Marx nor Premier Herriot concealed his admiration for Mr. Young's successful labors.

When Ambassador Houghton was transferred from his first diplomatic post in Berlin directly to the London embassy, it did not surprise those Americans who knew something about his persuasive influence in European affairs. Ambassador Houghton dared to be fair to Germany at a time when such an attitude was generally decried as pro-German. His sympathetic regard for the difficulties of the German government provoked and emphasized by the Ruhr invasion won him a favored place in the affection and esteem of German leaders. Throughout a difficult period when the French point of view was naturally much more popular with most Americans than the German, he did his best to help all his American visitors see the German as well as the French side of the case. Without being anti-French or pro-German, he pointed out the impossibility of collecting reparations with the bayonet.

When the Ruhr episode drew to its disastrous close—disastrous alike to French finance and German economy—he was in a strong position as a mediator. He used it successfully to further the acceptance and development of the Dawes Plan and to influence the German government to offer France the security pact which was finally signed at Locarno.

§ 3

Just what these individual Americans contributed toward setting Europe on the path of peace may never be known. Because of the political timidity of the American government they were obliged to work unofficially and behind the scenes. European statesmen recognized of course that they spoke for the Washington administration even though they had no credentials to that effect. When Colonel James A. Logan, America's "unofficial" representative on the Reparations Commission, arranged with Premier Poincaré the conditions under which the Dawes Committee was to meet in Paris, he only acted as a go-between for the French premier and Secretary of State Hughes.

Americans did not know this and do not know it to-day. The cablegrams exchanged between Hughes and Poincaré through Colonel Logan have never been made public. While the American secretary of state was using all his influence to persuade the recalcitrant Poincaré to accept the Dawes Commission upon terms that would provide a fair chance of its success, the American people were assured that "hands off" was still the corner-stone of our European policy. The next Democratic administration may reveal some of the things that have been going on behind the scenes since 1921 while the bitter-enders on Capitol Hill have been reveling in our splendid isolation.

Nor do the people of Europe know—more's the pity—what we have done and what we have tried to do. Small wonder that there is among them a feeling of envy, of jealousy, of anxiety with regard to that great America of which they have heard so much and which seems to them to act with such unaccountable narrowness and selfishness, holding aloof from the European as though he were some untouch-

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able who had to be kept within his pale.

Fortunately for America she has been able to afford mistakes. Our material strength is so great that it offsets a certain spiritual weakness. Americans traveling abroad explain our failure to be consequent and logical in foreign policy on the ground of home politics. The European does not understand altogether, but he knows enough about the game played by political leaders to realize what a mess they can make of things, except that in Europe parties and politicians do not as a rule interfere in foreign affairs. There is a fairly continuous line of foreign policy under a succession of foreign secretaries. The under-secretaries remain and continue the established routine. When Ramsay MacDonald, the Labor leader, became foreign secretary of the British Empire, he was surprised to find how small a dent he was able to make in the conservative traditions of British imperial policy.

To carry on some sort of a foreign policy and at the same time satisfy the narrow views of home politicians, Charles Evans Hughes devised the extralegal expedient of unofficial delegates and observers. They were all things to all men. Seen from America they represented only themselves. Seen from Europe they represented the repository of the world's most important raw materials, the only available source of credit, the greatest accumulation of political power which the world has seen since ancient days. For five years scarce a month has passed in which America has not been a mighty power in some great international conference dealing with world problems. And at those few conferences where we were not officially or unofficially represented, there have always been unauthorized American spokesmen on the side-lines basking in the reflected glory of their country's prestige, answering on their own poor authority the anxious question: What would America say if she were here?

Wherever I went last summer in the course of an extended journey through Europe and the Near East, I found American echoes. Everywhere individual Americans, American influence, American machinery, American charity were working constructively in the rebuilding of the world.

In southern Italy liberty-loving Italians who fretted under the tyranny of Fascist rule recalled America's democratic faith and looked forward to the time when they might find freedom and opportunity beyond the seas. When Mussolini's envoys told them that democracy and efficiency could not exist together they pointed across the Atlantic and inquired: "What of America?"

In Athens American relief agencies coöperating with the League of Nations looked back upon one of the finest achievements of organized charity in all history. Hundreds of thousands of refugees had been established in camps, cared for, transplanted to new homes, given work, and placed on the road toward renewed independence. Instead of continuing to be a terrible burden, the Greeks expelled from Asia Minor by the Treaty of Lausanne, who had arrived in their ancestral home penniless and helpless, were already contributing to the economic welfare of the country which had been all but overwhelmed by the problem they presented.

In Palestine the intelligent use of a

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few millions, contributed by American Jews to what many Jews still regard as a vain ideal, is transforming a desert into a fertile agricultural area. The Zionist state as a political entity may never be realized. But for the force represented by Great Britain's mandate over Palestine, the Arabs would drive out the Jews overnight. The Arabs still outnumber the Jews six to one, and they could count upon the support of all their brethren in the surrounding lands. Yet no one can talk with those Jews who now call Palestine homeland without realizing the spiritual strength of their ideal.

In Russia, Poland, Rumania, they were scarcely tolerated. Here they are the lawfully established descendants of the ancient race which called this home. They were here for centuries before the Arabs displaced them. The most cherished traditions of orthodox Jewry center in Jerusalem. For half a century Zionism has made its appeal to Jews in all parts of the world.

American Jews are happy in America, and few of them are willing to exchange the manifold opportunities they have for the hard manual labor and communal living that await them in a Zionist settlement. But they are willing to provide the money needed to help their less fortunate brethren. American companies have been organized to purchase land, build houses, create settlements; and some of these are paying interest on their investments. Of all the movements which Americans are sponsoring in foreign lands none has a more practical and at the same time a more appealing aspect than the transformation of the arid hills of Judea into flourishing agricultural settlements by those who look upon bleak Palestine as the promised land.

In the course of an interview with the Egyptian minister of agriculture in Cairo, I found his thoughts turned to quite another aspect of America. He was much concerned about two things, the elimination of the boll-weevil and the introduction of modern plowing. The cotton crop is Egypt's chief source of wealth, and the boll-weevil is the cotton-plant's greatest enemy. He had just had word from Washington that the United States government would lend him two entomologists from the Department of Agriculture, experts in fighting the boll-weevil. They were coming to Egypt to supervise a vigorous campaign against the pest.

Egypt is America's most important rival as a source of cotton. Egypt's young government appreciates the unselfish willingness of the United States to lend its experts to help Egypt compete more effectively with the cotton farmers of our own South.

And yet the agricultural minister's greatest enthusiasm, expressed with equal readiness in French and English, was reserved for the Ford tractor. In his estimation the American constitution is a small contribution compared with the production of cheap mechanical power for agricultural operations. He sees Egypt's fields enriched, her agricultural methods revolutionized, her prosperity multiplied many times by that American genius for large-scale production which delivers Ford tractors at a price even Egypt can pay.

And in Spain, where I had the privilege of interviewing the king, I found Alfonso XIII a great admirer of still another phase of American life, one that also has an international

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character. He is an enthusiast about American sportsmen and American sportsmanship. Himself a devotee of sport he admires those who love sport for sport's sake and who excel in it. He himself plays an excellent game of tennis, and in the polo game I saw him play, he rode his horse and handled his mallet with a skill that would have made him valuable to any team.

The king marveled at the speed with which Americans develop dexterity in any game. He knew the names and qualities of our polo players and expressed a keen desire to see them in action on Long Island. "But the task of being king keeps me rather busy," he remarked with a suggestion of wistfulness.

A few days later I was walking with Edouard Herriot, ex-premier and prospective premier of France, in the beautiful garden back of the Petit Bourbon, the charming miniature palace which he occupies as president of the Chamber of Deputies. Our talk turned to peace, and I told him how much America appreciated the contribution which France had made under his leadership by coöperating in the Dawes Plan and in Geneva's efforts toward disarmament. He was full of reminiscences about his visit to America, the profound impression created by its lusty young strength and its eager aspiration for a better world. "We must work together," he said, "for peace, France and America. I will do everything I can."

In England there is a new note of appreciation of America and Americans. Skepticism with regard to the United States has given way to a feeling of admiration for America's industrial and financial power in world markets and for her political contributions to recent World War settlements. The contrast between British unemployment and American prosperity plays its part in this revaluation. "Westward the course of empire takes its way," still seems the rule of destiny. As it moved from Greece to Rome, from Rome to Spain, and from Spain to England, so world leadership to-day is moving across the Atlantic to the New World.

§ 4

But world power is not yet finally established under the Stars and Stripes. Ours is an opportunity, but much remains to be done if we are to realize it. The good old British stock that has produced generations of world leaders in an area smaller than any one of our larger States has not died out. It is doing good work at home and abroad. The fact that Great Britain now recognizes her wayward child of the New World as an equal in world power and world councils is a compliment that we have thus far appreciated more in promise than in performance.

Fundamentally there is a marked similarity in the democratic traditions and political ideals of the English-speaking peoples. This possibility of joint power should be used for the world's good. When the United States protests because British colonial government has used intelligent forethought in the conservation of rubber, we show our immaturity. The Stevenson plan for adjusting rubber production is an intelligent method to preserve a great industry from the vicious effects of speculative orgies. That an American secretary of commerce as wise and well informed as Mr. Hoover should have miscalled the Stevenson conservation plan a "British rubber

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monopoly," shows that our government is too responsive to business interests in matters international. Certainly our government has never shown any consideration for foreign producers or consumers in dealing with tariffs on foreign goods or with prices on our own. Objection against the high price of rubber comes with particularly poor grace from a country which has permitted speculators to have their own way in boosting the price of cotton or wheat when the rest of the world was compelled to purchase these raw materials in our markets.

Americans who wander abroad with seeing eyes realize the amazing growth of our foreign interests. Politically, financially, industrially, we have become integrated with the Old World to an extent which few of us appreciate. The World War and its results have produced a change in our foreign interests and relations as profound as any development in our history. America's power and America's opportunity are world-wide. Isolation or insulation from foreign entanglements is alike impossible and inadvisable. We cannot turn back. We must go forward facing our destiny. We have already won material power. We must achieve spiritual leadership. Piling up wealth is only a beginning. It is a means, not an end. We must now go forward in true comradeship with those nations which are striving to establish peace on earth. We cannot do it through self-aggrandizement, in selfish isolation, piling up material wealth. We can do it by responding graciously to those generous instincts and traditions which are the most precious part of our American heritage.

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Swapping Bogies

What Does the New Knowledge Offer

By Florence Finch Kelly

Bogies—man has done a brisk business in them ever since he learned to walk upright, with much inventing of fresh ones and swapping off of the old for the new varieties. Never has he refused to lend a willing ear to those of his fellows who had a tale to tell of some newly discovered jabberwock waiting just around the corner to pounce upon him and wreak its offended feelings upon his guilty head. The path man has climbed with incessant toils and struggles, difficulties and discouragements through half a thousand centuries is strewn with the outgrown fears he has discarded from his heavy pack. But throwing one away has never lessened the pack's weight, for at once he loaded it with another bogy.

Did some wrathful god roar angry warning at him from a storm-cloud and strike him down with fire from the heavens, or with a mighty blast breathe punishment upon him for his transgressions, leveling his home and crops to the grounds? Then he lived in fear and awe of its power and tried to placate its wrath with prayers and with offerings, even with sacrifices of his best beloved. But as often as his wise men taught him better they provided him with some other jealous and watchful god, who had perhaps different instruments of punishment, whose wrath was still to be feared and whose favor propitiated.

Dragons and uncouth beasts and monsters, invisible furies, unseen but fearfully menacing weird and impish spirits, angers and jealousies and vengeances innumerable peopling the earth and the sky, and all of them quick to mark him out and swift to visit their displeasure upon him—what an amazing army of bogies it was that man feared and served and left behind him in those early millenniums of his history! How touching was his faith in them, how absolute his acceptance, how complete his devotion and his service! As he tried to penetrate those far thick mists of time and to understand his spirit, one wonders if man could have stumbled so successfully along that hard path without his revered bogies. They must have enriched existence immeasurably for him, given to his life spiritual values that exalted his soul, broadened his mind, and warmed his heart. And when as he struggled along his ever rising path he found that he was no longer benefited by one set of them, that they had become mere husks without comfort or inspiration, he cast them behind him and eagerly sought for new ones.

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They filled him with fears and terrors innumerable and haunted his pathway with menacing dangers that might well have appalled the stoutest of hearts. But by some marvelous alchemy of the spirit he transmuted all these into the bread of life, and heart and mind and soul throve upon it.

Shamash, Ishtar, Baal, Moloch, moon-god and sun-god dwindled into insignificance as the voice of Jahveh rose and men turned to the new worship. He was a jealous god, demanding much of his worshipers and visiting his anger upon them with stern and awful measures if they neglected his commands. But their belief in him lifted them to higher levels than they had known before and gave to mind and soul new glimpses of his and their significance. Isis and Osiris and Horus, tragic trio, faded into the mists of the past; owl-eyed Athena came no longer swiftly darting to the aid of her human favorites; the young Roman dandy forgot to sacrifice a cock to Mercury; the paths to Dodona were overgrown with weeds, for men no longer listened to the voice of Zeus; the hubbub on Olympus dwindled away into silence; the rioters of Valhalla were stilled in death. For a new message had come to the Western world, and men listened, wondering if it might have in it more of truth than these outworn faiths which could no longer command their belief and devotion. And then a mighty emperor cried aloud the name of Jesus Christ and put all his power into the organizing and furthering of the new faith.

With ardent hearts and thirsty souls men turned to this new religion, for it gave them new ideals and new conceptions of the meaning of life, and within them they felt mind and spirit making new growth and flowering into new strength and beauty. Eagerly they expounded its doctrines, building vast superstructures of theology, and in time worshiped their dogmas more fervently than they did the Christ whose will, they averred, they were making known, and they called down the wrath of heaven and their own punishments upon those who derived different doctrines from the Scriptures. Once more fears and terrors encompassed man's pathway through life, and now the darkness beyond death glowed with the awful threat of everlasting torment in the fires of hell. Again men chastened their souls with worship of a jealous god watchful of their every step and swift to scourge them with his anger.

As one studies that long and fascinating story of the adventures of man's soul in search of God it becomes evident that he has ever stumbled on to purer and more exalted conceptions of Deity and with each new venture has lifted a little higher some small corner of the mysterious veil that conceals Him from eager finite eyes.

At last, in our own time, has come the New Knowledge, and science is offering to Western mankind a new set of ideas concerning life and its meaning, new interpretations of man's relation to whatever may be outside the little circle illumined by his intelligence, new forecasts of his destiny, new conceptions of godhood. Science is now asking man to swap old bogies for new, to accept what it can offer to take the place of old fears and terrors and anxieties of soul that are fast becoming, as has happened so often in his long climb up the centuries, unmeaning husks which no

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longer nourish his spirit or chasten him into righteousness.

Never before in all his history has man stood hesitant upon the brink of so great and momentous an exchange. For hitherto when he has taken a new faith to his heart it has always been one with a practical application to himself, whose menaces and promises and whose explanation of the mysteries of the outer universe and the inner self were, like the one he was discarding, a personal matter. Whether it thundered from Sinai or shouted from Olympus or spoke more gently from the Mount of Olives, it rooted and fruited in the personal reward, present or to come, of him who obeyed its commands. It was human, comforting, vital; and he accepted its threats and its promises because he understood them and they meant something to him personally. He knew its terrors, whatever they were at whatever stage of his journey, to be chastening and purifying and exalting for his spirit, and its balancing promises of splendid rewards whetted his always faltering desire for righteousness.

§ 2

No one can say with the least pretense of authority how large a portion of the Western world has cast off the tenets of Christianity, wholly or in part, and is seeking either a new religion or a recasting of the old. But nothing is more certain than that Christianity is undergoing the most drastic revision it has had in the almost two thousand years of its existence. A constantly lessening percentage of mankind accepts its doctrines as the guide of life, and within the churches a constantly increasing number interpret those doctrines to suit themselves, while the pruning and refashioning to which its dogmas have been subjected make of present-day Christianity a faith so changed that if the devout of two or three generations ago could come to life again they would be horrified by it and would refuse to accept what they would consider a materialized, dilettante, despiritualized, and wholly unwarranted form of the religion that had meant so much to them.

Where now does any educated minister warn his flock of the snares of Satan for straying feet or urge his hearers to accept Christ's atonement lest they burn after death in a lake of everlasting fire? Does any minister of the gospel now paint for the solace of his followers and their inspiration toward continued belief in the Christian religion the beatitudes of life eternal in New Jerusalem? Does any one nowadays believe in heaven and hell, in angels and the devil as actualities existing just outside of man's definite knowledge and as vital elements of his religion? If you were to go about asking young men under thirty if they believe in God, there is every probability that three out of four of them would reply, "Whadya mean, God?"

A soldier in the World War has told how he, in common with most of his comrades, was accustomed to carry a little good-luck figure in his pocket and how he would find himself when rushing under fire into action clutching this figure and praying feverishly: "Don't let me get shot! You won't let me get shot, will you?" In a situation that made searching and pitiless demand upon man's spirit it was not sufficient unto itself and cried out

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for some power outside itself upon which to lean—and found none but the fetish in man's fingers. It is no more than half a century since a general in the American army, famous in those days, was accustomed in the Indian warfare of that time to hold a service of prayer, with all his command in attendance, every morning before starting on the march. The comparison illuminates the lean and hungry aspect of present-day religious belief.

Cyril Harris, writing lately on "The Religion of Undergraduates," after long and intimate connection with the religious side of young people in several universities, reports thus on the spiritual state of these boys and girls, coming from typical American homes: "Nine out of ten of their parents 'accepted as read' the whole body of religious thinking current when they were young. But to their children it is all entirely open to debate or utterly wearisome. . . . Current thinking on every campus views all this and all that goes with it with active distaste or passive coldness. The opinion is fixed among undergraduates everywhere that what the older generation means by its religion is frankly neither useful nor intelligible."

No small part of the responsibility for this lessening of the appeal of Christianity rests on the New Knowledge, that marvelous growth of science that has come about in the last three quarters of a century. But whatever the cause—the attrition of the New Knowledge, the rapid increase of materialistic pleasures, the outgrowing by men's minds of old beliefs—the phenomena of present-day life leave no room for doubt that not only almost all young people but a large and growing number of their elders are without religion. That is, they have no definite interpretation of that power that to man has always been Deity, whatever the name he gave it, no formulated belief concerning their own relation to Him and to the universe, no clear conception of the ultimate meaning of life.

The desire for these things remains with them, a hunger and thirst of the spirit, but the old fears and hopes, dark threatenings and bright promises, by means of which they exteriorized their fundamental spiritual longings, interpreted them to one another and gave them practical application to daily life, have gone, never to return. Man has cast them off, and they have fallen back into that long line of discarded faiths by whose help he climbed into ever higher and purer spiritual atmospheres. With their dead forms behind him he waits, hesitant and longing, for some new interpretation of his fundamental needs, some new conception of his relations with the universe, some new vision of God that will harmonize with the development of his knowledge and intelligence, sustain his spirit and renew the significance of life.

He turns to science, to the New Knowledge that has had so large a share in the casting away of his old faith. And science offers him a new set of fears and terrors and threats, offering to exchange his old bogies for new. A weird and varied lot they are, mostly concerned with the permanence of present-day civilization and the continued dominance of the white race. The scientists assure us with religious fervor that danger of extinction threatens man if he does

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not improve his physique and develop his nervous system so that it can hold its own against the multiplied impacts of modern life; that he must breed for higher brain equipment, or his civilization will be imperiled; that the quality of the race is deteriorating, and he must accept eugenics as his guide or mankind will revert to barbarism; that he must take more thought for his future, or civilization will go crashing into disaster because of the failure of the food, or the coal, or the oil supply; that he must gird himself against the menace of the growing numbers of the colored races. They feel sure enough of the evils that lie in wait generations hence, and they flourish their bogies before the men and women of to-day, crying, "See what will happen to the human race if you do not watch your step!"

But how much inspiration for right living, how much warm personal consolation for life's trials and sorrows, how much support for a soul faltering and stumbling in its search for God is to be found in the possibly bettered welfare of one's neighbor's great-great-grandchildren, or even of one's own far-off posterity, when one very possibly does not feel at all certain about that betterment? How does the belief that a man must so live as to help prevent civilization from going to smash compare in efficiency as a motive for right conduct with the conviction that if he does not live a good life he will after death suffer the tortures of hell? Is anybody going to get personal stimulus, moral guidance, spiritual inspiration and support from a vague vision of civilization two or three or a dozen centuries hence?

On the other hand, a splendid vision of the future of mankind is seen by Professor Fournier D'Albe in "Hephæstus; or, The Soul of the Machine," in which he forecasts, "through invention and the use of machinery," such continued progress that the earth will be so "organized and unified under the ægis of the human race" that civilization will become "a super-natural edifice of infinite power, as yet but dimly realized, but which in its full beauty and perfection will be nothing less than Divine." It is indeed a vision intellectually engaging to contemplate. But of what use is it to the man of to-day as a guide to conduct, an inspiration toward righteousness, a solace for a troubled soul?

Professor C. J. Patten in "The Passing of the Phantoms" traces the evolution of intellect, of moral sense, and of morality from their animal beginnings through the stages of man's development and finds the fundamental laws of morality becoming more and more instinctive, thus releasing man's mind from the "artificial code of morals of the sectarian religionist." Undoubtedly his argument may be helpful to those of advanced thinking as offering a firmer foothold in a whirling and bewildered world. But after all, what is his presentation but man's ancient companion, Conscience, in a scientific guise, with a different origin and a new sanction? And what food does it offer to man's spirit, longing for communion with something outside himself that will help him through doubting and troubled days and offer him adequate explanation of his own existence?

In his "New Decalogue of Science" A. E. Wiggam has told us of the

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frightful fate that lies before the race if man does not use the discoveries, the methods, and the spirit of science in all departments of his life, "to the end that he may discover and apply those ethical principles and that moral technique which will minister to his own racial success—his own progressive evolution." Undoubtedly a worthy aim, which man ought to make one of his guidons of life. But so far as its spiritual import goes, he might as well try to revere and love and find comfort and exaltation in a sky-scraper.

John M. Watson writes with persuasive force and eloquence in "Science as Revelation" of that Energy which the scientist of every sort has found at the farthest limit of all his discoveries—"Law, Order, Cosmos, Energy." Because the scientist cannot penetrate beyond that Energy, because he finds it everywhere and everywhere fundamental, Mr. Watson is sure that it must be "the God of all creation"; and upon it he bases "the New Religion," which he describes as "the religion of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and a universe that is home to them both." That is, its "fatherhood of God" means that Energy is the beginning and source of all things; and its "brotherhood of man" signifies that man, the earth and all its life, the heavens and their worlds, are all of one brotherhood because they are all derived from that primal Energy. The truths of that religion are the discovered facts of science which man learns in a constantly continuing revelation. It is an exalted conception, a formulary that is orderly and fair to look upon, but it is as empty of personal significance, solace, and inspiration as an atom of hydrogen. And suppose science, some day-after-to-morrow, should discover something back of Energy—what then?

§ 3

So speak the voices of the New Knowledge, offering to man new forms of worship, new conceptions of God, new aims of life, new fears and terrors, hopes and promises in the place of those it has taken from him or has so changed as to deprive them of their old significance. But where in it all is anything which gives him a satisfactory reason for his existence, which offers him the helping hand he is still child enough to need? The old dogmas and doctrines were cruel in some of their developments, stern and bleak in some of their phases. But their austerity kept the soul of man at attention, with his eyes fixed on a goal that to each individual meant compensation for everything that earth denied him, and their assurance of close relationship with Deity enriched heart and mind and soul because of its personal significance. For those who believed in those creeds heaven was a splendid and sufficing reality, whose "sweet fields" they visioned waiting for them, "dressed in living green," ready to welcome them when they should cross the "rolling flood" into eternal happiness.

To most educated, thinking people of to-day, and especially to the young, those beliefs, with their fears and threats, their hopes and promises, seem crude, even fantastic. But they met a definite need, man's need of a personal God, a need that still persists. He outgrew the forms and visions in which he had found satisfaction for that need and cast them behind him.

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In the words of Cyril Harris in the book quoted above, "Heaven is as empty and silent as a roof garden in winter and hell is burnt out, an extinct volcano." And man has found nothing that adequately takes the place of what they once meant to him.

The most salient characteristic of our age is its materialism, its desire for comforts, luxuries, pleasures, gratifications of sense. Our mechanistic civilization has so multiplied these things and made them so easily attainable that almost any one can have a thousand times the satisfactions and pleasures of body and mind that were possible to his forebears. All the world is avid of them. It so hungers and thirsts for all this enlargement and enrichment of the material side of life that if one looks only at the surface it almost seems to have made these things its god. But underneath it all still persists the old longing that has companioned man from his first consciousness of "more than belly need," the longing for which he has found satisfaction in a thousand fantastic ways, the imperative need of his spirit that grew by what it fed on and outgrew each new faith that for a time had satisfied his soul. However fantastic any of these faiths may seem to a later age, it met his need at that time; it gave him the solace, the assurance, the inspiration which his expanding and aspiring soul demanded. But he cannot find now the God that fulfils his present need. The New Knowledge has taken from him the God, the heaven, the hell, the future life in which he found help and guidance and inspiration for so many centuries, and it has not yet given him in return a faith that is adequate to the higher stature and the keener vision to which his soul has attained.

Man wants a God, a faith, that will mean something to him here and now; a God whom he can revere and love, with whom his spirit can commune, who will guide him sometimes to the most exalted heights his soul can reach, and a faith that will explain and dignify existence and give him a goal that measures up to the exacting standards he has learned to set. He wants a belief that will give new significance to life by throwing upon it some new, even if faint, beams of illumination, that will enrich life with new values, that will exalt his spirit with a new vision of God and a new interpretation of his own relation to the universe.

And science tells him to worship Energy and to watch his step, or the white race will be destroyed by the colored races, civilization smashed, and the men of the future will have no source of mechanical power.

But not all the scientists are so blind to man's deepest and highest needs. Professor Edwin Grant Conklin has lately said, "The world never needed a religion of high ideals and aspirations more than it needs it now"; and he thinks that the solution of "the great problem that confronts us" is in finding "how to adjust religion to science, faith to knowledge, ideality to reality." The practical working out of the solution he believes will be by the use of "not less but more and better science and education." He sees the modern condition with broader and more understanding vision than do most scientists and writes of it with gentle and sympathetic reasonableness and exalted conceptions of man's destiny. But even he believes the

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developments and possibilities of science to be the only substitute for all that mankind's mental and moral growth has caused it to cast aside; and he seems to think that to undertake conscious and rational evolution of itself—as is now possible, he says, "for the first time in the history of life on this planet"—would be a sufficing religion. His vision is a refinement upon the suggestions of most of his brother scientists who concern themselves with man's future and his relation to the universe.

All of them want the race to shape its course toward some definite aim; Professor Conklin holds up a finer and more exalted purpose than any of the others. But to the layman it is a cold far-off ideal and is unlikely to arouse his religious fervor. He has seen the findings of science too often discredited by new discoveries to be enthusiastic about trying to shape the destinies of his descendants in the distant future. He knows that as long as the human race exists it will continue to carry on, and he is willing to let future generations shape their own civilization in their own times to suit their own needs and desires. He feels that it would be a rash venture to seek to influence the development of the race and the form of its civilization farther in the future than he can forecast the welfare of his own offspring, a venture too much like meddling with the wheels and springs of some vast and intricate machinery about which he knows very little.

Nor does any of this, even Professor Conklin's earnest and fine suggestion, offer to man that which he wants as the living core of his religion—something that will unite his noblest and purest aspirations with that power in the universe that in the past he has always thought of as Deity. He wants still to think of it, or of some form of it, as Deity, and he wants a new vision of it that will reassure him of its existence, its absolute perfection, and its definite connection with his own spirit.

Man needs a new faith perilously, needs it as he has never needed an adequate faith before in all his history. For until now he has always been able at the moment of his need to raise a little higher the veil that obscures the unknown and so gain a new and truer vision of God. Why has he lost his old-time spiritual power? Why is he now so bankrupt of spiritual vision? Is it because he is so deeply absorbed in material things? Or is it because those twin factors of his being, his mind and his spirit, no longer work together in harmony? Because his mind, grown vainglorious of its own achievements, has dominated him and taught him to distrust and cast out spirit?

Can he not bring these complementary halves of himself into harmony again and persuade them so to use their two instruments, science, or knowledge, and religion, as to make it possible for them to coöperate in his service? Only so can he find once more a faith that will satisfy both his hungry spirit and his critical intelligence, that will give him high ethical standards and ideals austere and fine enough to stimulate him to his best endeavors, that will afford new and richer values to life and dignify existence because it will adequately explain the universe and his place therein, a faith whose living center will be a new vision of God, clearer, finer, more satisfying than his spirit ever before has glimpsed.

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Werwolf

By Margery Latimer

I was only a girl on the farm, about fourteen or so, when I delivered a jar of peach-butter to the old Mariner place on Grove Street and Edmonds. It was the grandest mansion in the village at that time, and I wondered if I should go to the front or the back door; but I remembered that we went to the same church with the Mariners, so I decided on the front. While I waited for Mrs. Mariner to get her purse, I could see into the big double parlors with Brussels carpet on the floor and handsome horsehair furniture. The whole thing made me tremble; I don't know why, but I think it was the roses in the rug and the glossy sofa.

I was a long time there in the hall, clearing my throat at every sound and trying to look neater and more fashionable in jerks. Then suddenly a beautiful girl came toward me, but she seemed a lady, her hands were so white and her voice so low, and she walked different from any one. When she handed me the money I wished I could have her for a friend and come to see her in the double parlors to talk about foreign countries and styles. I wanted nothing beyond dressing up and walking down the street with her three times a week. When we each of us got married, I thought, we'd name our children after each other, and suddenly I looked at her and smiled.

"To-morrow I'm going away to New York to boarding-school."

I didn't have any voice to answer, so I just smiled again, but I felt like crying.

"It's a long way off, isn't it?"

I nodded, still smiling and knowing I looked like a goose, standing there in my stiff clothes and her in silk with kid slippers on and her hair in a net. But when I got home I went up to my room and sat there wondering why I hadn't said, "Yes, it's very fine you're to go to boarding-school, Miss Mariner," or, "Isn't it fine your parents can spare you from home?" but neither of them sounded right, and I was glad I hadn't said anything. But as I sat there on my bed it occurred to me that the indescribable look on her face came from her brows, and it came to me suddenly that they were like an eagle's wings, only smaller.

At Christmas-time I caught a glimpse of her in a sleigh tucked in with robes, a whip in her hand and a black horse stepping over the snow. She had on a fur cap, and her face looked bright and sharp even against the white all around. She was like the bells, somehow, clear and then gone.

"Have you seen Dolly Mariner?" I heard them whisper around church that Sunday. "She's home with a bustle and the Grecian bend."

"I can't abide her," I heard another

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say, and I flushed even though they weren't talking to me. "She's got too good for any of us. Oh, sure, she always felt above us, but now she's—That's her!"

I saw her come in the door, pause with her chin on a tiny muff, and then mince down the aisle toward us. As she came closer I could see that Dolly Mariner was grown up at fifteen, and then I saw she was reaching for my hand, reaching, past the well-to-do girls that I supposed were her friends, to me.

"I'm glad to see you," she said, and I felt as though every one in the church had seen and heard. It pleased me very much.

"Do you like boarding-school?"

"I like my vocal lessons and the needlework."

"I suppose you've made some beautiful things for your parlors," I said quickly.

"Yes, I have, and won't you come and see them sometime?" she added, nodded to the others, and went down the aisle.

I saw that nearly every one in the church was talking about her, and as I slipped into my seat Grandma Briggs said to Effie Danish, "Isn't it a fright the way that girl's matured?" and Effie answered in a terrible tone:

"Well, soon ripe, soon rotten."

I heard Agnes Oakley say that Dolly was engaged to a man from away much older than herself, and some one else said that she was too young, only fifteen, and so on till we stood up to sing.

§ 2

At sixteen Dolly Mariner married Roderick Gordon, and I heard that she'd painted mottos for their new house and a fruit piece for the dining-room. He was an odd fellow, and so was his father. They were the lonely kind that look wrinkled and sad at an early age and have weak eyes and futile hands. Every one said that Roderick would make a poor husband, and I guess he did, because the week before Dolly was to be confined he went back to his old home to the shed where his father had died of hemorrhage and shot himself. It appeared, later, that he left only debts, so his wife went home to her parents. Dolly's boy was three years old when Mr. Mariner died, and his brother took charge of his estate, which, after he got through with it, dwindled to nothing except the old mansion and a little money.

"Isn't that like Dolly Mariner!" the women all said at Aid. "Send one to suicide with her extravagance and the other to heart-failure."

But their voices had a happy ring as if they would relish seeing Dolly in their kind of clothes instead of furs and silk, her feet in stiff shoes instead of kid slippers, and her hands not so white nor so pink at the nails. When I went to see Dolly that afternoon she acted no different from before. She looked as if she kept her sorrow shut up somewhere until she was alone, as though even then when it rose to strangle her it would leave no mark. She took my arm and led me into the double parlors, and we sat down on the horsehair sofa. My feet were on the Brussels carpet, and four paces behind me were the embroidered lace curtains which stood out from the windows stiffly and lay on the carpet.

"I'm going back to school to teach," she explained.

"How about your little boy?"

"He's been something of a problem."

"Would I be the one to take him?"

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I took the child, but she made me set a price; and when the year was up I had saved enough to buy a beautiful dress almost as fine as any Dolly had ever worn, and I had it made up with style. I had me some kid slippers and a pair of gloves and a bustle. I suppose I looked foolish, sitting up in the wagon with all that finery on, but I didn't have a carriage. Dolly had been home for half a day, and I went straight to the Mariner place. I had her little boy with me, and I must say that he looked as well and as handsome as I could make him look. He was a sickly child to start with, and he had those long, useless hands of his father's, and a pitiful voice if you could watch his eyes as he talked.

When Dolly came into the double parlors the little fellow looked at her and then ran under the piano. She thanked me for caring for him, and when I inquired for her mother she said that she wasn't well.

"Is her shoulder bad again?"

"She says it is, and she's the sickest she's ever been."

Then she told me about her youngest brother, who wanted to go to Alaska to explore, and how he needed money, and how her mother mortgaged the house to let him have it. They hadn't heard from him since, and now they would have to give up their home. "Mother thought of course he'd discover gold. He was always so lucky."

"Maybe he will!"

"I hope so."

At Mrs. Mariner's funeral every one was talking about Dolly and saying that even now when she'd killed her mother she still held her head high. "And her poor brother," some one said, "the poor fellow couldn't even live in the same house with her, and Heaven knows where he is now." Dolly was in black velvet, and her hat had a long pink plume that curled over her shoulder. They all said it was disgusting to see her in such a get-up, but I thought she looked beautiful. She was the only one there who didn't cry and who never held her handkerchief over her face once. Afterward she asked me to ride home with her and spend the night, but even when she got home she didn't give way. While I was resting in the guest-room I wondered what she would do with her house gone, her family, everything gone but that sickly little boy, who had developed spasms during the last week. And when I thought of all that had happened to her I cried, but when I thought of her face I stopped. Then she came in to tell me supper was ready.

"Dolly!" I said.

She didn't say anything, and I looked at her until I had to close my eyes.

"Don't you want to die too?" I asked.

"No."

"Don't you feel you've had too much trouble?"

"No."

"But it isn't fair!" I cried.

"Shall we go down-stairs now?" she asked and put her arm through mine.

We walked down without speaking, and it wasn't until Annie brought in the roast that she looked out of the window and said, "I never think about fairness."

After a while we went into the double parlors, and the roses in the carpet were bright, and the sofa was smooth and cool. She looked around, and then she said, "I've never been happy or unhappy, and I really don't mind when people die."

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I couldn't see much sense in what she'd said, so I remarked that I'd always just loved the rug and the sofa and the curtains; and while I was talking Dolly went outside, and I never knew why, because it had started to rain and she was in her good clothes from the funeral. When she came in she was so cool and clear looking that I felt odd, and even to-day I can't figure out why her face looked like that. It was sharp and clear like that time in the sleigh with the bells; and she looked as if—and God forgive me if it's blasphemous of me to say it—she looked as if death could never strike her down.

But they've never stopped talking about her here in the village. They tell about how she was seen in New York in a gold evening-wrap with grapes in her hair, and how some one saw her in San Francisco in red velvet with bands of fur, and then in Pittsburg in black satin with a gold hat on her head and a diamond pin bright as a star between her breasts. They always end up with how she killed her husband and her father and mother and how she made her brother run away and get lost and how her little boy had fits, three in one day, and then died and hasn't even a gravestone to his head. But I let them talk. It don't seem necessary to put in anything.

Lines on Two Faces

By Floyd McKnight

A sentimental novelist might say
Things withered away too quickly at her touch,
Might find her words too subtle, like decay,
Her face too worn from having lived too much.
There was one, who, saluting with his laughter
The enduring boredom of satiety,
Happened along her path one day, long after
They both had seen their share of things to see.

Nobody knew whether it was their wrinkles,
Or sight of similar synthetic teeth,
Or miracle of simultaneous twinkles
In their eyes, or the circles underneath;
But the two amused each other, so they parried
With words a little while, then loved, and married.

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New Forces in Old Japan

Will the Radical Colt Take the Bit in His Teeth

By Margaret de Forest Hicks

These are times of tabloid knowledge when people, too preoccupied to chase down the by-paths of individual research, depend largely on current literature for the facts upon which their opinions are based. They hazily take it for granted, if they give the subject any thought at all, that in these opinion-producers will be found mention of all the more vital phases of the world's eternal wagging.

The past year has shown most definitely that this is not the case. With increasing importance a new and vital phase of world affairs has developed, but it has consistently been subordinated to the old themes. What may be described as the European complex has taken hold of so many of the best writers of our times that they have failed to interpret world events without placing an undue emphasis upon that portion which for so many years has been the center of interest. Only now are they awakening to the fact that what may be termed the Atlantic area, with its many problems, has had its head-line heyday and is of very much less importance to America, both at present and for the future, than the Pacific.

The vortex of international interest like the poetical course of empire has steadily moved westward. First the Mediterranean area, then Europe, then America, now the Orient. The new dramas and comedies of international affairs—military, social, economic, political—will be enacted on the Eastern stage with America taking the lead.

The story of Japan's present-day internal development, for example, affects us to a degree undreamed of, affects China, affects England, affects Russia, affects indeed all the nations of the world tied in any way, as Sir William S. Gilbert might have said, to the mikado's pinafore.

Economically Japan is the fifth largest purchaser of American goods (four fifths as large as all of South America); politically Japan is the one nation whose actions on the Asiatic mainland have most frequently been at loggerheads with our own; militarily Japan is a foreign power against which, some people hold, we may be compelled to fight.

Surely then in the internal situation of a country whose various lines of effort and development have shown a tendency sometimes to strengthen, sometimes to tangle the cords of international relationships, we have no small concern. And as though to whet our interest Japan at this particular period of her history is in the throes of

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a struggle between these very divergent tendencies, a struggle between the old forces that have thrice within a quarter of a century plunged the nation into a successful war, and the new forces which would seem to be working for peace.

A new era in Japanese history dawned with the adjournment of the last Diet in the spring of 1925, an era in which the cohorts of reaction have begun a losing fight with those of liberalism, an era in which strange new forces are destined to wax and wane, an era in which the masses have won their first opportunity to stick their fingers into the governmental pie.

The advent of this new era may be attributed to two facts: the one that the greatest single political force in Japan which has defied the dictates of constitutionality is rapidly passing away; the other that new forces are springing up to take its place which are in tendency definitely liberal. In both of these facts hope may be found for a new government of the future, more liberal within, and more guided by a spirit of international coöperation without.

§ 2

When Admiral Perry sailed his black ships into the harbor of Yedo and Japan became forcibly aware of a world without, a world whose sinews of strength were industry and trade and of great nations whose power and expansion were largely the fruits of war, Japan set herself to ascertain the causes of Occidental prowess.

Then came wars in which new territories were added to her domains. Northward, southward, westward extended the empire of the Rising Sun, while Saghalin, the Kuriles, the Loochoos, the Bonins, the Pescadores, Formosa, and Korea were brought under Japanese sway.

Then came steady economic encroachments on the Asiatic mainland where were the raw materials with which the sinews of industry were to be forged.

Most marvelously before the eyes of an incredulous world came, from that part of the globe where paradox is proverbial, disproof of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise; for the hare was winning, winning by a steady and sustained sprint toward the goal.

Among the contemporary dictators doubtless Signor Mussolini is the best qualified either to repudiate or to substantiate the theory that decentralization of control slackens the pace of governmental progress. If he be discouraged he may take heart from a study of the recent history of Japan. There concentration in the hands of a few has produced the astonishing result of catapulting that small nation of sixty millions into the arena of world powers in the short period of half a century, an almost incredible feat when one remembers that in the rise of nations time is an unconsidered element.

Soon after the romantic opening of Nippon's ports, Japanese of the highest culture and intelligence were sent abroad to study Western ways—governmental, economic, military. Results followed with the same rapidity with which Oriental conjurers grow mango-trees upon the decks of P. & O. steamers.

To the East has always been attributed miraculous imitative power, and in Japan there was no negation of this attribute. There followed changes of government in which an absolute

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monarchy gave way to a constitutional one patterned upon Prussia. There followed reorganizations of the military system along German lines; of the naval, along English; of the economic, along English and American. In all these reforms one center of authority directed and controlled, guiding the country through the stormy seas of new reforms, new usages, new systems, meeting and mastering the unformed desires of the people within the state, the machinations of foreign governments without. This center of authority was the Council of Elder Statesmen, the Genro.

The Genro was a child of necessity composed of a selected group of those who under the old order had occupied posts of importance and responsibility. Like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, it suddenly sprang into life, full-armed and mature.

The Genro came into being not long after the adoption of the constitution at a period when each person looked to the next for guidance and leadership. In all there have been nine, but only one, Prince Saionji, remains, a very old man who cannot be expected to live much longer. In the fact that no new members have been admitted to take his place may be found political portents of the most far-reaching significance.

The days of transitional uncertainty out of which the Genro was bred appear to have vanished, with the urgency which made the Genro a necessity of the times. If signs may be read aright there will never again be in Japan a Council of Elder Statesmen of quite the same nature and with quite the same powers as the one of which Prince Saionji alone remains. Some believe that a wholly new one will be formed upon his death; others hold that at last the Privy Council, whose powers it has consistently usurped, will come into its own. But upon whose shoulders the mantle of power and authority will fall is of less importance than that in the future it will likely be worn in a vastly different manner than of old, if worn at all.

Not only did this first Genro guide Japan through days of unprecedented transitional uncertainty, but it booted and spurred her, so to speak, for the ride for world recognition. That ride was sometimes ruthless. "It stayed not for brake" of international fair play; "it stopped not for stone" of world disapproval. Wars it provoked; nations it humbled and subdued. But those by whose manœuvering it was won are now losing control. New masters are demanding authority, masters fashioned of a vastly different clay.

§ 3

The clay is different in what respect?

For centuries the people of Japan have been ruled and dominated by an upper stratum of society which has represented less than one per cent of the country's population. Consistently, persistently, the masses have been denied the right to voice their aims and desires, economically, politically, socially. Now, through the media of labor-unions, radical organizations, and groups agitating for political rights, they have found means to express their feelings, and they have done so in a manner concerted and powerful. Greater and greater efforts have been made to suppress these evidences of political consciousness; they have been notable failures.

Tracing the rise of the elements

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evidencing political consciousness we find with respect to labor for example that within the last fifteen years labor-unions, whose very formation is forbidden by Japanese law, have increased from zero to seven hundred, including one that is affiliated with the American Federation of Labor and has a membership of half a million. We find also that since before the World War strikes have increased five hundred per cent and the number of strikers twelve hundred per cent. These figures are sufficient to give Japan pause. They have.

So also have "dangerous thoughts," the term used to describe all forms of radicalism. "Dangerous thoughts" are to-day hanging like swords of Damocles over the heads of Japan's conservatives, and causing, it may well be imagined, the former Genro to stir uneasily in their last long sleep.

Fancy a country, where ninety-nine per cent of the people from time immemorial had been relegated to the status of the children of well regulated families who are seen but not heard, finding itself suddenly faced with a situation where those children who, quite powerful enough in numbers to back up their words with deeds, are solemnly threatening to spank their elders and lock them up.

Were one to draw an analogy in the United States from the situation with which the governing classes of Japan were confronted by the non-governing during the last session of Parliament for example, one would have to imagine the Capitol at Washington continually surrounded by bands of paid ruffians; to imagine the galleries of the Senate and House daily filled with the most objectionable types of political hecklers, agitators, and obstructionists; to imagine certain congressmen, who for political reasons had sided with the agitators, hurling ink-wells during congressional debates at their more conservative colleagues; to imagine feeling so intense that during the consideration of important bills the Capitol had to be guarded by police reserves day and night for a radius of a mile; to imagine only those carrying passes and submitting themselves to a most vigorous search permitted to enter the building itself; to imagine in the House of Representatives one hundred picked marines standing on the floor, their backs to the proceedings, watching the spectators in the galleries; to imagine, once the roll had been called, all but the famous cloak-room doors heavily barricaded with beams; to imagine the homes of Secretaries New, Hoover, and Kellogg broken into by uncontrollable mobs, their servants beaten, and their furniture hacked to bits with swords; to imagine Mr. Green's life threatened because the American Federation of Labor thought him too reactionary; and to imagine a graduate student at Harvard attempting to kill John Coolidge because of the political views of the president.

Though these imaginings may seem absurd, each one in very recent times has had its counterpart in Japan. Furthermore their occurrence in a state whose historic conservatism is of common knowledge is even more phenomenal than in a land where liberty, democracy, and freedom of action are supposed to be bred in the bone.

The degree to which the physical realm of Japan was shaken by the earthquake of 1923 was as nothing to the catastrophic effect that the at-

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tempted assassination of the heir apparent, who is also the prince regent, produced last year. This inconceivable deed rocked the very foundations of a nation where the person of the emperor and his family are held as divine and were never until very recent years so much as gazed upon by the people. The deeper causes of the unrest which made possible such an act have yet to be plumbed and reckoned with.

§ 4

What efforts are being made to do either?

Efforts have not been a few. The legislation of the last Diet was mainly devoted to this task. It was of two kinds, measures of repression and measures of compromise.

The more important repressive measure was the so-called Peace Preservation Bill, an austere, narrow, mandatory instrument so loosely worded that a person advocating a reform in the land laws or fiscal system of the country is subject to sentence, a law which if stringently enforced will only quicken and aggravate the very unrest that it means to quell.

The important measures of compromise were more numerous, a fact alone demonstrating the power of the new forces. In the first place machinery was set in motion to legalize the existence of labor-unions. In the second the House of Peers was reformed with a view to making that sanctuary of conservatism more democratic. And in the third the Universal Manhood Suffrage Bill was passed.

This last totally eclipses all the other measures in importance. It opens to the masses in Japan a doorway to participation in governmental affairs which seemed forever to be closed. It marks a turning-point in Japanese history as great as was Magna Charta in England's.

With the change from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy in 1889, Japan took her first step toward representative government. But this step was not so great as it appeared, for while a bicameral system of government was established and a legislative branch brought into being, its powers under the constitution were only advisory, while the absolute authority of the emperor, or as recent years have shown of the emperor's chosen advisers, remained unimpaired. Gradually, however, the legislative branch has become stronger and stronger until it possesses the right not only to initiate but to enact law by virtue of the fact that it has done so.

The tail could not forever hope to wag the dog. From control, first by the emperor, to control by the Genro, to a controlling participation in governmental affairs by the Diet, the way has been prepared, by the recent widening of the circle of the voters, for eventual control by the people. Furthermore this last extension gives promise that it will not be many years before the legislative powers of the Diet will be constitutionally sanctioned; and from that time forward, to as great an extent as in other democracies, the will of the voters will be supreme.

The degree to which the new suffrage law extends the franchise in Japan is probably without precedent in the history of representative government. There are so many additional voters that the total number is increased three hundred per cent. This is an even greater increase than England

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saw under the Reform Bill of 1867, which added a million new voters, or under the bill of 1884, which added two millions more. Under Japan's new law nine millions have been added to a former nucleus of three.

The first development as a result of this great increase has been the realinement of the old political parties with the hope either of catching the imagination of the newly enfranchised or of combining to hold office against the new parties which are coming into being.

Up to the present time Japan's political parties have been such only in name. They have depended on personalities rather than on principles, and have had, with the one exception of the Business Men's party, which is not an important one, no distinctive attributes. Parties with a definite platform are now beginning to form, of which so far the Labor or Proletariat party is the most important.

Thus we see the political metamorphosis which Japan is undergoing. Not without a struggle is the control of government handed over by the few to the many even in a country where, as some one has aptly phrased it, "die-hardism has suffered so continuing a series of last ditches."

§ 5

As we view this extraordinary metamorphosis, if we are fully to understand its effect, we must study the changes it has wrought not only in Japan's internal but also in her foreign affairs, particularly with respect to the other great Pacific powers —China, Russia, England, and the United States.

In China for example the evidences of the decline of the control of those forces which in the past warred with her, robbed her, and made every possible effort to seize her valuable lands, has in recent years been very evident. At the close of the Washington Conference, the more far-seeing of the old guard, led by Admiral Kato, and forced into it by England's abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, effected a back somersault in Japan's traditional policy toward China, replacing it by one of friendliness and coöperation. This was not a case of the leopard changing his spots. It was expediency, forced upon Japan by a realization that in England's repudiation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance lay definite proof that in Occidental-Oriental combines there was no lasting stability and that it is with the East that Japan must cultivate her friendships and cast her lot. Here we may see the beginning of a policy which has since become the keynote of Japan's foreign relationships, the policy of Asia for the Asiatics.

The world has no quarrel with Japan for seeking in China the raw materials vitally necessary to her existence. Its objections have always lain in the unethical methods too frequently employed. Even in so condemning her it has often been a sooty pot that has pointed to the kettle's black. As has been said by some one, Japan began her race for world power when it had gone out of style to grab territory from weaker nations, to add to the power of one state by detracting from that of the other. Those who had arrived could well afford with sanctimonious smugness to protest against the efforts of smaller nations who began their expansion just a little too late.

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Japan's overpopulation plea for example has always been decried by those sufficiently well informed to realize that it was principally a blind to conceal more important aims. Within the confines of her own archipelago Japan has five million acres of uncultivated land. In Hokkaido, with a climate similar to our Northern States and comprising one fifth of the total area of the empire, the population is but two and a half millions; and Formosa, the size of Kiusiu with its seven and a half millions, has a Japanese population of but one hundred and sixty thousand. The reason for this apparently inexplicable fact is that Kiusiu and its adjacent islands are in the middle of the archipelago where the climate is temperate, and that the Japanese people are not content to live in extremes of climate, either hot or cold. Huddled into the central islands is a population which is fast becoming too great to be supported as an agricultural unit upon the land where it insists upon dwelling, unless the problem is to be solved through industrialization.

Industrialization is a physical impossibility to Japan without free access to the raw materials of the Asiatic mainland, a part of the globe where former efforts toward securing them have been so ruthless that an endeavor is now being made to acquire them with the assistance of world sympathy and favorable world opinion. Hence we have the picture of a Japan so overcrowded with new babies that the young unfortunates are dropping off the sides of the island empire into the sea, a picture moving to contemplate but as absurdly untrue as is most nationalistic propaganda.

There has been a noticeable soft-pedaling of the overpopulation cry within very recent years, and with its decline has come a gratifying tendency toward frankness. Since 1922 the more liberal elements in Japan, guided by the principles which they have embraced in the Pan-Asia movement, have succeeded in completely reversing the tactics formerly employed in China. It is now openly admitted that the need for raw materials is the true reason underlying all efforts there. Considering the fact that the climate in those parts of China where Japan has made her chief attempts at control is even more disagreeable to her nationals than uninhabited portions of her own territory to which they will not go, this frankness is wise. The only quarrel the nations of the world may have with such an aim is when it interferes with similar aims of their own, as interfere inevitably it does.

The nation with which Japan's desire for China's raw materials chiefly interferes is Russia. How then are both the old forces that are losing power and the new that are rising up to take their places dealing with the traditional enemy?

The old forces are playing their traditional rôle. Realizing that the present Russian policy in China is if anything more intensely imperialistic now than it ever was under the czars, the same old game of check and countercheck is going on in Manchuria to-day. But the new elements in Japanese politics, or perhaps more rightly the radical portions of those new elements, have taken the Russian to their arms with a soft and loving "Comrade!"

Actual Bolshevism is not widespread in Japan, but where it exists it has taken a very virile form. Since

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the signing of the Russo-Japanese Treaty in January, 1925, though it contained a specific provision that no effort should be made by either power to propagandize the people of the other or to attempt to subvert its existing order of government, Russian agents have continued to stir up dissension and unrest in Japan and to win fresh converts to their cause. They have not been unsuccessful. An idea of the number of pro-Russian sympathizers in Tokio alone may be had from the fact that several thousands met the four Soviet trade-unionists who recently paid a visit to Japan. During this visit the agents are reported to have deposited with the Japanese Communists a fund of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars with which to conduct a campaign for the abolition of private ownership of property. Another significant point in connection with the hold that Bolshevism has obtained on certain elements is the fact that Namba, the would-be assassin of the prince regent, received his death sentence with the shout "Long live the Soviet" hurled in the face of a startled Japanese Supreme Court, and that he died with the same cry on his lips.

It is difficult at present even to venture a guess as to Japan's future rôle with regard to Russia; but clear it is that two divergent forces are at work within Japan both determined that with them shall lie the future shaping of that course.

And England, how is England affected by the changes in the realm of foreign policy in Japan? England is greatly affected because she is largely responsible for the changes. By the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance England alienated Japanese friendship from the Occidental world in general and from herself in particular, turning Japan's face away from the West and toward the East. A strong rebuff was the termination of this alliance; it cut deep into Japanese pride. Japan's future policies toward England may appear outwardly to be engendered by the same feelings of friendship as those of the past, but it is reasonable to suppose that they will be prompted by necessity rather than by sincere regard.

It is with respect to the possible effects that the present situation in Japan will have upon her policy toward the United States that we as Americans are most concerned. Let us face the question squarely. Do present indications make war between Japan and America desirable for Japan, necessary to Japan, probable or remotely possible for Japan?

It is impossible rationally and in cold blood to imagine that Japan desires to fight the United States, and certainly America has no desire to fight Japan. Though the yellow journals would have us disbelieve it, there has been for years between the two nations a firm, sincere, and unbroken friendship. From time to time disputes have arisen, misunderstandings have occurred, points of view have failed to meet, foreign ministries have disagreed, but this has been no less true of the relationships of other nations one with the other. It is the inevitable result of intercourse between any two strong and vigorous states. To see in past disagreements with Japan the unmistakable seeds of war, to reason that because Tokio and Washington have not always seen eye to eye they may some day be scratching each other's eyes out, has much

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less logic than the Cheshire cat who argued that he was quite mad because he growled when he was pleased and wagged his tail when he was angry, while a dog, who had been found to be perfectly sane, did exactly the reverse.

There is only one argument to support the theory that war might in the future be necessary to Japan. This argument finds its strength in the present unrest of the masses and the growth of the radical and unruly elements. It is possible to conceive a condition of such disruption and a government of such instability that those in control would be willing to plunge the nation into war solely for the purpose of uniting the people in a common cause.

But paradoxically this very unrest would seem to make war in the near future neither probable nor remotely possible, because one of the chief causes which have produced it is Japan's present state of economic depression. From almost every angle Japan is at present in bad economic straits. Foreign exchange is very low and is likely to go lower; foreign trade balances have been unfavorable; the country is weighed down with domestic debts; and the burden of rebuilding the quake-devastated areas is enormous. The unemployment situation is very serious indeed. The cost of living is more than twice what it was before the war. The agricultural elements are battling with the large estate owners, the factory workers with their employers. Discontent is sinking deep. The people generally are just beginning to realize how wretched their state really is.

Those in whose hands the reins of government rest, however, are not asleep to the truth that a notable factor in a nation's strength is the contentment of her people, nor are they less slow to realize that industrial hard times, unfavorable trade-balances, and unemployment were not specifically designed by a divine providence to contribute to human happiness.

The conservative elements in the government and the business elements throughout the entire country realize that Japan's rôle lies on the one hand in securing the raw materials with which to build herself into a great industrial power, and on the other in strengthening and increasing foreign trade. America is Japan's best customer.

The new forces in Japan will doubtless learn also to see that along these two lines of endeavor lies Japan's future prosperity. Furthermore the pursuit of the former may draw her into a war with Russia, a conflict which now looms much more prominently on the horizon than does one with America, Japan's most valued trade asset and, the jingo press notwithstanding, her traditional friend.

§ 6

Thus we see forces both old and new in old Japan working out her future destiny. The old, with the skill of a race adept in the practices of jiujutsu, has maintained itself in the saddle long after others would have fallen to the ground, while beneath has bucked and reared the frisky colt of class consciousness and governmental aspirations of the unenlightened.

The day does not seem far distant when that colt will take the bit between his teeth. When that time comes, will he be willing to conform to the paces which are wisest for the long race; or will he bolt and run?

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Andrew Jackson and His Enemies

And the Great Noise They Made in the World

By William E. Dodd

The sun of March 4, 1829, shone as brightly as that of Jefferson in March, 1801, but nothing is more deceptive than a brilliant morn. Andrew Jackson entered office with an aroused people behind him; the ever latent democracy, good or ill, was ready, alert, and expectant, as it had been on the greater day of Jefferson's first inauguration. The masses of unlearned, the semiliterate, and some of the planter gentry were honestly enthusiastic. The country was to be made over; the dream of Jefferson was, after Jefferson's death, to come true. The yokels, as Mr. Mencken would say, were in full control.

But what were the elements of Jackson's strength; what composed the items of the democratic creed of 1829? Jackson himself was strong because he had dealt the British such a stunning blow—it was a fictitious strength. He was strong because he came over the mountains and brought with him evidence of Western equality, manhood suffrage, election of all the officers of government, short terms to all, and a positive hatred of whatever bore the appearance of privilege, unless it was the Western privilege of maltreating Indians; all this was real strength, although the sectional appearance of the Western creed weakened it when confronted with Eastern or Southern sectionalism. But Jackson was strong, as Jefferson had been strong, in the hearts of the simpler folk everywhere, East, South, or West.

No leader, great or small, ever makes good without trusted and loyal assistants and plenty of them, as the career of the much hated Woodrow Wilson evinced. Jackson had for his first lieutenant John C. Calhoun, his fellow-citizen of South Carolina, then the greatest State in the Union. Of Calhoun history has said much that was *mere history*. I must add that he was no less patriotic than the greatest of his contemporaries, that intellectually he was superior to them all, unless Webster be excepted, Webster of the strange record of good and evil. Calhoun was vice-president and heir apparent with Jackson's full consent, as I cannot escape thinking. The succession in those days was a more vital thing to a political combination than now, and it is important even now in all the scheming that lies behind a successful candidacy for national leadership.

Another leader of national consequence was Van Buren, the little, nervous, but calculating governor of New York, with a new and better banking system to his credit than any the country had ever known, the ad-

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mirers of Hamilton to the contrary notwithstanding. In the prime of manhood, trained in the school of George Clinton and Aaron Burr, rather more democratic than otherwise, handsome as politicians go, bald-headed, big-eared, squatty of form, small at the bottom and overgrown at the top, like the famous Dr. Cooper, his South Carolina friend, Van Buren was to be the next successor after Calhoun; that is, Jackson would serve one term, Calhoun two, and Van Buren two—twenty years. If the party were in power at the end of that period Thomas Hart Benton, two hundred and fifty pounds, rotund, slow of movement, stooping like Dr. Johnson on his visit to the Hebrides, and with Dr. Johnson's huge cane in his hand, was to take his turn. A long succession, with no New-Englander even thought of; but there were no New-Englanders in 1829 whom a Jacksonian could think of.

Calhoun and Van Buren. There were two other groups; for Calhoun and Van Buren represented great groups. One was the Virginia statesmen: John Randolph, still alive but, as always, desperately ill; Littleton Tazewell, the suave son of a suave senator, who might have any office the Old Dominion could command at any time, a lip-follower, like most Virginians of all time, of Jefferson, but as cold a reactionary as ever a Hamilton might have asked for, tall, handsome, scholarly, eloquent, and as ambitious as Lady Macbeth herself, the kind of ambition that expects a whole nation to bring its honors and lay them down at its feet; and there was John Floyd, the go-between of Calhoun and Jackson in the critical days when the coalition was organized, John Floyd, the Westerner with Eastern principles, a stock-raiser of the Alleghany highlands, in alliance with Calhoun and his ardent cotton-planters. Three interesting Virginians who could not be overlooked without disaster. And there were other Virginians, tall, sallow, and seedy, by preference rather than by necessity, almost as important as the Randolphs and the Tazewells, the Gordons, the Gilmers, and stocky, shrewd, half-bankrupt Editor Ritchie, "Ritchie of the Enquirer"—twenty-five years an able contender for all that the "Virginia democracy" stood for.

These tobacco-fed gentry were for Jackson because they thought he would break down the tariff privilege which Adams and Clay endeavored to make permanent. They favored the cotton gentry behind Calhoun because the cotton gentry favored what they favored, an alliance which took the better part of North Carolina under its beneficent wing. Thus the whole great bloc of congressional influence from the Potomac to the Chattahoochee was pretty nearly committed to the general on the ground that he would undo the privilege of the industrialists—unmindful that slavery, on which cotton and tobacco throve, was likewise a law-conferred privilege.

Delightful groups, those of Calhoun and Van Buren and the charming Virginians, unaware that the world was slipping from under their feet. But there was another and a very different set: Samuel D. Ingham, a Pennsylvania manufacturer, a close personal friend of Calhoun, a lip-follower of Jefferson, a member of congress and spokesman of the same kind of Pennsylvanians that the late lamented Boise Penrose so ably represented. He and his "people"

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shouted as loudly for the hero as any Westerner, but they expected the hero to raise the tariff every time he touched it.

Besides Ingham there were the Duanes and Nicholas Biddle and the National Bank which Calhoun had done most to create. They had no notion that General Jackson would ever do so foolish a thing as to deny the bank the right to control the finances of the country. A very practical set of men, these Pennsylvanians, likely to make as much trouble as the tobacco leaders of Virginia.

And finally there were the wonderful Westerners, the champions of the real democracy of the time: Thomas H. Benton, who had abandoned Henry Clay when Clay joined Adams in 1825; Benton who had fought a rough-and-tumble battle with Jackson in a Nashville bar-room, got himself kicked down the back stairs, but in the process lodged a pistol-ball in the shoulder of the general. In spite of the troublesome bullet Benton crawled back into the tent of Jackson when he left the headquarters of Clay, Van Buren holding up the flap. With Benton went Amos Kendall and Frank P. Blair, Kentucky henchmen of Clay before 1825, editors who knew the value of printer's ink and who were not above misrepresentation in a political battle. Benton and Blair and Kendall were all there on the glorious day of the inauguration, not unwilling to remain in the capital to fight the aristocracy then leaving the city like rats from a burning barn. Still I must not say too much, for Westerners were probably more sincere in their democracy than any of the others. And there were other Westerners.

The "great George Poindexter" of the salacious divorce suit and many duels, a Mississippian, long in office, dictatorial, arbitrary, and not easy to please; Dixon H. Lewis of Alabama, a great planter, four hundred pounds in weight, a Calhoun devotee; and John Forsyth, a former chum of John Quincy Adams, now turned Southwestern and Jacksonian—these gave the coalition behind the new president a rounded national appearance, as they gave him a mass of talents much in need when the day of trial came.

For the rest, William B. Lewis, John H. Eaton, and the "respectable" bank-president, Hugh Lawson White, all original Jackson men, I need only say they were there too, smiling and hopeful in the atmosphere of greatness and surrounded by opportunities that tended to unbalance simple heads from the West. They had borne the heat and burden of the day; their ideas were democratic because Jackson's bore the same hue, and because they had hardly known much else. Locke's essay on government had never troubled their minds, and when they thought of Jefferson it was not of his philosophy but of the admirable manner in which he had managed to put "old John Adams" out of the way.

Jackson had followers, as we have seen; and he was not without principles and a program: he believed in all that the Westerners said they believed in, rather because he was a Westerner than because he had ever thought through the problem of social crystallization and control. I think he had never heard of Plato, and I doubt whether he even read the letters of Jefferson then appearing in four delightful volumes. Jackson did not believe in democracy; he *was* democracy, and at the same time, as becomes great

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democrats, he was a masterful autocrat in temper and behavior. With this adventitious faith to steer by, he set himself a certain program, I am sure, although Bassett and the rest fail to make the claim for him in their excellent books about the hero.

His program involved a reduction of the tariff by half, as Calhoun doubtless suggested every day; he would join Benton in the long-fought battle for free lands for the landless, thus leaguing the cotton and tobacco men with the Westerners; at the same time he would execute the scheme of Monroe and remove all Indians from the good lands they held in the Middle West and the lower South in order that Middle-Westerners and Southerners might graze more cattle and make more cotton—raise more cattle and make more cotton to put on a glutted market. Three democratic items as Western men thought. And there was the National Bank. Jackson, like every Westerner except Clay, would make short shrift of such a monopoly; personally he was not quite so belligerent as the rest, but he was safe on the subject. Somewhat of a program, fairly synchronous with his principles.

But both principles and programs wait upon circumstance; and circumstance was against Jackson in 1829. There was a determined opposition in Congress. Webster was in the Senate and Webster was already powerful, a sectional statesman shouting a fictitious nationalism that put tariff privilege above the Ten Commandments, and the National Bank above any interests of plain people from the hills. Clay was not in Washington, but his spirit was there and not likely to be silent; Clay would move heaven and earth to drive the vandal Jackson out of office, regardless of all principle; nor was John Quincy Adams to be ignored. He was at home in the village of Braintree, unaware of any wrongs he ever did or contemplated and conscious of a statesmanship without which the new country would surely rush upon ruin. Adams would not remain in retirement; if not, Washington would be the magnet that would draw him. The champions of privilege were then as ever powerful, the ambitions of disappointed statesmanship as strident as when the late Colonel Roosevelt beheld Woodrow Wilson in the White House.

Besides the opposition, Jackson had within his own camp the irreconcilable cotton men and the insatiable Pennsylvanians. If he recommended any change in the tariff, these groups would begin an internecine war that might ruin all at the start. If he took the land question first, the Virginians, who hated the thought of free lands for their restless emigrating tenants, would put their powerful hands upon the ark of party peace and pull it over. He might possibly put the Indians on the move; he might make a gentle gesture against the bank. That was all.

And so in the inaugural address nothing was said in many pages of stiff English, while in the first annual message the bold general was as easy-spoken as the late adorable Mr. Harding. It was not Andrew Jackson; it was circumstance.

§ 2

But somebody must move. Hence the innocent Senator Foote of Connecticut offered the sincere New England resolution to close the public land offices and so stop the emigration of

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New England workers from their jobs in the mills or on the canals. That was an honest resolution. Adams favored it. The great Virginians favored it. And Hayne of South Carolina took it for a sincere expression of policy. Hayne was himself doubtful about free lands for the landless, but he knew that Benton and the other Westerners would raise a storm that would last four years in order to defeat Foote. Hence Hayne's vitriolic speech in which he rehearsed all the troublesome truth about recent New England history. Like most insincere statesmen, Hayne went too far, and Webster grasped the opportunity to extricate his friends from the honest dilemma into which honest Foote had thrust them. He turned the greatest oratorical trick that has ever been turned in the American Congress. He ignored Foote; made love-glances toward Westerners; showered all the venom of a mighty passion upon Hayne; and enunciated, as if he really meant it, the doctrine: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The Union was the hope of the Westerner, and Webster knew it; it was the despair of the tobacco and cotton planters, and Webster knew that. His speech went far to break the power of the whole Jackson party. Benton penetrated the Webster strategy, but Hayne was pilloried forever upon a false façade. He has never recovered; and he was a bosom-friend of Jackson. Since the president could not raise the tariff question and Webster had ruined the land issue for him, idleness was to be his lot; idleness for the man who had won the Battle of New Orleans. Idleness is the devil's workshop; and the devil was just round the corner in Washington in 1830.

In the make-up of his cabinet Jackson had included Calhoun leaders of free trade tendencies and Ingham of protectionist fanaticism. Here in the household of the faithful was a deep-set feud. The general had omitted to appoint any of the distinguished Virginians! And half the country wondered why for the first time there was no leader of the Old Dominion in the cabinet. This too was cause for deep resentment. But there was John H. Eaton, a good-natured Beau Brummel of the inner circle of Tennesseans, as secretary of war—Eaton who had married the doubtful Peggy O'Neill, a former barmaid of Washington. And Amos Kendall, the Kentucky editor, was postmaster-general. John McLean of Cincinnati was of the elect for a time and was then put upon the supreme bench, to the infinite disgust of John Marshall.

There was in fact tinder well laid for an explosion, as there has generally been in any group of reformers. Every mouth was busy the first winter of the Jackson presidency; nobody thought the new chief could last even four years unless some greater man took over the business of guiding him. The first subject of contention was merely a cover for more serious purposes: Peggy Eaton must be present at every official function or know the reason; Mrs. Calhoun, the most popular of all the women of either party, set her foot down, tiny as it was, that if Mrs. Eaton became *persona grata* in any house she would not grace the place with her presence, even though it were the White House; she added moreover that she and John would pack off to South Carolina and not return till the end of four years. Significant "four years."

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The hero of New Orleans was quickly embroiled in this closet scandal. He was resentful, then angry, and finally arbitrary. When this battle of the gossips was taking a rather serious turn, Van Buren, the secretary of state, happily without wife or daughter, got the Dutch minister to give a formal dinner and himself escorted the doubtful lady to her place at the table! Never was there a more grateful heart than Jackson's when he learned of the incident. Calhoun had too long talked as if the president could not get on without him; and Mrs. Calhoun plainly implied that the departure of the Calhouns would break up the administration. The general held his own counsels.

Then the Calhoun group gave a dinner on Jefferson's birthday. The object was to compel Jackson to indicate what he intended to do about the tariff, to take sides between the planters and the industrialists in his own party. He attended the dinner, Van Buren close at hand to prompt if necessary. At the right moment the president offered the toast that Webster might have written the day of his great speech, "Our Federal Union: it must be preserved"—plain warning to Calhoun against nullification, two whole years threatened in South Carolina and indorsed by every Southern State from Virginia to Louisiana. The planters left that dinner sore and angry. Had the industrialists won? Surely Ingham was not powerful enough to lead the president away from those who had made him president.

Notwithstanding the dinner incident, Clay and his friends thought Jackson was frightened; perhaps he ought to have been. At any rate the Clay men in Congress offered the Maysville Road Bill, the purpose of which was once more to drive a wedge between the semihostile groups in the president's party. The Southerners would hear nothing whatever of internal improvements; that policy must lead to permanent tariffs which they would too largely pay. The Westerners would have roads at public cost or they would lend support to no Eastern or Southern group. The bill proposed a road from Maysville to Clay's home! It asked Jackson to approve the building of a national highway wholly within Clay's State, a road to bring the distinguished Kentuckian to the Senate the next year. The industrialists were hot for the project. It would be the beginning of great federal expenditures; and that would mean permanent tariffs, even if not the highest rates. Jackson gave his intimates hints that he would sign the bill. The authors of the bill made it as disagreeable as they could in the hope of compelling a veto. Calhoun had smoked the president out of his silence; now Clay's men would compel him to do a dangerous thing, veto a popular measure.

Jackson vetoed the bill, and to the amazement of all, the people of the West shouted "Hurrah"; nor were the industrialists out of Congress so hostile as those nearer the scene. The president was popular in his own right. But he continued to say nothing. At the short session of December, 1830, little could be done; Jackson asked nothing. Moreover he had not won a majority in the recent elections. When the session drew to a close he told the Calhoun men in the cabinet that their wives must cease their war on poor Mrs. Eaton or resign. Whereupon his adopted son, Andrew Jackson Donal-

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son, the private secretary, resigned! Mrs. Donalson had had enough of the crude Peggy. When the Calhouns shook the dust of Washington off their feet, the president saw his daughter-in-law leave the White House itself rather than abide his decision. The old man was lonely.

Then the various members of the cabinet took their resignations to the president. It was a break-up long deferred. Calhoun wrote his daughter that the government itself was breaking up, each part of the country seeking its own. Jackson had written no law of importance into the statute-books; Calhoun had got no relief from an outrageous tariff law. The Westerners had kept their land-offices open, but they were no nearer free homesteads than before. The industrialists thought themselves the winners. Webster rejoiced to see his prophecies of ill omen come true. But the real battle of whatever democracy Jackson could keep behind him and the forces of privilege had not come.

§ 3

Van Buren, albeit resigned and on his way to the court of St. James's, had foreseen the inevitable. From him in 1829 Jackson began to get hints that he was not so ill as he had made men think, nor nearly so old as his wounds had at one time suggested. The president's office positively improved the general's health as it later improved that of Woodrow Wilson. In short he must violate his solemn promise and run a second time; that and only that could keep the coalition together, and what was more keep Henry Clay out of the White House. Nor was the wily secretary wrong. Hence Van Buren procured many letters from eminent local leaders calling on the general to do his public duty. The legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania upon suitable prompting sent formal resolutions to Jackson calling upon him to "stand again" and save the country. It looked like a bad thing to an honest Westerner to renounce his own voluntary promise within two short years. But Jackson did it; he did it without explanation or apology. That meant that Calhoun must make himself president or never reach the goal.

At this turn of events John C. Hamilton, son of Jefferson's inveterate enemy, closely snuggled in the Jackson administration, brought out a letter from Calhoun's inveterate enemy, William H. Crawford of Georgia, a letter long known in Jackson circles. The letter related the fact that Calhoun, secretary of war in Monroe's cabinet, had recommended Jackson's court-martial for the hanging of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. After the letter and all the circumstances were duly canvassed in Jackson circles, the president coolly inclosed it to Vice-President Calhoun! Mrs. Eaton was not a circumstance to this.

All the wicked geniuses in the country seemed to conspire to ruin what Calhoun thought, and truly, was the most promising career in the United States. It was not long till the country was treated to an acrimonious public correspondence between the president and the vice-president, all the papers in every town carrying every line. Clay himself could not have designed a worse blow than this work of intrigue in the administration of reform. Henry Clay, already elected senator, looked on from Lexington and assured himself that his day was coming again.

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When Congress met in December, 1831, the opponents of Jackson were in complete control. Jackson still said nothing, although the Supreme Court had now turned to pick upon him. Clay came on with a tariff bill already written. Webster stopped in Philadelphia to concert with Nicholas Biddle a plan to compel Jackson to allow the bank a new charter—the tariff and the bank! Calhoun had prepared the first strokes of nullification in South Carolina, expecting all the other Southern States to rally, as they had done before on call. With Clay and Webster making head-on attack, Calhoun thought, as I reckon, the president would be compelled to lay hands upon the sacred tariff or else see all power slip from him. Having resigned the vice-presidency, Calhoun now took his seat in the Senate to confront all his enemies. The crisis had at last come.

Bold, self-confident as in 1819, Clay summoned his forces, told them what to do, making short work of John Quincy Adams's gentle warning not to go too far. Clay declared that he would have such a tariff as he wished "in spite of the South, the Democratic party, and the devil." That was plain language. And the tariff was passed. In June, 1832, Jackson signed the bill. At the same time Clay coerced the hesitant Nicholas Biddle, the man with the barrel, to come to Washington and help him push a bill through both houses for a new charter. The charter bill was passed, the president keeping still. The general had made his last retreat.

Jackson got Roger B. Taney, the attorney-general, later chief justice, to write the veto. It was a stinging attack and rebuke, a document as well calculated to arouse the people to resentment as was ever written. Clay and Webster were the agents of "the monster bank" which took from the people their hard earnings, placed its stocks in London where fat Englishmen alone profited from its operation. It depressed prices, forced payments of loans when honest men could not pay them, meddled in politics, bribed congressmen, and seduced newspapers —all of which was true.

Jackson was now the nominee of his party. Calhoun was outside the fold. Van Buren warmed his toes at the White House fireside when he chose. The Westerners were a unit behind the hero. On the other side Clay and Webster and Adams, with their industrial and financial supports well knit together, gladly offered battle. No one guessed that Jackson could do more than win a narrow margin of victory. Clay talked about his cabinet as cheerfully as he did twelve years later when James K. Polk was his opponent. But the returns showed Jackson had won by a bigger margin in the electoral college than Mr. Coolidge himself. Four years' fight for the right to fight again; that was all it had been. The elements opposed to so modest a Democracy as that which Calhoun, Benton, Van Buren, and Jackson had strung together in 1828 were so enraged and so powerful that the hero of the War of 1812 had been unable to make a move. Now there was no doubt. The party of Jackson was democratic; it was victorious by an overwhelming majority. The yokels were really in power.

Yet when Clay, Webster, and Adams came back in December, 1832, for the short session, not one of them indicated any intention to accept the result. Clay at once introduced a bill to grant

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the bank its charter and sought to rush it through a Congress elected in 1830. Clay failed. Meanwhile Calhoun had brought South Carolina to the act of nullification; but Jackson and his friends, granting nullification of solemn federal law in Georgia and Alabama, prevented the Southern legislatures from lending support to nullification in South Carolina. Fighting the devil with fire! Thus Jackson isolated Calhoun and his desperate cotton-planters. Sure of his grip in nearly all the South and the West, he sent to Congress the Verplanck Bill. It urged the reduction of the tariff, which Calhoun had demanded for four years! At the same time the president issued his famous address to South Carolina: not to proceed; an army would be upon their heels; somebody would be hanged as a traitor. Calhoun read the warning. It meant him. Then Jackson asked Congress—Clay, Webster, Adams, and the rest—to grant him powers adequate to the South Carolina crisis—asked ardent Unionists to save the Union. It was Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, perhaps the executioner of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. Civil war might easily ensue.

In this dilemma Clay promptly threw Jackson's tariff reform out of the Senate and asked his friends to do the same in the House; and it was done, John Quincy Adams demurring a little. Then Clay offered a bill wonderfully like Jackson's, except that the reductions were distributed over ten years. That bill passed so quickly that men must know that Congress can act promptly if it will. Having thwarted the president's tariff reform, Clay then, as I think, walked across the senate-chamber, spoke gently to Calhoun, offered him a pinch of snuff out of his beautiful silver box. It was the first time the two had spoken in seven or eight years. Clay probably thought Calhoun's character better than his own and doubted whether such a noble head should grace a gallows, least of all at the behest of Andrew Jackson.

The crisis was over. Jackson's Force Bill was delayed till Calhoun warned South Carolina; Jackson would be balked again. Congress made ready to leave the city, and the government once more passed to the vandals. Calhoun, taking time by the forelock, hastened back to Columbia in time to prevent his followers from taking fatal steps. He told them he had defeated Jackson; the new tariff was his tariff; the Union was safe—and South Carolina, Calhoun, had saved it. Such is politics.

As Clay wound his way slowly over the mountains that spring, there was time for him to ponder the wonderful course the mill-boy of the Hanover slashes had run! But Andrew Jackson whom his little war with England had created was still alive, very much alive and unhappily president of the United States. Clay had no idea, however, of surrender; politicians cannot surrender; they must die. John Quincy Adams went likewise to his retreat at Braintree and to Harvard College, where he was professor of rhetoric, his own Harvard, now about to grant the doctor's degree to the wicked vandal in the White House! He too had time to ponder a course with many sharp turns and more sorrows; Adams could sorrow, a Clay never. Black Dan remained in Washington for a time.

Jackson shifted the members of his cabinet once more, having found most of them untrue to his ideals as well as

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his program; a limited program, to be sure. He put a Pennsylvania Duane at the head of the Treasury so that Pennsylvanians might know the forthcoming order for the removal of the government's millions from the bank was approved by one of their own number, one of the true gentry of Philadelphia. But when Jackson was ready to issue the order and to make an end of the bank at the same time, Duane bolted, left the cabinet, and told the president to do his worst. Then Roger B. Taney, the stubborn Federalist of other days, issued the order to destroy the greatest Federalist institution, a hang-over from Hamilton's day.

The order was issued. Slowly the government's money was transferred to state banks, whose managers did not know how to use so much cash or credit, whichever it was. Democracy was not ready, as democracy is generally unready at great moments in history. Nicholas Biddle fought back. He had the great newspapers of course. He had scores of banks at strategic points all over the country. Westerners and Southerners owed him millions which he could call in at will; Easterners owed him more which he would not call in if men were good, as men ought always to be when they are in debt. All this power was promptly put to use. Clay and Webster, if not Adams, approved the policy of driving business men of the South and West mad. "Let the people know what fools they have elected."

From September to December, 1833, the economic war continued. The great leaders of Congress looked on, now with some compunction of conscience, now with a certain expectation that the people would learn their lesson. Delegations crowded the antechambers of the White House; Jackson argued, remonstrated, sometimes put them out of his presence: "Go to Nicholas Biddle, who brought on this panic; don't come to me." And they went to Nicholas Biddle; he was unrelenting. Then Webster hinted that a let-up might be best. New York bankers, nearer to Van Buren than to Biddle, issued bills of credit and helped themselves back to "normalcy." Other towns were beginning to do the same, when Biddle gave up the fight, applied to the Pennsylvania legislature for a charter, and slowly passed out of history, slowly and in the midst of an exposure of bribery and overreaching, as became his past.

Five years of Jackson and nothing great. The tariff reformed by Clay or by South Carolina? I do not know. The public land problem untouched, albeit the Indians were moving, moving, a miserable disconsolate lot, leaving their dead upon the long roadside from Georgia to Oklahoma! The National Bank broken, but no other national financial system to take its place. And the people, all the Main-Streeters of the day, plunging and grabbing whatever looked like a money-maker. Unhealthy sign, evidence that Clay and Webster were right, namely, that the people could not govern themselves, except that Clay and Webster and the rest of the "aristocracy" were quite as deep in the mire as the Main-Streeters were in the mud.

In 1834 Clay made one more grand play. He would impeach the president for taking the government's reserves from the bank. But impeachment requires two thirds of the members of the Senate. Then he fell upon the novel device of ordering by majority

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vote a solemn condemnation of the president upon the records of the Senate. He succeeded; and Jackson stood condemned before the world and posterity for doing what was his right, if not his duty.

It was a challenge, and Andrew Jackson could not decline a challenge. The rest of the second administration was devoted in large part to the idle process of expunging Clay's condemnation, as if both would not always be known to him who has nothing better to do than to study history. At last the day of victory came. Thomas Benton, who had long since made his peace with Jackson, stood by and helped the doctor pull out the offending bullet in Jackson's back, called Clay's attention to his majority in the Senate, and then compelled the formal erasure of what Clay had put on record. Child's play; but grown-ups are but bigger children, when passion rather than reason rules their action.

The end was coming. In 1834 Jackson again lost the majority in the House, though he held his own in the Senate. He had never been able to command a majority in both houses at any one moment. His conventions outside were, however, lively affairs. Office-holders from Washington, delegations from state legislatures, and private individuals from anywhere gathered in 1832 in Baltimore and nominated Van Buren for the vice-presidency. In 1836 a still more rousing and motley gathering assembled in the same city to nominate the "magician" to the presidency. Jackson took great delight in these performances. The *hoi polloi*, as some would say, were always present, half drunk, ill clad, but perspiring, shouting for "the hero." Jackson put all his energies into the Van Buren campaign, more energy than he had devoted to his own election years before.

The favorite was chosen. The returns, however, showed a strange twist of things: the Southern States, where Jackson had ruined Calhoun, were divided, mostly for a Clay candidate; in the Western States, where Jackson was always the favorite, Van Buren carried hardly any electoral votes; and in the East, where Jackson was most bitterly hated, Van Buren had the greatest strength. Had Van Buren inwardly deserted his chief? Had the masters of business decided that he was safer than an election in the House which Clay was endeavoring to bring to pass and control? Let anybody who permitted himself to be scared to death in 1924 answer.

§ 4

All things come to an end; and so does this study of the son of the old Irishwoman of North Carolina. When Jackson heard Van Buren read a meaningless inaugural address and solemnly speak of accepting the high office of president so long held by "the illustrious Jackson," his cup was full, the more as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, and John Quincy Adams were present and possessed of good hearing. Jackson said, "Bring my horse," and made ready to leave the city, eight years older than he had been in 1829 when he declared himself too old to be president.

The next day he sat down in a tavern; or was it Blair's house, opposite the present Cosmos Club on Jackson Square in Washington? Frank P. Blair and Thomas H. Benton were with him. A bottle of whisky stood upon the table. They talked of times past,

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of battles fought and won or lost; and they drank from their bottle. Finally one of them asked the hero what he would do if it were all to be done again. "I would shoot Henry Clay and hang John C. Calhoun"; and Claude Bowers, historian of the Jackson era, says it might have been a good thing for the country. But the general was happy, unlike Washington or Jefferson.

Then he mounted his horse and rode out the Frederick and Winchester Road, a cavalcade of ardent followers about him, and on over the beautiful Virginia mountains to the Hermitage, there, like Napoleon, to ponder the past, I hope without the sorrows of the Corsican, and to put the other foot in the grave. A great man of great influence, albeit he left no marks of positive reform upon the pages of history. He and his shouting democracy had been able at the height of his and their power merely to deny, to break down the fences of privilege. The son of our North Carolina Irishwoman had made a great noise in the world.

As if They Knew

By Hugh Robert Orr

As if they knew what it is all about
Three golden crocuses came out to-day;
The trees are calm as if they had no doubt,
The crickets sing, the heron finds her way.
As if they knew what it is all about
The cattle graze till eve contentedly,
The wandering winds come home, the stars come out
Like gleaming lanterns hung nocturnally.

The sexton rings again the vesper bell,
The people pass up solemnly for prayers;
They sleep and rise, they toil and buy and sell;
No quest, but trivial certainties are theirs;
No cry to know what it is all about,
No winged wonder—and no haunting doubt.

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A Word for Coffey

By Mazo de la Roche

I was talking with a seafaring man beside the harbor of St. John. He had been loading kegs of nails on a little schooner, but he must have been his own master, for in the middle of the afternoon he sat down on a keg and told me the story of Bill Coffey.

§ 2

Coffey was about as bad an old man as I've ever seen. You couldn't look at his face without knowing that he'd lived an awful tough life. He'd a kind of a devilish look like one of them gargoyle faces, and he'd a triumphant look too, as though he was glad of all he'd done and only wished it might have been worse.

He'd been born in Ireland, but he'd knocked all over the world since he was a little feller, and one country was no more to him than another. But I always think that him being born in Ireland accounted for the queer thing he did at the last. For the Irish are a queer race and no mistake. Once they get an idea in their heads they get kind of possessed by it.

Coffey had been a splendid seaman in his day, neat, and smart, and strong as a horse. But if there was trouble on board he was certain to be in it, fighting, mutiny, bloodshed—why, he'd even been on a pirate ship once in his young days. He'd bit the ear off one man, and the thumb half off another, and he'd killed a Portugee, though somehow he'd not swung for it. And as for his goings-on with women—oh, well, I'm telling about his death and not his life. I just wanted to show you what sort of rum old codger he was.

It happened that I sailed with him on his last voyage. I was only about twenty then, but he was getting oldish. We'd sailed from Colón, and as we were coming out of the gulf we were caught on the edge of a hurricane. We were kept mighty busy, and in the midst of it a great comber came along and struck Coffey and sent him flying into the sea. He was up forward at the time. Then a back-wash caught him as he landed in the water and sent him back on the ship, this time aft on the starboard deck. When we got to him he was cursing enough to raise your hair, but he didn't seem much hurt beyond some bruises.

But some time after, a sort of paralysis took him, and he was done for as far as work was concerned. He'd taken a fancy to me, and he thought he'd like to spend the rest of his days in the house that I called home. That was a boarding-house kept by my aunt by marriage, a Mrs. McKay. She was Irish too, and a kinder woman never lived, though she was so religious.

It did make me feel funny to come

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home after a voyage and find Coffey sitting up at my aunt's table in a clean white neckercher, looking as respectable as he could with that face, and not daring to let so much as a damn out of him. My aunt was a grand cook, and he knew when he was well off. And she was glad to have him, for he kept her best room permanent; and I never let on to her what sort of a life he'd led—for he was harmless enough then, hobbling about on two canes—even to a poor widow who was still good-looking.

I never knew where he got the money to live on. He'd always talked as though it'd be the poorhouse for him when he was laid off. I guessed it was some loot he'd had tucked away in a bank for years, where he could lay his hand on it when he needed it.

He was able with the help of his sticks to walk at a terrible slow pace to the dock, and there you might see him, unless it was raining cats and dogs, day in and day out, telling queer yarns to any one that would listen to them, and looking like some battered old hulk cast up on the rocks by a storm.

Tourists liked to take pictures of him, and he'd pose for 'em with one eyebrow cocked and his chin sunk in his neckercher, looking what they called "picturesque"; but if they could have heard the remarks he made about them when they'd gone! He seemed as stuffed full of hate as the hold of a privateer full of loot.

But he was always very civil and respectful to my aunt. She was a fine clear-skinned woman with a steady gray eye that could give any man look for look, and put him straight in his place, if need be. He took an odd fancy to her only child, little Alfred, a boy of nine. If Alfred had been a bad young one, I could have understood it better. I'd have thought Coffey'd found an apt pupil to train in the ways of wickedness. But Alfred was as religious as his mother, with her big, steady gray eyes, only he was sallow, and delicate from birth.

Sometimes Coffey would bring him along to the dock, and you never saw such a queer pair of companions, Coffey rolling along like an old tub in the trough and Alfred trotting alongside, grasping hold of Coffey's stick, which was carved to represent a seagull's head with the beak open. He'd sit quiet as a mouse while Coffey spun a yarn, his eyes fixed on the sea with a look that used to make me wonder if he'd live to be a man. But he was a human boy in lots of ways too, for he was desperate proud of Coffey's liking for him, and I've seen him swagger across his mother's kitchen with his hands in his pockets, fairly crowing:

"Mr. Coffey's sigly"—Alfred had adenoids and never could say the letter k—"and I'm sigly. We gets along fine."

When Coffey got down on his seat, it was hard for him to get up again. We used to take him by the arms and heave him into a standing position, young Alfred pushing from behind; and once we got him up on his pins, he'd stand rocking like a bent old oak in the wind till he could get up strength to navigate.

§ 3

That last year he was with us, I was away all winter on a long voyage, and when I got back I saw a great

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change in Coffey. It wasn't so much that he'd failed in body as that he'd an anxious yearning look in the eyes that I'd never seen there before. He'd always had that triumphant look I've spoke of, as though he didn't regret anything he'd ever done.

It soon came out what the change was. The fear of death had taken hold of him. And not only death but the terror of the hereafter. That winter had been a terrible one of cold and fog. He'd hardly had his nose out of doors, and sitting in the house by the fire with no one but Alfred to talk to, religion had got in its work on him. Alfred was subject to bronchitis, and he was out of school all winter, and I guess the only fun he had was in talking about repentance and hell-fire with Coffey. Though he couldn't go to school, he managed to get to Sunday-school, and my aunt told me how the old man would watch for him to come back, with his hairy old face pressed to the pane glaring up the street for the first sign of that little codger, and when he saw him, shouting to her: "Ship ahoy, there! Open the door for Alfred!"

And Alfred would be pretty sure to have some new horror to add to the old man's misery, and he'd spin texts off like a regular preacher and expound the lesson of the day with his eyes shining like stars, his mother said, and Coffey shaking in his old carpet-slippers.

"Well, I call it a shame," I said, "to scare the poor old sinner in his latter days like this, for it isn't as though anything on earth could save him after the way he's carried on and all."

"Alfred can save him," said my aunt. "And you just see if he doesn't!"

I tried to get Coffey's thoughts into different channels, but it wasn't any use.

I took him down to the dock the first fine spring day, with a grand breeze blowing off Fundy, and the gulls sailing overhead. I fetched up a few cronies he used to like to yarn and cuss with, and I filled up his pipe with my own tobacco, but it wasn't any use. It was Alfred's first day at school since winter, and Coffey kept muttering, to himself more than to us:

"It'll be too much for the child. . . . He ain't fit for it. . . . I wish he'd just run along out and come down here where he'd get the sea-breeze."

And the odd thing was, Alfred did appear before very long, trotting down the wharf on his spindling little legs, and his hair flying in the wind.

"Oh, Mr. Coffey!" he says, leaning against Coffey's shoulder. "I was took bad in school, and teacher had to let me out, and mother said I could come down here to you where I'd get the good air. And all the way I ran I kept saying to myself"—he put his mouth to Coffey's ear and whispered. Coffey's jaw dropped, and he clutched the boy to him, and it seemed as though a sudden tremor ran through him.

After that Alfred was never away from his side. They'd give each other queer secret looks, and when they were alone—and we left them together mostly then—Alfred was always talking, talking, with his little, shining white face turned up to Coffey's grim old mug, and his two hands spread out on his little thin knees.

One day when there was half a gale blowing, the two had taken shelter behind a pile of bales, and when I came up behind them they didn't hear me

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but went right on talking. Coffey's gums were showing in a fearful kind of smile, and he was saying:

"Ye know well, Alfred, that I've lived a hell of a life, and now with the fear of death and eternal punishment on me, I get no wink of slape at all. Ye see I'm afraid to go to slape for fear the life'll just slip out o' me, and me not knowing it, and I'd wake up before the Judgment-Seat."

"You must just resign your soul to the Lord, Mr. Coffey," Alfred says.

"Och, that's just what gets me," groaned Coffey, "for he'd have the weasand out of it in a jiffy. Alfred, you must never forget that you're to put in a good word for old Coffey, if the time comes when we stand before the Throne together. You've promised me, mind. And He'd believe you even if you did lay it on a little thick about me goodness, Alfred darlin'."

"I'll put in a word for you, never fear, Mr. Coffey," pipes Alfred, eating gum-drops out of a bag Coffey'd bought him.

Tears were trickling down poor Coffey's cheeks. "Now what would ye say, Alfred, supposin' you an' me—just the two of us—was stood before the Throne this minute—me all shiverin' in me nakedness, an' Him settin' there ferninst us with His long white beard, an' the eyes of Him like two search-lights—what would ye say, Alfred? Ye'd stand up for Coffey, wouldn't ye?"

Alfred took the gum-drop out of his mouth and stared up in the old man's face. He spoke clear and solemn:

"I'd—I'd—up an' say to God: 'Be aisy on Coffey, God. He ain't so bad as he looks.'"

"Good—good—" gasps Coffey. "Go on, Alfred. That's the talk. You're a marvel."

"'He ain't so bad as he looks,'" Alfred repeats, still more solemn. "'He's terr'ble pious in all his goin's and comin's. He pays his board on the tick o' the clock. There ain't a whiter soul in our street—'ceptin' me own. Be aisy on him, Lord.'"

"My God!" gasps Coffey. "It's great. Say it again!"

The wind and the waves suddenly set up a great noise and drowned the rest of their talk. I sneaked away feeling very queer. I'd like to have taken young Alfred by the scruff and given him a good shaking for what he'd done to Coffey. He was little and puny, but he'd taken the manhood clean out of that hardy old rascal and filled him up with fear to the very lid.

One night I heard a shuffling noise in the passage outside my door. Some one seemed to be dragging himself along and breathing very heavy. I hopped out of bed and softly opened my door just wide enough to peek out.

There was the old man in his nightshirt in the passage, carrying a candle at such a slant that the grease was dribbling all over his hand. He shuffled along to Alfred's door and went in. I was after him in a minute, keeping very quiet so as not to awaken the other lodgers.

He was standing over Alfred's bed, staring down at the little shrimp and drawing deep sighs as though his heart was heavy as lead.

I laid my hand on his arm. "What's the trouble, Coffey?" I whispered.

"Och, I'm feared," he says, "that the wee lad's goin' to get away on me."

"Get away?" I asked. "Get away where?"

"Out of this world," he says with a

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terrible groan. "Into the next. He's as wake as a kitten, and this life's too much for him. Look ye, Tom, the day he gives up the ghost I give up the ghost too, for I can't risk facin' the Wrath alone."

Well, there's no use in talking to any one that's as crazy as that. I led him back to his bed and covered him up like a baby and blew out his candle. Next morning I told my aunt that I thought she ought to get rid of him. He might set the house on fire prowling around at night, or do some mischief to little Alfred. But she said, nonsense, that he doted on the child, and there was a chance he'd leave him his money.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said. "Well, if you knew where that money came from, Aunt Mary, you mightn't want Alfred to touch it."

"There's no money," she says, "so dirty that it can't be put to a good use."

The end came about three weeks later. Coffey all this time had been like a man moving in a dream. His eyes had a glazed stare, and he and Alfred were always passing that queer secret look to and fro between them, like a bad coin they couldn't get rid of.

It was a wild sort of evening in April. The sky was flaming red, and the waves that tumbled up against the pier were as green as those jade stones you see sometimes. The gulls were flying low and crying the loudest I've ever heard. I'd just strolled down after tea to look at the weather, and I was talking to a West-Indian sailor, when I saw Coffey and Alfred walking hand in hand, looking in each other's faces and smiling. Well, I thought, where is this thing going to end? And I forgot for a minute what I was saying to the West-Indian. . . . He was facing the harbor, and suddenly his face changed and then he gave a yell.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"The old man," he said. "He grabs the kid in his arms and jumps into the water."

We both started on a run to the end of the pier. It was a quiet time, and there seemed no one about to help. There was no sign of Coffey or Alfred. I've never been as scared in my life. The things Coffey had said about the boy pleading for him at the Judgment-Seat came back like fire in my brain, and I gibbered and shook like an idiot. Thank God, two men in a motor-boat came along, and I and the West-Indian got in, and a second later we saw the two rise not far off, bouncing about in the green waves like toys.

It was the West-Indian that leaped out and held them up till we could get all three aboard. Coffey's arms were clasped around Alfred like a vise, and he had on the triumphant grin he'd used to wear when I first knew him. He was as dead as a door-nail.

But Alfred was not dead. We had only worked with him a few minutes when he showed signs of life. When he was breathing regular I took him in my arms, wrapped him in my pea-jacket, and ran with him to my aunt's house, only a block away. We got him to bed and sent for the doctor.

Alfred lay on his little bed like a dead child. His mother was sobbing at the foot while she chafed his feet, when the doctor came in. He was a large noble figure of a man, with a full white beard spread out on his chest, and a shining white forehead above heavy brows and piercing blue eyes.

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You could almost understand how Alfred came to think he was God, but at the time, following all the other excitement, it gave my aunt and me a terrible turn.

The doctor felt his pulse and lifted his eyelid and looked in his eye. Suddenly both Alfred's eyes flew wide open, and he glared up into the doctor's face. Then he doubled up his skinny little body as though he was galvanized by fear. And then he seemed to gather all the life that was in him for one big effort, and he scrambled to his knees. The blanket we had around him slid off, and there he was, stark naked, with his heart jumping against his ribs like a fish in a net. He folded his two hands as if in prayer, and he began to plead for Coffey as he'd often promised to do before the Judgment-Seat.

"Please God—I want to say a word for Coffey—be aisy on him—he's not so bad as he looks—not so bad as he looks—he does be a terrible pious old feller—please wash away his sins—like you've washed away mine—and—oh, God, I'm awful cold!"

§ 4

Of course the doctor didn't know what the child meant, but he was properly startled, for Alfred looked like a little saint, and he gabbled like one possessed. We couldn't do anything with him till the doctor made him certain that Coffey was forgiven and washed whiter than snow.

That rascally old fellow had planned the whole thing sometime before, for he'd made a will leaving all his money to my aunt and stating that a suitable monument was to be raised and inscribed to Alfred and him.

Well, we put up a nice headstone to him, though he didn't deserve it, and my aunt was able because of the money to give up taking lodgers and live private (except for me) and send Alfred to college for a grand education. He's almost through for the ministry.

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Nochleg

Russia as It Looks to the Village Youth

By Maurice G. Hindus

The boys asked me if I would go on *nochleg* with them. They would provide a horse for me and a sheepskin coat. Only—would I sleep on the bare ground? If not—well, they'd be glad to fetch along a sack of straw, and my *bourzhui* American bones would have something soft and dry to rest upon.

What is *nochleg?*

Our peasants are land-poor and have not enough hay to feed their horses in the barn on summer nights; so they take them out to pasture. Evenings when chores are finished and supper eaten a boy or a girl from every household—usually an unmarried person—goes with the horse to a designated place in the village, where the other boys and girls assemble, and from there ride together on horseback to the communal pasture about three or four versts away. Staying out all night with the horses in the open is called *nochleg.*

During my sojourn in America my mind often wandered back to my boyhood days in the old village, and more than once have I lived over in imagination the joy and excitement of going on *nochleg.* To the young it is a glorious adventure. All ride to pasture together singing, there break up into parties, go after wood, build a bonfire, sit round, tell ghost stories—such harrowing ones—sing, dance, play games, run races, make love, hunt after wolves.

Of course I'd go on *nochleg,* I told the boys, and no need of fetching along a sack of straw. They laughed and warned me that it was August already, nights were damp, chilly, the pasture as hard as oak. But then—perhaps I should not have much of a chance to sleep anyway. They had many things to tell me and might keep me awake all night. Some of them had been present at the discussion of the older people during the day. *Nu,* the old people! They were hopeless. Under the czar they were flayed and bled and never mumbled a word. And now they shrieked the world was coming to an end. When the Poles were in the village and robbed and pillaged and whipped them they prayed day and night for the return of the Reds. And now—*ekh*—they wanted everything at once. Perhaps it was because they were smelling the approach of death. But the young people were different. They had their lives ahead of them. They could bide time. Some of them had been in the Red army, had read a few books, had listened to lectures, had seen something of the world outside of their slimy village. They had ideas of

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their own. At *nochleg* we'd have the night to ourselves in the open pasture with no old people to disturb us, and we could talk about it at length. I must not carry away to America the impression that the young people were as dark-minded as their elders.

The news of my going on *nochleg* spread rapidly in the village, and not a peasant I met but had a crisp remark to make about it. At the house where I was staying several neighbors had gathered, men and women, to see me start off. A boy brought me a huge sheepskin coat with an immense collar, and when I crawled into it the onlookers burst into a merry laugh.

"Quite a respectable-looking muzhik," jested one of them.

"All he needs now is a pair of *lapti*," remarked another.

"And a cross," added an old woman.

"Leave the cross alone, *baba* [old woman]; people are no longer afraid of the devil."

"I should say not," she shot back angrily; "they are themselves rapidly turning devil."

A little barefoot fellow rushed in panting and announced that he had a horse for me outside and that my party had sent word they were waiting for me up the village. The party consisted of about a dozen youths between seventeen and twenty-two, most of whom had seen service in the Red army. They were the "intellectuals" of the village. When I joined them they proposed that we start off at once and the rest of the crowd would catch up with us.

It was a glorious night. The moon hung low over the earth, full and brilliant; not a cloud in the star-drenched skies; not a breeze stirring; the air damp, chilly, biting gently and pleasantly at the cheeks; hardly a light in any of the houses—peasants in bed already, or sitting in the dark—could afford no kerosene; dogs barked continually, now singly, now in a chorus, short snappy yelps, as dogs do when they are content with the world. From the other end of the village there rose a song, girls' voices, low, long drawn out, growing louder and more distinct as the singers were drawing nearer and nearer. We rode along slowly on the bare backs of our horses, who stepped now and then with a splash into a water-filled hollow, of which there were many on the way. An army of little fellows hastened to catch up with us, crowded close, and leaned forward as though bent upon catching every word of our conversation.

Interesting bits of information the boys imparted to me. None of them any longer believed in ghosts or spirits of any kind, not even in *rusalkas* (water-nymphs), they assured me. It seemed hardly credible in the light of my own boyhood experience. How we did dread the *rusalka*, who was supposed to be hunting always for little fellows to take back with her to the bottom of the river where she lived! And there were so many of them at large in summer; and our fathers and mothers saw them, and said so; and we too caught glimpses of them, so we told each other, sitting on fences with hair loosened on shoulders and with fiery eyes seeking to entice the passer-by . . . It is all nonsense, the boys said, and laughed heartily. There were no *rusalkas* and no *domovoys* (house-goblins) and no other kinds of spirits. All such beliefs came from the priests who served the czar and kept the muzhiks in ignorance so they could come and sprinkle water in

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the house and drive out the devil and get a box of rye or a dozen eggs for it. Now not even children believed their dark tales about the Unclean One . . . a stalwart achievement, I thought, this of killing superstition in the village.

And what of the morality of our young people? I asked. Had there been any changes since the Revolution? None, they replied. Girls were as strict as ever their mothers and grandmothers had been. Of course a fellow could flirt with a girl, put his arm round her, kiss her, but only on the cheek or neck, never on the lips, not unless she was his fiancée; otherwise—well, our girls were quite strong; a blow of their fists might even draw blood, and besides the fellows knew better, respected the girls. Of course a boy and girl in love were together a good deal. The old practice of sweethearts sleeping in each other's arms at *nochleg* still prevailed; but lapses in conduct were as rare as in old times, which was natural enough, for it is the worst of all things for a girl to submit to a man. Her betrayer even if he be her lover is likely to abandon her, and no other man except perhaps one old enough to be her grandfather would have her as a wife. Only a few years ago a girl in the neighboring village had a child, and so afraid was she of being found out that she choked it with her hands and buried it back of the house. . . .

And did young people marry as young as ever? Aye, they did, only there were too many girls nowadays, and the fellows had grown independent, demanded substantial dowries, a horse and wagon, two hundred poods of rye, or gold rubles, a hundred, two hundred, and if a girl had no dowry to offer she was more than likely to become the spouse of a widower with a large family or remain an old maid. Dowries were vicious, a remnant of *bourzhui* savagery, and something would have to be done to kill the custom. It was unfair to the poor girl. And what of the *Komsomoltsui* (young Communists)? I asked. Was it true that they were a bit lax in their morality? *Ekh*, the *Komsomoltsui*! There were only two in our village, and there were no more in any of the villages around, and some of them should retire to a monastery. They were worse than any monks ever dreamed of being. They were against kissing and even against dancing, said all that was the invention of the bourgeoisie to corrupt the peasant and proletarian.

§ 2

We had now left the confines of the village and were on the open road. The other boys and girls caught up with us. They were singing in a chorus an old folk-tune of a lover, a consumptive, soon to die and bidding his sweetheart farewell. My companions joined in the song, and I rode along silent, gazing at the moonlit fields ahead, memories of old days trooping upon my mind, an immense emotion rising in my heart. At last we reached the pasture and dismounted from our horses, each of us untying the little rope that hung over the horse's neck and fettering his forefeet, so that he would not stray away very far. Some of the boys and girls strolled off singing to the river to play games, and the rest of us squatted down on the grassy ground now heavy with fresh dew. There was no bonfire—no more woods near and no need

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for it, the boys explained, no more wolves to frighten away. . . .

One of our party was a youth from a neighboring village named Pavel, who had come over to have a chat with me. He was light-haired, with twitching eyes and a morose face. He had been in America several years, where he worked in a dye factory, an atrocious job, he said, chemicals just eating him up inside. When the Revolution came he eagerly returned home. He had with him five hundred dollars, and as no one was allowed to have foreign money in Russia at that time, his was taken away from him. But that was nothing—fie upon money! He thought he'd come home, get land, settle down, marry, and live in comfort. He did get land—the estate of the landlord in his village was divided—but to his share fell only two *dessiatines* (about five acres), and how could he live on that? What a fool he'd been to have come back to the old village! *Ekh*, there in America he had nice clothes, shoes, shirts, collars, ties; evenings he had to himself, could do what he pleased; and here—in *lapti* again, in sheepskins, living with pigs and chickens and eternally toiling, and all for what?

"And is it right to compare America to Russia?" asked Vassil, a slightly built youth with a soft appealing voice. He had served in the Red army and though not a Communist was a firm believer in the Soviets. He was not over twenty, perhaps the best-read youth in the village and the best orator.

"America never had a czar like Russia," he added.

"Nor priests like ours," broke in Antosh, one of the two *Komsomoltsui* in the community. He was a stocky lad of about seventeen with a wad of frizzled hair sticking out from under his cap and hanging umbrella-like over his forehead.

"Perhaps it is not fair to make comparisons," replied Pavel, "but I have lived in America and I cannot help thinking of how different things are there." And leaning close to Vassil so that their heads almost touched, he continued: "People live there—do you understand? They live, they do things, useful things, improve themselves all the time, their homes, their machinery, everything. And here—*ekh*—unfortunate Russia!" He sighed and motioned with his hand.

Antosh was furious. Communism and the Soviets were a religion to him, and he never could bear criticism of either.

"You talk like my grandfather," he protested, "who cannot read and write, has never seen a railroad, lies on the oven all the time, summer and winter, and yells that Russia is perishing."

"And are you so sure he is wrong?" Pavel interjected.

"As if a young man who is sane could ask such a question!" Antosh replied angrily.

"Well," said Pavel bitingly, "I have been back in Russia three years now, and—who knows?—perhaps I have lost my mind." Then drawing close to Antosh, looking fixedly into his eyes, and shaking his fist as though to emphasize his words, he resumed in a loud voice that throbbed as much with anger as with regret: "Damn it, take our tax system; is not that the most insane thing on earth? A man knows not how many taxes he is to pay, nor when, nor how much. To-day the agent comes and collects a land-tax, in

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a week he comes again and demands a poll-tax, then he reappears and wants a cattle-tax, and he keeps on coming all the time. It got so that every time a muzhik went outdoors he expected to meet a tax-collector. No wonder that in some places peasants killed the tax-agent."

"By Jove," came a voice from the outer edge of the crowd, "that tax was a bear. I am for the Soviets, have been in the Red army, and would go again against the damned Poles or the counter-revolutionaries, but there is no gainsaying the fact that our tax system was a terrible blunder."

"Terrible indeed!" other boys chimed in.

"But it is abolished now," shouted the *Komsomoletz*.

"Yes," said Pavel, "but think of the blood it has drawn from us!"

"And the new tax," continued Antosh feverishly, "favors the poor man. A peasant with only one horse and two *dessiatines* and a wife and children hardly pays anything."

"As if he could pay anything!"

"But if the czar was in power, they'd pull the boots off his feet."

"And now he has no boots; they'd have to pull the skin off his flesh."

§ 3

Antosh sighed aloud in disgust, Vassil smiled, and Pavel calmly rolled a cigarette in a piece of newspaper. A group of girls who had been sitting by themselves under a stubby stunted cedar, munching pears and chattering quietly, now joined our circle, put their arms round each other, and listened to the discussion.

"You are too embittered, Pavel," said Vassil.

"I am, ha? Take the case of the blacksmith in your own village. Is not it a scandal the way he has been treated? True, he is no expert mechanic. But a bolt he could make and a plow he could sharpen too. He was of some use to the people here. And now? Now his shop is closed, falling to ruins, bellows, hammers, anvil rusting and rotting, and if the people here have a small job to do they have to travel for miles and waste hours to get it done. And why? Because the tax they slammed upon your blacksmith he could not stand and, now they are trying to do the same thing to the blacksmith in our village. Only yesterday he refused to fix my plow; he said he was closing up his place. Now what sort of a system is that?" He was excited, and as he talked he sprayed our faces with drops of spit.

The *Komsomoletz* was on the point of saying something, but Pavel shut him off with a violent gesture and continued:

"Or take the case of Yefim in the village of C——. And remember he is president of the local soviet too and an understanding muzhik. Forty poods of rye they slammed upon him for his windmill, which has not been working for nearly a year, as he has not been able to buy the timber with which to repair it. He begged the volost soviet to release him from the tax, or to make it not more than ten poods, for he has been drawing no income from the mill; and what is more, the village signed a petition stating that the mill was out of order and begging the soviet to reduce the tax to a reasonable amount. But the volost paid no attention, and do you know what Yefim has done?"

"What?" asked several voices in unison.

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"He's taken down his mill!"

"Indeed?"

"What else could he do? What would you have done in his place? What would Lenin himself have done? Now Nikifor, the president of your soviet, was telling the people this afternoon that the reason everything is so high-priced is because there has been so much destruction during the war. Is that any reason why this destruction should continue now, when there is no more war; and what is it but destruction when a man has to take down a windmill, which the community needs?"

The *Komsomoletz* rose upon his knees and violently waved his hands.

"No one denies," he shouted, "that many of our officials are numskulls and scoundrels. Lenin himself has written much about it, and the party is working hard to clean them out."

"They ought to be clapped into jail or sent to Siberia," came a voice from the crowd.

"To jail, you say?" repeated the *Komsomoletz*. "They are being shot."

Pavel resumed his tirade, his voice no less impassioned than before.

"And think of the way," he said, "they have arranged the renting of meadows to us. Ha, ha, ha! It makes me laugh. In former times a muzhik paid the landlord seven or eight rubles for a plot of swamp-land, and he cut the hay on it, and if there was wood he cut that too. Now the wood he must not touch, and the same plot of swamp costs thirty-two poods of rye. In money it is not more than seven or eight gold rubles; for rye, like everything else the peasant raises, is as cheap as sod. But think of the sweat and blood it takes to get that much rye out of the ground. And then the landlord always had a competent man keep the swamp in good condition, hold the ditches open, put new seed around where the grass had thinned; and now?"

"The swamp is neglected," admitted Vassil, "but are you not expecting too much at once, Pavel? It is not more than two-three years since we drove the Poles out of here."

"Keep ditches open; is that too much?"

"The new manager proved worthless," explained the *Komsomoletz*, "and he'll soon be fired."

"And look at the way they are selling wood to us," Pavel breezed on heedless of the efforts of the *Komsomoletz* to explain away his charges. "Formerly a man paid five gold kopecks a load, and now he has to pay eighteen; and formerly he could go for wood whenever he pleased, and now this summer they won't sell a stick, and in winter only on certain days, and not to an individual but to an *artel* [group]. We must all form *artels*. But supposing my horse is sick at the time my partners are ready to go? Then what? Then I must remain without wood, freeze to death, ha? No wonder peasants are turning thieves and stealing wood nights."

"That too is being looked into," the *Komsomoletz* once more explained.

"And meanwhile we are being bled," Pavel interrupted him; "bled, I say. Do you understand? And think of the time one must waste to get any official matter transacted. It took me two weeks to obtain permission to come from Leningrad home. Two weeks of standing in line and chasing from one place to another to see one damned fool after another. It took my uncle two months to get permission to cut

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wood for a new house, and only a few weeks ago my brother spent three days just to get a newly born child registered; and then the papers you must sign and the baskets of stamps you must buy and paste on these papers! The devil knows what they are thinking of."

"The government must live," remonstrated Vassil mildly. "We are terribly poor, Pavel. Everybody has robbed us, the Poles, the czarist generals, the infernal Czecho-Slovaks who stole all our gold in Kazan; and our officials work hard, and must live; bread and potatoes at least they must have, and the government must get funds somewhere."

"And how important they feel, these new bureaucrats!" Pavel raced on vehemently. "You say nothing about that, none of you. In America if you want to see the governor of a State you just go to his office, make an appointment. You may be a proletarian, a peasant, a horse-thief; he'll see you at the time he agrees; and here they've got such airs about them. A former herder of pigs or an apple-thief who can barely scribble his name sits at a desk, scolds, growls, shuts you off with a threat if you say a word of protest against his infernal delays."

"Can you blame our Soviet workers for getting out of patience with our muzhik?" demanded the *Komsomoletz*. "Go to the volost and see how they act, how they crowd close to a man's desk, breathe into one's very mouth, shout, interrupt each other, call one another vile names, swear, lie, offer bribes."

Pavel broke into a loud laugh.

"Is it not so?"

Pavel laughed again and stretched out on the grass flat on his back.

"Of course it is," he admitted calmly. "It is worse than you picture it. I know our muzhik. That's why I say it's all hopeless."

"Our greatest curse is that our people are so infernally ignorant," lamented Vassil.

"And cruel," added the *Komsomoletz*.

"Did you hear what happened in the village of S—— last week?" inquired one of the boys who lay near Pavel, resting his chin in his hand.

"You mean the robbery?" asked Vassil.

"Yes, of the man who recently returned from America. They stole three hundred dollars from him, all his clothes, and nearly choked him to death with a sack. And do you know who did it?"

"Who?"

"My father came back from there this afternoon, and he said it was neighbors, and the militia found it out and bundled them all off to jail, and there were two women in it."

"What brutes!"

"What beasts!"

"They ought to be whipped."

"Yes, and until the blood spurts out of their vile carcasses," shouted the *Komsomoletz*, clenching his fists.

"The rest of us are no better," broke in Pavel without rising from his position. "We are all foul, all of Russia; none of us are any good. That's why I say it is all hopeless."

Vassil chuckled.

"That's why we should all get together and improve ourselves," he declared good-naturedly.

"We are improving," the *Komsomoletz* added. "Our proletarian works only eight hours a day. If he is idle or ill, he need not starve; the

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government grants him an allowance. When his wife has a child she receives an allowance too, for special nourishment, so she can have good milk for the baby. And if she cannot feed the baby herself another nurse is provided for her; and a doctor looks after her all the time, takes her to the hospital if necessary; and all that costs the proletarian nothing. Even America with all her wonders, of which you never tire to speak, Pavel, has not done as much for the proletarian."

"And why talk only of the proletarian?" insisted Vassil. "We peasants have not been neglected."

"Indeed not," interrupted Antosh with enthusiasm. "You won't find a single muzhik in this country who has not land enough for bread and potatoes at least."

"And who ever saw a newspaper in this village in old times?" resumed Vassil. "And now the volost is sending one to us quite often, and pamphlets and books too, once in a while, and we have a chance to know what is going on in the outside world, where there are railroads and factories and machines. And think of the changes in the Red army; a miracle that is!"

"And what a miracle!" repeated the *Komsomoletz* with triumph.

"In former times what was a soldier?" Vassil continued. "A slave, a dog to be kicked and pounded by drunken officers. Before the war when one of our fellows went to the army his mother and sisters and aunts and neighbors cried themselves sick with sorrow, for he went off for a long time, often for seven years. And how was he treated in the army? It makes my blood boil whenever I hear my father tell of his experiences in the service. Do you know that if a soldier was in a railroad station and wanted to smoke a cigarette he first had to look round to see if an officer was there, and if there was, he had to go to him and ask him for permission to smoke?"

"What beasts!" blurted out a rough voice.

"Yes," went on Vassil, "and he had no right to wear a collar or rubbers. Why? Because officers wore these, and a soldier had no right to do anything that an officer was privileged to do, lest he come to think of himself in any way the equal of an officer. And he had no right to go to the theater except by special permission, and then could sit only in the gallery, where no officer could see him. And if he ever was on a street tram in the city he had to stand on the platform outside. Why? Because there might be an officer inside the car. A soldier always had to think of himself as the inferior of everybody. Everybody, do you understand? A thief, a drunkard, a murderer could ride inside a streetcar, sit anywhere he pleased in the theater, if he had the money for a high-priced ticket. But a soldier always the back door, always like a slave, a dog. That's what the soldier was in old times."

"*Ekh*, what devils!" the rough voice roared out again.

"What beasts!" added another.

"Thrice-cursed scoundrels," snapped out a third.

"But now," Vassil went on, "a soldier is a free man. No officer dare insult him, and let one touch a soldier with the hand, and out of the army he flees into jail for years. And there is no more standing at attention until your feet sink under you and your bones crack, and there is no more 'your Highness' and 'your Excellency.'

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It is all *tovarisch* now; the soldier is as high and excellent as Trotzky himself. Now when a peasant youth goes to the army, no one weeps, for he goes away only for a short time, and his family enjoys certain special privileges—don't pay as much taxes for one thing—and when he comes home he is a cultured man. He understands the class struggle, knows who Marx was, believes in the Revolution. He is against the priests. He knows that working-men and peasants are brothers and should not shoot each other."

"And what other things has the Revolution given the peasant?" I asked. "Our peasant in this village?"

"Well," replied Vassil, "you have heard our old people this afternoon. They yelled and argued and cursed and abused the Soviets, didn't they? And nobody stopped them. And in old times—ha, ha, ha! No muzhik dared whisper a word of opposition."

"And now," Antosh broke in, "a muzhik is given first preference in the university like the proletarian, and he pays nothing either, and if he is poor he gets his living free too."

"And he can be an officer in the army," Antosh added rapturously.

"A colonel and a general too, I suppose?" I asked.

"We have no more colonels and no more generals," Antosh hastened to enlighten me. "These titles were all bourgeois truck, and we have done away with that. Now it is all commander, of a regiment, or of a division, and a peasant can climb as high as his ability allows."

"The Soviets have done well by us," the youth with the rough voice remarked.

"Indeed they have," several others added.

"Only we lack one thing, technique," said the *Komsomoletz* sadly.

"*Ekh*, if we only had your American technique!"

"We need that surely enough," Vassil agreed. "Then we could have tractors and electricity and threshing-machines."

"And automobiles," Antosh added. "That will come though in time."

"Indeed it will," some one in the crowd spoke up. "If we could drive the Poles out of here and smash the armies of all the counter-revolutionary generals and drive the foreign invaders to their own shores, we can develop technique too."

"We must develop it."

"It is our only hope."

"Yes, our only salvation."

§ 4

Hardly had the words of the last speaker died out when a loud laugh broke upon our ears. It was Pavel. We all turned our eyes on him and waited in silence for an explanation of this sudden outburst of mirth—or was it bitterness?

"Tractors, electricity, automobiles!" he repeated ironically and once more roared with laughter.

"And why do you laugh?" asked Antosh indignantly.

"And why should I not? *Ekh*, you silly children!"

"He laughs; he thinks it is funny," resented the *Komsomoletz*.

"Universities you talk about," said Pavel derisively. "You had better teach the muzhik to read and write."

"We are teaching him," Antosh shouted. "Look at our Red army, the hundreds of thousands of illiterates who have learned to read and write while in the service."

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"All I know," Pavel retorted, "is that in your village there are only three girls who can read and write—or is it four?"

"Whose fault is that?"

"Whosesoever the fault, the fact is a fact."

"Our lazy idiotic parents would not move the magnificent home of the former landlord at K——, which the soviets have given us for a school-house."

"We young people will have to do it ourselves," said Vassil, "if our fathers will let us."

One of the little fellows remarked: "My father swore he won't make a move to help bring the building. He said if the soviets want to have a school in the village let them move it over."

"We'll do it without asking them," the *Komsomoletz* shouted hotly.

"Supposing they refuse to let us take the horses and wagons?" asked the little fellow.

"They cannot stop us though," Vassil assured him.

"We'll have a school-house soon," the *Komsomoletz* went on in a burst of enthusiasm. "It is a big building. We'll have room not only for classes but for theatricals, entertainments, lectures. All of our boys and girls shall learn to read and write and shall spend their idle hours not in silly games and dances but in discussions, in learning the truth about things, so that they shall become enlightened citizens. It's our poverty, our backward technique, that's keeping us back."

"Why does not the American proletarian help us with technique?" One of the boys turned in my direction.

"The American proletarian is not friendly to the Soviets," I explained.

"The American capitalists have seduced him," said the *Komsomoletz*. "They have filled his mind with lies. But—*nichevo*—we'll have our own technique."

"Never," burst out Pavel again.

"You don't think we'll ever develop it?" Antosh's voice throbbed with wrath.

"Never!" retorted Pavel with a finality that seemed brazen and portentous.

"Never?"

"Never!"

"And I say we shall," insisted Antosh, slapping his hands together.

"Of course we shall," Vassil good-naturedly assured Pavel. "It will come, this much needed technique, as surely as snow in winter."

"You mean in summer," Pavel shot back.

Antosh and Vassil laughed and shook their heads in despair of ever breaking Pavel's stubborn pessimism.

"And why are you so sure of it?" asked one of the girls, turning to Pavel. It was the first time a girl had spoken during the entire evening.

Pavel rose to a half-sitting posture, put down the big sheepskin collar round his neck, and turning toward the girl, said:

"Because, *milaya* [my dear], we are a rotten people, the rottenest in the world. You who have not been outside of this village or even outside of Russia cannot perhaps realize it. But I have been about the world a bit. America is no angel; she kills, and cruelly too. But she builds, and oh, how wonderfully! But we Russians, we can only kill, and more savagely than any people on earth. We are a lazy, dishonest, beastly people, and there is only one salvation for our

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unfortunate land, only one; and that is for a flood to come upon it and drown out every living thing; for everything that crawls or walks or flies over Russia is tainted, foul, capable only of spreading its terrible infection and must therefore be destroyed, everything and everybody. And then when there are no more living things left here, let the Americans come along with their technique, their honesty, their energy, their genius, and repopulate this land, and build new villages, new cities, new railroads, new factories. Then there will be a new Russia, a healthy, happy Russia, and until then, *ekh!*" He sighed, motioned with his head, and dropped flat upon the ground again.

The *Komsomoletz* laughed, a laugh not of joy or amusement but of wrath and disgust; and Vassil, always good-natured, always calm, looked at Pavel, smiled, shook his fine round head several times, and exclaimed amid puffs of his cigarette, "Yes, yes," and smiled again. Only the girls seemed disturbed and saddened by Pavel's terrible words. They stared at him in silence as at a doomed man.

"Take him back to America," Vassil turned to me.

"A lost soul," sighed the *Komsomoletz*. "He will not see light."

Suburban Dawn

By Henry Morton Robinson

Nothing is paler than suburban dawn;
Nothing in mountain forests have I seen
More shyly tranquil than the dappled fawn
Of daybreak crossing squares of dusty green.
Dawn is a white doe pasturing between
The hedge and house, the sidewalk and the lawn,
Cropping the berried bush of darkness clean
While all the curtains in the town are drawn.

Over the pavement lean the dreaming trees
With lashes of their drowsy leaves turned down;
Brown ivy-sparrows tune their morning glees;
The day is trying on her newest gown—
And dons it quickly, hearing on the breeze
The whistle of the first train into town.

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The Roving Critic

By Carl Van Doren

Beyond Good and Evil

The place of Theodore Dreiser in American literature must always have been for him a trying one. His earlier novels were met either with the calm of neglect or with storms of abuse. Then came the battles in his behalf led by H. L. Mencken, and sooner or later joined by almost every critic strong enough to lift a pen. While the war was on, it was for many readers more thrilling than the debated books themselves. And when it was ended and, on the whole, won, Mr. Dreiser had so long been talked about that his name had the familiar ring which led him to be somehow taken for granted. Moreover for the past ten years he has published no new novel until now. Consequently his works have stood rather too silently upon their shelf. Whether dishonored or honored, they have not been read as they deserve. Too long an outcast, he was too suddenly made a classic.

The publication of "An American Tragedy" [1] has revived the question but not the quarrel. Virtually all the soundest opinion is as much in Mr. Dreiser's favor as it can be, or as it dares to be in the light of this or that record. In the circumstances, the friends of "Sister Carrie" and of "Jennie Gerhardt" may be tempted to rest their case, merely allowing the new novel to speak for itself. This it of course can do. At the same time it is important to insist that the qualities for which Mr. Dreiser is now praised are precisely the qualities which he has always had, and for which he should have been praised long ago as well as now.

It may be admitted that "An American Tragedy," being on so large a scale, exhibits certain of Mr. Dreiser's traits with an increased clarity. In particular, it once for all answers the charge that he has an inadequate sense of the interwoven fabric of human lives for the reason that he is too much interested in Nietzschean creatures who make their own way without considering or even noticing other men and women. This new story is knit as close as canvas. Clyde Griffiths, the muddled and doomed hero, tries to rise from the ranks of a mean poverty into the world of ease and power which calls him with such an irresistible allurement. The son of a street preacher in Kansas City, he has as a child not been permitted even the comfort of obscurity, but has been dragged out wincing every day to help his father and mother make a doleful noise before the Lord. When from this he escapes to what seems the freedom of well paid work as bell-boy in a hotel, the burden of his

[1] "An American Tragedy." By Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols.

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family is still upon him, and, as the consequence of a thoughtless prank, he is involved in the dangers of the law, from which again he has to flee. Taken up later by a wealthy uncle in Lycurgus, New York, Clyde is put in the difficult situation of being regarded by his uncle's household as hardly more than one of their workmen, and by the workmen as hardly less than one of their employers. The situation is too difficult for Clyde. He oscillates and clutches in both directions. Love draws him to Roberta Alden, a girl in the collar factory. Ambition draws him to Sondra Finchley, a member of the Lycurgus aristocracy. Once more divided between love and ambition, as in Kansas City, he bungles again, but this time his bungling is criminal. And with what remorseless eyes and hands the law runs him down! No other trial in fiction, so far as my knowledge goes, more tremendously emphasizes the fact that men are forever tangled in their societies. Clyde has thought that he moved about almost invisibly, but he finds instead that he has left traces wherever he has gone. Nor does Mr. Dreiser merely make a statement to this effect. He follows the evidence through all its windings, almost without comment. When he has finished, the network of society is no longer an abstraction but has been made real.

If society is real in "An American Tragedy," the individual is no less so. Never before in America has the impulse to success been handled with such penetration. The hero is not indeed one of those glib and slick young men who in the most popular national sagas run lightly up the slopes to triumph. The world to which Clyde aspires is forever a shining blur to him. From his dull routine he lifts his eyes to the only splendors that he knows: the splendors of life as led in buzzing hotels and quiet Pullman cars and curtained drawing-rooms, of life as led along summer lakes and on tennis-courts and golf-links and country-club verandas, of life where there are leisurely men and pretty women. His vision of these things is tawdry enough, but it is all he can piece together out of his own snatches of observation and the elaborate distortions of the newspapers. His vision is, I suspect, exactly what swims before the gaze of every ordinary youth who sees the rich at work or at play, but sees them from a distance. But whereas most such youths never have the opportunity to draw nearer to these scenes, Clyde accidentally has it, and then his occasion gives his tragic weakness a chance to assert itself. His weakness lies in the vagueness of his aspiration. If he were more complacent or clear-cut, he would know better how to choose what he most wants, and how to go about winning it. As matters stand, he has only the philosophy of success, without the technic. For every American with that technic, there must be thousands with that philosophy. This Mr. Dreiser knows, though again he does not say it too explicitly. He is content to make his point as unavoidable as the Rocky Mountains, and to let it go at that.

What makes the mountainous "American Tragedy" so disturbing is the pity which runs through its whole bulk as unbrokenly as if it were a brief tender idyl. That pity lifts the book above all partizanship. Mr. Dreiser might have thought it necessary to condemn Clyde for the drifting selfish-

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ness which brings him to his bad end; he might have lost himself in sympathy for Clyde as the victim of a law which, as administered, cannot look too long into delicate motives but must judge offenders by their actual deeds. Either of these attitudes seems trivial beside the attitude which Mr. Dreiser takes. In the truest sense of a phrase often confused, he is beyond good and evil. Such distinctions, applied to the story, have an academic sound. As if he were a man strayed among animals, this novelist has strayed among men, studying their behavior. He leaves it to others to assess blame or reward. He wants only to observe and to understand how certain actions come about. His novel seems somehow like the unedited material of life. Nevertheless it is edited with a vast slow patience. Only "Moby Dick" among American novels moves with the same fateful tread, carrying all its documents on its back, and yet never seriously delaying. To read it is to want to resist its march, to turn aside into a sunnier, more hopeful direction, but to find it impossible to do so. Large hands have planned the caravan. Long foresight has chosen the road and the destination. A powerful will urges the narrative forward, as a glacier is urged. Yet in the midst of this advance, the observer, though his mind appears never to be made up for him, is permitted and obliged to ponder upon all the follies and sins of mankind. His emotions are wrung; his judgment is tried. With the broad world before him, as it seems, he realizes that he cannot ever pronounce verdicts upon his fellows with the brisk confidence which the ignorant enjoy.

Lincoln as He Lived

There is still need of a study of Lincoln which will look at him with the critical perspective which has come into existence during the present century. That study will examine, more ruthlessly than has yet been done, his clearly legalistic sentiment concerning the Union and his rough handling of the Constitution under the stress of civil war. Meanwhile, however, new facts about him continue to be discovered and fresh interpretations of the difficult problems which his character presents to the biographer and the historian. Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" (Harcourt, Brace) does not take any final step, but it goes beyond any of its rivals in the preliminary field. The book is as rich in detail as a stack of newspapers, and as vigorous as a locomotive. Mr. Sandburg follows Lincoln from the time when his grandfather left Virginia, with the seed of the greatest Lincoln still unshaped, to the time when he himself left Illinois for Washington and his inauguration. As no other treatment has succeeded in doing, it visualizes the man as he lived, and the settings in which he lived. Nothing is too minute: the particular garments he wore, the money he got and spent, the way he sat or stood, the very position of his hand in eating an apple. Moreover Mr. Sandburg is equally detailed in his account of whatever was contemporary with Lincoln and pertinent to his habits of thought and feeling. Woven into the record are stories of such vernacular notables as Johnny Appleseed and Peter Cartwright, names of horses which were famous on the race-courses

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of the day and of boats on the Ohio and Mississippi, menus of public and private banquets, lists of goods to be found in grocery stores, brands of liquor, books read and talked about on the frontier, sites of houses in villages now only legendary, references to events elsewhere in the world which were distantly coloring the sky of Illinois.

Yet these varied matters are so contrived that the story drags only in a few passages devoted to law cases and perhaps occasionally in series of anecdotes. Even then the book has the quality of heroic narrative. With all its information, this biography is a poem, and bears much the same relation to its predecessors as Mr. Sandburg's other work bears to previous American poetry. At times indeed the biographer forgets that he is not the poet still, and slips into rhythms and images which might nearly as well be printed as free verse. For the most part, however, his poetry is subdued to its proper place; that is, is used to warm and color the narrative, to point the drama, to let light into the doings of its hero. Even when now and then it rises into prophecy, it does it with restraint and with a salt flavor. Certain of the mysterious elements in Lincoln, especially his relations with women, are analyzed with subtlety. But the total impression is not that of analysis. Mr. Sandburg does not stand off and explain Lincoln, dividing his life into neat periods, breaking into monographs on particular topics. He stands instead very close, portraying Lincoln from a point which is familiar and yet decent. He is as far from being a mere poet as he is in "Chicago Poems." He is racy, chuckling, affable, burly. He yields to no temptation to turn Lincoln into a white abstraction, like those timid souls who objected to the Barnard statue; he undoubtedly felt no such temptation. He takes Lincoln on his own terms, and explains him in those terms. The result is a work which is magnificently satisfying to all who like the cheerful unapologetic truth about a rough-hewn great man.

A Study in Genius

By scattered contributions to various periodicals J. W. Krutch has won, among many enlightened judges, the reputation of being the most philosophic dramatic critic now regularly practising in the United States and the most arresting reviewer of books. Heretofore he has published only a single book of his own, "Comedy and Conscience" (Columbia University Press), a detailed study of Restoration drama which scarcely gave him a chance to reveal his powers at their best. Now, however, in his "Edgar Allan Poe: A Study in Genius" (Knopf) he steps forward with his qualities as nearly matured as they can be in so young a critic. He is, it will be noted, a critic rather than a biographer, if there is a line to be drawn between the two functions. He has added little to the total information regarding Poe, and he has made no effort to sweep and shovel every possible item into his basket; but he has so arranged his materials, and so integrated and dramatized them, that he has created something almost as startling as if he had discovered a hundred new Poe letters and an unpublished journal.

Mr. Krutch's analysis of Poe depends upon a thesis. It argues, to put it briefly, that Poe suffered from a

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constitutional maladjustment which brought him in the end to delusions of grandeur and which must be held responsible for most that is mystifying in his behavior. His boyhood and youth under the protection of John Allan in Richmond fed his malady by permitting him to assume the rôle of a Virginia gentleman and yet to fear, since his position was always precarious, that he might lose the benefits of the status. When he began to write, he did so because he was swept by dreadful visions which he rather recorded than invented. His heroes are consequently most of them haunted madmen, living in the proud, fierce, learned isolation which alone can save them, as it saved Poe, from any awakening contact with reality. That Poe knew no luxury and had little learning did not keep him from identifying his heroes with himself; he imagined where he could not possess. Having the rationality as well as the perturbations of madness, he sought to save himself by pretensions to great skill at ratiocination, and produced his detective stories and such allied tales as "A Descent into the Maelström" and "The Gold-Bug." By these pretensions he could soothe himself with the assurance that he was not mad and could astound his audience with exhibitions of what might look like a superior sanity. He was not deranged because he drank, but drank because he was deranged. What eventually destroyed him was, or was connected with, the death of his wife. On this point Mr. Krutch makes his most original contribution. Poe suffered, his critic thinks, not only from the extreme susceptibility to women which has frequently been noted, but from an instinctive fear of women, a kind of psychic impotence. His marriage with a child, who seems never to have progressed beyond what Mr. Krutch calls "the unimportant purity of an undeveloped mind," gave Poe the opportunity to stand before the world as a normal man with a normal mate, while secretly he had a sister, not a wife. After her death, lacking the shelter which her presence on the scene had given him, he had to contend with the horror of his incapacity as well as with the accelerating procession of his troubled dreams. Then followed his agonized courtship of almost every woman he met and his composition of the fantastic "Eureka," in which his desperate ratiocination had wrestled with such a frenzy of hallucination that he thought the treatise a supreme masterpiece, for the sake of which its publisher might well give up all other enterprises. After that, it was a question merely whether death or madness should overtake Poe first. Death fortunately won.

Stated thus briefly, the thesis is sure to vex many lovers of Poe who have sentimentalized his career or who know no more of psychopathology than to think that every man is either sane or insane, with no more to be said about it. Mr. Krutch of course does not state his thesis so briefly. He explains that he advances it only because it is the only hypothesis which solves the Poe problem with reasonable simplicity. He knows that many details of his argument are now wholly incapable of being proved. But he argues with a delicacy and an insight and a firmness of grasp which it will be difficult for any unprejudiced person to resist. In any case, this is the way in which a critical biography should be written.

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Short Cuts

Ben Jonson: The Man and His Work. Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Oxford University Press. 2 vols.

Really the first two volumes of the great edition of Ben Jonson long promised by the present editors, this is nevertheless a more or less independent work, made up of a life of Jonson which supersedes all previous ventures upon the topic, a large amount of autobiographical material, and introductions to Jonson's various writings. The whole is executed with the thoroughness of knowledge and with the distinction of physical appearance which makes the Oxford University Press one of the glories of English publishing.

Voltaire. By Richard Aldington. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A readable introduction to a controverted theme. The book is to be followed by a series of similar books, each devoted to a famous writer, and all to be known as "The Republic of Letters."

Americana. By Milton Waldman. Henry Holt & Co.

A plain account of the rarer books about America which scholars covet and capitalists possess.

The Historian and Historical Evidence. By Allen Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

An eminent historian takes the layman into his confidence, explaining in detail how difficult it is to find what is called the truth of history, and then to recognize and interpret it.

Whalers and Whaling. By E. Keble Chatterton. J. B. Lippincott Co.

A vivid yet sufficiently technical description of an industry which was once a matter-of-fact business, but which has come to seem, though still not wholly extinct, hardly more than a romantic memory.

American Indian Love Lyrics and Other Verse. Selected by Nellie Barnes. Macmillan Co.

A graceful anthology of fine poems brought together from many sources and offered as an illustration of how one sort of Americans knew how to fit their poetry to their lives.

Later Days. By W. H. Davies. George H. Doran Co.

A continuation into different circumstances of the record begun with "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." The new book is as simple and direct as the other, but not so racy. The changed circumstances are probably to blame.

Science and the Modern World. By Alfred North Whitehead. Macmillan Co.

Strictly speaking, a study of the use made of science by philosophy, and by religion, during the past three centuries. Many of the best scientists will not recognize themselves in this glass.

Microbe Hunters. By Paul De Kruif. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The collaborator who furnished Sinclair Lewis with the bacteriological information in "Arrowsmith" has written a dozen biographical chapters in the history of the war between men and microbes. Qualified experts praise the scientific elements of the book. Any one who can read at all must agree that the book is enlightened, dramatic, and vivacious. To read it is to go on forays against death which are as fascinating as the forays of buccaneers or crusaders, more fruitful than the explorations of Marco Polos or Columbuses.

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